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VOL. XXVII.

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE



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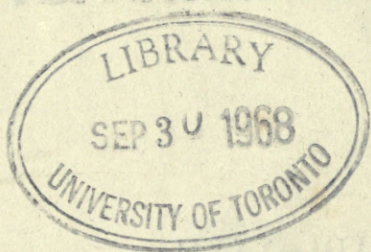
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W. J. LINTON, S<sup>r</sup> G



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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

## THE GENIUS OF SOPHOCLES.<sup>1</sup>

THE most brilliantly joyous of all comedies were brought out in a city vexed during the years that gave them birth by every kind of misery in turn; by want and pestilence, by faction and the mutual distrust of citizens, by defeat on land and sea, by the sense of abasement and the presage of ruin. During more than twenty years of war Aristophanes was the best public teacher of Athens; but there were times when distraction was more needed than advice. One of the best of his plays belongs to the number of those which were meant simply to amuse the town at a time when it would have been useless to lash it. The comedy of the "Frogs" came out in a season of gloomy suspense—just after Athens had made a last effort in equipping a fleet, and was waiting for decisive news from the seat of war; in January of 405 B.C., eight months before Ægospotami and about fifteen months before the taking of Athens by Lysander. A succession of disasters and seditions had worn out the political life of the city; patriotic satire could no longer find scope in public affairs, for there were no longer any vital forces which it could either stimulate or combat. Nor could the jaded minds of men at such a time easily rise into a region of pure fancy, as when nine years before, on the eve of the last crisis in the war, Aristophanes had helped them to forget

scandals of impiety and misgovernment on a voyage to his city in the clouds. What remained was to seek comfort or amusement in the past; and since the political past could give neither, then in the literary past—in the glories, fading now like other glories, of art and poetry.

It was now just fifty years since the death of Æschylus. It was only a few months since news had come from Macedonia of the death of Euripides. More lately still, at the end of the year before, Sophocles had closed a life blessed from its beginning by the gods and now happy in its limit; for, as in his boyhood he had led the pæan after Salamis, so he died too soon to hear the dirge of Imperial Athens—the cry, raised in the Peiræus and caught up from point to point through the line of the Long Walls, which carried up from the harbour to the town the news of the overthrow on the Hellespont.

With the death of Euripides and the death of Sophocles so recent, and no man living who seemed able to replace them, it might well seem to an Athenian that the series of the tragic masters was closed. In the "Frogs" Aristophanes supposes Dionysus, the god of dramatic inspiration, going down to the shades, to bring back to Athens, beggared of poets and unable to live without them, the best poet that could be found below. It is hard to imagine anything more pathetic than an Athenian audience listening, at just that time, to that

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered in Dublin before the Society for Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art.

comedy in the theatre of Dionysus; in view of the sea over which their empire was even then on its last trial; surrounded by the monuments of an empire over art which had already declined—in the building, at once theatre and temple, which the imagination of the poets lately dead had long peopled with the divine or heroic shapes known to them and their fathers, but in which, they might well forebode, the living inspiration of the god would never be so shown forth again.

The interest of the comedy does not depend, however, merely on its character of epilogue to a school of tragic drama so masterly, of so short an actual life, of so perpetual an influence; it takes another kind of interest from the justness of its implicit criticism; the criticism of a man whose wit would not have borne the test of centuries and the harder test of translation, if he had not joined to a quick fancy the qualities which make a first-rate critic.

When Dionysus reaches the lower world, an uproar is being raised among the dead. It has been the custom that the throne of Tragedy, next to Pluto's own, shall be held by a laureate for the time being, subject to removal on the coming of a better. For some time Æschylus has held the place of honour. Euripides, however, has just come down; the newer graces of his style, which he lost no time in showing off, have taken the crowd; and their applause has moved him to claim the tragic throne. Æschylus refuses to yield. As the only way of settling the dispute, scales are brought; the weightiest things which the rivals can offer are compared; and at last the balance inclines for Æschylus. But where, in the meantime, is Sophocles? He, too, is in the world of the dead, having come down just after Euripides. "Did he" (asks Xanthias, the slave of Dionysus) "lay no claim to the chair?" "No, indeed, not he," answers Æacus: "No — he kissed Æschylus as soon as he came down, and shook hands with him; and Æschylus yielded the throne to him. But just now he meant, Cleidemides said, to hold himself in reserve, and, if Æschylus

won, to stay quiet; if not, he said he would try a bout with *Euripides*."

It is in this placing of Sophocles relatively to the disputants, even more than in the account of the contest, that Aristophanes has shown his appreciativeness. While he seems to aim merely at marking by a passing touch the good-humoured courtesy of Sophocles, he has, with the happiness of a real critic, pointed out his place as a poet. The behaviour of Sophocles in the "Frogs" just answers to his place in the literary history of his age. This place is fixed chiefly by the fact that Sophocles was a poet who did not seek to be a prophet; who was before all things an artist; and who, living in the quiet essence of art, represented the mind of his day less by bringing into relief any set tendencies than by seizing in its highest unity the total spirit of the world in which he lived and of the legendary world in which his fancy moved, and bringing the conflicts of this twofold world into obedience, as far as possible, to the first law of his own nature—harmony. The workings of this instinct of harmony will be best seen, first, by viewing Sophocles as a poet in two broad aspects—in regard to his treatment of the heroic legends and in his relation to the social ideas of the age of Pericles; next, by considering two of his special qualities—the quality which has been called his irony, and his art of drawing character.

The national religion of Greece was based upon genealogy. It carried back the mind by an unbroken ascent from living men to heroes or half-gods who had been their forefathers in the flesh, and thence to gods from whom these heroes had sprung. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest part; enfeeblement of belief in the heroes implied enfeeblement of belief in the gods. The decreasing vividness of faith in the heroes is the index of falling life in the Greek national religion.

At the beginning of the fifth century before Christ this belief in the heroes was real and living. The Persian Wars were wars of race, the first general con-



flict of Hellene with barbarian; and it was natural that in such a conflict the Greek mind should turn with longing and trust towards those kindred heroes of immortal blood who long ago had borne arms for Achaia against Asia. It was told how, on the day of Marathon, the Athenian ranks had been cheered by the sudden presence among them of Theseus; while through the press of battle two other combatants had been seen to pass in more than earthly strength, the hero Echelus and he who had given his name to the field. Just before the fight at Salamis a Greek ship was sent with offerings to the tombs of the Æacidae in Ægina; and when the pæan sounded and the fleets closed, the form of a colossal warrior was seen to move over the battle, and the Greeks knew that the greatest of the Æacid line, the Telamonian Ajax, was with them that day, as he had been with their fathers at Troy.

But from the moment when the united Greek effort against Persia was over, the old belief which it had made to start up in a last glow began to die out. The causes of this decline were chiefly three. First, the division of once-united Greece into two camps—the Athenian and the Spartan,—a division which tended to weaken all sentiments based on the idea of a common blood; and the belief in the heroes as an order was one of these sentiments. Secondly, the advance of democracy, which tended to create a jealous feeling and a sarcastic tone in regard to the claims of the old families; chief among which claims was that of kinship with the gods through the heroes. Thirdly, the birth of an historical sense. Before the Persian crisis history had been represented among the Greeks only by local or family traditions. The Wars of Liberation had given to Herodotus the first genuinely historical inspiration felt by a Greek. These wars showed him that there was a corporate life, higher than that of the city, of which the story might be told; and they offered to him as a subject the drama of the collision between East and West. With him, the spirit of history was born into

Greece; and his work, called after the nine Muses, was indeed the first utterance of Clio. The historical spirit was the form in which the general scepticism of the age acted on the belief in the heroic legends. For Herodotus himself, the heroes are still godlike. But for Thucydides, towards the end of the century, the genuine hero-ship of Agamemnon and Pelops is no more; he criticises their probable resources and motives as he might have discussed the conduct or the income of a contemporary. They are real to him; but they are real as men; and, for that very reason, unreal as claimants of a half-divine character.

The great cycles of heroic legends furnished the principal subjects of Attic tragedy. Three distinct methods of treating these legends appear in Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The spirit of Æschylus is in all things more Hellenic than Athenian. The Panhellenic heroism of which in the struggle with Persia he had himself been a witness and a part is the very inspiration of his poetry. For him those heroes who were the common pride of the Greek race are true demigods. In his dramas they stand as close to the gods as in the Iliad; and more than in the Iliad do they tower above men. With him their distinctive attribute is majesty; a majesty rather Titanic than in the proper Greek sense heroic. What, it may be asked, is the basis of this Titanic majesty? It would be easy to say that the effect is wrought partly by pomp and weight of language, partly by vagueness of outline. But the essential reason appears to be another. The central idea of Greek tragedy is the conflict between free-will and fate. In Æschylus this conflict takes its simplest and therefore grandest form. No subtle contrivance, no complexity of purposes, breaks the direct shock of the collision between man and destiny. Agamemnon before the Fury of his house is even as Prometheus facing Zeus.

In thus imagining the heroes as distinctly superhuman, and as claiming the sympathy of men rather by a bare grandeur of agony than by any closely-

understood affinity of experience, Æschylus was striving to sustain a belief which had not gone out of his age, but which was dying. In his mid-career, about ten years before his *Oresteia*, the so-called relics of Theseus found at Scyros were brought to Athens by Cimon and laid in a shrine specially built for them. The distinctly religious enthusiasm then shown implies the old faith. It is hard to suppose that a like incident could have brought out a like public feeling even thirty years later.

Euripides, towards the end of the century, stood in nearly the same relation to his contemporaries as that of Æschylus to his at the beginning: that is, he was in general agreement with their beliefs, but held to some things from which they were going further and further away. The national religion was now all but dead. By the side of philosophic scepticism had come up the spurious scepticism which teachers of rhetoric had made popular. The devotional need, so far as it was felt, was usually satisfied by rituals or mysteries brought in from abroad; the old creed was not often attacked, but there was a tacit understanding among "able" men that it was to be taken allegorically; and a dim, silently spreading sense of this had further weakened its hold upon the people. What, then, was a tragic poet to do? The drama was an act of worship; the consecrated mythology must still supply the greatest number of its subjects. Euripides solved the problem partly by realism, partly by antiquarianism. He presented the hero as a man, reflecting the mind as well as speaking the dialect of the day; and he made the legend, where he could, illustrate local Attic tradition. The reason why this treatment failed, so far as it failed, has not always been accurately stated. Euripides has sometimes been judged as if his poetical fault had been in bringing down half-gods to the level of men and surrounding them with mean and ludicrous troubles. Probably this notion has been strengthened by the scene in the *Acharnians* (the really pointed criticisms of Aristophanes upon Euripides are to be found elsewhere),

in which the needy citizen calls on Euripides and begs for some of the rags in which he has been wont to clothe his heroes; and the tragic poet tells his servant to look for the rags of Telephus between those of Thyestes and those of Ino. But the very strength of Euripides lay in a deep and tender compassion for human suffering: if he had done nothing worse to his heroes than to give them rags and crutches, his power could have kept for them at least the sympathy due to the sordid miseries of men; he would only have substituted a severely human for an ideal pathos. His real fault lay in the admission of sophistic debate. A drama cannot be an artistic whole in which the powers supposed to control the issues of the action represent a given theory of moral government, while the agents are from time to time employing the resources of rhetorical logic to prove that this theory is either false or doubtful.

Between these two contrasted conceptions—the austere transcendentalism of Æschylus and the sophistic realism of Euripides—stands the conception of Sophocles. But Sophocles is far nearer to Æschylus than to Euripides; since Sophocles and Æschylus have this affinity, that the art of both is ideal. The heroic form is in outline almost the same for Sophocles as for Æschylus; but meanwhile there has passed over it such a change as came over the statue on which the sculptor gazed until the stone began to kindle with the glow of a responsive life, and what just now was a blank faultlessness of beauty became loveliness warmed by a human soul. Sophocles lived in the ancestral legends of Greece otherwise than Æschylus lived in them. Æschylus felt the grandeur and the terror of their broadest aspects, their interpretation of the strongest human impulses, their commentary on problems of destiny: Sophocles dwelt on their details with the intent, calm joy of artistic meditation; believing their divineness; finding in them a typical reconciliation of forces which in real life are never absolutely reconciled—a concord such as the musical

instinct of his nature assured him must be the ultimate law; recognizing in them, too, scope for the free exercise of imagination in moral analysis, without breaking the bounds of reverence; for, while these legends express the conflict between necessity and free-will, they leave shadowy all that conflict within the man himself which may precede the determination of the will.

The heroic persons of the Sophoclean drama are at once human and ideal. They are made human by the distinct and continuous portrayal of their chief feelings, impulses, and motives. Their ideality is preserved chiefly in two ways. First, the poet avoids too minute a moral analysis; and so each character, while its main tendencies are exhibited, still remains generic, a type rather than a portrait. Secondly—and this is of higher moment—the persons of the drama are ever under the directly manifested, immediately felt control of the gods and of fate. There is, indeed, no collision of forces so abrupt as in Æschylus; since the ampler unfolding of character serves to foreshow, and sometimes to delay, the catastrophe. On the other hand, there is no trace of that competition between free thought and the principle of authority which is often so jarring in the plots of Euripides. In the dramas of Sophocles there is perfect unity of moral government; and the development of human motives, while it heightens the interest of the action, serves to illustrate the power of the gods.

The method by which Sophocles thus combines humanity with idealism may be seen in the cases of Ajax, of Œdipus, and of Heracles.

Ajax had been deprived of the arms of Achilles by the award of the Atreidæ. The goddess Athene, whom he had angered by arrogance, had seized the opportunity of his disappointment and rage to strike him with madness. In this frenzy he had fallen upon the flocks and herds of the Greek army on the plain of Troy, and had butchered or tortured them, thinking that he was wreaking vengeance on his enemies.

When he comes to his senses, he is overpowered by a sense of his disgrace, and destroys himself.

The central person of this drama becomes human in the hands of Sophocles by the natural delineation of his anguish on the return to sanity. Ajax feels the new shame added to his repulse as any man of honour would feel it. At the same time he stands above men. An ideal or heroic character is lent to him, partly by the grandeur with which two feelings—remorse, and the sense that his dishonour must be effaced by death—absolutely predominate over all other emotions, as over pity for Tecmessa and his son; chiefly by his terrible nearness to Athene, as one whom with her own voice she had once urged to battle, promising her aid—when, face to face with her, he vaunted his independence of her, and provoked her anger;—then, as the blinded victim whom she, his pretended ally, had stung into the senseless slaughter—lastly, as the conscious, broken-hearted sufferer of her chastisement.

In the farewell of Ajax to Tecmessa and the seamen who had come with him from Salamis to Troy—a farewell really final, but disguised as temporary under a sustained (though possibly unconscious) irony—the human and the heroic elements are thus blended:—

“All things the long and countless years first draw from darkness, then bury from light; and nothing is past hope, but there is confusion even for the dreadful oath and for the stubborn will. For even I, I once so wondrous firm, like iron in the dipping felt my keen edge dulled by yon woman’s words; and I have ruth to leave her a widow with my foes, and the boy an orphan. But I will go to the sea-waters and the meadows by the shore, that in the purging of my stains I may flee the heavy anger of the goddess. . . . Henceforth I shall know how to yield to the gods and learn to revere the Atreidæ: they are rulers, so we must submit. Of course, dread things and things most potent bow to office. Thus it is that the snow-strewn winters give place to fruitful summer; and thus Night’s weary round makes room for Day with her

white horses to kindle light ; and the breath of dreadful winds at last gives slumber to the groaning sea ; and, like the rest, almighty Sleep looses whom he has bound, nor holds with an eternal grasp. And *we*, shall we not learn discretion ? I chiefly, for I have newly learned that our enemy is to be hated but so far as one who will hereafter be a friend ; and towards a friend I would wish so far to show aid and service as knowing that he will not always abide. For to most men the haven of friendship is false. But all this will be well.—Woman, go thou within, and pray to the gods that in all fulness the desires of my heart may be fulfilled. And do ye, friends, honour my wishes even as she does, and bid Teucer, when he come, have care for me and good-will to you as well. For I will go whither I must pass,—but do ye what I bid ; and perchance, perchance, though now I suffer, ye will hear that I have found rest.”

The story of *Œdipus* is more complex ; alternations of alarm and relief, of confidence and despair, attend the gradual unravelling of his history ; the miseries which crowd upon him at the last discovery seem to exhaust the possibilities of sorrow. A character so variously tried is necessarily laid open ; and *Œdipus* is perhaps the best known to us of all the persons of *Sophocles*. *Antigone*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes* are not less human ; but no such glare of lightning flashes in the depths of their natures. At the opening of the play how perfect an embodiment of assured greatness is *Œdipus* the King, bending with stately tenderness to the trouble of the Theban folk :—

“O my children, latest-born to Cadmus who was of old, why bow ye to me thus beseeching knees, with the wreathed bough of the suppliant in your hands, while the city reeks with incense, rings with prayers for health and cries of woe ? I deemed it unmeet, my children, to learn of these things from the mouth of others, and am come here myself, I, whom all men call *Œdipus* the famous.”

And how thoroughly answering to this is the tone in which the priest, the

leader of the suppliants, tells the trouble and the faith of Thebes :—

“A blight is on it in the fruit-guarding blossoms of the land, in the herds among the pastures, in the barren pangs of women ; and withal that fiery god, the dreadful Plague, has swooped on us, and ravages the town ; by whom the house of Cadmus is made waste, but dark Hades rich in groans and tears.

“It is not that we deem thee ranked with gods that I and these children are suppliants at thy hearth ; but as deeming thee first of men, not only in life’s common chances, but when men have to do with the immortals ; thou who camest to the town of Cadmus and didst rid us of the tax that we paid to the hard songstress,—and this, though thou knewest nothing from us that could help thee, nor hadst been schooled ; no, with a god’s aid, as we say and deem, didst thou uplift our life.

“And now, *Œdipus*, name glorious in all eyes, we beseech thee, all we suppliants, to find for us some succour ; whether thou wottest of it by the whisper of a god, or knowest it in the power of man.”

Then comes the oracle, announcing that the land is thus plagued because it harbours the unknown murderer of *Laius* ; the pity of *Œdipus* is quickened into a fiery zeal for discovery and atonement ; and he appeals to the prophet *Teiresias* :—

“*Teiresias*, whose soul grasps all things, the lore that may be told and the unspeakable, the secrets of heaven and the low things of the earth,—thou feelest, though thou canst not see, what a plague doth haunt our state,—from which, great prophet, we find in thee our protector and only saviour. Now, *Phœbus*—if perchance thou knowest it not from the messengers—sent answer to our question that the only riddance from this pest which could come to us was if we should learn aright the slayers of *Laius*, and slay them, or send them into exile from our land. Do thou, then, grudge neither voice of birds nor any other way of seer-lore that thou hast, but save thyself and the state and me, and take away all the taint of the

dead. For in thee is our hope ; and a man's noblest task is to help others by his best means and powers."

Teiresias is silent: the taunts of Œdipus at last sting him into uttering his secret—Œdipus is the murderer: and thenceforward, through indignation, scorn, agonized suspense, the human passion mounts until it bursts forth in the last storm.

And now the human element of the history has been worked out. Œdipus has passed to the limit of earthly anguish ; and, as if with his self-inflicted blindness had come clearer spiritual sight, he begins to feel a presentiment of some further, peculiar doom. "Suffer me to dwell on the hills," he asks of Creon, "that there I may die. And yet thus much I know, that neither sickness nor aught else shall destroy me ; for I should never have been saved on the verge of death except for some *strange ill*." The second play of Sophocles—"Œdipus at Colonus"—has pervading it the calm of an assurance into which this first troubled foreboding has settled down : Œdipus, already in spirit separate from men, has found at Colonus the destined haven of his wanderings, and only awaits the-summons out of life. At last from the darkness of the sacred cavern the voice long-awaited for is heard,—“Œdipus, Œdipus, why do we tarry ?” And the eye-witness of his passing says, “Not the fiery bolt of the god took him away, nor the tumult of sea-storm in that hour, but either a summoner from heaven, or the deep place of the dead opened to him in love, without a pang. For the man was ushered forth, not with groans nor in sickness or pain, but beyond all mortals, wondrously.”

As Œdipus, first shown in the vividness of a tortured humanity, is then raised above men by keen spiritual anguish, so it is earthly passion and bodily suffering which give a human interest to Heracles the very son of Zeus. He stands by the altar on Mount Cænæum, doing sacrifice to his Olympian Father for the taking of Œchalia ; clad in the robe which his messenger, Lichas, has just brought him as the gift of Deianeira ; the robe which she has

secretly anointed with the blood of the Centaur Nessus, believing this to be a charm which shall win back to her the love of Heracles. What follows is thus told:—

“At first, hapless one, he prayed with cheerful heart, rejoicing in his comely garb. But when the flame of sacrifice began to blaze from the holy offerings and from the resinous wood, sweat broke out upon his flesh, and the tunic clung to his sides, and at every joint, close-glued as if by workman's hand ; and there came a biting pain twitching at his bones ; and then the venom as of a deadly, cruel adder began to eat him.

“Then it was that he cried out on the unhappy Lichas, in nowise guilty for *thy* crime, asking with what thoughts he brought this robe ; and he, knowing nothing, hapless man, said that he had only brought thy gift, as he was charged. Then Heracles, as he heard it, and as a piercing spasm clutched his lungs, caught him by the foot, where the ankle hinges in the socket, and flung him at a rock washed on both sides by the sea ; and Lichas has his white brain oozing through his hair, as the skull is cloven and the blood scattered therewith.

“But all the people lifted up a voice of anguish and of awe, since one was frenzied and the other slain ; and no one dared to come before the man. For he was twitched to the ground and into the air, howling, shrieking ; and the rocks rang around,—the steep Locrian headlands and Eubœa's capes. But when he was worn out with oft-times throwing himself in his misery on the ground and often making loud lament, while he reviled his ill-starred wedlock with thee and his marriage into the house of Ceneus, saying how he had found in it the ruin of his life—then, out of the flame and smoke that beset him, he lifted his distorted eye and saw me in the great host, weeping ; and he looked at me, and called me, ‘Son, come here, do not flee my woe, even if thou must die with me—come, bear me out of the crowd, and set me, if thou canst, in a place where no man shall see me ; or, if thou hast any pity, at least convey me with all speed out of this

land, and let me not die on this spot.'"

Presently Heracles himself is brought before the eyes of the spectators. In the lamentation wrung from him by his torment two strains are clear above the rest, and each is a strain of thoroughly human anguish. He contrasts the strength in which, through life, he has been the champion of helpless men—"ofttimes on the sea and in all forests ridding them of plagues"—with his own helpless misery in this hour; and he contrasts the greatness of the work to which he had seemed called with the weakness of the agent who has arrested it:—

"Ah me, whose hands and shoulders have borne full many a fiery trial and evil to tell! But never yet hath the wife of Zeus or the hated Eurystheus laid on me aught so dreadful as this woven snare of the Furies, which the daughter of Cœneus, falsely fair, hath fastened on my shoulders, and by which I; perish. Glued to my sides, it has eaten away my flesh to the bone; it is ever with me, sucking the channels of my breath; already it has drained my vigorous blood, and in all my body I am marred, the thrall of these unutterable bonds. Not the warrior on the battle-field, not the giant's earthborn host, nor the might of wild beasts, nor Hellas, nor the land of the alien, nor all the lands that I have visited and purged, have done unto me thus; but a woman, a weak woman, born not to the strength of man, alone, alone has struck me down without a sword.

"O King Hades, receive me!—Smite me, O flash of Zeus! O King, O Father, dash, hurl thy thunder-bolt upon me! Again the pest eats me—it has blazed up, it was started into fury! O hands, hands, O shoulders and breast, and trusty arms, ye, ye in this plight, are they who once tamed by force the haunter of Nemea, the scourge of herdsmen, the lion whom no man might approach or face—who tamed the hydra of Lerna and the host of monsters of double form, man joined to horse, with whom none might mingle, fierce, lawless of surpassing might—tamed

the Erymanthian beast and the three-headed dog of Hades underground, an appalling foe, offspring of the dread Echidna,—tamed the serpent who guards the golden apples in earth's utmost clime. And of other toils ten thousand I had taste, and no man got a trophy from my hands. But now with joint thus wrenched from joint, with frame torn to shreds, I have been wrecked by this blind curse—I, who am named son of noblest mother—I, who was called the offspring of starry Zeus!"

Anon he learns that the venom which is devouring him is the poisoned blood of his old enemy, the Centaur Nessus. That knowledge gives him at once the calm certainty of death; and now, in the nearness of the passage to his Father, there arises, triumphant over bodily torment, the innate, tranquil strength of his immortal origin. He sees in this last chapter of his earthly ordeal the foreordained purpose of Zeus:—

"It was foreshown to me by my Father of old that I should die by no creature that had the breath of life, but by one who was dead and a dweller in Hades. So this monster, the Centaur, even as the god's will had been foreshown, slew me, a living man, when he was dead."

He directs that he shall be carried to the top of Mount Cœta, above Trachis, sacred to Zeus; that a funeral pyre shall there be raised, and he, while yet living, laid upon it; that so the flame which frees his spirit from the flesh may in the same moment bear it up to Zeus. No one of the sacred places of Greece was connected with a legend of such large meaning, with one which was so much a world-legend, as this mountain-summit looking over the waters of the Malian Gulf. As generation after generation came to the struggle with plagues against which there arose no new deliverer, weary eyes must often have been turned to the height on which the first champion of men had won his late release from the steadfast malignity of fate; where, in the words of the Chorus foreboding the return of Philoc-

tetes to Trachis, "the great warrior, wrapt in heavenly fire, drew near to all the gods." It is Sophocles in the "Trachiniæ" who has given the noblest and the most complete expression to this legend; showing Heracles, first, as the son of Zeus suffering for men and sharing their pain; then, towards the end of his torments, as already god-like in the clear knowledge of his Father's will and of his own coming change to perfect godhead.

One aspect of the poetry of Sophocles has now been noticed; the character of the treatment applied by him to those legends which supplied the chief material of Greek tragedy. It has been pointed out that the heroes of Æschylus are essentially superhuman; that the heroes of Euripides are essentially human, and often of a low human type; that the heroes of Sophocles are at once human and superhuman: human generally, by the expression of certain general human qualities; superhuman, partly by the very strength in which these qualities are portrayed, partly by the direct relation of the persons with supernatural powers. It has been seen further that these three styles of handling correspond with successive phases of contemporary belief; the tendency of Greek thought in the fifth century B.C. having been gradually to lower the ideal stature of the ancestral demigods.

But this change of feeling towards the myths is not the only change of which account has to be taken. The spirit of dramatic poetry was influenced, less directly, yet broadly, by the current of political change.

At the beginning of the fifth century B.C. Athens was a limited democracy; at the close of the century it was an absolute democracy. Three periods may be marked in the transition. The first includes the new growth of democracy at Athens, springing from the common effort against Persia—the reform of Aristides and the reform of Pericles. Its net result was the formal maturing of the democracy by the removal of a few old limitations. The second period is one of rest. It covers those thirty

years during which the recent abolition of conservative checks was compensated by the controlling power of Pericles, and there was "in name a democracy, but in fact government by the leading man."<sup>1</sup> The third period, beginning at the death of Pericles, at last shows the mature democracy in its normal working. The platform for a leader of the people which Pericles had first set up remains; it is held by a series of men subservient to the people; and the result is the sovereignty of the ecclesia. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides represent respectively the first, second, and third of these periods.

Æschylus, whose mind was heated to its highest glow by the common Greek effort against Persia and thenceforth kept the impress of that time, was through life democratic just so far as Athens was democratic at the end of the Persian Wars. On the one hand, he shared the sense of civic equality created by common labours and perils. On the other hand, he held to the old religion of Greece and Athens, to the family traditions bound up with it and to the constitutional forms consecrated by both. His greatest trilogy, the *Oresteia*, marks the end of the first period just defined; and its third play, the "*Eumenides*," is a symbol of his political creed. On the one hand, it exalts Theseus, peculiarly the hero of the democracy; on the other, it protests against the withdrawal of a moral censorship from the *Areiopagus*.

Euripides, in the last third of the century, is a democrat living under a democracy which disappointed his theory. His constant praise of the farmer-class is meaning; he liked them because they were the citizens who had least to do with the violence of the ecclesia. It was the sense of this violence—the hopeless bane, as he thought it, of the democracy—which hindered him from having a thorough interest in the public affairs of the city and from drawing any vigorous or continuous life for his poetry from that source. It was natural that he should have been one of the literary men who towards the

<sup>1</sup> Thueyd. ii. 65.

end of the war emigrated from Athens to Macedonia. The strain of social criticism, often rather querulous, which runs through his plays gives them, in one respect, a tone strange to Attic tragedy. An Athenian dramatist at the festivals was a citizen addressing fellow-citizens; not only a religious but a certain political sympathy was supposed to exist between them. Æschylus and Sophocles, in their different ways, both make this political sympathy felt as part of their inspiration; Euripides has little or nothing of it. He shares the pride of his fellow-citizens in the historical or legendary glories of the city; as for the present, he is a critic standing apart.

More thoroughly than Æschylus in the first period or Euripides in the third, is Sophocles a representative poet in the second period of the century. The years from about 460 to about 430 B.C. have been called the Age of Pericles. The chief external characteristic of the time so called is plain enough. It was the age of the best Athenian culture; a moment for Greece such as the Florentine renaissance was for Europe; the age especially of sculpture, of architecture, and of the most perfect dramatic poetry. But is there any general intellectual characteristic, any distinctive idea, which can be recognized as common to all the various efforts of that age? The distinctive idea of the Periclean age seems to have been that of Pericles himself; the desire to reconcile progress with tradition. Pericles looked forward and backward: forward, to the development of knowledge and art; backward, to the past from which Athens had derived an inheritance of moral and religious law. He had the force both to make his own idea the ruling idea in all the intellectual activity of his age, and to give to his age the political rest demanded for this task of harmonizing the spiritual past and future of a people. Thucydides—a trustworthy witness for the leading thoughts if not for the words of Pericles—makes him dwell on the way in which two contrasted elements had come to be tempered in the life of Athens. After describing the intel-

lectual tolerance, the flexibility and gladness of Athenian social life, Pericles goes on: "Thus genial in our private intercourse, in public things we are kept from lawlessness mainly by fear, obedient to the magistrates of the time and to the laws—especially to those laws which are set for the help of the wronged, and to those unwritten laws of which the sanction is a tacit shame."<sup>1</sup>

It is by this twofold characteristic—on the one hand, sympathy with progressive culture, on the other hand, reverence for immemorial, unwritten law—that Sophocles is the poet of the Periclean Age. There are two passages which, above all others in his plays, are expressive of these two feelings. One is a chorus in the "Antigone;" the other is a chorus in the "Œdipus Tyrannus." One celebrates the inventiveness of man; the other insists upon his need for purity.

In the "Antigone" the Chorus exalts the might of the gods by measuring against it those human faculties which it alone can overcome:—

"Wonders are many, but nothing is more wonderful than Man; that power which walks the whitening sea before the stormy south, making a path amid engulfing surges; and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, doth it wear, turning the soil with the race of horses as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year.

"And the careless tribe of birds, the nations of the angry beasts, the deep sea's ocean-brood he snares in the meshes of his woven wiles, he leads captive, man excellent in wit. He conquers by his arts the beast that walks in the wilds of the hills, he tames the horse with shaggy mane, he puts its yoke on its neck, he tames the stubborn mountain-bull.

"And speech, and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state hath he taught himself; and how to flee the shafts of frost beneath the clear, unsheltering sky, and the arrows of the stormy rain.

"All-providing is he; unprovided he meets nothing that must come. Only

<sup>1</sup> Thucyd. ii. 37.



from death shall he not win deliverance; yet from hard sicknesses hath he devised escapes.

“Cunning beyond fancy’s dreams is that resourceful skill which brings him now to evil, anon to good. When he honours the laws of the land, proudly stands his city: no city hath he who in his rashness harbours sin. Never may he share my hearth, never think my thoughts, who doth these things!”

In the “*Œdipus Tyrannus*” the Chorus is indirectly commenting on the scorn for oracles just expressed by Iocastē:—

“Mine be the lot to win a reverent purity in all words and deeds sanctioned by those laws of sublime range, brought forth in the wide, clear sky, whose birth is of Olympus alone; which no brood of mortal men begat; which forgetfulness shall never lay to sleep. Strong in these is the god, and grows not old.

“Insolence breeds the tyrant; Insolence, once blindly gorged with plenty, with things which are fit or good, when it hath scaled the crowning height leaps on the abyss of doom, where it is served not by the service of the foot. But that rivalry which is good for the state I pray that the god may never quell: the god ever will I hold my champion.

“But whoso walks haughtily in deed or word, unterrified by Justice, revering not the shrines of gods, may an evil doom take him for his miserable pride, if he will not gain his gains fairly, if he will not keep himself from impieties, but must lay wanton hands on things inviolable.

“In such case, what man can boast any more that he shall ward the arrows of anger from his life? Nay, if such deeds are honoured, what have I more to do with dance and song?

“No more will I go, a worshipper, to the awful altar at Earth’s centre, no more to Abæ’s shrine or to Olympia, if these oracles fit not the issue so that all men shall point at them with the finger. Nay, King—if thou art rightly called—Zeus, all-ruling, let it not escape thee and thy deathless power!”

We have now looked at a second general aspect of the poetry of Sophocles. As in his treatment of the heroic legends

he interprets, but is above, the religious spirit of his age, so in his reconciliation of enterprise and reverence he gives an ideal embodiment to the social spirit of his age.

Æschylus is a democratic conservative: Euripides is the critic of a democracy which he found good in theory but practically vicious; Sophocles sets upon his work no properly political stamp, but rather the mark of a time of political rest and of manifold intellectual activity; an activity which took its special character from the idea of an elastic development reconciled with a restraining moral tradition.

As the general spirit of Sophocles is perhaps best seen in these two phases, so among the special qualities of his work there are two which may be taken as the most distinctive—his “irony,” to give it the name which Bishop Thirlwall’s *Essay* has made familiar; and his delineation of character.

The practical irony of drama depends on the principle that the dramatic poet stands aloof from the world which he creates. It is not for him to be an advocate or a partisan. He describes a contest of forces, and decides the issue as he conceives that it would be decided by the powers which control human life. The position of a judge in reference to two litigants, neither of whom has absolute right on his side, is analogous to the position of a dramatic poet in reference to his characters. Every dramatic poet is necessarily in some degree ironical. In speaking, then, of the dramatic irony of Sophocles it is not meant that this quality is peculiar to him. It is only meant that in him this quality is especially noticeable and especially artistic.

Irony depends on a contrast; the irony of tragedy depends mainly on a contrast between the beliefs or purposes of men and those issues to which their actions are overruled by higher powers. Sophocles has the art of making this contrast, throughout the whole course of a drama, peculiarly suggestive and forcible. In his six extant plays, the contrasts thus worked out have different degrees of complexity. The “*Trachinie*”

and "Electra" may be taken as those in which the dramatic irony is simplest. In the "Trachiniae" there is a twofold contrast of a direct kind: first, between the love of Deianeira for Heracles and the mortal agony into which she unwittingly throws him; then, between the meaning of the oracle (promising rest to Heracles), as understood by him and Deianeira, and its real import. In the "Electra" there is a particular and a general contrast, both direct; the sister is mourning the supposed death of her brother at the very moment when he is about to enter the house as an avenger; and the situation with which the play ends is the exact reversal of that with which it opened.

The "Ajax" and the two *Œdipus* plays, again, might be classed together in respect of dramatic irony; in each case suffering is inflicted by the gods, but through this the sufferer passes to a higher state. Athene, the pretended ally of Ajax, humbles him even to death; but this death is a complete atonement, and his immortal fame as a canonized hero begins from the burial with which the drama closes. In the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" the primary contrast is between the seeming prosperity and the really miserable situation of the king. A secondary contrast runs through the whole process of inquiry which leads up to the final discovery. The truth is gradually evolved from those very incidents which display or even exalt the confidence of *Œdipus*. In the "*Œdipus at Colonus*" this contrast is reversed. The Theban king is old, blind, poor, an outcast, a wanderer. But he has the inward sense of a strength which can no more be broken; of a vision clearer than that of the bodily eye; of a spiritual change which has made a sorrow a possession; of approach to final rest.

It is, however, in the two remaining plays, the "Antigone" and the "Philoctetes," that this irony of drama takes its most subtle and most artistic form. Antigone buries Polyneices against the law of the land; Creon dooms her to death, and thereby drives his own son to suicide. But the issue is not a

simple conflict between state-law and religious duty. It is a conflict between state-law too harshly enforced and natural affection set above the laws. Creon is right in the letter and wrong in the spirit; Antigone is right in the spirit and wrong in the letter. Creon carries his point, but his victory becomes his misery; Antigone incurs death, but dies with her work done. In the "Philoctetes," again, there is an antithesis of a like kind. Philoctetes is injured and noble; Odysseus is dishonest but patriotic. Odysseus wishes to capture Philoctetes in the public interest of the army at Troy. He urges on Neoptolemus that the end sanctifies the means. Neoptolemus at first recoils; then consents; finally deserts the plot in a passion of generous pity for Philoctetes. The result is that Philoctetes is brought back to Troy, but by fair means. He eventually agrees to do that of which he had loathed the thought, and goes back to his hated enemies under circumstances which make that return the happiest event of his life. Odysseus, on the other hand, gains his end; but not by the means which he had proposed to himself. He carries Philoctetes back to Troy; but only after his stratagems have been foiled. Neoptolemus, meanwhile—true, after his first lapse, to honour—conquers without a change of front.

It is that same instinct of harmony which has already been seen to rule the work of Sophocles in its largest phases, which gives its motive and its delicate precision to his management of dramatic irony. He works out the contrasts of drama so clearly and with such fineness because he aims at showing how a beneficent power at last solves them; not, as in *Æschylus*, by victory over a supernatural evil power, nor, as in *Euripides*, by abrupt intervention; but through those natural workings of human character and action over which the gods watch.

The accurate delineation of human character has therefore a special importance for Sophocles. It has already been said that in the primary or heroic

persons of the Sophoclean drama human character is delineated only broadly, with a deliberate avoidance of fine shading. It is therefore in the secondary or subordinate persons of the drama that we must look for the more delicate touches of ethical portraiture.

Sophocles shows his psychological skill especially in two ways: in following the process by which a sensitive and generous nature passes from one phase of feeling to another; and in tracing the action upon each other of dissimilar or opposite natures. Philoctetes, first rejoiced by the arrival of the Greeks on his island,—then suspicious,—then reassured,—then frenzied with anger,—then finally conciliated; Tecmessa, agitated successively by fear, by hope, by despair concerning Ajax; Electra, at first heroically patient in the hope that her brother will return as an avenger, then broken-hearted at the news of his death, at last filled with rapture by his sudden living presence; Deianeira, by turns anxious, elated, jealous, horror-stricken—these are examples of the power with which Sophocles could trace a chapter of spiritual history.

A closer examination of the character of Deianeira will help to set this power in a clearer light. When the herald Lichas arrives at Trachis with the prisoners taken by Heracles at Œchalia, Iolê, beautiful and dejected, at once arouses the interest of Deianeira; but it is the interest of compassion merely, with a touch of condescension in its kindness. "Ah, unhappy girl, who art thou among women . . . ?" "Lichas, from whom is this stranger sprung?" Lichas does not know; Iolê will not speak;—nor has she spoken, adds the herald, since they left Eubœa. So Deianeira says: "Then let her be left at peace and go into the house as best it pleases her, and not find a new pain at my hands beside her present ills; they are enough. And now let us all move towards the house."

Presently Deianeira is told by a man of Trachis, who had heard it from Lichas himself in the market-place, that Iolê is the daughter of Eurytus, King

of Œchalia; and that it was to win Iolê that Heracles had stormed and sacked that town. "Ah me unhappy," she cries, "in what a plight do I stand! What hidden bane have I taken under my roof?" Her informant and Lichas are confronted with each other; Lichas is put to confusion; and then Deianeira turns to him with this appeal:—

"Do not, I pray thee by Zeus who sends forth his lightnings over the high Œtean glen, do not use deceitful speech. For thou wilt tell thy news not to a base woman, nor to one who knows not the estate of men, and how it is not in their nature always to take joy in the same things. Now whosoever stands up against Love, as a boxer to change buffets, is not wise. For Love rules the gods as he will, and me also—why should he not?—yes, and many another such as I. So that I am quite mad if I blame my husband for being taken with this malady, or blame this woman, who has had part in a thing nowise shameful, and not in any wrong to me. . . . Come, tell the whole truth; it is a foul blight on a free man to be called a liar."

Lichas confesses all, and ends with this advice—"For both your sakes, for his and for thine own as well, bear with the woman;" and Deianeira pretends to have adopted his counsel: "Nay," she says, "even thus am I minded to do. Believe me, I will not bring on myself a self-sought bane by waging fruitless war with the gods."

But how different is the feeling which she presently avows to the chorus of Trachinian maidens: "Of anger against the man I have no thought; but to live in the same house with this girl—what woman could bear it?" Then she remembers the love-charm given her long ago by Nessus. There is a moment of feverish hope while she is preparing and despatching the robe for Heracles. But hardly has it gone when an accident reveals to her that she has anointed the robe with some poison of fearful virulence. In a moment, her thoughts rush forward to the worst; and her own words, in telling the story to the Chorus, foreshow the death to which she presently gives herself on hearing the

tidings from Eubœa—"Life with a bad name must not be borne by her who glories to have been born not base."

The second special form in which Sophocles shows his power of drawing character consists in exhibiting the action upon each other of natures broadly or at least distinctly different. He loved to display this mutual action in an interview at which the two speakers exchange arguments. The sisters Electra and Chrysothemis, the sisters Antigone and Ismene, hold conversations of this kind. It might be objected that in these cases the influence can scarcely be called mutual; and that, while Electra makes Chrysothemis angry and Antigone makes Ismene feel ashamed, Chrysothemis produces no impression upon Electra nor Ismene upon Antigone. But it should be observed that in each case the weak sister had this important influence upon the strong sister;—she made her feel alone. The selfishness of Chrysothemis isolates Electra in the task of avenging their father, as the feminine timidity of Ismene isolates Antigone in the task of burying their brother. In each case, the heroine agitates the less courageous sister, and on the other hand the defection of a natural ally braces the heroine.

But the finest examples of such juxtaposition are to be found in the "Philoctetes:" a tragedy which for artistic finish has often, and perhaps justly, been ranked as its author's masterpiece; and in which the absence of much incident permitted or exacted the utmost exercise of skill in delineating character. From many good passages in the play one may be chosen as a specimen—the opening scene between Odysseus and Neoptolemus. Odysseus, holding that the public interest of the army at Troy justifies recourse to fraud, proposes to take Philoctetes by a stratagem. Neoptolemus, a young and generous man, is at first shocked; but Odysseus succeeds in making ambition conquer the sense of honour. The dialogue itself alone can give an idea of the fineness with which this is managed:—

"*Neoptolemus.* What wouldst thou?

*Odysseus.* The mind of Philoctetes

must be snared by thee with a well-told tale. When he asks thee who and whence thou art, say—"The son of Achilles,"—that must not be garbled; but thou art homeward bound, having quitted the Greek armada, and conceived for them a deadly hatred. . . . The thing to be plotted is just this—how thou mayest compass to *steal* the unconquerable arms. I well know, my son, that by nature thou art unapt to utter or to frame such wiles. Yet victory, we know, is a sweet prize to win. Take heart: our honesty shall be proved another time. But now lend thyself to me for one little roguish day; and then, for all the rest of thy days, be called the most virtuous of men.

*N.* Son of Laertes, whatever counsels pain my ear, to the same I abhor to lend my hand. It is not in my nature to compass aught by knavery—neither in mine nor, as they say, in my father's. I am ready to take the man by force, not by fraud; with the use of only one foot he will never worst all of us in open fight. And yet, having been sent to aid thee, I am loth to be called traitor. But I wish, Prince, to miss my mark by doing right rather than to win by baseness.

*O.* Son of a gallant sire, time was when I, too, in my youth had a slow tongue and an active hand. But now, when I come out to the proof, I see that words, not deeds, always come to the front with men.

*N.* In short, what dost thou bid me but to lie?

*O.* I bid thee take Philoctetes by guile.

*N.* And why by guile more than by persuasion?

*O.* He will never be persuaded; and by force thou art not likely to take him.

*N.* Hath he a strength so defiant, so dreadful?

*O.* Arrows inevitable and winging death.

*N.* One cannot dare, then, even to go near *him*?

*O.* No, unless thou snare him, as I bid.

*N.* So thou thinkest it no shame to lie?

*O.* None, if the lie is fraught with health.

*N.* And how shall a man have the face to utter it?

*O.* When thou dost aught for gain, it is unmeet to shrink.

*N.* And what gain for me is his coming to Troy?

*O.* Troy can be taken by these arrows alone.

*N.* Then *I* am not, as ye said, to be the captor?

*O.* Not thou apart from these, nor these from thee.

*N.* It seems, then, they must be won, if so it stands?

*O.* I tell thee by this deed thou shalt gain two gifts.

*N.* What are they? If I knew, I would not shrink.

*O.* Thou wilt be known as wise and brave.

*N.* Enough; I'll do it, and put away all shame."

I have attempted to show what is distinctive of the genius of Sophocles in a fourfold manifestation: in his blending of a divine with a human character in the heroes; in his expression of the effort to reconcile progress with tradition; in his dramatic irony—that is, in the precision with which he brings out contrasts, especially between the purposes of men and of the gods, in order that the final solution may be more impressive; lastly, in his portrayal of character—not in a series of situations, but continuously through chapters of spiritual history. It has been seen that the instinct which rules his work under each of these aspects is what may be called in the largest sense the instinct of harmony. His imagination has a tranquil mastery of the twofold realm of Tragedy—the natural and the supernatural—and tempers the conflicting elements of each or both with a sure sense of fitness and just proportion.

It is for this reason—because of all the Greek poets he is the most per-

fectly an artist—that his poetry has a closer significance than any other for that form of plastic art which stands nearest to drama. It is the best interpreter of those pieces of Greek sculpture, such as the groups of Niobe and Laocoon, which express a moment of conflict between human and superhuman force. It has been said that for the Greeks beauty was the index on the balance of expression—that is, a central control governing the equipoise between terror and pity. The terror inspired by Niobe and by Laocoon, accusing with upturned eyes the destroying power; the pity inspired by their children, clinging to the shelter which cannot protect them: these are harmonized by the beauty, at once terrible and tender, of the whole. Just such is the harmony between the human and superhuman elements in the agony of *Oedipus* and of *Heracles*.

Again, it is chiefly because Sophocles had supremely this most Greek of instincts, the instinct of just proportion, that his mind was so perfectly attuned to the genius of Greek polytheism—a religion of which the piety was a reverent sense of beauty and of measure. He lived just when this religion had shed upon it the greatest strength of intellectual light which it could bear without fading; he is, perhaps, the highest type of its votary—the man for whom, more than for any other who could be named, the old national religion of Greece was a self-sufficing, thoughtful, and ennobling faith. Sophocles was, indeed, the perfect Greek ideal of a man who loved the gods and was loved by them—one, the work of whose life was their service under their direct inspiration; to whom they gave victory not followed by insolence, long years and opportuneness of death; and whom the most imaginative of satirists could not imagine, even among the boundless rivalries of the dead, less good-humoured than he had been upon earth.

R. C. JEBB.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## TWEED SIDE.

*"Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid  
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,  
Or sighed, or blushed, or on spring-flowered  
lea  
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy;  
A virgin purest-lipped, yet in the lore  
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core."*

THE very first object that we saw, on this the first morning of our waking in Scotland, was a small boy of seven or eight, brown-faced, yellow-haired, bare-footed, who was marching along in the sunlight with a bag of school-books on his back about as big as himself.

"Oh, the brave little fellow!" cries Tita, regarding him from the door of the inn with a great softness in her brown eyes. "Don't you think he will be Lord Chancellor some day?"

The future Lord Chancellor went steadily on, his small brown feet taking no heed of the stones in the white road.

"I think," says Tita, suddenly plunging her hand into her pocket, "I think I should like to give him a shilling."

"No, Madam," says one of us to her, sternly, "you shall not bring into this free land the corrupting influences of the south. It is enough that you have debased the district around your own home. If you offered that young patriot a shilling, he would turn again and rend you. But if you offered him a half-penny, now, to buy bools——"

At this moment, somehow or other, Bell and our Lieutenant appear together; and before we know where we are, the girl has darted across the street in pursuit of the boy.

"What are bools?" asks the Lieutenant, gravely.

"Objects of interest to the youthful student."

Then we see, in the white glare of the sun, a wistful, small, fair and sun-burned face turned towards that young lady with the voluminous light brown hair. She is apparently talking to him, but in a different tongue from his own, and he looks frightened. Then the sunlight glitters on two white coins, and Bell pats him kindly on the shoulder; and doubtless the little fellow proceeds on his way to school in a sort of wild and wonderful dream, having an awful sense that he has been spoken to by a fair and gracious princess.

"As I live," says my Lady, with a great surprise, "she has given him two half-crowns!"

Queen Titania looks at me. There is a meaning in her look—partly interrogation, partly conviction, and wholly kind and pleasant. It has dawned upon her that girls who are not blessed with abundant pocket-money do not give away five shillings to a passing schoolboy without some profound emotional cause. Bell comes across the way, looking vastly pleased and proud, but somehow avoiding our eyes. She would have gone into the inn, but that my Lady's majestic presence (you could have fanned her out of the way with a butterfly's wing!) barred the entrance.

"Have you been for a walk this morning, Bell?" she says, with a fine air of indifference.

"Yes, Madame," replies our Uhlan—as if he had any business to answer for our Bell.

"Where did you go?"

"Oh," says the girl, with some confusion, "we went—we went away from the town a little way—I don't exactly know——"

And with that she escaped into the inn.

"Madame," says the Lieutenant, with a great apparent effort, while he keeps his eyes looking towards the pavement, and there is a brief touch of extra colour in his brown face, "Madame—I—I am asked—indeed, Mademoiselle she was good enough—she is to be my wife—and she did ask me if I would tell you——"

And somehow he put out his hand—just as a German boy shakes hands with you, in a timid fashion, after you have tipped him at school—and took Tita's hand in his, as if to thank her for a great gift. And the little woman was so touched, and so mightily pleased, that I thought she would have kissed him before my very face, in the open streets of Lockerbie. All this scene, you must remember, took place on the doorstep of an odd little inn in a small Scotch country town. There were few spectators. The sun was shining down on the white fronts of the cottages, and blinking on the windows. A cart of hay stood opposite to us, with the horse slowly munching inside his nose-bag. We ourselves were engaged in peacefully waiting for breakfast when the astounding news burst upon us.

"Oh, I am very glad indeed, Count von Rosen," says Tita; and, sure enough, there was gladness written all over her face and in her eyes. And then in a minute she had sneaked away from us, and I knew she had gone away to seek Bell, and stroke her hair and put her arms round her neck, and say, "Oh, my dear," with a little sob of delight.

Well, I turn to the Lieutenant. Young men, when they have been accepted, wear a most annoying air of self-satisfaction.

"Touching those settlements," I say to him; "have you any remark to make?"

The young man begins to laugh.

"It is no laughing matter. I am  
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Bell's guardian. You have not got my consent yet."

"We can do without it—it is not an opera," he says, with some more of that insolent coolness. "But you would be pleased to prevent the marriage, yes? For I have seen it often—that you are more jealous of Mademoiselle than of anyone—and it is a wonder to me that you did not interfere before. But as for Madame, now—yes, she is my very good friend, and has helped me very much."

Such is the gratitude of those conceited young fellows, and their penetration, too! If he had but known that only a few days before Tita had taken a solemn vow to help Arthur by every means in her power, so as to atone for any injustice she might have done him! But all at once he says, with quite a burst of eloquence (for him)—

"My dear friend, how am I to thank you for all this? I did not know when I proposed to come to England that this holiday tour would bring to me so much happiness. It does appear to me I am grown very rich—so rich I should like to give something to everybody this morning—and make everyone happy as myself——"

"Just as Bell gave the boy five shillings. All right. When you get to Edinburgh you can buy Tita a Scotch collie—she is determined to have a collie, because Mrs. Quinet got a prize for one at the Crystal Palace. Come in to breakfast."

Bell was sitting there with her face in shadow, and Tita, laughing in a very affectionate way, standing beside her with her hands on the girl's shoulder. Bell did not look up; nothing was said. A very friendly waiter put breakfast on the table. The landlord dropped in to bid us good morning, and see that we were comfortable. Even the ostler, the Lieutenant told us afterwards, of this Scotch inn had conversed with him in a shrewd, homely, and sensible fashion, treating him as a young man who would naturally like to have the advice of his elders.

The young people, were vastly de-

lighted with the homely ways of this Scotch inn; and began to indulge in vague theories about parochial education, independence of character, and the hardihood of northern races—all tending to the honour and glory of Scotland. You would have thought, to hear them go on in this fashion, that all the good of the world, and all its beauty and kindness, were concentrated in the Scotch town of Lockerbie, and that in Lockerbie no place was so much the pet of fortune as the Blue Bell Inn.

“And to think,” says Bell, with a gentle regret, “that to-morrow is the last day of our driving.”

“But not the last of our holiday, Mademoiselle,” says the Lieutenant. “Is it necessary that any of us goes back to England for a week or two, or a month, or two months?”

Of course the pair of them would have liked very well to start off on another month’s excursion, just as this one was finished. But parents and guardians have their duties. Very soon they would be in a position to control their own actions; and then they would be welcome to start for Kamschatka.

All that could be said in praise of Scotland had been said in the inn; and now, as Castor and Pollux took us away from Lockerbie into the hillier regions of Dumfries-shire, our young people were wholly at a loss for words to describe their delight. It was a glorious day, to begin with: a light breeze tempering the hot sunlight, and blowing about the perfume of sweet-briar from the fronts of the stone cottages, and bringing us warm and resinous odours from the woods of larch and spruce. We crossed deep glens, along the bottom of which ran clear brown streams over beds of pebbles. The warm light fell on the sides of those rocky clefts and lit up the masses of young rowan-trees and the luxuriant ferns along the moist banks. There was a richly cultivated and undulating country lying all around; but few houses, and those chiefly farm-houses. Far beyond, the rounded hills of Moffat rose soft and blue into the white sky. Then, in the stillness of

the bright day, we came upon a way-side school; and as it happened to be dinner-time we stopped to see the stream of little ones come out. It was a pretty sight, under the shadow of the trees, to see that troop of children come into the country road—most of them being girls in extremely white pinafores, and nearly all of them, boys and girls, being yellow-haired, clear-eyed, healthy children, who kept very silent and stared shyly at the horses and the phaeton. All the younger ones had bare feet, stained with the sun, and their yellow hair—which looked almost white by the side of their berry-brown cheeks—was free from cap or bonnet. They did not say, “Chuck us a ’apenny.” They did not raise a cheer as we drove off. They stood by the side of the road, close by the hawthorn hedge, looking timidly after us; and the last that we saw of them was that they had got into the middle of the path and were slowly going off home—a small, bright, and various-coloured group under the soft green twilight of an avenue of trees.

As we drove on through the clear, warm day, careless and content, the two women had all the talking to themselves; and a strange use they made of their opportunities. If the guardian angels of those two creatures happen to have any sense of humour, they must have laughed as they looked down and overheard. You may remember that when it was first proposed to take this Prussian Lieutenant with us on our summer tour, both Bell and my Lady professed the most deadly hatred of the German nation, and were nearly weeping tears over the desolate condition of France. That was about six months before. Now, thirty millions of people, either in the south or north of Europe, don’t change their collective character—if such a thing exists—within the space of six months; but on this bright morning you would have fancied that the women were vying with each other to prove that all the domestic virtues, and all the science and learning of civilization, and all the arts that beautify life, were the exclusive property of the



Teutons. Now, my Lady was a later convert—had she not made merry only the other day over Bell's naïve confession that she thought the German nation as good as the French nation?—but now that she had gone over to the enemy, she altogether distanced Bell in the production of theories, facts, quotations, and downright personal opinion. She had lived a little longer, you see, and knew more; and perhaps she had a trifle more audacity in suppressing awkward facts. At all events the Lieutenant was partly abashed and partly amused by her warm advocacy of German character, literature, music, and a thousand other things; and by her endeavours to prove—out of the historical lessons she had taught her two boys—that there had always prevailed in this country a strong antipathy to the French and all their ways.

"Their language too," I remark, to keep the ball rolling. "Observe the difference between the polished, fluent, and delicate German, and the barbaric dissonance and jumble of the French! How elegant the one, how harsh the other! If you were to take Bossuet, now——"

"It is not fair," says Bell. "We were talking quite seriously, and you come in to make a jest of it."

"I don't. Are you aware that, at a lecture Coleridge gave in the Royal Institution in 1808, he solemnly thanked his Maker that he did not know a word of *that frightful jargon, the French language?*"

The women were much impressed. They would not have dared, themselves, to say a word against the French language; nevertheless, Coleridge was a person of authority. Bell looked as if she would like to have some further opinions of this sort; but Mr. Freeman had not at that time uttered his epigram about the general resemblance of a Norman farmer to "a man of Yorkshire or Lincolnshire who has somehow picked up a bad habit of talking French," nor that other about a Norman being a Dane who, "in his sojourn in Gaul, had put on a slight French varnish, and who

came into England to be washed clean again."

"Now," I say to Bell, "if you had only civilly asked me to join in the argument, I could have given you all sorts of testimony to the worth of the Germans and the despicable nature of the French."

"Yes, to make the whole thing absurd," says Bell, somewhat hurt. "I don't think you believe anything seriously."

"Not in national characteristics even? If not in them, what are we to believe? But I will help you all the same, Bell. Now did you ever hear of a sonnet in which Wordsworth, after recalling some of the great names of the Commonwealth time, goes on to say—

'France, 'tis strange,  
Hath brought no such souls as we had then.  
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
But equally a want of books and men!'

—does that please you?"

"Yes," says Bell, contentedly.

"Well, did you ever read a poem called 'Hands all Round'?"

"No."

"You never heard of a writer in the *Examiner* called 'Merlin,' whom people to this day maintain was the Poet Laureate of England?"

"No."

"Well, listen:—

'What health to France, if France be she  
Whom martial progress only charms?  
Yet tell her—better to be free  
Than vanquish all the world in arms.  
Her frantic city's flashing heats  
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.  
Why change the titles of your streets?  
You fools, you'll want them all again.  
Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!  
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my  
friends,  
And the great name of England, round and  
round!

At that time, Miss Bell, thousands of people in this country were disquieted about the possible projects of the new French Government; and as it was considered that the Second Napoleon would seek to establish his power by foreign conquest——"

"This is quite an historical lecture," says Queen Tita, in an under-tone.

"—and as the Napoleonic legend included the humiliation of England, many thoughtful men began to cast about for a possible ally with whom we could take the field. To which country did they turn, do you think?"

"To Germany, of course," says Bell, in the most natural way in the world.

"Listen again :—

' Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood.  
We know thee, and we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood ?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.  
Hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great name of England, round and round !

Bell seemed a little disappointed that America and not Germany had been singled out by the poet ; but of course nations don't choose allies merely to please a girl who happens to have engaged herself to marry a Prussian officer.

"Now," I say to her, "you see what aid I might have given you, if you only had asked me prettily. But suppose we give Germany a turn now—suppose we search about for all the unpleasant things—"

"Oh no, please don't," says Bell, submissively.

This piece of unfairness was so obvious and extreme that Von Rosen himself was at last goaded into taking up the cause of France, and even went the length of suggesting that peradventure ten righteous men might be found within the city of Paris. 'Twas a notable concession. I had begun to despair of France. But no sooner had the Lieutenant turned the tide in her favour than my Lady and Bell seemed graciously disposed to be generous. Châteaubriand was not Goethe, but he was a pleasing writer. Alfred de Musset was not Heine, but he had the merit of resembling him. If Auber

did not exactly reach the position of a Beethoven or a Mozart, one had listened to worse operas than the "Crown Diamonds." The women did not know much about philosophy; but while they were sure that all the learning and the wisdom of the world had come from Germany, they allowed that France had produced a few epigrams. In this amiable frame of mind we drove along the white road on this summer day; and after having passed the great gap in the Moffat Hills which leads through to St. Mary's Loch and all the wonders of the Ettrick and the Yarrow, we drove into Moffat itself, and found ourselves in a large hotel fronting a great sunlit and empty square.

Our young people had really conducted themselves very discreetly. All that forenoon you would scarcely have imagined that they had just made a solemn promise to marry each other; but then they had been pretty much occupied with ancient and modern history. Now, as we entered a room in the hotel, the Lieutenant espied a number of flowers in a big glass vase; and without any pretence of concealment whatever, he walked up to it, selected a white rose, and brought it back to Bell.

"Mademoiselle," he said, in a low voice—but who could help hearing him?—"you did give to me, the other day, a forget-me-not; will you take this rose?"

Mademoiselle looked rather shy for a moment; but she took the rose, and—with an affectation of unconcern which did not conceal an extra touch of colour in her pretty face—she said, "Oh, thank you very much," and proceeded to put it into the bosom of her dress.

"Madame," said the Lieutenant, just as if nothing had occurred, "I suppose Moffat is a sort of Scotch Baden-Baden?"

Madame, in turn, smiled sedately, and looked out of the window, and said that she thought it was.

When we went out for a lounge after luncheon, we discovered that if Moffat is to be likened to Baden-Baden, it forms an exceedingly Scotch and re-

spectable Baden-Baden. The building in which the mineral waters are drunk<sup>1</sup> looks somewhat like an educational institution, painted white, and with prim white iron railings. Inside, instead of that splendid saloon of the Conversationshaus in which, amid a glare of gas, various characters, doubtful and otherwise, walk up and down and chat while their friends are losing five-franc pieces and napoleons in the adjoining chambers, we found a long and sober-looking reading-room. Moffat itself is a white, clean, wide-streeted place, and the hills around it are smooth and green; but it is very far removed from Baden-Baden. It is a good deal more proper, and a great deal more dull. Perhaps we did not visit it in the height of the season, if it has got a season; but we were at all events not very sorry to get away from it again, and out into the hilly country beyond.

That was a pretty drive up through Annandale. As you leave Moffat the road gradually ascends into the region of the hills; and down below you lies a great valley, with the river Annan running through it, and the town of Moffat itself getting smaller in the distance. You catch a glimmer of the blue peaks of Westmoreland lying far away in the south, half hid amid silver haze. The hills around you increase in size, and yet you would not recognize the bulk of the great round slopes but for those minute dots that you can make out to be sheep, and for an occasional wasp-like creature that you suppose to be a horse. The evening draws on. The yellow light on the slopes of green becomes warmer. You arrive at a great circular chasm which is called by the country-folks the Devil's Beef-tub—a mighty hollow, the western

sides of which are steeped in a soft purple shadow, while the eastern slopes burn yellow in the sunlight. Far away down in that misty purple you can see tints of grey, and these are masses of slate uncovered by grass. The descent seems too abrupt for cattle, and yet there are faint specks which may be sheep. There is no house, not even a farm-house, near; and all traces of Moffat and its neighbourhood have long been left out of sight.

But what is the solitude of this place to that of the wild and lofty region you enter when you reach the summits of the hills? Far away on every side of you stretch miles of lonely moorland, with the shoulders of more distant hills reaching down in endless succession into the western sky. There is no sign of life in this wild place. The stony road over which you drive was once a mail-coach road: now it is overgrown with grass. A few old stakes, rotten and tumbling, show where it was necessary at one time to place a protection against the sudden descents on the side of the road; but now the road itself seems lapsing back into moorland. It is up in this wilderness of heather and wet moss that the Tweed takes its rise; but we could hear no trickling of any stream to break the profound and melancholy stillness. There was not even a shepherd's hut visible; and we drove on in silence, scarcely daring to break the charm of the utter loneliness of the place.

The road twists round to the right. Before us a long valley is seen, and we guess that it receives the waters of the Tweed. Almost immediately afterwards we come upon a tiny rivulet some two feet in width—either the young Tweed itself or one of its various sources; and as we drive on in the gathering twilight towards the valley, it seems as though we were accompanied by innumerable streamlets trickling down to the river. The fire of the sunset goes out in the west, but over there in the clear green-white of the east a range of hills still glows with a strange roseate purple. We hear the low murmuring of the

<sup>1</sup> *Bien entendu, d'ailleurs, que le but du voyage Est de prendre les eaux; c'est un compte réglé. D'eaux, je n'en ai point vu lorsque j'y suis allé; Mais qu'on ou puisse voir, je n'en mets rien en gage; Je crois même, en honneur, que l'eau de voisinage A, quand on l'examine, un petit goût salé.*  
A. DE MUSSET.

Tweed in the silence of the valley. We get down among the lower-lying hills, and the neighbourhood of the river seems to have drawn to it thousands of wild creatures. There are plover calling and whirling over the marshy levels. There are black cock and grey hen dusting themselves in the road before us, and waiting until we are quite near to them before they wing their straight flight up to the heaths above. Far over us, in the clear green of the sky, a brace of wild duck go swiftly past. A weasel glides out and over the grey stones by the roadside; and further along the bank there are young rabbits watching, and trotting, and watching again, as the phaeton gets nearer to them. And then, as the deep rose-purple of the eastern hills fades away, and all the dark green valley of the Tweed lies under the cold silver-grey of the twilight, we reach a small and solitary inn, and are almost surprised to hear once more the sound of a human voice.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## OUR EPILOGUE.

*"Nor much it grieves*

*To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.  
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord  
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,  
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour-roses:  
My kingdom's at its death."*

WHEN you have dined on ham and eggs and whisky the evening before, to breakfast on ham and eggs and tea is a great relief the morning after. We gathered round the table in this remote little inn with much thankfulness of heart. We were to have a glorious day for the close of our journey. All round the Crook Inn there was a glare of sunshine on the rowan-trees. The soft greys and greens of the hills on the other side of the river rose into a pale-blue sky, where there was not a single cloud. And then, to complete the picture of the moorland hostelry, appeared a keeper who had just set free from their

kennel a lot of handsome setters, and the dogs were flying hither and thither along the white road and over the grass and weeds by the tall hedges.

"Do you know," said Bell, "that this used to be a posting-house that had thirty horses in its own stables; and now it is only used by a few sportsmen who come here for the fishing and later on for the shooting?"

So she, too, had taken to getting up in the morning and acquiring information.

"Yes," she said, "but it has been taken by a new landlord, who hopes to have gentlemen come and lodge here by the month in the autumn."

She was beginning to show a great interest in the affairs of strangers: hitherto she had cared for none of these things, except where one of our Surrey pensioners was concerned.

"And the ostler is such an intelligent and independent old man, who lets you know that he understands horses a great deal better than you."

I could see that my Lady was mentally tracking out Bell's wanderings of the morning. Under whose tuition had she discovered all that about the landlord? Under whose guidance had she found herself talking to an ostler in the neighbourhood of the stables? But she had not devoted the whole morning to such inquiries. We remarked that the Lieutenant wore in his button-hole a small bouquet of tiny wild-flowers, the faint colours of which were most skilfully combined and shown up by a bit of fern placed behind them. You may be sure that it was not the clumsy fingers of the young Uhlan that had achieved that work of art.

"And now, my dear children," I observe, from the head of the table, "we have arrived at the last stage of our travels. We have done nothing that we ought to have done; we have done everything that we ought not to have done. As one of you has already pointed out, we have never visited a museum, or explored a ruin, or sought out an historical scene. Our very course has been inconsistent, abnormal, unrea-

sonable—indeed, if one were to imagine a sheet of lightning getting tipsy and wandering over the country in a helpless fashion for several days, that might describe our route. We have had no adventures that could be called adventures, no experiences to turn our hair grey in a dozen hours; only a general sense of light, and fresh air, and motion, and laughter. We have seen green fields, and blue skies, and silver lakes; we have seen bright mornings and breezy days, and spent comfortable evenings in comfortable inns. Shall we not look back upon this month in our lives, and call it the month of sunshine and green leaves?"

Here a tapping all round the table greeted the orator, and somewhat disconcerted him; but presently he proceeded:—

"If, at times, one member of our party, in the reckless exercise of a gift of repartee which heaven, for some inscrutable reason, has granted her, has put a needle or two into our couch of eider-down——"

"I pronounce this meeting dissolved," says Bell quickly, and with a resolute air.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," put in the Lieutenant. "It is dissolved. But as it breaks up—it is a solemn occasion—might we not drink one glass of champagne——"

Here a shout of laughter overwhelmed the young man. Champagne up in these wild moorlands of Peebles, where the youthful Tweed and its tributaries wander through an absolute solitude! The motion was negatived without a division; and then we went out to look after Castor and Pollux.

All that forenoon we were chased by a cloud as we drove down the valley of the Tweed. Around us there was abundant sunlight—falling on the grey bed of the river, the brown water, the green banks and hills beyond; but down in the south-west was a great mass of cloud which came slowly advancing with its gloom. Here we were still in the brightness of the yellow glare, with a cool breeze stirring the rowan-trees

and the tall weeds by the side of the river. Then, as we got further down the valley, the bed of the stream grew broader. There were great banks of grey pebbles visible, and the brown water running in shallow channels between, where the stones fretted its surface, and caused a murmur that seemed to fill the silence of the smooth hills around. Here and there a solitary fisherman was visible, standing in the river and persistently whipping the stream with his supple fly-rod. A few cottages began to appear, at considerable intervals. But we came to no village; and as for an inn, we never expected to see one. We drove leisurely along the now level road, through a country rich with waving fields of grain, and dotted here and there with comfortable-looking farmhouses.

Then Bell sang to us:—

"Upon a time I chanced  
To walk along the green,  
Where pretty lasses danced  
In strife, to choose a queen;  
Some homely dressed, some handsome,  
Some pretty and some gay,  
But who excelled in dancing  
Must be the Queen of May."

But when she had sung the last verse—

"Then all the rest in sorrow,  
And she in sweet content,  
Gave over till the morrow,  
And homewards straight they went.  
But she, of all the rest,  
Was hindered by the way,  
For every youth that met her  
Must kiss the Queen of May,"—

my Lady said it was very pretty, only why did Bell sing an English song after she had been trying to persuade us that she held the English and their music in contempt?

"Now, did I ever say anything like that?" said Bell, turning in an injured way to the Lieutenant.

"No," says he, boldly. If she had asked him to swear that two and two were seven, he would have said that the man was a paralysed imbecile who did not know it already.

"But I will sing you a Scotch song, if you please," says Bell, shrewdly sus-

pecting that that was the object of Tita's protest.

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?"

—this was what Bell sang now—

"Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My pride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be,  
For I ken nae the land that you live in  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

And so forth to the end, where the young lady "kilts up her coats o' green satin," and is off with Lord Ronald Macdonald. Probably the Lieutenant meant only to show that he knew the meaning of the word "Hielands;" but when he said—

"And we do go to the Highlands, yes?" the girl was greatly taken aback. It seemed as though he were coolly placing himself and her in the position of the hero and heroine of the song; and my Lady smiled, and Bell got confused, and the Lieutenant, not knowing what was the matter, stared, and then turned to me to repeat the question. By this time Bell had recovered herself, and she answered hastily—

"Oh yes, we shall go to the Highlands, shall we not?—to the Trossachs, and Ben Nevis, and Auchenashen——"

"And Orkney too, Bell? Do you know the wild proposal you are making in laying out plans for another month's holiday?"

"And why not?" says the Lieutenant. "It is only a pretence, this talk of much work. You shall send the horses and the phaeton back by the rail from Edinburgh; then you are free to go away anywhere for another month. Is it not so, Madame?"

Madame is silent. She knows that she has only to say "yes" to have the thing settled; but thoughts of home and the cares of that pauperized parish crowd in upon her mind.

"I suppose we shall get letters from the boys to-night, when we reach Edinburgh. There will be letters from home, too, saying whether everything is right

down there. There may be no reason for going back at once——"

She was evidently yielding. Was it that she wanted to give those young people the chance of a summer ramble which they would remember for the rest of their life? The prospect lent a kindly look to her face; and, indeed, the whole of them looked so exceedingly happy, and so dangerously forgetful of the graver aspects of life, that it was thought desirable to ask them whether there might not be a message from Arthur among the batch of letters awaiting us in Edinburgh.

'Twas a random stroke, but it struck home. The conscience of these careless people was touched. They knew in their inmost hearts that they had wholly forgotten that unhappy young man whom they had sent back to Twickenham with all his faith in human nature destroyed for ever. But was it pity for him that now filled their faces, or a vague dread that Arthur might, in the last extremity of his madness, have gone up to Edinburgh by rail to meet us there?

"He promised us an important communication," says my Lady.

She would not say that it was understood to refer to his marriage; but that was the impression he had left. Very probably, too, she was haunted by speculations as to how such a marriage, if it took place, would turn out; and whether little Katty Tatham would be able to reconcile Arthur to his lot, and convince him that he was very fortunate in not having married that faithless Bell.

"Madame," said the Lieutenant, suddenly—he did not care to have that pitiful fellow Arthur receive so much consideration—"this is a very sober country. Shall we never come to an inn? The champagne I spoke of, that has gone away as a dream; but on this warm day a little lemonade and a little whisky—that would do to drink the health of our last drive, yes? But there is no inn—nothing but those fields of corn, and farmhouses."

At last, however, we came to a village. The Lieutenant proposed to pull up and give Castor and Pollux a mouthful of

water and oatmeal—it was always Castor and Pollux that were supposed to be thirsty. But what was his amazement to find that in the village there was no inn of any kind!

“I wish there were some villages of this sort down in our part of the country,” says Queen Tita, with a sigh. “With us, they build the public-house first, and that draws other houses.”

And with that Bell began to relate to the Lieutenant how my Lady was once vexed beyond measure to find—just as she was coming out of an obscure public-house on a Sunday morning, after having compelled the tipsy and quarrelling landlord thereof to beg forgiveness of his wife—a whole group of visitors at the Squire’s house coming along the road from church, and staring at her as if she had gone into the public for refreshment. It was a vastly interesting story, perhaps; but the sulky young man paid little heed to it. He wore an injured look. He kept looking far ahead along the road; and, although it was a very pretty road, he did not seem satisfied. At length he pulled the horses up, and hailed a farmer who, in his white shirt-sleeves, was working in a field close by, along with a domestic group of fellow-labourers.

“I say,” called out the Lieutenant, “isn’t there an inn on this road?”

“Ay, that there is,” said the man, with a grim smile, as he rose up and drew his sleeve across his forehead.

“How far yet?”

“Twa miles. It’s a temperance hoose!”

“A temperance hoose,” said the Lieutenant to Bell; “what is a temperance hoose?”

“They don’t sell any spirits there, or beer, or wine.”

“And is that what is called temperance?” said the Lieutenant, in a peevish way; and then he called out again, “Look here, my good friend, when do we come to a proper kind of inn?”

“There is an inn at Ledburn—that’s eight miles on.”

“Eight miles? And where was the last one we passed?”

“Well, that maun be about seven miles back.”

“Thank you. It is healthy for you, perhaps, but how you can live in a place where there is no public-house not for fifteen miles—well, it is a wonder. Good day to you!”

“Gude day, sir!” said the farmer, with a broad, good-humoured laugh on his face; the Lieutenant was obviously not the first thirsty soul who had complained of the scarcity of inns in these parts.

“These poor horses,” growled the Lieutenant as we drove on. “It is the hottest day we have had. The clouds have gone away, and we have beaten in the race. And other eight miles in this heat——”

He would probably have gone on compassionating the horses, but that he caught a glimpse of Bell demurely smiling, and then he said—

“Ha, you think I speak for myself, Mademoiselle? That also, for when you give your horses water, you should drink yourself always, for the good of the inn. But now that we can get nothing, Madame, shall we imagine it, yes? What we shall drink at the Ledburn inn? Have you tried, on a hot day, this?—one glass of sparkling hock poured into a tumbler, then a bottle of seltzer-water, then three drops of Angostura bitters, and a lump of ice. That is very good; and this too—you put a glass of pale sherry in the tumbler, then a bottle of soda-water, then a little lemon-juice——”

“Please, Count von Rosen, may I put it down in my note-book?” says Tita, hurriedly. “You know I have your recipe for a luncheon. Wouldn’t these do for it?”

“Yes, and for you!” says a third voice. “What madness has seized you, to talk of ice and hock in connection with Ledburn? If you get decent Scotch whisky and ham and eggs for luncheon, you may consider yourselves well off.”

“I am a little tired of that sort of banquet,” says my Lady, with a gentle look of resignation. “Couldn’t we drive on to Edinburgh?”

But for the sake of the horses, we

should all have been glad to do that; for the appearance of this Ledburn inn, when we got to it, impressed us with awe and terror. 'Tis a cutthroat-looking place. The dingy, dilapidated building stands at the parting of two roads; the doors were shut as we drove up to it; there was no one about of whom we could ask a question. It looked the sort of place for travellers to reach at dead of night, and become the subject of one or other of the sombre adventures which are associated with remote and gloomy inns in the annals of romance. When we did get hold of the landlord, his appearance was not prepossessing. He was a taciturn and surly person. There was apparently no ostler, and he helped Von Rosen to take the horses out of the phaeton, but he did so in a fashion which awoke the ire of the Lieutenant to a serious degree, and some sharp words were being banded about when I drove the women into the inn.

"That is a dreadful person," said my Lady.

"Why? He has become morose in this solitary inn, that is all. If you were shut up here for a few years, what would you become?"

We had ham and eggs and whisky in a dingy little chamber upstairs. The women would touch nothing—notwithstanding that the Lieutenant came in to announce that the shoe of one of the horses had got loose, and that a smith would have to be sent for from some distance off. Moreover, when the smith did come, it was found that our ingenious landlord had not informed him what was required of him, and consequently he had brought no tools. Should we send the horse back with him, or would he despatch a boy for his tools?

"How many miles is it to Edinburgh?" says my Lady.

"About a dozen, I should think."

"We couldn't walk that, do you think?" she says to Bell, with a doubtful air.

Bell could walk it very well, I know; but she regards her companion for a moment, and says—

"We must not try."

Looking at this fix, and at the annoyance the women experienced in being detained in this inhospitable hostelry, that young Prussian got dreadfully enraged. He was all the more wroth that there was no one on whom he could reasonably vent his anger; and, in fact, it was a most fortunate thing for our host that he had at last condescended to be a little more civil. The Lieutenant came up into the room, and proposed that we should play *béziq*ue. Impossible. Or would Mademoiselle care to have the guitar taken out? Mademoiselle would prefer to have it remain where it was. And at length we went outside and sat in the yard, or prowled along the uninteresting road, until the smith arrived, and then we had the horses put in and set out upon the last stage of our journey.

We drove on in the deepening sunset. The ranges of the Pentland Hills on our left were growing darker, and the wild moorland country around was getting to be of a deeper and deeper purple. Sometimes, from the higher portions of the road, we caught a glimpse of Arthur's Seat, and in the whiter sky of the north-east it lay there like a pale-blue cloud. We passed through Penny-cuick, picturesquely placed along the wooded banks of the North Esk. But we were driving leisurely enough along the level road, for the horses had done a good day's work, and there still remained a few miles before they had earned their rest.

Was it because we were driving near a great city that Von Rosen somewhat abruptly asked my Lady what was the best part of London to live in? The question was an odd one for a young man. Bell pretended not to hear—she was busy with the reins. Whereupon Tita began to converse with her companion on the troubles of taking a house, and how your friends would inevitably wonder how you could have chosen such a neighbourhood instead of their neighbourhood, and assure you, with much compassion, that you had paid far too much for it.



"And as for Pimlico," I say to him, "you can't live there; the sight of its stucco would kill you in a month. And as for Brompton, you can't live there; it lies a hundred feet below the level of the Thames. And as for South Kensington, you can't live there; it is a huddled mass of mews. And as for Belgravia or Mayfair, you can't live there; for you could not pay the rent of a good house, and the bad houses are in slums. Paddington?—a thousand miles from a theatre. Hampstead?—good-bye to your friends. Bloomsbury?—the dulness of it will send you to an early grave. Islington?—you will acquire a Scotch accent in a fortnight. Clapham?—you will become a Dissenter. Denmark Hill?—they will exclude you from all the fashionable directories. Brixton?—the 'endless meal of brick' will drive you mad. But then it is true that Pimlico is the best-drained part of London. And Brompton has the most beautiful old gardens. And South Kensington brings you close to all sorts of artistic treasures. And Hampstead has a healthy situation. And Mayfair is close to the Park. And Clapham is close to several commons, and offers you excellent drives. And Denmark Hill is buried in trees, and you descend from it into meadows and country lanes. And Islington is celebrated for possessing the prettiest girls in the world. And Brixton has a gravelly soil—so that you see, looking at all these considerations, you will have no difficulty whatever in deciding where you ought to live."

"I think," said the young man, gravely, "the easiest way of choosing a house in London is to take one in the country."

"Oh, do live in the country!" exclaims Tita, with much anxiety. "You can go so easily up to London and take rooms about Bond Street or in Half-moon Street, if you wish to see pictures or theatres. And what part of the country near London could you get prettier than down by Leatherhead?"

Bell is not appealed to. She will not hear. She pretends to be desperately concerned about the horses.

And so the discussion is postponed, *sine die*, until the evening; and in the gathering darkness we approach Edinburgh.

How long the way seemed on this the last night of our driving! The clear twilight faded away; and the skies overhead began to show faint throbbings of the stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue. In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway, between the dark hedges; and clearer and more clear became the white constellations, trembling in the dark. What was my Lady thinking of—of Arthur, or her boys at Twickenham, or of long-forgotten days at Eastbourne—as she looked up at all the wonders of the night? There lay King Charles's Wain as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea, as we lay idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times; and here, nearer at hand, Capella shone, and there Cepheus looked over to the Pole-star as from the distance of another universe. Somehow it seemed to us that under the great and throbbing vault the sea ought to be lying clear and dark; but these were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent mass of hill. We drew nearer to the town; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of red fire—the gas-lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

But when the horses had been consigned to their stables, and all arrangements made for their transference next day to London, we sat down at the window of a Princes Street Hotel.

The tables behind were inviting enough. Our evening meal had been ordered, and at length the Lieutenant had the wish of his heart in procuring the Schaumwein with which to drink to the good health of our good horses that had brought us so far. But what in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us as we turned to these big panes? Beyond a gulf of blackness, the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the Castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and

distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne and the coloured lamps of its steamers—as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz—or what was Prague with its countless spires piercing the starlight and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world? The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the stars grew paler; but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the slow, mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great grey walls above, which were under the stars.

“Oh, my dear,” says Tita, quite gently, to Bell, “we have seen nothing like that, not even in your own country of the Lakes!”

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—“It seems they have put upon me the responsibility of saying the *last word*, which is not quite fair. In the old comedies it was always the *heroine* of the piece who came forward to the footlights, and in her prettiest way spoke the epilogue; and of course the heroine was always young and nice-looking. If *Bell* would only do that, now, I am sure you would be pleased; but she is afraid to appear in public. *As for myself*, I don't know what to say. Count von Rosen suggests that I should copy some of the ancient authors and merely say ‘Farewell, and clap your hands;’ but very likely that is a joke—for who can tell when gentlemen *intend to be amusing?*—and perhaps they never said anything so foolish. But, as you are not to be addressed by the heroine of the piece, perhaps, considering my age—which I am seldom allowed to forget—perhaps a word of advice may be permitted. And that is to the ladies and gentlemen who always go abroad and spend a great deal of time and money in hiring carriages to drive them in foreign parts. Of course everyone ought to go abroad; but why every year? I am sure I am not *prejudiced*, and I never enjoyed any tour abroad so much as this one through England. I do consider England (and of course you must include Scotland and Ireland) *the most beautiful country in the world*. I have never been to America; but that does not matter. It *cannot be* more beautiful than England. If it is, so much the better, but I for one am quite satisfied with England; and as for the old-fashioned and quaint places you meet on a driving-tour such as this, I am sure the American ladies and gentlemen whom I have met have always admitted to me that they were *delightful*. Well, that is all. I shall say nothing about our young friends, for I think *sufficient revelations* have been made in the foregoing pages. Arthur has only been to see us once since our return, and of course we could not ask him the reason of his getting married *so unexpectedly*, for Katy was with him, and very pleased and happy she looked. Arthur was very civil to our Bell; which shows that his marriage has improved him *in one respect*; but he was a little cold and distant at the same time. The poor girl was dreadfully frightened; but she made herself very friendly to him, and kissed little Katy in the *most affectionate* manner when they were going away. Luckily, perhaps, Lieutenant von Rosen was up in London; but when he came down next day, Bell had a great deal to tell him in private; and the result of the conversation—of which we *elderly folks*, of course, are not permitted to know anything—seemed to be very pleasing to them both. Then there was a talk between my husband and him in the evening about a loose-box in certain stables. Bell came and put her arm round my waist, and besought me *very prettily* to tell her what were the nicest colours for a drawing-room. It seems there is some house, about a couple of miles from here, which they have visited; but I am not going to tell you any more. As our Bell is too shy to come forward, I suppose I must say Good-bye for her, and thank you *very much indeed* for coming with us so far on such a long and roundabout journey. T.]”

## SAALBURG AND SAARBRÜCKEN.

A CHAPTER of English history in which it needs a certain effort of thought to see a chapter of English history is written in the Roman remains on the right bank of the Rhine. The talk about natural boundaries and the frontier of the Rhine has done somewhat to overshadow the fact that the great German river never has been a lasting frontier of anything. Cæsar found the German settled, as he still is, on both sides of it. The successors of Cæsar established their power, so far as they were able, on both sides of it also. The elder Empire ruled so much as it could hold of its eastern bank, from Milan or from Ravenna, from York or from Trier. The younger Empire ruled so much as it could hold of its western bank, from the island palace of Gelnhausen or from the home of the conquered Saracen at Palermo. Since modern France first reached the Rhine at the Peace of Westphalia, the natural boundary has been overleaped whenever there has been a chance. One aggressor thought it enough to keep his hold on Breisach; another was not satisfied unless Lübeck formed part of a French department as well as Strassburg. The most palpable result of the great vengeance of our own day is that the boasted natural frontier is a frontier no longer. A generation or two hence the temporary French occupation of Strassburg will seem as strange an accident as the shorter French occupation of Hamburg: it will seem as strange an accident as the longer English occupation of Calais. Go back as far as recorded history will take us, and we shall find Germans dwelling on the left bank of the Rhine no less than on the right. But we shall also find the Latin-speaking enemy, whether he takes the form of an ancient Roman or a modern Frenchman, striving to establish his

dominion on the right bank no less than on the left.

It must always be remembered on the one hand, that the Roman province of Gaul, looked on as a land which has the Rhine for its eastern frontier, was a land which contained Teutonic as well as Celtic and Iberian inhabitants. And it must no less be remembered that the Rhine did not form any fixed or impassable boundary of the Gaulish province, but that it was overpassed whenever the Roman masters of Gaul found it possible, and thought it expedient, to overleap it. Gaul, we must bear in mind, is a purely geographical term, marking out a certain territory on the map, but a territory occupied by various nations and languages, a territory so far from being purely Celtic that it was not even purely Aryan. Of the Gaulish province the Rhine formed the boundary in a rough sense; but it was only in a rough sense that it formed it, and during the greater part of its course, so far as it formed a boundary at all, it formed a boundary, not between the Celt and the Teuton, but between the independent Teuton and the Teuton under Roman dominion. But existing remains show that it was only in a very rough sense that it was a boundary at all. The Rhine no doubt became for several centuries the boundary of the lands which were thoroughly Romanized, those within which Roman culture and the Latin language became thoroughly dominant. But it was far from being the limit of Roman military occupation. A Roman frontier province was commonly bordered by a sort of debateable land, which had been brought more or less under Roman dominion or Roman influence, but which had not been thoroughly welded into the great system of the Roman world. It was indeed a matter

of policy to have everywhere a frontier district of this kind, a district which might bear the brunt of a never-ending border warfare, and might keep the struggle with the Barbarian as far off as might be from the lands which reposed in the full enjoyment of the *Roman Peace*. Such a border district we find in the lands beyond the Rhine, just as we find it in the lands beyond the Danube. The great cities on the Rhine and the Mosel, Colonia, Moguntia, and their fellows, were doubtless thoroughly Roman from an early stage of the Roman dominion in those regions. Augusta Trevirorum became in the later days of the elder Empire a seat of Imperial rule, another Rome as it were, like Milan and Ravenna, like Nikomêdeia and Byzantium, transplanted to the Rhenish border of the Empire. The land immediately west of the Rhine was most likely never so thoroughly Roman as in the days just before the time when it ceased to be Roman at all; for the presence of Emperors at Trier was simply a sign that the Roman possession of Gaul was in serious danger. Beyond these thoroughly Romanized lands, beyond the great river which in some sort guarded them, lay a half subdued district, where Roman soldiers pitched their camps, where they have left ample traces of their presence behind them, but where we cannot believe that the culture and the speech of Rome ever made a thorough conquest of the whole land. On the left bank of the Rhine we are perhaps somewhat surprised to find that the Roman has left so few traces of himself, whether in nomenclature or in his actual works. Trier stands alone in this region, as it stands alone in Northern Europe generally, in the possession of great surviving Roman works, works truly worthy of an Imperial city. But that surviving Roman works are rare in this region really proves but little; they are just as rare in large districts of Gaul which beyond doubt were thoroughly Romanized, and whose Roman population must have been far less disturbed at the time of the Teutonic conquests.

The argument from nomenclature proves much more; Teutonic names, names plainly newer than the Teutonic reconquest, are decidedly the rule along the left bank of the river, only less universally than along the right bank. But when we cross to the right bank, into that part of old Francia which forms the modern Nassau and Homburg, we are surprised at finding how much the Roman has left behind him. A glance at the Museum at Wiesbaden is enough to bring strongly home to the mind that, though we may fairly call the Rhine the boundary of the Roman civilization, it certainly was not the boundary of the Roman power. *Aquæ Mattiacæ* and its neighbourhood are rich in Roman remains; the hot springs were early known to Roman naturalists, and there seems reason to think that they did not fail to draw thither Roman visitors.<sup>1</sup> A not very long walk from the modern town brings us to a still more distinct witness of Roman occupation in the distinctly marked ruins of the Roman fortress of Rambach. Some food for thought is provided when we see the site of the stronghold of the heathen conquerors turned to the peaceful uses of God's acre, and the church, a building of no value or interest in itself, standing erect among the relics of a state of things which has so wholly passed away. But there is nothing at Rambach to give much detailed instruction to any but professed students of Roman antiquities. But Wiesbaden and Rambach together supply enough to set any one thinking, to make any one who feels an interest in the great struggle of tongues and races which has gone on for so many ages along the line of the great river,

<sup>1</sup> The elder Pliny (xxx. 17) speaks of the "*Mattiaci Fontes*" as if from a vague report, and certainly does not imply that there was any settlement there in his time. "*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germania fontes calidi trans Rhenum, quorum haustus triduo fervet. Circa margines vero punicem faciunt aquæ.*" Ammianus (xxix. 4) speaks familiarly of "*Aquæ Mattiacæ*," as if by his time it had grown, if not into a town, at least into a military station.

feel specially eager to learn something more of any traces which the earlier stages of that great struggle may have left behind them.

On one spot at least in that region the seeker after traces of the great struggle between Roman and German will not be disappointed. The first thoughts suggested by the name of Homburg are certainly not thoughts of history or antiquities in any shape. But, at no great distance to the north-west, the road which, passing from Homburg, climbs the heights forking off in two directions towards Obernhain and Usingen, leads straight to a spot than which none speaks with a clearer voice of the presence and of the retreat of the Roman invader. This is the great Roman station of Saalburg, the chief of all the Roman military posts along the line of the Taunus. And close beyond it we reach the real limit of the Roman power in these regions. The *Pfahlgraben*, the dyke drawn in an irregular shape from the Lahn to the Main, answers to the successive walls made by the Romans in our own island to defend the fully subdued and organized province against the incursions of the unsubdued natives. But as a mere structure of earth, a *vallum* and not a *murus*, it is not an object to be compared with the stately bulwark of stone with which—according to Dr. Merivale, in the latest days of their power—the Imperial people fenced in the smaller extent of their dominion in Britain. In the immediate neighbourhood of Saalburg—and I cannot profess to have traced it elsewhere—the *Pfahlgraben* itself is not a very striking object. Of no great height and almost covered with brush-wood, it might easily be passed over by any one who was not specially looking for it. Save for its lying so near to works the nature of which cannot be mistaken, it might easily escape notice altogether, or it might be taken for some fence of a far less ancient and dignified kind. But about the fortress whose remains rise above it, about the Saalburg itself, there can be no mistake whatever. The walls nowhere rise much above the foundations;

there is nothing standing up, like the vast Roman buildings at Trier, like the mighty walls of Anderida, or even like the smaller fragments at York, Lincoln, and Leicester. Yet no one can raise any question as to what the building was or who the people were who reared it. The Saalburg is the camp of the conqueror, pitched there to guard the furthest outposts of his dominion. It was the chief of the Roman stations along the Taunus range, looking backward on the land which Rome had brought more or less thoroughly under her dominion, and looking forward on the land which she did not venture to claim as her own, but which still remained the undisputed heritage of the free German. Between him and herself she had drawn a line to be at once a boundary and a bulwark, and the spot to which we have carried ourselves in fact or in thought is the greatest and strongest of the posts by which that bulwark was to be guarded. The look-out from the Saalburg over the *Pfahlgraben* which lies beneath it is still a look-out on a wild and free land which shows but few signs of man's works or dwellings. As we trace out the length and breadth of the fortress, its walls, its gates, the hall of its prætorium, the places within and without its walls set apart for the various purposes of Roman military life, it needs no great flight of imagination again to people them with those who, seventeen or eighteen hundred years back, guarded that fortress against the assaults of men of our own blood and speech who were striving to win back the land which the stranger had rent from them. We see the site of the altars where, on the soil whence the worshipper of Thunder and Woden had been driven, prayers and incense went up to the Jupiter of the Roman Capitol, to Mars the father of Rome, and to Venus the mother of her Cæsars. We trace out the ground once covered by the tents of the legionaries gathered around the central dwelling of their Emperor. We look forth from thence on the wide expanse beyond the boundary wall, and we think with what feelings our kinsfolk on the yet unconquered soil may

have now and then heard an echo of the sounds, or caught a distant glimpse of the scenes, which went on daily within the bulwark which told that the whole land of their forefathers was no longer theirs. They saw, spreading its wings in their native sky, the proud badge of Rome's dominion, the eagle of Marius and Cæsar, and they looked not forward to the day when they themselves should be the heirs of Rome's titles and Rome's dominion, when the Roman eagle should become the badge of German rule, and when the Tiber should welcome as Roman Cæsar whatever King might be chosen on the banks of the liberated Rhine.<sup>1</sup> Our thoughts may well pass on from our kinsfolk to ourselves. The fortress on the Taunus marked indeed how far the power of Rome had reached, but it marked no less how far the hopes of Rome had fallen back. Rome had indeed spread her power beyond the Rhine and the Danube; but there had been a day when she had looked on the Rhine and the Danube as rivers whose course should flow within her home domain, when she had reared her trophies by the Lippe and had pitched her camps by the Weser, and had deemed that no stream nearer than the mighty Elbe itself should mark the spot where the Roman Terminus had deigned to fix his halting-place. When it was needful to fence in the ridge of Taunus with artificial bulwarks, and to guard them with all the skill of Roman discipline and all the strength of Roman fortification, it showed that the dreams of those days had passed away, that Terminus had been driven to content himself with a halting-place nearer to his old shrine on the Capitoline, that Terminus had found that she might indeed plant her outposts on German soil, but

that the whole length and breadth of the German land was not doomed to become a Roman province. And the day on which that doom was fixed ruled the destinies, not only of the Teutonic mainland but of the Teutonic island; it fixed the fate of Britain as well as the fate of Germany. When bulwarks were needed to fence in the land wrested from our kinsmen between the Lahn and the Main, it showed that our own land by the Elbe and the Weser was free without fear of bondage or invasion. What if it had been otherwise? What if the earlier hopes of Drusus, the later hopes of his son, had been carried out in all their fulness? What if the tongue and laws and habits of Rome had been firmly established as far as the Elbe or the Trave, while her military outposts had stretched to the Oder or the Vistula? Such an extension of the Roman power would have carried with it the bondage of our own fathers. We must not forget that, in the days of which we are now speaking, our nation and its name were already in being, though the obscure name of the English is found only, without remark or description, among a list of dimly seen Teutonic tribes who were hidden from Roman sight by their guardian streams and forests, and were known only as common worshippers of the mother Earth on which they dwelled.<sup>1</sup> Had the schemes of Drusus been carried out, our fathers must have shared the fate of their kinsmen. There is no reason to think that a German province, if once fully conquered, would have had a different history from the Gaulish province. If the Germans were threatening, the Gauls had once been more threatening still. And yet Gaul became thoroughly incorporated with the Roman dominion;

<sup>1</sup> Gunther, *Ligurinus de Gestis Frederici*, lib. i. :—

“ Et quo Romanum nostra virtute redemptum  
Hostibus expulsi ad nos justissimus ordo  
Transtulit imperium, Romani gloria regni  
Nos penes est; quemcumque sibi Germania  
Regem  
Præcivit, hunc dives submisso vertice Roma  
Suscipit, et verso Tiberim regit ordine  
Rhenus.”

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus, *Germaniæ*, 40. “ Reudigni deinde et Aviones et Angli et Varini et Eudoses et Suardones et Nuithones fluminibus aut silvis muniuntur. Nec quidquam notabile in singulis, nisi quod in commune Hertham, id est, Terram matrem, colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, invehi populis, ambi-trantur.” Tacitus, who has thus much to say about the Angles, does not speak of the Saxons. Ptolemy twice (ii. 11, 11; 31) mentions the Saxon name, but has nothing to say about the Angles.

its inhabitants—as far as we can see, its Teutonic as well as its Celtic inhabitants—had thoroughly put on the habits and feelings of the Romans and had learned to glory in the Roman name. Our Batavian kinsfolk became loyal subjects of the Empire, and our own fathers, the Angles and Saxons whose name Rome barely knew, could hardly have failed to do the like. The Teutonic speech, High and Low—if indeed it is not too early to talk of any difference between High and Low—could hardly have stood its ground against the encroaching Latin any better than the Gaulish tongue had done. Teutonic dialects might possibly have lingered on, as Basque and Breton have lingered on, in some out-of-the-way corners, perhaps to be a subject of curious study for Slavonic or even for Turanian philologists. For the lot which did fall to the Teutonic nations could, in such a case, hardly have failed to fall to the Slaves. As they did settle in and influence so many of the provinces of the Eastern Empire, they could hardly have failed to do the like by the Western. But it is plain that the influence of the Slaves in the East, though strictly analogous to that of the Teutons in the West, was at once far less extensive in degree and far less wholesome in kind. Had Germany been conquered, Europe could hardly have been saved from either remaining attached to the Byzantine Empire, or being split up into two or more Empires of the Byzantine type. The Teutonic awakening of mankind, if it ever happened at all, must have waited for the turn of the Scandinavian branch of our race, when their day of greatness began in the eighth century.

In such a state of things as this, an English conquest of Britain, and all that in every quarter of the world has followed on the English conquest of Britain, could never have happened or been dreamed of. Instead of the healthy and vigorous barbarians who crossed over to found a new Teutonic world in the Celtic island, the Angles and Saxons of the fifth century would have been Roman provincials speaking a Roman tongue. The Elbe, perhaps

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the Eider, would have been set as thick with Roman colonies and settlements as the Rhine and the Mosel. The Low-German speech, which one set of conquests made the tongue of Britain, which another set of conquests made the tongue of the southern shore of the Baltic, might perhaps have had about as much influence on the Romance of Northern Germany as the old Celtic speech has had on the Romance of Central Gaul. Instead of speaking a Teutonic tongue in a Teutonic island, we might still be in our old home on the mainland, speaking a Romance tongue with possibly a Slavonic infusion. England could never have been; the name might indeed have lived on as the name of a petty corner of land among the fiords and islands of the Western Baltic; but the new England beyond the sea and the newer England beyond the Ocean could never have been heard of. The history of the English, no less than the history of the German, people begins in the Teutoburg forest. The future destiny of our race became possible when Arminius smote down the legions of Varus. The Roman historian himself honours him as beyond doubt the liberator of Germany;<sup>1</sup> but in being the liberator of Germany he made it possible that Hengest and Cerdic should one day be the founders of England.

A train of thought like this can hardly fail to come into the mind of any one to whom history is a whole, as he stands on the heights of Saalburg and looks out from the Roman fortress, over the Roman wall, into that free German land which that fortress and that wall stand as the confession of Rome that she could never conquer. But the same train of thought might come into the mind at any point along the whole line of the Roman defences. But associations less vague and more local cleave to the Saalburg itself. Next to the scene of the great deliverance itself among the hills between the Ems and the Weser, no spot, there seems every reason to believe, played a greater

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus, *Annals*, ii. 88. "Liberator haud dubie Germanicæ."

part in the struggle than that on which we are now standing. There is little reason to doubt that the height of Saalburg has been trodden both by the earliest champion of our race and by the noblest invaders that the lands of Latin speech ever sent against us. Drusus, in his conquering march into the heart of Germany, had established a post on Taunus. With the recovery of freedom under Arminius the badge of foreign rule was swept away; but when Germanicus came to restore the work of his father, the fortress which his father had reared was set up again.<sup>1</sup> That Saalburg was the actual point of Taunus where the fort of Drusus was placed can of course not be proved to demonstration. But the conjecture has every probability on its side. The fortress which was thought worthy of special care by the Roman generals and of special notice by the Roman historian can hardly fail to have been that which clearly was the strongest and most important point along the line of the *Pfahlgraben*. And this beyond doubt is Saalburg. We may therefore safely set down Saalburg as being the place which Drusus and Germanicus chose as the main stronghold of Rome in these regions. Nor does there seem to be any reasonable doubt that it is the Artaunon of Ptolemy.<sup>2</sup> But, further than this, there seems to be no distinct notice of the place in history. That so it should be is not wonderful. We must not look for much geographical precision during that long time of the Imperial history when we are driven to get most of our facts from the epitomators, Greek and Latin. And when Rome has again a historian in Ammianus, we have got to times when Saalburg was doubtless almost as thorough a wreck as we see it now. We may be sure that the Roman occupation of the Taunus had come to an end long before

the times when independent Germans sacked the great Roman cities on the left bank of the Rhine. It was enough for Julian again to establish the Rhenish boundary by his victory at Strassburg. The first prince who ever set forth from Paris on a German campaign deemed it a great matter to keep up, how he best might, a single fortress—an Imperial Breisach—at some unknown point on the independent side of the stream.<sup>1</sup> Valentinian again crossed the Rhine and established another outpost of the same kind on the heights above the Neckar. But an outpost on the Neckar is of itself a sign that the dominion of Rome on the Lahn and the Main had passed away. And Valentinian showed no less how far and no further he carried his real hopes of lasting dominion, when he deemed it needful to line the Rhine itself with strong defences from the Rætian mountains to the Ocean.<sup>2</sup>

To one who really grasps history as a whole, who really takes in the full bearing of those wonderful times when it is equally true to say that the German conquered Rome and that Rome conquered the German, the charm of association is perhaps even greater in tracking out the steps of Valentinian, and yet more the steps of Julian, than in tracking out the steps of Drusus and Germanicus. The true historic interest of the works of the

<sup>1</sup> Ammianus, xvii. 2. "Dum nullus obisteret, munimentum quod in Alamannorum solo conditum Trajanus suo nomine voluit appellari, dudum violentius oppugnatum tumultuario studio reparatum est; locatisque ibi pro tempore defensoribus, ex barbarorum visceribus alimenta congesta sunt."

<sup>2</sup> Ammianus, xxvii. 10; xxviii. 2. "Valentinianus magna animo concipiens et utilia, Rhenum omnem a Rætiarum exordio adusque fretalem Oceanum magnis molibus communiebat, castra extollens altius et castella turresque assiduas per habiles locos et opportunos, qua Galliarum extenditur longitudo: nonnunquam etiam ultra flumen ædificiis positus subradens barbaros fines." The historian goes on to tell how a fortress by the Neckar ("munimentum celsum et tutum, quod ipse a primis fundarat auspiciis, præterlabente Nicro nomine fluvio") was in danger from its position; he both turned the course of the river and raised another fortress on a neighbouring height ("trans Rhenum in monte Piri, qui barbaricus locus est, munimentum exstruere disposuit raptim").

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus, Annals, i. 56. "Germanicus . . . posito castello super vestigia paterni presidii in monte Tauno, expeditum exercitum in Catos rapit." In the Annals, xii. 28, there is another reference to the Taunus as a point occupied by the Romans.

<sup>2</sup> II. 11, 29.



men who had to defend the dominion of Rome against German invasion is at least as great as any that can belong to the works of men who strove to make Germany subject to Rome. A work of Julian repaired by Valentinian would call up as long a train of thought as a work of Drusus repaired by his son. But, as we have seen, the few historical notices which we can with any approach to certainty connect with the Saalburg belong to the earlier period. And there is no antiquarian evidence which at all leads us to fix any of the works at Saalburg to the days after Constantine. Such evidence as we have, that of the coins and inscriptions which have been found there, certainly suggests the belief that the Saalburg was forsaken at a much earlier time.<sup>1</sup> There seem to be none later than the time of the Gordians, while most of them belong to what we may call the Antonine period. That is, if we may extend that name to the reigns of the princes who were or professed to be of the House of Severus, and who thought good to adorn themselves with the name which had been borne by Pius and Marcus. So far as these facts prove anything, they might lead us to doubt whether the fortress belongs to the earliest days of the Empire, and whether we should not see in a work of Trajan or his age, one of the fruits perhaps of the diligent wanderings of the restless Hadrian. But they certainly lead us to think that the Saalburg did not remain a Roman stronghold much after the middle of the third century. One thing is certain, that, whoever was the founder of the fortress, its arrangements were at some later time wholly changed, and changed in several points into forms differing from the arrangements commonly followed in Roman encampments. The details have been carefully worked out in a pamphlet by a local antiquary to which I have referred in a note. The position of the *Via Principalis*, the

great transverse street which crossed the camp, has been changed, and changed to a less usual place. And it is a detail well worthy of notice, that one of the usual gates of the Prætorium, namely that nearest to the *Pfahlgraben*, that, in short, which faced the enemy, is left out. Into the technical details of the remains I will not presume to enter; I have not enough knowledge of the minuter points of Roman military architecture to risk an opinion as to any theories which may be formed from these appearances as to the date or object of the changes which have plainly taken place. The history of Saalburg, as we can make it out from either documentary or archæological evidence, seems to come to this. The Roman fortress of Artaunum was founded by Drusus, was destroyed by Arminius, and restored by Germanicus. At some time in its history great and remarkable changes were made in its internal arrangements. It was in full and uninterrupted Roman occupation during the latter half of the second century and the first half of the third. After the time of the Gordians (238-244) there is no direct evidence of either kind to tell us anything as to the fate of the fortress. But this very lack of evidence, combined with what we know of the course of warfare in Germany in the fourth century, makes it almost certain that Artaunum was lost to Rome at some time in the century between the Gordians and Julian, and was never won back again.

Such is the history of the Saalburg, a history meagre enough, but still one which makes it a living and speaking witness of the long struggle of the Latin-speaking powers—of Rome, or more truly of Gaul under Roman dominion—to bring the free tribes of Germany under their yoke. But the history of the past is always clothed with a further interest when we can closely connect it with the present. I at least never felt more truly that history is one thing, that the struggle of Dutch and Welsh<sup>1</sup> from the

<sup>1</sup> A list of them is given in a pamphlet by Dr. K. Rossel, "Das Pfahlgraben-Castell Saalburg bei Homburg. Wiesbaden, 1871." Pp. 5-9. Dr. Rossel describes the existing remains at length.

<sup>1</sup> I of course use these words in the old and wide sense, like the German *Deutsch* and  
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first Cæsar onwards is one thing, than when I saw the spot where Arminius had overthrown the fortress of Drusus trodden by men who had themselves played their part in that mighty act of the great drama which has just been wrought beneath our own eyes. I had the good luck to see Saalburg on a day which seemed to bring both ends of the story near together. A party of German soldiers, men who, like Arminius, had helped to drive back the invader from the soil of Germany, men who, like him, in freeing Germany, had helped to free England and mankind, were gathered, as they might have been in the days of Arminius, among the ruins of the fortress which was reared to hold Germany in bondage to men of Latin speech. Like the soldiers of Rome herself, they could wield spade and pickaxe as well as more deadly weapons. Spade and pickaxe had been plied that day in bringing the remains of the ancient fortress more thoroughly to light. Nor were those who wielded them dealt with as mere machines, as mere hands, pretty much on a level with the tools which they wielded. The German soldiers who were set to dig for the traces of past times within the walls of the Saalburg were set to do it as a reasonable service. When their work was done, one of the officers of the party got up, and in a clear voice and style which could be followed even by those who were not very familiar with spoken German, explained to his men what the place was where they had been working, what was its history, and what was the meaning of the different parts of the building and of the remains which they had been working to bring to light. It was something to hear the deeds of Arminius told in his own tongue on a spot which had beheld them by men who had had their own share in the same work as his after eighteen hundred and sixty years. I could not help saying to myself, "This

*Wälsch.* We have lost much in point of clearness by confining the names to the Dutch of Holland and the Welsh of Britain.

is *Geist*. If these men are ever called on to beat Frenchmen again, they will beat them all the better for hearing this." I fancy some shallow loungers, glad to cover his own ignorance of history and incapacity of thought, crying out "Antiquarian rubbish." For antiquarian rubbish I have as thorough a contempt as any man. The whole doings of both Buonapartes, their Consulates, their Empires, their Senates, their Plebiscites, their babble about Cæsar and Clovis and Charlemagne, and, grandest of all, the carrying of the Bayeux Tapestry to Paris to make Frenchmen with a Corsican at their head fancy that they had some share in the man who smote them at Varaville—all this is antiquarian rubbish of a truth. But when the same great struggle has been going on for ages, when the Latin-speaking lords of Gaul, whether the seat of their power has been at Rome or at Paris, have from the very beginning, whenever they have had the means, carried on one long warfare against independent Germany, it is no antiquarian rubbish to compare the latest stages of the struggle with the earliest. The Buonapartes of course represent the Cæsars, so far as they are all members of the same order, that order of which the Dionysii in one age of the world and the Visconti in another were members hardly less eminent. But they represent the Cæsars in any direct and special way only so far as they have played their part in carrying on that long warfare of Latin-speaking Gaul against Germany, of which the Roman occupation of Saalburg marks one stage and the German recovery of Strassburg marks a stage the other way. In this point of view, and in this point of view only, we may give the Buonapartes, as well as to the Valois and the Bourbons, the credit, such as it may be, of representing Drusus and Germanicus as aggressors on the freedom of Germany.

Another train of thought may be suggested by the scene which I saw on the Saalburg. An army is an evil in whatever land it is found, but in some

lands an army is a necessary evil. Till the Ethiopian shall change his skin and the leopard his spots, armies cannot be got rid of on the mainland of Europe. As long as France still keeps any trace either of the will or of the power to play the part which she has gone on playing for so many ages, so long Germany must stand ready for her own defence. In our own island the need of an army is less clear. A strong navy and a well-trained militia may well be thought to be force enough for a land which has no frontier but the Ocean. But if we are to have an army, we may surely learn something as to the way of dealing with it from what I saw and heard at Saalburg. A German soldier is dealt with as a reasonable being. He is held to be capable of understanding the past history of his country, capable of giving willing and intelligent help in exploring and preserving the existing traces of that history. Every German soldier who used his spade within the old fortress and listened to the explanation of what that fortress was, must have felt himself raised as a man and a citizen by so doing. Why should not English soldiers, if there are to be any, be raised in the same way? We have sites enough to explore of no less importance to the history of our land than Saalburg is to the history of Germany. We have officers in our army—I could name more than one of my own knowledge—as well able to explain those antiquities to those under their command as the German officer whom I heard at Saalburg. But I should much like to know whether the idea of so doing ever came into their heads or into the heads of those higher in command than themselves. It would be a gain in more ways than one if those ancient monuments of the land which we, alone among civilized nations, leave to private caprice to destroy, to preserve, or explore at pleasure, could be thoroughly examined, and their minutest details brought to light, by the labour of those whom the nation pays, and from whom it ought to receive so me service even in time of peace. A

German soldier is surely a better German for giving his help in exploring the stronghold of the Roman conqueror of his forefathers. An English soldier would surely be the better Englishman if he were set to work in the like sort within the walls of Anderida, the scene of the crowning victory of the South-Saxon and of the landing of the Norman, where the Roman city and the Norman castle<sup>1</sup> stand alike empty and desolate, but where the homes and churches of Englishmen, near but not within the Roman fortress, have outlived the memory alike of the Briton whom they conquered and of the Norman who conquered them.

From Saalburg, the speaking witness of the long struggle which reaches from Cæsar and Ariovistus to the events of two years past, it was not unfitting to pass to the one spot on all which two years ago was German soil which was a witness of the latest scene of that struggle. It was not wholly of set purpose that the next place after Saalburg which I stopped to examine was Saarbrücken. But I was not sorry to pass thus, as it were at a single stage, from the beginning of the long story to what is as yet its ending. A long and roundabout journey leads from the heights of Taunus to the banks of the Saar, as a long tale of ups and downs on either side leads from the days of the Claudii to the days of the Buonapartes. But it is well to see the two ends of the struggle as it were at a glance. I set out from a spot which showed how the German race, in the very beginning of its history, was already able to hold its own against the might of Rome in the days of her greatest power. I went thence to a spot which showed how the German race now can do more than hold its own against invaders of Roman speech who

<sup>1</sup> I do not remember that there is in Pevensy Castle any work technically of Norman date, but, whether there is or not, the castle represents the presence of the Normans, just as the walls represent the presence of the Romans, and the two villages and their churches that of the English. The Briton alone has left no sign.

come on the old Roman errand. The only weak point of the comparison is the intense grotesqueness of the modern side of it, which makes it hard to bring the two together without a laugh. There is some difference between an invasion which presses on by land and sea from the Rhine to the Elbe and an invasion which proclaims itself about to do wonders on the Spree and ends in a few days' visit to the Saar. There is some difference between the toils and dangers which the old legions faced among the hills and woods and marshes of uncleared Germany<sup>1</sup> and the easy exploit of crossing an undefended frontier and firing on an unfortified town. In each case Germany was attacked by a father and a son. But there is some difference between the Drusus to whom men looked for the restoration of Roman freedom and the Buonaparte by whom the freedom of France had been overthrown. And there is a wider difference still between Germanicus in all his glory and the trembling schoolboy who was dragged to receive his baptism of fire at Saarbrücken and its confirmation on the heights of Speicherern. Drusus left his trophy by the Weser; the only trophy which a Buonaparte has left behind him by the Saar is the stone reared by German hands to preserve the memory of "Lulu's erste debut." No antiquary of times to come will find at Saarbrücken such rich relics and speaking witnesses of the last inroad of the Latin race as Saalburg pours forth with such abundance to commemorate the first. We stand on the heights which two years back were crowned by the cannon of the invader. We look down on the river, on the peaceful streets, on the houses and churches among which we have to peer curiously for any sign that an enemy has been among them. We look back to the opposite heights, now once more German soil, and we see the spot where the German nation,

arising in all the might of its righteous cause, drove back the invaders from the few roods of German ground which were all that he could hold even for a moment. And in the dale between the two hills we look down on the one sad memorial which the last visit of the Latin race has left in Germany. We see the graves where the vanquished invaders and the triumphant deliverers lie side by side, and we think of the guilt of the man on whose head the blood of invaders and deliverers alike rests. Perhaps our thoughts run on further. At Saarbrücken, fresh from Saalburg, the mind may well pass swiftly over the long ages which have come and gone between Germanicus and Buonaparte. We may think perhaps, not only of deeds of wrong or harm done on either side, but of the moment when all wrongs on both sides were forgotten, in the face of a more fearful scourge. We may think of the moment when all men of Aryan race and Christian faith felt themselves brethren in the presence of a heathen and Turanian invader; when Roman and Goth and Frank marched forth together to stem the wasting course of Attila, in the crowning mercy of the Catalaunian fields. And with the happy brotherhood of Aëtius and Theodoric in that day's struggle we may contrast the later deeds of Most Christian Kings, who brought the pirates of Barbary into the havens of Genoa and Nizza, and leagued with the Turk to point his cannon against the ramparts of Belgrade and Vienna. And we may contrast too the doings of later Eldest Sons of the Church, who have brought their Zouaves and Turcos to harry Christian and civilized lands. We may think of the long age of endless aggression, of the men who stole Metz in one century and Strassburg in the next, of those who sent the Protestants of France to the stake, while they stirred up wars to protect the rights of the Protestants of Germany. We may see the burning ruins of Speier and Worms and Heidelberg; we may see the bones of the Cæsars cast out of their graves in

<sup>1</sup> Dion. l.v. 1. *ἔς τε τὴν τῶν Χάττων ἐσέβαλε[ν ὁ Δρούσος] καὶ προήλθε μέχρι τῆς Σουηβίας, τὴν τε ἐν ποσὶν οὐκ ἀταλαιπώρως χειροῦμενος καὶ τοὺς, προσμυγνύστας οἱ οὐκ ἀναιμῶτι κρατῶν.*

the plundered and, desecrated minster, to glut the spite of the pious King for whom such exploits as these so worthily won the title of the Great. We may look on to days nearer to our own, to days when, not only Mainz and Worms and Speier, not only Trier and Köln and Aachen, but Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck had passed under the dominion of the enemy, and when, by a yet deeper fall, German princes stooped to accept crowns from the invader of their country, and to hail him as their Protector against the still lawful King of Germany. And we may look also on the days of vengeance past and present. We may look back to the old times, when the barriers of Julian and Valentinian were swept away, when Gaul was parcelled out among German masters, when Rheims beheld the baptism of a German conqueror, and Paris became for a moment the seat of a German dominion. And we may think too of the days before Gaul had again parted herself from the German rule,<sup>1</sup> when Rome and Germany were one, and when the Lord of Rome and Aachen stooped once or twice in his reign to show his face in such lowly cities as Rouen, Tours, and Paris. We may see the first prince of the new nation and the new speech, the first French King that ever reigned in Paris, Odo himself, the champion alike of Paris and of Christendom, receive his new-made crown as a gift from the German Arnulf, while not yet a Roman Emperor, but a simple German King. We may see one Otto encamping alike beneath the walls of Paris and the walls of Rouen, and the host of another Otto startling the Duke of the French and his Frenchmen by the mighty echo of the Hallelujah of Montmartre. And our thoughts may thence pass on to days nearer to our own, when, after the darkest hour of bondage, the German people arose as one man, how they drove the stranger from their soil, how they bore their part in the great ven-

geance, and marched into conquered Paris with the united hosts of liberated Europe. And one thought still is left to fill up the whole cycle. Three years before I stood on the hill of Saarbrücken I had stood in the stately palace of Rheims, among the goodly chambers with their goodly furniture, which for more than forty years had been waiting for a King to dwell in them. I could not deem then that, before a year had passed, a King should dwell in them indeed. The wheel had indeed come round again when German William dwelled in the home of German Hlodwig, and when Remigius might look down from the walls of his own minster<sup>1</sup> to greet a conqueror who needed not his converting hand. We pass on to one scene more, to that great day in the annals of the world when the throne of Henry of Saxony and Rudolf of Habsburg was again set up, when German princes and people hailed the chief of united Germany within the very hall of the man who had given German cities to the flames and had cast out the dust of German Cæsars from their graves.

Such is the long train of thought which is called up by the sight of two spots so memorable in ages far away from each other as Saalburg and Saarbrücken. And one thought more cannot be kept down. In the great deliverance of the days of our fathers we had our share with our brethren. The men of the Teutonic mainland and the men of the Teutonic island fought side by side in the righteous struggle. It was not by England alone, nor by Germany alone, but by England and Germany joined together in the bonds of brotherhood, that the first Buonaparte was at last beaten to the earth. In the great deliverance of our own day we have had no share; the second Buonaparte has been overthrown by the single arm of Germany. We had no share in the

<sup>1</sup> Gunther, *Ligurius*, lib. i.

“Et simul a nostro secessit Gallia regno,  
Nos *priscum* regni morem *servamus*.”

<sup>1</sup> I do not mean the Abbey of St. Remigius dedicated to him after his death, but the metropolitan church, the successor of his own church when in the flesh.

work, but at least we need not look askance at those who have worked for us as well as for themselves. But for the deeds of Arminius, England had never been; but for the deeds of later Germans, England would have had to do battle singly with the common disturber of the world. But for the great salvation of two years past, the man who had smitten Russia and Austria and Germany would assuredly have before long stretched forth his hands to smite England also. The man who had told the world that he had Waterloo to avenge would never have been content with avenging it on the countrymen of Blücher only. If the light-hearted ones had marched in triumph to Berlin, the turn of London would have come next. From this our brethren of the mainland have saved us. They have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Why then do we hang back, and refuse to share in their joy and thankfulness for their righteous victories? I know of nothing stranger than the way in which English feeling turned about in the course of the great struggle in which Germany stood forth as the common champion of mankind. At first the heart of England beat for the righteous cause. Then, all at once, simply, as it would seem, because for once might and right were found to go together, Englishmen turned round and proclaimed their sympathy for the aggressors who were receiving the due reward of their deeds. Men strangely seemed to see danger to ourselves in the victories which freed us from the greatest of dangers. They began, without cause, without reason, to suspect some evil purpose in the men who were fighting the battles of mankind, who were crushing the power which had for so many ages been the disturbing element in Europe. By the way in which so many English speakers and writers allow themselves to

speak of everything German, we are fast making enemies of a nation which, two years ago, valued our friendship and rejoiced in our sympathy. To minds of this kind the appeal to kindred blood and speech, to a friendship a thousand years old and more, to all that binds nations together which have shared in the overthrow of Bouvines and in the victory of Waterloo, might seem only "anti-quarian rubbish." Yet it would be hard for any man to show any point in which English and German interests clash, any point in which Germany, her union and her victories, are in any way dangerous to England. Germany will be our friend, if we will only let her; if she becomes our enemy, it will be wholly our own doing. Deep indeed is the sin of the men who stir up causeless strife, of the men above all who stir up strife between two nations whose hearts ought to be as one. Deep is the sin of the men who can seek by pestilent buffoonery to set brethren at variance and to jeopard the hardly won peace of the world. Next to the guilt of the men who madly rushed into an unrighteous war comes the guilt of the men who can trifle away the peace and good will of nations by jests like the Battle of Dorking and Dame Europa's School. Next to the crime of the man who hides a real danger comes the crime of the man who proclaims a false one. The real danger passed away when the work which began at Speichenen was brought to its happy end at Paris. The men who overthrew Varus and the men who overthrew the Buonapartes were men fighting in one cause, and that cause was the cause of England as well as of Germany. Alike within the *Pfahlgraben* of Saalburg and on the undefended heights of Saarbrücken, it is not only German but English history that has been wrought out.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY,

*Being an adaptation of Arndt's Poem: "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"*

WHERE is the Christian's Fatherland?  
 Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?  
 In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,  
 Or by the Galilean deep?  
 Where pilgrim hosts have rush'd to lave  
 Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,  
 Or sought to win by brand and blade  
 The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?  
 Is it the haunted Grecian strand,  
 Where Apostolic wanderers first  
 The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?  
 Or where, on many a mystic page,  
 Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,  
 Fondly essay'd to intertwine  
 Earth's shadows with the Light Divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland  
 Where, with crown'd head and crozier'd hand,  
 The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,  
 And on the grave of Cæsar sits?  
 O by those world-embracing walls,  
 O in those vast and pictur'd halls,  
 O underneath that soaring dome,  
 Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?—  
 He still looks on from land to land—  
 Is it where German conscience woke,  
 When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?  
 Or where by Zurich's shore was heard  
 The calm Helvetian's earnest word?  
 Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,  
 Stern Calvin rear'd his unseen throne?  
 Or where from Sweden's snows came forth  
 The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band—  
 Our own, our native Fatherland?  
 Where Law and Freedom side by side  
 In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?  
 Where prayer and praise for years have rung  
 In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,  
 Blessing with cadence sweet and grave  
 The fireside nook, the ocean wave,  
 And o'er the broad Atlantic hurl'd,  
 Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian! no!—not even here,  
 By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;  
 Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh  
 By martyr's blood or prophet's cry—  
 Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,  
 Nor Eastern Patriarch's hoary fame—  
 Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:  
 Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er  
 Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air;  
 Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek  
 What Truth or Conscience freely speak—  
 Where Christ-like Love delights to span  
 The rents that sever man from man—  
 Where round God's throne His just ones stand—  
 There, Christian, is thy FATHERLAND.

A. P. S.

COLOGNE, *Sept.* 20, 1872.



## THE TWO MARYS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER VI.

I HAD not intended to carry on any further a history which is chiefly about myself; but events are always occurring which change one's mind from day to day, and alter one's most fixed resolutions. I do not pretend to understand people who make unchangeable decisions, and certainly I am not one of them. Besides, common fairness requires that I should allow Mrs. Peveril to have the same privilege as myself, and tell things her own way. I could not have imagined, had I not seen it, the difference there was between the aspect of things to her and to me. I suppose it is true after all that everybody has his or her own point of view, which is different from all others. Of course we realize this fact quite clearly in a great poem like "The Ring and the Book;" but to recognize it in one's own small affairs has somehow a much stranger, more surprising effect. What an odd difference it would make in the world if we could all see ourselves now and then with other people's eyes! I confess that the girl in her story, who was Mr. Peveril's daughter, is very much unlike the girl in mine—and yet the same somehow, as may be traced out with a little trouble. This is humbling, but it is for one's good, I suppose. When you look at yourself in a mirror, you have so much interest in yourself that your defects don't strike you—you can't help being the first figure—the most important; but to feel that all along you are not important at all—anything but the first figure, a mere shadow, scarcely noticed! it has a very odd effect—sometimes laughable, some-

times rather the reverse; but this was what now happened to me.

I must add, however, that a long time passed over before I could even think that Mrs. Peveril might have something to say on her side. It was not because of the rupture between Mr. Durham and myself, and the sudden conclusion of that dream and all that it seemed likely to bring with it. No doubt these things embittered all my feelings about her; but yet I was reasonable enough to come to see that it was not her fault—that she had kept out of the way with all her might—and that after all she could not foresee that another complication might arise between him and me. She could not of course foresee this; and even if she had foreseen it, what could she have done? I think it shows I was not unfair in my judgment, for a girl of seventeen, to say that I soon came to see that. But though I did not blame her, of course I was embittered against her, and took refuge in being very angry with her on other grounds. That she should have said our living together was a mistake was the chief of these. Why was it a mistake? Did she mean to say it was my fault? If it was simply her fault, as I felt sure it was, why did she call it a mistake? Why not say plainly out, "I was wrong, and so we got into trouble"? How easy it seems to be for people to acknowledge themselves in the wrong! but not so easy for oneself, somehow. I never met anybody who liked it, though I have met with so many who ought to have done it, and to whom it would have been so simple—so easy, I thought; but that never seemed to be their opinion.

Mrs. Tufnell, who is in some things a very odd old lady, says it never is anybody's fault. "There was never any quarrel yet," she will say, "but there were two in it—there was never any misunderstanding but two were in it. There is no such thing as absolute blame on the one side and innocence on the other. Even in your affairs, Mary, my dear——" But this I never can see nor allow. How could I be to blame? Only seventeen, and knowing so little of the world, and expecting everybody to be good and true, and say just what they thought. When a man said he was fond of me, how was I to put up with his having been fond of somebody else? And when a woman professed to be thinking of me, was it natural that I could be pleased to know she had been thinking of herself? I could not help behaving just as I did. It was the only natural, the only possible way; but for them, they ought to have known better, they ought to have thought of me. On the whole that is the thing that hurts one—that goes to one's heart. People think of themselves first—when they ought to be thinking of you, they think of themselves first. I suppose it is the same all over the world.

The way in which I first heard Mary's story was simple enough. After years of a dull sort of quiet life at Mrs. Tufnell's—who was very good to me, and very kind, but who, of course, could give to me, a girl, only what she, an old woman, had to give—the quietest life, without excitement or change of any kind—she had a bad illness. It was not an illness of the violent kind, but of what, I suppose, is more dangerous to an old woman, a languishing, slow sickness, which looked like decay more than disease. The doctors said "breaking up of the constitution," or at least the servants said so, who are less particular than the doctors, and shook their heads and looked very serious. I was less easily alarmed than anyone else, for it seemed to me a natural thing that an old lady should be gently ill like that, one day a little better and the next a

little worse, without any suffering to speak of. It was not until after she was better that I knew there had been real danger, but she must have felt it herself. The way in which her sense of her precarious condition showed itself was anxiety for me. I remember one evening sitting in her room by the fire with a book; she was in bed, and I had been reading to her, and now she was dozing, or at least I thought so. Things appear (it is evident) very differently to different people. I was extremely comfortable in that nice low easy-chair by the fire. It was a pretty room, full of pictures and portraits of her friends, so full that there was scarcely an inch of the wall uncovered. The atmosphere was warm and soft, and the tranquil repose and ease of the old lady in the bed somehow seemed to increase the warmth and softness and kindly feeling. She was an additional luxury to me sitting there by the fire with my novel. If any fairy had proposed to place her by my side as young and as strong as myself, I should have rejected the proposal with scorn. I liked her a great deal best so—old, a little sick, kind, comfortable, dozing in her bed. The very illness—which I thought quite slight, rather an excuse for staying in this cosy room and being nursed than anything else—heightened my sense of luxury. She was not dozing, as it happened, but lying very still, thinking of dying—wondering how it would feel, and planning for those she should leave behind her. I knew nothing of these thoughts, no more than if I had been a thousand miles away, and fortunately neither did she of mine. I was roused from my comfortable condition by the sound of her voice calling me. I rose up half reluctantly from the bright fire, and the little table with the lamp and my book, and went and sat by her in the shade where I could not see the fire; but still the sentiment of comfort was predominant in me. I gave my old lady her mixture, which it was time for her to take, and advised her to go to sleep.

"You must not doze this time," I

said; "you must go right off to sleep, and never wake till morning. Everything is put right for the night, and I shall not go till you are asleep."

"I was not dozing," she said, with that natural resentment which everybody feels to be so accused; and then after a moment, "Mary, I was thinking of you. If I were to die, what would you do?"

I was very much shocked, and rather frightened; and when I looked at her, and saw by the dim light that she did not look any worse, I felt rather angry. "How unkind of you!" I said, "to speak so! You frightened me at first. What would it matter what became of me?"

"It would matter a great deal," she said. "It would make everything so much worse. I don't want to die, Mary, though I daresay I should be a great deal better, and get rid of all my troubles—"

"Oh, it is wicked to talk so!"

"Why should it be wicked? I can't help thinking of it," she said, lying in her warm cosy bed. It made me shiver to hear her. I began to cry, rather with a chill, wretched sense of discomfort in the midst of all the warmth than anything else; upon which she put her hand on my shoulder and gave me a little shake, and laughed at me softly. "Silly child!" she said—but she was not angry. There was a very grave look on her face behind the smile. Dying was strange to her as well as to me, though she was very old.

"But, Mary," she went on, "I want to read you something. I want you to think again about some one you once were very fond of. I have some news of Mrs. Peveril—"

"Oh!" I said; and then I went on stiffly, "I hope she is well."

"She is quite well—and—your little brother. I wish you would see them. All that happened was so long ago; I think you might see them, Mary."

"I never made any objection to seeing them," I said, more and more stiffly, though my heart began to leap and thump against my breast. "You forget I had nothing to do with it. It was she

who went away. She said it was a mistake."

"You are an unforgiving child. You did not try to enter into her feelings, Mary."

"How could I?" I said. "Did she wish me to enter into her feelings? Did she ever give me a chance? She said it was a mistake. What was there left for me to say?"

"Well, well," said the old lady, "I don't defend her. I always said she was wrong; but still I have been hearing from her lately, Mary. I have three or four letters which I should like you to read——"

"You have been hearing from her without ever telling me!"

"Bless the child! must I not even get a letter without consulting her? But, Mary, I am a free agent still, and I can't be kept in such order," she said, half laughing. "Give me that blotting-book, and my keys, and my spectacles, and bring the lamp a little closer."

Indignant as I was, I was comforted by all these preparations. And when she had put on her spectacles and opened the blotting-book, sitting up in bed, my mind was so much relieved that my indignation floated away. "It is a pretty thing for you to talk of dying, and frighten people," I said, giving her a kiss, "with your cheeks like two nice old roses." She shook her head, but she smiled too: she felt better, and got better gradually from that hour.

But in the meantime I had to listen to these letters. Perhaps if it had not been that my old lady was ill, I would have been offended to find that she had deceived me, and had known about Mary all along. It was a deception, though she did not mean any harm. "She had thought it best," she said, "to let time soften all our feelings, before she told me anything about it." However, I must not enter into all the discussions we had on this subject. It is only fair that Mary should have her turn, and tell her story as I have told mine. It is not a connected story like mine, but you will see from it what kind of a life hers had been, and what

sort of a woman she was. She is different from the Mary I thought—and yet not different either—just as I am different from the girl I thought I was, and yet very like too, if you look into it. I cannot tell what my feelings were as I read first one bit and then another, and a great deal more which I do not think it necessary to quote here. One moment I was furious with her—the next I could have kissed her feet. These people who send you from one extreme of feeling to another, who do wrong things and right things all in a jumble, take a greater hold upon you, somehow, than better people do, who are placid and always on the same level—at least I think so. I started by calling her Mrs. Peveril—and here I am already saying Mary, as of old, without knowing! And Mrs. Tufnell wishes me to go and see her. She has even made me promise as a kind of reward to herself for getting better. Since she takes it in this way, I shall have to go—and sometimes I fear it, and sometimes I wish for it. Will it make any difference to me? Will the old love come back, or the still older feeling that was not love? Shall I think of that “Mary” that sounded always so much sweeter to her than to me? Or shall I remember only the time when she was everything to me—when she charmed me out of my grief and loneliness, and told me her secret, and made me her companion, and was all mine? I do not know. I begin to tremble, and my heart beats when I think of this meeting; but in the meantime Mary has a right to her turn, and to tell the story her own way. It is all in little bits taken from Mrs. Tufnell’s letters, and sometimes may appear a little fragmentary; but I can only give it as it came to me.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HER STORY.

WHEN I went to be governess at Mrs. Durham’s I was quite young. I had been “out” before, but only as nursery governess. Mine was not a very regular

or, perhaps, a very good kind of education. My mother had been a governess before me, and not one of very high pretensions, as governesses are nowadays. I don’t think she ever knew anything herself, except a little music and a little French, which she had forgotten before my time. How my father and she met, and, still more wonderful, how they took to each other, is a thing I never could make out. Perhaps I was most fond of her, but certainly I was most proud of him, and liked to copy his ways, and to believe what my mother often said—that I was a Martindale every inch of me. This, poor soul, she meant as a reproach, but to me it sounded like a compliment. I was very silly and rather cruel, as young people are so often. My father had a great deal of contempt for her, and not much affection; and though I had a great deal of affection, I borrowed unconsciously his contempt, and thought myself justified in treating her as he did. She was wordy and weak in argument, and never knew when to stop. But he—when he had stated what he intended to do—would never answer any of her objections, or indeed take any notice of them, but listened to her with a contemptuous silence. I took to doing the same; and though I know better now, and am sorry I ever could have been so foolish and so unkind, yet the habit remains with me—not to take the trouble to reply to foolish arguments, but to do what I think right without saying anything about it. This habit, I may as well confess, has got me into trouble more than once; but I do not say that I am prepared to give it up, though I know I have taken harm by it, and no good, so far as I am aware.

We were very poor, and I had been a nursery governess and a daily governess when I was little more than a child. When my poor mother died a little money came, and then I got a few lessons to improve me in one or two different accomplishments; and then I took Mrs. Durham’s situation. My father was one of the wandering men who live a great deal abroad; and I had learned French and enough Ger-

man to make a show, in the best way, by practice rather than by book. "French acquired abroad"—that was what was put for me in the advertisement, and this I think was my principal recommendation to Mrs. Durham. Her eldest son was at home at the time—a young man just a little older than myself. She was a kind woman, and unsuspecting. She thought George only a boy, and perhaps about me she never thought at all—in connection with him, at least. I used to be encouraged at first to make him talk French, and great was the amusement in the school-room over his pronunciation and his mistakes. They were all very kind when I come to think of it. They were as fearless and trustful with me as if I had belonged to them. And then by degrees I found out that George had fallen in love with me. I think I may say quite certainly that I never was in love with him, but I was a little excited and pleased, as one always is, you know, when that happens for the first time. It is so odd—so pleasant to feel that you have that power. It seems so kind of the man—one thinks so when one is young—and it is amusing and flattering, and a thing which occupies your mind, and gives you something agreeable to think of. I do not say this is the right way of thinking on such a subject, but it is how a great many girls feel, and I was one of them. I had never thought seriously of it at all. It seemed so much more like fun than anything else; and then it is always pleasant to have people fond of you. I liked it; and I am afraid I never thought of what it might come to, and did not take up any lofty ground, but let him talk, and let him follow me about, and steal out after me, and waylay me in the passages. I did this without thinking, and more than half for the amusement of it. I liked him, and I liked the place he took up in my life, and the things he said, without really responding to his feelings at all.

When it was found out, and there was a disturbance in the house about it, I came to my senses all at once, with such

a hot flush of pain and shame that I seem to feel it yet. They had been so kind to me, that I had never felt my dependence; but now, all in a moment I found it out. His mother was frightened to death lest he should marry me! She thought me quite beneath him; me—a Martindale all over—a gentleman's daughter—much better than she was! This roused a perfect tempest in me. It was my pride that was outraged, not my feelings; but that pride was strong enough and warm enough to be called a passion. I did what I could to show his mother that nothing in the world could be more indifferent to me than he was, but she would not be convinced; and at last I determined to do what my father often had done when my mother was unreasonable—to withdraw out of the discussion at once and summarily, without leaving any opportunity for further talk. My father was living then. He was at Spa, which was not very difficult to reach. One evening, after Mrs. Durham had been talking to me (George had been sent away, but I was not sent away because they were sorry for me), I stayed in the school-room till they were all at dinner, and then I carried all my things, which I had made up into bundles, down to the hall with my own hands, and got a cab and went off to the railway station. I bought a common box on my way, and packed them all into it. I tell you this to show how determined I was; not even one of the servants knew how I had gone, or anything about me. It was winter, and the Durhams dined at half-past six; so I had time enough to get off by the night train to Dover. I had not a very large wardrobe, you may suppose, but I left nothing behind me but some old things. I was not particular about crushing my dresses for that one night. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the dark sea and dark sky, and great, chill, invisible, open-air world that I seemed to stand alone in, as the steamboat went bounding over those black waves, or ploughing through them, to Ostend. There was a great deal of wind, but the

sea had not had time to rise, and there was the exhilaration of a storm without its more disagreeable consequences. The vessel did not roll, but now and then gave a leap, spurning the Channel spray from her bows. Oh how I recollect every particular! You might think a lonely girl in such circumstances—flying from persecution, if you like to put it so—flying from love; with nothing but a very uncertain welcome to look to from a very unsatisfactory father, and no prospect but to face the world again and get her bread somehow—was as sad a figure as could be imagined. But I was not sad. I had a high spirit, and I loved adventure and change. I felt as if the steamboat was me, going bounding on, caring nothing for the sea or the darkness. The wind might catch at us, the water might dash across our sides, the sky might veil itself—who cared? We pushed on, defying them all. A poor governess as good as turned out of my situation because the son of the house had fallen in love with me—a penniless creature without a home, with not a soul to stand by me in all that dark world. And yet I don't remember anything I ever enjoyed more, than that journey by night.

This will show you—and you may show it to Mary to convince her—how much I cared for George Durham. I suppose he was in love with me—at least what a young man not much over twenty considers love. That is six years ago; and probably he has always had a recollection, all this time, that he was in love with me, and thinks that he ought to have been faithful. I should not wonder if there was a kind of remorse in his mind to find that he had fallen in love with Mary, and cared for me no longer. It is a superstition with some people that, however foolish their first fancy was, they ought to hold by it; but I must say that I think it was very foolish, not to say cruel, of both of them, to make this breach on account of me.

I got another situation after that, and did well enough—as governesses do. I never complained, or thought I had any reason to complain. I taught all I knew

—not very much, but enough for most people. As for education, as people talk nowadays—of awakening the minds, and training the dispositions, and re-creating the children, so to speak, intellectually and morally—I never thought of such a thing; and why should I? That is the work of a mother, appointed by God, or of some great person endowed with great genius or influence—not of a young woman between eighteen and five-and-twenty, indifferently trained herself, with quite enough to do to master her own difficulties and keep herself afloat. I was not so impertinent, so presumptuous, or so foolish as to have any such idea. I taught them as well as I could; I tried to make them as fond of books as I was myself—I tried to get them to talk like gentlewomen, and not to be mean or false. I was not their mother or their priest, but only their teacher. I had no theory then; but after one is thirty, one begins to have theories; and I can see what I meant in my earlier time by the light of what I think now. However, this is not much to the purpose. I was a successful governess on the whole; I got on very well, and I had nothing to find fault with. It is not a very happy life—when you are young, and hear pleasant sounds below-stairs, and have to sit reading by yourself in the school-room; when there is music and dancing perhaps, and merry talk, and you are left alone in that bare place with maps on the walls, and one candle—a girl does not feel happy; though on the whole, perhaps, the school-room is better than to sit in a corner of the drawing-room and be taken no notice of—which is the other alternative. There are a great many difficulties in the position altogether, as I can see now that I am older. When the governess is made exactly like one of the family, the eldest son will go and fall in love with her and bring everybody into trouble. It is hard for the lady of the house as well. However, after George Durham, I was careful, and I never got into difficulty of that kind again. Four years after I left the Durhams I had a bad illness—rheumatic

fever. My people were very kind to me, but I was too proud to be a burden on them; and as soon as I could be moved I left and went into lodgings, and was ill there till I had spent all my money; it was only then that I had recourse to the Spicers. Perhaps I ought to confess that, though Mr. Spicer is my uncle, I was ashamed of him and disliked him. I have felt angry at my poor mother all my life for having such relations; but of course there they were, and had to be made the best of. My money lasted till I was almost well, but not well enough for another situation. My father had died in the meantime; and only then I sent to the Spicers, and asked if they would take me in for a time. I was a good needlewoman; I knew I could repay them well for keeping me. That is how I went to them. What followed no one could have foreseen. You know how it was.

I cannot talk about my husband—yet. How could I talk about that which was everything to me, which changed my life, which made me another creature? People may love you, and it makes but little difference to you. It is pleasant, no doubt; it softens your lot; it makes things bearable which would not be bearable. I had known that in my life. But to love—that is another thing. That is the true revelation—the lifting up of the veil. It is as different from simply being loved as night is from day. I suppose few women are, as I was, in circumstances to feel this sudden lighting up of existence all of a sudden. Most women have a great deal to love, and know that condition better than the other. They would not make so much fuss about being loved did they not already possess the other gift. But I had never really loved anybody, I suppose. Various people had loved me. I had liked it, and had done what I could to be kind and agreeable to them. Some (women) I had been very fond of. It seems to me now that the world must have been a most curious, cloudy sort of place in my early youth—a dim place, where nothing moved one very much; where daylight

was quite sober and ordinary, and nothing out of oneself was exciting. When I saw Mr. Peveril first I had no warning of what was coming. I did not feel even interested in him. He seemed too gentle, too soft for my liking. What attracted me was, I think, chiefly the fact that he was the only educated man I ever saw there—the only being, man or woman, who was not of, or like, the Spicers. This was my only feeling towards him for the first two or three times I saw him—but then——.

I am afraid I did not think very much about Mary when we were married. Of course I meant to do my duty by her: that goes without saying. And her resistance and dislike did not make me angry. They rather amused me. It seemed so odd that she should think herself of consequence enough to be so deeply offended. She, a girl, with all her life before her—fifteen—of no present importance to any mortal, though no doubt she would ripen into something after a while. When Mr. Peveril distressed himself about what he called her want of respect to me, I used to smile at him. He would have made her love me by force had that been possible—as if her little sullenness, poor child, made any difference! It was quite natural, besides—only foolish, if she could but have seen it. She was a naughty child, and she thought herself a virgin-martyr. I hope it is not wicked of me to be amused by that virgin-martyr look. I know it so well. I have seen it over and over again in all sorts of circumstances. To say a tragedy-queen is nothing. There is a sublime patience, a pathos about your virgin-martyrs, which far outdoes anything else. Poor little Mary! if I had not seen that she was quite happy in her own thoughts, even when she thought herself most miserable, I should have taken more notice of it. I can't tell what she was always thinking about—whether it was some imaginary lover or romance of her own that she kept weaving for hours together; but it kept her happy anyhow. She was very provoking sometimes—never was there such

a spoiled child. She balked me thoroughly in one thing, and would not let me be her governess as well as her stepmother; which was what I wished. How often should I have liked to box her little impertinent ears, and then laugh and kiss her into good-humour! But in that point there was nothing to be done. I had to leave all to time, in which I hoped—without, alas! having the least thought, the least prevision, how short my time was to be. You will see that I am not one to linger upon my private feelings. I have said nothing to you about my happiness. I can say nothing about my grief. The beautiful life stopped short—the light went out after this—an end seemed to come to everything. I cannot say more about it. Everything ended—except one's pulse, which will go on beating, and the long hours and days that have to be got through somehow, and the bread that has to be eaten in spite of oneself—and has to be earned too, as if it were worth the while.

I wonder at myself sometimes, and you will wonder, that I did not break down under my grief. It was my first real grief, as that which preceded it had been my first real happiness. I have even envied the people who got ill and who could go to bed, and darken their windows and lie still and let the sword go through and through them in quietness, instead of writhing on it as I did; but that must be nature. My first instinct was to snatch at something, to lay hold upon something, lest I should be carried away by some fiery flood or other. And what I snatched at was Mary. I love Mary. You may think I have not acted as if I did; but that is nothing; and she does not love me. But still I have that distinct feeling for her which I never experienced till her dear, dear father (oh, my God, my God, why is it that my child will never call him so!) showed me the way. I have had a great deal to bear from her; she is not like me; and there are many things I dislike in her. But all that does not matter. And it is not as I

loved him—but yet I love her. All I remember about those dark days was that I laid hold upon Mary. She could not escape from me when I seized her so—few, very few, people can. To resist kindness is easy enough, but downright love has a different kind of grasp; you cannot get free of that. It is because there is so much fictitious love in the world that people are not aware of the power of the true.

I secured her—for the time. You may say it did not last very long; but that was not my fault; it was because she too, in her time, woke up from her affection for me, and all the torpor of her youth, and heard the call of love, and got up and left those that did but love her. The time we lived together was a strange dreamy time, between blank despair and a kind of languid happiness. Sometimes I would feel almost happy because of what was coming, and then I would be plunged into that horror of darkness, that shadow of death, which is of all things on earth the most terrible—worse, a thousand times worse, than death itself. I say this with confidence, because I as good as died once. I was so ill that I had floated off into that unconsciousness which would have been death had they left me alone; and it was not unpleasant. Had they left me alone I should have died, therefore I am justified in saying that this was death; and it was not disagreeable—just a soft floating away, a gradual growing dim and shutting out, without any of that sense of desertion and loneliness which one feels must be so strong in the dying. But the shadow of death is very terrible. No one can exaggerate its terror. When it seizes upon the soul, all that surrounds you is lost in one sea of misery. The waves and the billows pass over you. You feel as if you could not endure, could not last through that flood of pain—and yet you do last. The great billow passes over, and there is a calm, and your soul is so fatigued and worn out that it lies exhausted, and a languor of rest, which is almost ease, passes over it. This was how I lived for three months with Mary; until the



shock of the other who thrust himself into our life—the stranger, who was no stranger, came.

His first appearance was nothing but an insignificant trouble, a mere annoyance to me,—why should I care? I had not thought of him at all for years; and I never had thought of him much. But still I did not want him there: he annoyed me; he was a kind of constant menace of more annoyance to come. But I don't know what steps I could have taken. It was a long time before I could realize that he would fall in love with Mary. I rather think it is difficult to believe that a man who has loved you will love some one else. That is—if you are quite indifferent to him; it is so much easier then to believe in his faithfulness. The idea did not occur to me. I feared a little for Mary once or twice, and tried to warn her; but she was always a dreamy sort of girl, and it was hard to tell when a new influence came over her. She had lived in dreams of one kind or other ever since I knew her; and I knew nothing, really nothing, about what was going on, till that unhappy afternoon when he recognized me, and came in and talked foolishly in Mary's hearing, about things that had happened so long before. Poor child!—I don't blame her, for her foolishness was natural enough. She thought I had stolen away her lover, as I had stolen away her father. She would not listen to me, and when she did listen to me she did not believe me; and there on the other hand was he, demanding explanations. Good heavens, what right has a man like that to ask explanations—a man one had never cared for, and would have died of? He worried me so that I could not be civil. What with grief, and what with vexation at the turn things had taken, and disappointment in Mary, and illness in myself, I had no patience with the man, maundering on about things that had happened ages before, that were of no importance to any living being. When he waylaid me on my way to her, keeping me back from her, in her agony of temper and mortification and humiliation, what I could have done to him! I was in a

nervous state, I suppose, and easily irritated. I could have struck him when he came out and worried me. And there was Mary turning her face to the wall, shutting out the light, shutting her ears, determined to be miserable. Oh! when I toiled up and down stairs going to her, when I felt ill and knew that nobody cared, when I saw her absorbed in her foolish misery, and him tormenting himself and me about dead nonsense that never had been anything, you may excuse me if I had very little patience. After a night of it I got tired and sick of the whole business. It seemed too hard to be obliged to put up with all this folly on the eve of being ill. And who would care whether I was ill or not, if things went on so?

Then I took my resolution suddenly, as I had done before. It was not with the hope and high spirit that had kept me up when I went off to Ostend that I left Southampton Street, my own house. I was sick and tired, that was all. I could not be troubled to go on. I was worried and impatient and indignant—and then Mary had a friend to take care of her. I went away. I went to an hospital after a while in the same irritated hopeless state, feeling that it did not matter what happened; and there my boy was born. Well! what did it matter? They are for honest, poor women, these hospitals—and Heaven knows I was poor enough, but honest. One cares for oneself only when one has other people who care. I had nobody. I did not lose heart altogether, because that is not my nature. I could not if I would; but what did I care for what people would think or for what they might say? no more than for the buzzing of the flies. I should never even hear of it—there was nobody to tell me, nobody to pay any attention. I thought most likely I should die; but I did not calculate upon dying, for by that time I knew I had strength to go through a great deal. And so I did. My boy was quite strong and well, and I got quite well and strong too. Often I have thought this showed how little heart I must have; but I could not help it. I got quite strong.

I reflected seriously whether I should not try for a nurse's place, which was very well paid, and where very little was required; but even if I could have parted with my boy, I had no one to trust with the care of him. So instead of doing this, I made shift to live for a whole year upon my forty pounds of income, with a little more which I earned by needlework. When you are a very good needlewoman, you can always earn something. I did very well; I made baby clothes; my eyes were strong, and my health was good, and I had my own baby to comfort me. There is nothing that comforts like a baby. When the child laughs, you laugh too. You laugh to make him laugh; first it is sympathy, then it is delight, till gradually you grow a baby too, and are amused at nothing, and happy for nothing, and live over again, beginning at the very beginning, in the child.

In this way I grew to be so tranquil, so eased in mind, and happy in heart, notwithstanding my loss, which I never forgot, that I was tempted to remain just as I was always; but then it occurred to me that I should lose all that I knew, that I would never be able to teach him, or to get him education, or to rise in the world, as I wanted to do for his sake; therefore it was clear I must do something else. This was what I did: I found out about a situation in a school after a great deal of inquiry. I went to the lady and told her my story; I said I would go to her for almost nothing if I might have my baby and a little maid to take care of him. When she heard of my "French acquired abroad," my showy bit of German, my music, and how I would make myself as useful as ever she liked, having excellent health and no sort of prejudices about what I did, she closed with me. I had two rooms, and board for myself and the maid and the boy—no more at first—but I managed on that. And then by degrees we improved. She gave me first twenty pounds, then a little more. A baby's white frock and a widow's black gown do not cost much. We did very well. I

have fifty pounds now the school has increased so much; and I believe I may have a share soon if all goes well. My French goes for a great deal, and even my name and my widow's cap go for something, and everybody in the school likes to tell the story of the baby. Am I happy, do you say? I never stop to ask myself whether I am happy or not. One must form some idea of change in one's mind, some thought of a possibility which might make one happier, before one would think of asking oneself such a question. And as I have no reasonable prospect of ever being happier than I am, I do not think about it. I am not unhappy—of that I am sure.

You talk of bringing Mary and me together again. Would it answer, I wonder? Sentiment is one thing, but practicability is another. Having told you that I loved Mary, I have said all that either woman or man can say. Likings change and alter, but love is for ever. Yet, whether we could live together, whether she could trust me, whether she would understand the past, and feel how little I wished or intended to interfere with her, I cannot tell; unless she could, it would almost be better to leave us as we are. So long as a woman is young, as Mary is, it is doubtful and dangerous, I am afraid, to try any relationships but those that are quite natural. She is with you, your dearest, kind friend, as if she were your own child. You can do her nothing but good; but I am not so very much older than she is. I am older—centuries older—but not to outward appearance; and can you not suppose a state of things in which the last chapter of our lives might be, one way or other, repeated again? I say this not with any sort of vanity, Heaven knows, but with fear and trembling. For I should be happier with her—far happier—but not if she came to me with a single doubt in her mind, a single thought which was uncertain or suspicious. Do not tell her this one difficulty which seems to me to stand in our way, but judge for us both what is best. I want her for myself and for my boy. We belong to each

other, and no one else in the world belongs to us. How often I long for her when I am sitting alone! How many things I have in my mind to say to her! But not unless it would be well for her, to whom anything may happen. Nothing that I know of, except through her or my baby, can now happen to me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I WILL not enter into all the particulars of our discussion after this, for time would fail me. The last part of Mary's letter, which she said was not to be shown to me, made me angry. I thought it was vanity on her part to be afraid of interfering with me again. "In what way?" I could not but ask, and that sharply; how could the last chapter of our lives be repeated? Mrs. Tufnell only smoothed my hair and soothed me, and called me "dear" and "darling," but would give no explanation. "What does she mean?" I asked. "Oh, she means, my love—probably she means nothing. It is just a way of talking that people fall into," said my old lady. I knew this was said simply to quiet me, but on the whole perhaps I preferred it to anything more definite; and, after a time, I allowed myself to be persuaded to pay this visit. What a strange journey into the past it seemed! and yet actually we went far away from the scene of the past, into a place so new and unknown to me, that it could awaken no associations. We drove in the comfortable old fly, with the old sleek horse and the old fat man, which was as good as Mrs. Tufnell's private carriage. She did not keep a carriage of her own, but I am sure this fly, in which she drove every day of her life except when she was ill, cost her more than a carriage would have done. She was very apologetic about it always. "I could not undertake the responsibility of a carriage," she would say; "horses are always getting ill, and your coachman drinks, or he gets into trouble with the maids, or something. Old Groombridge and his fly suit me quite

well. No, he is not an old rogue. I have to pay him, of course, for all his trouble, and for the loss of customers, and so forth. You know, Mary, he always suits himself to my convenience at whatever sacrifice——"

This was her idea, and nothing would convince her otherwise. So we drove in Groombridge's old fly—which was one of the most expensive vehicles in town—out Hampstead way, but past all the houses, past everything, till we came to new houses again, and skeleton roads and villas growing up like mushrooms, in one of those long straggling arms that London puts out into the country. I had got excited so often thinking that we must be quite close upon the place, that at last I ceased to be excited, and felt as if we had set out upon a hopeless circle, and were going to wind in and out and round and round, till we worked back to the point from which we started. How dreary they look, those new places—roads newly laid out, breaking in upon the fields, which somehow look so superior, so desecrated, and vulgarized by those new muddy lines with the unnecessary kerbstones; and then all the half-built houses, each one uglier than the other, with their bow-windows, all made by the gross (I suppose), and their thin little walls that the wind whistles through, and even their monotonous attempt at irregularity. A steady, solid row which is very ugly and nothing more, is endurable. I was saying this, when suddenly the fly made a sharp turn, and immediately the villas and the kerbstones became invisible. We had got within a mossy wall, through a large old-fashioned gate. There was an avenue, not very long nor very grand, but still an avenue, with odd old trees all gnarled and mossed over, and I suppose in a very bad condition, but still old, and trees—trees which our grandfathers might have walked under. The house was an old red-brick house, very dark red, and covered with little brown and yellow lichens. It was neat, but yet one could see it was in want of repair, and looked like a poor lady in

a faded gown and mended lace by the side of the fine shop-people in silk and satin. It was a winter day—a very still and bright one. The shadows of all the leafless trees made a network upon the brown gravel path. The old house seemed to be basking, warming itself in the sun. There were a great many twinkling windows, but not a creature to be seen except one little child on the white step of the deep doorway. There was a porch, and probably his nurse was there, but the little fellow was standing out in the sun, cracking a little whip he had, with his hair shining in the bright light, and his little face like an apple-blossom. He was shouting out some baby nonsense at the top of his voice. He did not care for us, nor for anyone. He was the monarch of all—quite alone in his kingdom, independent of everybody.

“Who do you think it is, Mary?” said Mrs. Tufnell, taking my hand suddenly, as I looked out laughing and amused by him. Good heavens! I had never once thought. I fell back into my corner and began to cry, I cannot tell why. Of course I knew at once whom it must be.

And then *she* came, not in the least altered, kissing me just as if we had parted yesterday. But she was agitated, though she tried not to show it. She took the little boy and brought him to me, and thrust him into my arms without a word, and her lip quivered, and for some minutes she could not say anything. The meeting was hard altogether. When the thing that Sundered you is too far off to be talked about, and when everybody counsels you to avoid explanations and go on again as if nothing had happened, it is very hard; you may succeed in uniting the old strands and twisting them together once more, but it is perhaps more likely that you will fail. We went into Mary's new home, and saw the lady who was the head of the school. It was holiday time—the Christmas holidays—and they were alone. This lady was middle-aged, older than Mary, but not so old as Mrs. Tufnell. She was an

unmarried woman, and I could at once understand what Mary had said, that her very name and her widow's cap told for something in the place. But what was most evident of all was that little Jack was the sovereign of Grove House. Whatever anybody might do or say, he was supreme. Miss Robinson was fond of his mother, and “appreciated” her, as she told us; but little Jack was the monarch, and did what he pleased.

Our visit was, as people say, quite pleasant. It went off perfectly well—we kissed when we met and when we parted—we had a great deal to say to each other of what had passed since we met—and there was little Jack to make acquaintance with, and a great many of his wonderful adventures to be told of. Mrs. Tufnell came away with the thought that it had been a great success, and that henceforward nothing more was wanted—that Mary and I would be one again.

But Mary and I felt differently. I did, at least, and I am sure so did she. You cannot mend a rent so easily. Such a rent—a rent that had lasted more than five years—how can it be drawn together again by any hasty needle and thread like a thing done yesterday? We parted friends, with promises to meet again; but with hearts, oh! so much more apart from each other than they had been an hour before! An hour before we met I had all sorts of vague hopes in my heart—vague feelings that she would understand me, that I would understand her—vague yearnings towards the old union which was almost perfect. Did you ever see the great glass screen they have in some houses to shield you from the heat of the fire? You can see the cheerful blaze through it, but you feel nothing. Something of the kind was between Mary and me. We saw through it as well as ever, and seemed to enjoy the pleasant warmth; but no other sensation followed, only the chill of a disappointment. I felt that she was now nothing, nothing to me; and I—I cannot tell how I seemed to her. We had the old habit suddenly brought to life and put on again, but

none of the old meaning. We were like mummers trying to make ourselves out to be heroines of the past, but knowing we were not and never could be what we appeared. I was very silent during our drive home. I did not know what to say to my dear old lady. She looked very fragile with her pretty rose-cheeks, lying back in the corner of the fly; she was fatigued, and in the daylight I suddenly woke up to see that she did look very fragile. I had not believed in it before. And how could I vex her by telling her of my disappointment? I could not do it; she was pleased and happy; she held my hand, and nodded to me and said: "Now you see you are not so much alone as you thought you were. Now you see you have friends who belong to you." How could I have had the heart to say otherwise—to say I had found out that we were separated for ever, Mary and I?

That evening, however, after tea, she began to talk to me very seriously. We were sitting over the fire—she on her favourite sofa, I on a low chair near her. The firelight kept dancing about, lighting up the room fitfully. It was a large room. We had some candles on the mantel-piece, which shone, reflected in the great mirror, as if from some dim, deep chamber opening off this one; but it was really the firelight that lighted the room. I had been singing to her, and I half thought she had been asleep, when suddenly she roused up all at once, and sat upright in her little prim way.

"I want to speak to you, Mary," she said; and then, after a pause—"You think I meant nothing but love and kindness when I took you to see Mrs. Peveril to-day; but I am a scheming, wicked old woman, Mary. I had more than that in my mind."

I was a little, but only a little, startled by this: I knew her way. I looked up at her, smiling. "You are so designing," I said; "I might have known there was something underneath. You are going to ask them to spend the rest of their holidays here?"

"That if you like," she said brightly, encouraged, I could see, by my tone; "but more than that, Mary; more than that."

I was not curious. I looked with an indolent amusement at the shining of the firelight and the reflection in the mirror of the flame of the candles, which shone out of its surface without seeming to move the dark ruddy gloom beyond. A glass is always an inscrutable, wonderful thing, like an opening into the unseen: it was especially so that night.

"Mary," Mrs. Tufnell resumed, with a voice that faltered, I could not tell why; "do you remember when I first spoke to you of Mrs. Peveril—when I was ill—and what I said?"

"Yes," I answered, with sudden alarm, looking up at her. "You don't feel ill now?"

"No, but I have got a shake," she said. "When a woman at my time of life is ill, though it may seem to pass quite away, it always leaves a something. I shall never be as strong as I have been, my dear child. I feel I have got a shake. My life has come to be like the late leaves on the top of a tree. They may last through many gales, but the first gust may blow them off. I cannot feel sure for a day."

I went close up to her in my fright, and knelt down by the sofa, and put my arms round her. "Do not speak so," I said; "you could not leave me? What could I do without you? I am not an orphan as long as I have you. You cannot have the heart——"

"Oh, Mary! hush; don't overwhelm me. It was of that I wanted to speak. I shall live as long as I can, for your sake. But, dear, old people cannot stay always, however much they may be wanted. I have been thinking of it a great deal, and there is a proposal I have to make to you—with Mrs. Peveril's consent, Mary. You must listen to all I have to say."

"Oh, you have consulted Mrs. Peveril!" said I; and I got up, feeling my heart grow chill and sore, and went back to my seat to hear what was to be said to me. In the depths of my heart

I must have been jealous of her still. It came all back upon me like a flood. My dear old lady gave me a grieved look, but she did not stop to explain. She went quickly on with what she had to say :—

“Grove House is a nice old-fashioned house, and cheap, and they have a good list of scholars; and Miss Robinson would be glad to retire, and would not ask very much for the furniture and things; and Mrs. Peveril is so much liked by everybody. I have always set apart as much as I thought was right of my little property, intending it for you, Mary——”

“Don’t!” I cried, in a voice so shrill and sharp that it startled even myself who spoke.

“It is not very much,” she went on, “but it is all I can give away, and my whole heart has been set upon doing something for you with this money that would make you independent. My dear Mary, I am half afraid you don’t like the thought, you are so silent. I had thought of buying Grove House for Mrs. Peveril and you.”

“For Mrs. Peveril and me!”

“Yes—don’t you like the idea, Mary?—don’t you like the idea? I thought it was something that would please you so much. You have always said you liked teaching, and it would be a living for you, dear, and a home when I am gone. I have so wished to make these arrangements for you, Mary——”

“Is it all settled?” I said.

“Nothing could be settled without your consent. All that I want is your good. I could not leave you, could I, at your age, without anyone to stand by you, without a home to go to, without a friend——”

Thus she apologized to me for those kind, tender plans of hers; and I sat like a clod, feeling that I could not reply. I was dull and heavy and miserable; not grateful, yet feeling how grateful I ought to be; understanding her, yet not owning even to myself that I understood her. It was not a very great destiny that was thus allotted to me, but that was not what I was think-

ing. My mind did not revolt against the idea of being the mistress of a school; which was natural enough. To tell the truth, I cannot quite tell what it was that gave me so miserable a feeling. Here was my life marked out for me; there was never to be any change in it; no alteration for the brighter or better occurred to this dear old woman who loved me. She wanted to make sure I should have daily bread and a roof to shelter me, and some sort of companionship. How right she was! How good and how kind! and yet, oh, how dreary, how unutterably blank and hopeless seemed the prospect! I felt this with a dull fighting and struggle of the two things in me—wanting to please her by looking pleased, feeling how good she was, and how kind, how just, how suitable was the arrangement. I felt all this in a kind of way, and then I felt the struggle not to be wildly angry, not to burst out and ask her how she could think of condemning me so—for my life?

She was grieved and disappointed at the way I received her proposal, but she was so good that she took no notice, but kissed me, and said nothing should be done or thought of against my consent. For my part my heart was so heavy and dull that I could not even thank her for her kindness; but I hung about her when she went to bed, and held her fast in a speechless way that she understood, I think, though I said nothing. She cried; she looked at me with her kind old eyes full of tears. “Oh, Mary,” she said, “don’t break my heart! If I could live for ever and go on always taking care of you, don’t you think I would do it, for your sake and your father’s too? But I cannot. One must die when one’s time comes, however much one may be wanted, and I must provide for that.”

“Oh, why can’t I provide for it?” I cried. “Why can’t I die too? That would be the best way.”

And then she was angry—half angry—as much as it was in her nature to be. And oh, with what a dreary feeling I found myself alone, and had to sit down and think it over, and make up

my mind to it, as one has so often in this life. I had to teach myself to see how good it was. And I did. I made up my mind to it. What was there else in heaven or earth—as I could not die with my only friend, or compel her to live, what was there else that I could do?

## CHAPTER IX.

NEXT morning when I woke, the impression on my mind was, that Mrs. Tufnell must have died in the night. I cannot tell why I thought so, but I woke with such a horror in my mind, that I threw a shawl over my shoulders and rushed to her door to ask how she was, before I could take breath. She was not up; but smiled at me from her bed, where she lay with all the pictures and the portraits of her friends about her, the centre of a silent company. "I am quite well—better than usual," she said; but I think she knew the meaning of my terror, and felt that after all that had been said it was natural I should be afraid. This perhaps threw just a little cloud upon her serenity too, during the morning, for however calmly one may think of dying, I suppose it must startle one to see that others are thinking of it. I suppose so—it seems natural. She was very grave, thoughtful, and somewhat silent during the forenoon; and when I went and sat down by her, and asked her to forgive me, and said I was ready to do whatever she thought best, she took me into her arms and cried and kissed me. "Oh, that it should be necessary to change!" she said. "I do not feel as if I could face the change—but, Mary, for your good——"

It was about noon as we thus sat talking it over. It comforted me to see that she liked it as little as I did; that she would rather have kept me with her to the last moment of her life. But then what should I have done?—this was what she thought of: We were talking it all over very seriously, with more pain than either of us would show. It was a chilly winter morning.

The room was bright, to be sure, with a good fire burning, and all the comforts that so many poor people are without; but there was a chill that went to one's heart—the chill of the grave for her, which she thought near; and the chill of the outside world, from which she had sheltered me so long, for me. I remember the look of that morning—there was a black frost outside which bound all the dry street, and seemed to hold the naked trees in the square so fast that they dared not rustle, though an icy wind was blowing through them. There were traces still on the windows, notwithstanding the fire, of the frosty network of the night. The sun had begun to shine as it approached noon, but even the sun was white and cold, and seemed rather to point out how chilly the world was, than to warm it. After we had got through all our explanations and said all that was to be said, and arranged that Mary was to be invited to the Square with her child to spend a week of the holidays and arrange everything, we still kept sitting together holding each other's hands, not saying much. I could not pretend that I liked it even to please her, and she did not like it, though she thought it right; but all the same it was settled, and there was nothing more to say.

It was all settled by twelve o'clock, fixed and decided with that double certainty which is given by pain. If we had liked it we should not have felt half so sure. At half-past twelve the mid-day post came in, and I was still sitting by my dear old lady, holding her hand, feeling my heart sink lower and lower every moment, thinking how I should have to leave her when she wanted me most—when Mrs. Tufnell's maid came in with the letters. She gave some to her mistress, and she gave one to me. I do not think I recognized the writing at first. But I got few letters, and it gave me a little thrill of agitation, I could not quite tell why. It was a foreign letter, with a number of unintelligible postmarks. I got up and went to the window, partly because my heart began to beat very loud, and partly to leave

Mrs. Tufnell at liberty to read her letters. I recollect looking out unconsciously and seeing the dried-up, dusty, frosty look of everything, the ice-wind sweeping the dust round the corners, the bare shivering trees—with a momentary thrill of sensation that my life was like that, dried-up, frost-bound, for ever and ever. And then, with my fingers trembling and my heart beating, and a consciousness of something coming, I could not tell what, I opened the envelope and found—This was what I found; without any preface or introduction—without anything to soften the difference between what was before my eyes and what was going to be.

There was no beginning to the letter; there were a good many blots in it, as if it had been written with a hand which was not very steady. There was not even a date until the end. He who had written it had been as much agitated as she who read it; and she who read it did so as in a dream, not knowing where she was standing, feeling the world and the white curtains and the frosty square to be going round and round with her, making a buzzing in her ears and a thumping against her breast.

What a plunge into a new world—into an old world—into a world not realized, not possible, and yet so strange in its fascination, so bewildering! Was it a dream—or could it be true?

“I have long wanted, and often tried, to write to you again. I do not know now whether I may or whether I ought. If this letter should come to another man’s wife, if it should fall into your hands in such changed circumstances that you will scarcely remember the writer’s name—and I cannot hide from myself that all this may be the case—then forgive me, Mary, and put it in the fire without further thought. It will not be for you, in your new life, but for someone else whom you will have forgotten, though I can never forget her. But if you are still little Mary Peveril as you used to be, oh, read it! and try to throw your thoughts back to the time when you knew me—when we used to

meet. You were not much more than a child. How much I have thought of that time; how often and often I have gone over it in my thoughts I need not tell you. You were badly used, dear Mary. I was wrong—I will say it humbly on my knees if you like: having got your promise and your heart—for I did have that, if only for a little while—nothing could have justified me in appearing for one moment to place you otherwise than first in all I did or said. I will not excuse myself by saying how much startled I was by the sight of Miss Martindale, nor how anxious I was to know whether my mother had any share, or what share she had, in her disappearance from our house. I will say nothing about all that, but only that I was wrong, wrong without any excuse. Had I thought of what I was risking by my curiosity, I would have bitten my tongue out sooner than have asked a single question. Do you think, could you think, that I would have sacrificed you to the old foolish business which was over years before? I was an utter fool, I allow, but not such a fool as that. Therefore, Mary dear, dearest, whom I have always thought of, listen to me again; take me back again! I will beg your pardon a hundred and a thousand times. I will humbly do whatever penance you may appoint me; but listen to me now. You would not listen to me at first—and perhaps I was not so ready at first to acknowledge how wrong I was. I have had five long years to think of it, and I see it all. You were rightly angry, dear, and I was wrong; and if ever man repented, I have repented. Mary, Mary! take me back!

“I have been wandering about the world all this time, working and doing well enough. I can offer you something better now than the little cottage we once spoke of, though that would have been Paradise. I am leaving along with this letter, and hope to arrive in England almost as soon. I do not ask you to write—unless indeed you would, of your own sweet kindness—one word—to Chester Street? But even if you don’t do that, I will go to Russell Square in



the hope of finding you. Mary! don't break my heart. You liked me once. If I knew what to say that would move you, I would make this letter miles long; but I don't know what more to say, except that I love you better than ever, and no one but you; and that I am coming back to England for you, for you only—half hopeless, only determined to try once more. Perhaps by the time you have read this I may be at your door.

“Ever and ever yours,  
“GEORGE DURHAM.”

“Mary!” cried some one calling me; “Mary, what is the matter? Have you bad news, my dear? Mary! Good gracious, the child will faint! Mary, don't you hear me?”

“Oh, hush, hush!” I cried, not knowing what I said. “Hark! listen! is that him at the door?”

It was not him just then; and after a little while the curtains stopped going round, and the floor and the Square and everything about grew solid and steady, and I came to myself. To myself, yes—but not to the same self as had been sitting so sadly holding my old lady's hand. What a change all in a moment! If I had not been so happy, I should have been ashamed to think that a man's letter could all in a moment make such a change in a woman's life. It is demoralizing to the last degree—it comes in the way of all the proper efforts of education and independent thought, and everything that is most necessary and elevating. If in a moment, without any virtue of yours, without any exertion of yours, you are to have your existence all altered for you—the greyness turned into brightness, the labour into ease, the poverty into wealth—how is it to be supposed that you can be trained aright? It is demoralizing—but it is very pleasant. Oh, the change in one half-hour!

But I should find it very difficult to explain to anyone how it was that I behaved like a rational creature at this moment, and did not take a bad turn and torture him and myself with objections. It was not wisdom on my

part; I think it was the absolute suddenness of the whole transaction. Had he left me more time to think, or prepared me for his reception, my pride and my delicacy would have come in, and probably I should have thrown away both his happiness and my own. But fortunately he arrived that very afternoon, before the first excitement was over, and hearing that Miss Peveril was at home, and that the servants had not been forbidden to admit him, walked up stairs when I was not thinking, and took possession of me as if there had been no doubt on the subject. Mrs. Tufnell was begging me to write to him at the very moment. I had shown her my letter, and she was full of enthusiasm about it. “Be an honest girl, Mary,” she was saying: “a girl should not worry a man like that: you ought to be frank and open, and send him a word to meet him when he comes home. Say you are as fond of him as he is of you—”

“No, I could not—I could not,” I was beginning to say; when suddenly something overshadowed us, and a big, ringing voice said behind me, “How could she? Let us be reasonable.” Reasonable! After that there was no more to say.

But if it had not all passed like a dream; if he had not been so sudden; if he had taken more time and more care—the chances are, I know, that I should have behaved like a fool, and hesitated and questioned, and been proud and been foolish. As it was, I had to be honest and happy—there was no time for anything else.

This was of course the ending of the whole matter. I have often wondered whether, had my dear old lady been burdened with the anxiety of her charge of me, she would have died. As it is, she has not died. She lives with us often now, and we with her. On my wedding day she talked of departing in peace; but so far from departing in peace, she has been stronger ever since, and has a complexion any girl of twenty might envy. When I look back to Southampton Street and to

Russell Square, where I was so unhappy, they all grow delightful and beautiful to me. It was very bad, no doubt (I suppose), while it lasted, but how I smile now at all my dolours! The delightful fact that they are over makes them pleasant. "That is how it will be, Mary," my dearest old lady says, "with all our sorrows, when we die and get safely out of them. We shall smile—I know it—and wonder how we could have made such a fuss over those momentary woes." This is a serious way of ending a story, which after all has turned out merely a love-story, a thing I never contemplated when I began to confide my early miseries to you. How miserable I was! and how it all makes me smile now!

As for Mary—the other Mary—we carried out that arrangement for her which had been proposed for me. We bought Grove House for her. I do not know what we could have done better. I never see that she is dull or weary of

her life. What languors she may have she keeps from common view. Little Jack has grown a great boy, and she is very happy in him. But she does not give herself up to him, like so many mothers. "I must keep my own life," she said to me once, when I wanted her to give up, to live quietly at home and devote herself to my little brother alone. "He will go out into the world after a while," she went on; "he must, he has to make his way—and I, what should I do then? follow him or stay at home all alone?—No! I must keep my own life." And so she does. Happiness? I cannot tell if she has happiness: so many people get on without that—though some of us, I thank God humbly on my knees, have it without deserving it—without having done anything for it. Mary, I believe, never takes time to ask herself how about that. She said so once; she is not unhappy, and never will be; she has her life.

## THE ACT FOR REGULATING THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

BY REV. HUGH SMYTH, J.P.

THE Act for Regulating the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors received the Royal Assent on one of the last days of the expiring session, and its immediate result has taken the great mass of the public completely by surprise.

The Bill had dragged its way so slowly through Parliament, it had been the subject of such intense and almost microscopic scrutiny, so many conflicting interests had secured so many alterations of detail, that when a veteran statesman gave it a *bene discessit* in the memorable words that the House was well rid of it at any price, its opponents and its supporters alike believed that all the life was gone out of it, and the public was persuaded that it was the weak and timid measure of an Administration pledged to do something, and yet anxious to do as little as possible.

But a very different impression would have been produced in the minds of any of our readers who had taken sufficient interest in the subject to watch its first operation in the nearest town, or village, and he would not have been slow to come to the conclusion that it was very far from being a weak or timid measure, and that nothing but an intense reliance upon an Englishman's habitual submission to law and his natural love of order could have justified its enactment, or rendered the maintenance of its provisions probable. If our reader had taken for his point of observation a village in the agricultural districts, he would have heard it proclaimed early in the evening, that this was the first Saturday evening in the harvest, that the labourers had never been so great in their own eyes for many a long year, had never received such a week's wages by from five to ten shillings, that they had most of them drunk during the day their allotted gallon of ale, that

the steady men had taken enough, and yet were contemplating that wretched "one pint more" which produces so much misery and mischief, whilst the hard drinkers were making themselves up for the best night of it they had made since last harvest, and for disposing with all speed of the surplus wages, which were burning a hole in their pockets; he would have seen the wives of the steadier labourers anxiously speculating how soon they might expect their good men, and with what sum they might hope to begin their shopping, whilst the wives of the hard drinkers were looking forward to the midnight, when the public-houses would discharge their drunken inmates, and they would get their poor salvage out of the wages, the deficiency too often made up in oaths, abuse, and perhaps a kick or a blow to those long-suffering ones, who were safe not "to go for a summons."

The butchers' and grocers' shops flared up very tantalizing to the matrons, but as yet very quiet, till the Licensed Victuallers should have taken their first turn at the wages.

But as ten o'clock<sup>1</sup> approached, a scene with an intensely comic element was developed; the men came up in groups from the various farm-houses; they had not left work till after nine on this fine harvest day, and the wages had been reckoned up and paid afterwards, so they were late; but when they reached their special "public" they could hardly believe their eyes or their ears; no blaze of gas, no clean-swept floors, no frothing ale, no jolly songs, no village orations, no oaths or wrangling; the gas is being lowered, the first shutter is already up, silence within, and without a knot

<sup>1</sup> The magistrates in this division had exercised their power, and fixed ten as the hour of closing.

of very discontented grumblers muttering curses loud and deep, mingled with larger knots of women and girls, many of them positively dancing for joy, and chaffing the men most unmercifully. Thus they learn for the first time—for the secret either by accident or design has been marvellously well kept—that the new Act has come into operation, and the public-houses are henceforth to be closed at ten.

A few choice spirits prompt at an emergency seize upon empty bottles and jugs, and replenishing them with hot haste prepare for an *al fresco* revel; but somehow it does not take, and the sensible and well-disposed (and after all they form the great majority of the agricultural labourers), with a few shrugs of the broad shoulders, a “what next?” or two, and perhaps a few stronger expletives, turn to their homes or their “missuses,” who are looking out for them, and who, if they are wise matrons, have at home some oil for the ruffled tempers in the shape of a jug of ale and a comfortable bit of supper.

So the men are at last mollified, and the missus goes out rejoicing, with a heavier purse and a lighter heart than she has had for many a weary year.

For another hour the shops of the butchers, grocers, bakers, &c., are busy with cheery bargaining; then they begin to close just at the hour the press of business had usually commenced, and soon after eleven all is quiet in the village.

So much for the villages. The towns in which the greatest results were obtained are—(1) Leeds, where it is said “the streets in the lower parts were usually on a Saturday night in a state of uproar till one o’clock, and numerous robberies and assaults took place between twelve and one o’clock; on this night, however, all was quiet by midnight, and only four apprehensions were made after eleven o’clock.” (2) Birmingham, which is remarkable for the organized strength of the Licensed Victuallers, and in which nevertheless the new hours met with little or no opposition. (3) Rochdale, in which the

enforcement of the early hours was coincident with the commencement of the Rush-bearing wake—during which in previous years the drunkenness was almost intolerable, in which however not one single arrest for drunkenness was on this night made after eleven o’clock; and (4) Liverpool, where the change is so graphically recorded as to be worth describing in the words of the report which has come to hand.

“Under the late-hour system all was glitter and glare in the neighbourhood of London Road, Lime Street, and Williamson Square, from the time darkness set in until the gin-palaces closed at 1 A.M. About midnight, vice held high carnival in these localities: the public-houses did a roaring trade, and the streets were thronged with loose women, and other disreputable characters. All this was changed on this night, as if by an enchanter’s wand. At eleven o’clock, the licensed houses were closed, and where the night before there had been drunkenness and riot, decency and order prevailed.

“Before midnight the streets were quiet, and in otherwise notorious thoroughfares there was a marked absence of drunkenness, and of those unhappy wretches who thronged the streets, or who wandered about from public-house to public-house in search of victims.”

But if Saturday night took the whole public by surprise, not less did Monday morning bring astonished dismay to many an unlucky offender at the Police-courts throughout the country.

This is the sort of scene which occurred at one certainly, and probably in a hundred others:—

John Stokes appears in the prisoners’ dock, age twenty-two,—sodden with his debauch—much bemused with blood and beer—loathsome with dirt—with almost every finger-touch of God’s handiwork obliterated by vice and drink: in the back of the court, a careworn woman, young, but all youth gone out of her, with a black-eye, a miserable baby, and a ragged shawl, herself much dishevelled, too miserable to care how she looks, and yet, strange

mystery, with some care still for the drunken fellow in the dock.

It is only the old story : he was turned out of the public-house at eleven o'clock, made a disturbance, wanted to fight the world generally, knocked his wife over when she came to persuade him to go home, then with a nice sense of equality rolled over into the gutter himself and wallowed there, swearing grievously ; finally, was brought to the Police-court on a stretcher. Has got nothing to say—thinks it is all true what the “gentleman” (*i.e.* P.C. A 23) says, but don't remember “nothink about it—suppose he must pay.”—“Must pay?”—he thinks the usual fine is coming, five shillings and costs, with a week to pay it in, during which wife and child must live on bread and water. But, not so fast—the Superintendent speaks. “The New Act has come into operation, your worship, and there are seventeen previous convictions against this man, eight for drunkenness, two for felony, three for larceny, four for assaults.” There are three magistrates ; they confer, consult the Act ; and refer to the 12th clause. A month's imprisonment with hard labour is the penalty ; shall he have it ? It is the first offence under the New Act ; let it be fourteen days, one of the Bench proposes. “Give him the whole month and the first offence may be the last,” a second magistrate advises. *In medio tutissimus ibis*, propounds the chairman, and sentences the prisoner to twenty-one days. “What, isn't there nothink to pay ?” exclaims the prisoner, horribly disgusted. “No,” is the answer ; “we have power to commit without a fine, and we exercise it.” Blank dismay falls on the countenances of a large party of the prisoner's comrades, who are in court, and the prisoner is taken out.

But John Stokes is not the only man astonished at the Court that Monday morning. John Stokes had emerged from the Pig and Porcupine kept by Thomas Nokes, and he takes the place of John Stokes, answering to a summons promptly served upon him, and, in all his look of injured innocence demanding

to know why he is placed in that disgraceful situation, he is soon informed. Police-constable A 23, confirmed by Police-constable A 32, and supported by a respectable tradesman, who appears as a summoned witness sorely against his will, had seen John Stokes reel into the Pig and Porcupine, and there be served with a pint of beer. The landlord : “Daresay it was so ; how is he in a crowd of customers to pick out every man who has had a drop of beer too much ?” The Magistrates confer again. They refer to the 13th clause, and again, adopting a medium course after due consultation, they inflict a fine of five pounds and costs. The landlord pays the fine, with a prophecy that the Pig and Porcupine must shortly be closed if that is the law. The loss of the Pig and Porcupine, and the loss of many Pigs and Porcupines, will be equally borne by society.

Having thus endeavoured to describe the inauguration of the Act for Regulating the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors, it is time that we refer more in detail to its provisions, and to the provisions of Acts of previous Sessions. In point of fact any real effort to suppress intemperance is of very recent date.

At the time when senators, judges, and magistrates got drunk themselves, without fear or shame—though in the good old times they did many strange things—they could hardly be very severe upon drunken culprits. In point of fact, drunkenness *per se* went unpunished, and landlords thought it was no concern of theirs that men got drunken in their houses, so long as riot within their premises was avoided.

But as intemperance in its grosser forms decayed amongst the higher and middle classes, gradually thinking men began more clearly to recognize the magnitude of the evil as it prevailed amongst the working classes. The advocates of total abstinence no doubt were the pioneers of this movement ; they prepared the public mind for repression, and made that safe which a few years ago would have produced a rebellion.

But the advocates of total abstinence were not long alone; judges and magistrates, Poor-law commissioners and Poor-law guardians, ministers of religion and members of the medical profession, gradually raised a loud and energetic protest: two-thirds of the crime, one-half of the pauperism, one-third of the disease, and three-fourths of the insanity of the country, could be clearly traced to intemperance.

These were startling facts, and they were produced not by theorists or fanatics, but by practical men amongst the first in power and position in the country. What could be done to diminish evils so gigantic?

"Abstain altogether," the temperance advocates prescribed. But even if it were granted that a universal total abstinence was desirable, or possible, or could long be maintained without a reaction, the country was not ripe for it: the progress of the total abstinence movement was slow, while the evils were very pressing. At least, Bench and Bar, Divinity and Medicine, urged, "Increase the penalty of drunkenness, and do something to diminish the temptations to it by regulating the traffic in drink." And so the public mind set itself seriously to consider the subject which was thus forced on its attention.

Three distinct plans were very ably presented to it, in addition to the total abstinence which it had rejected.

(1.) To transfer the regulation of the drink traffic to boards chosen by the ratepayers, who should have the power to fix the hours and conditions of sale in any given parish, and to decide on the number of houses, with power of total prohibition if carried by a majority of two-thirds.

(2.) The adoption of a plan which had been successfully tried in Sweden,<sup>1</sup> namely, to purchase or suppress all existing houses, and sell liquors only in houses made the property of the Government, giving to the salaried servants who sold them no interest whatever in their sale.

(3.) To give to the magistrates, in

<sup>1</sup> See *Macmillan* for Feb. 1872.

whom the regulation of the traffic was at present vested, increased power both in the suppression of drunkenness and as regarded the conduct and number of the public-houses.

To the first of these proposals there was this great objection, that the result would be very various in different parishes, and could only be obtained by an incalculably bitter and severe contest between contending parties. And to both the first and the second there was this objection, that the capital engaged in the liquor traffic was enormous, and that to wholly or partially suppress it without compensation would be a dangerous precedent, and could not be justified even by its evident expediency, whilst fully to compensate might appal the financier most sanguine as to the ultimately recuperative results of the expenditure. To the third proposal there was this objection, that the magistrates were held in the public mind to be the parties culpable as regarded the existing state of things. They had, however, a good answer, which was ultimately accepted by the Legislature. They said that the power apparently vested in them was illusory, and it was thus described:—

The only statute which imposed a penalty on drunkenness was that old one of James I., which inflicted a fine of five shillings, giving the offender a week to pay it in, with the alternative of six hours in the stocks if not paid. But the stocks were gone, and no magistrate would ever dream of their revival. So the offender used to leave the dock grinning with a sort of "Don't you wish you may get it?" They had then no power to punish drunkenness.

So, too, as regarded the number and conduct of public-houses. Forty years ago they had some power, but about that time an Act was passed which permitted any man who could obtain a licence from the Excise to sell beer. At first there were some feeble safeguards: a *bond fide* rateable value of the house was required, and official testimonials of character were indispensable; but gradually all these were withdrawn or evaded, and it

came to this, that all the houses in a parish might become beer-shops if men foolish enough to open them could be found; and that they might be conducted as recklessly as possible, and still continue to be public-houses, provided only the tenant was changed after a second conviction. So there were houses which were perfectly well known as thieves' houses, in which robberies were planned, and to which their booty was taken; into which also if an honest man entered it was perfectly certain he would be drugged and robbed; there were poachers' houses, gamblers' houses, brothels, &c. Every house had its *spécialité*, and in the majority of instances the *spécialité* was not innocent.

In the meantime the legitimate trade was in a miserable condition; if a house had established a respectable trade, a rival was opened three doors off, and the landlord must devise some new attraction or be ruined. They were ruined in numbers. The writer of this article has known houses which have changed their tenants four times in a year: he has seen gentlemen's servants bring the savings of a lifetime; returned emigrants and mechanics the hard earnings of their best years; widows and unfortunate tradesmen the salvage of better times; all to be absorbed in this great gulf of the liquor trade. Many houses were opened and retained solely that they might be baits for the unwary, and innumerable artifices were employed for presenting a fictitious trade.

This is the report which the Magistrates presented to the public; and very cautiously at first, but by degrees more and more decidedly, power was placed in their hands. First of all, they were allowed, if a drunkard was riotous as well as drunk, to fine or imprison him; the limit of imprisonment without a fine being seven days without hard labour. Then the beer-houses were brought under their jurisdiction. No licence was to be issued by the Excise without their certificate, and they might refuse licences both to them and to licensed houses on the following grounds:—1, That the house was unsuitable for the purpose; 2, that it was badly conducted; 3, that

the character of the landlord was unsatisfactory. These do not look large powers on paper, but the results were extraordinary where they were rigorously exercised.

The "Luton Experiment," as it is termed, was one of the earliest and most prominent. In that town the bench of Magistrates, aided by a zealous and active Superintendent of Police and well supported, it must be added, by the public opinion of the town, exercised these powers with great vigour and boldness. The first result reported was that crime was diminished to one-half, serious crime to one-fourth. An experienced statesman said to the writer of this paper, "I could not have believed it in human power to produce such a result in so short a time." There was nothing spasmodic in this result; the decrease in crime was maintained, the gaol became more empty, and the county rates more easy.

The Government undertook at the commencement of this session to legislate on this principle. The Act which it passed cannot be described as exhaustive of the subject, but, as we said earlier in this article, it is by no means the timid, objectless measure it has been described. Its most important features may be thus summed up:—

1. The detection and punishment of adulteration.
2. The punishment of aggravated drunkenness without the option of a fine.
3. The earlier closing of public-houses and their optional closing on Sundays.
4. The regulation of the conduct of public-houses, by severe and clearly described penalties on the permission of drunkenness and gaming, or the admission of disorderly or dishonest characters.

The first of these provisions was clearly necessary at the outset. Without crediting all the stories of widely spread adulteration, there can be no doubt that it existed largely in the lower-class houses, and that many a man came out of them drunk who was no more responsible for it than a man who had been poisoned would be for taking poison.

The second will render intemperance disgraceful and dangerous. No legislative enactments will of themselves cure dipsomaniacs, but the fear and disgrace of a gaol will deter many a man who has not yet lost all self-control.

The third will extinguish the trade during those hours in which it is most dangerous. All authorities concur in attributing the most mischief to the last two hours. It is during them that men drink themselves drunk; it is during them that wages are squandered, crime is concocted and committed, and homes rendered miserable by drunken outrage.

The fourth provision will no doubt strike a death-blow to many houses which only pander to the vice and crime of the community; and though vice and crime will continue to exist when these panders have passed away, there is no doubt they have been thus stimulated to an unnatural vigour, and will dwindle and decrease when the stimulant is withdrawn. Nor will even the vested interests suffer in the long run. The disreputable trade does not really pay. The brewer will do his business in fewer houses and with more respectable tenants; he will not be constantly compelled by a ruinous competition to push his trade into unproductive investments; his capital and his losses will be reduced, as his conscience, let us hope, becomes more easy; and thus a great social reform will have been inaugurated with a minimum of suffering to particular interests.

NOTE.—Since this article was written the Superintendents of Police in upwards of 300 towns have been requested to report on the operation of the Act.

Some of the replies record an increased number of convictions for drunkenness, which, as drunkenness *per se* was rarely prosecuted previous to the passing of the Act, may be taken as evidence of the salutary operation of a social medicine hereafter to produce good results; but as regards the general working of the Act their unanimity is very remarkable;—almost without an exception they speak most favourably of

present and hopefully of future results. It will be sufficient to subjoin specimen replies from three or four representative towns of each class.

#### *Large Manufacturing Towns and Mining Districts.*

1. Ashby-de-la-Zouch:—A large mining division. The miners get large wages, and there is always a good deal of drinking going on . . . but the new Act works well.—(G. Ward, Superintendent.)

2. Birmingham:—The order of our streets greatly improved. The nights are now peaceable.—(G. Glossop, Chief of Police.)

3. Bradford:—Town much quieter after closing than formerly. Police approve of the Act.—(F. W. Graham, Chief Constable.)

4. Dudley:—Quiet, where disorder and fighting prevailed. Night police spared much rough usage.—(Henry Burton, Superintendent.)

#### *Small Country Towns.*

1. Andover:—No one can tell the difference but those who witness it; I have been a Superintendent of Police thirty-two years, and I never recollect an Act passing that will do such an amount of good.—(Thomas Campbell, Superintendent.)

2. Buckingham:—Quietude and satisfaction amongst all parties, except a few drunkards, who would like houses to be open always.—(J. Howe, Superintendent.)

3. Cirencester:—I believe the eleven o'clock closing to be a benefit to the town and neighbourhood.—(W. Wood, Superintendent.)

#### *Seaports and Watering-places.*

1. Bath:—Great quietness in the streets; fewer cases of drunkenness.—(G. S. Mattlebury, Superintendent.)

2. Plymouth:—Streets very much quieter and more orderly.—(Frederick Wareford, Superintendent.)

3. Yarmouth:—Town very much quieter. Police consider it a great improvement.—(G. Tewsley, Superintendent.)



## REDISTRIBUTION OF POLITICAL POWER.

THE passing of the Reform Bill of 1867 necessitated the early consideration of three other kindred measures. The admission to the franchise of a large number of persons belonging to a class more or less dependent upon others, and therefore susceptible of various kinds of influence, was certain to add a new impetus to the Ballot movement; the establishment of household suffrage in the towns inevitably led to a demand for uniformity of suffrage in this respect between town and country; whilst the attention of Parliament could hardly have been directed to the subject of Reform at all without disclosing to the public view such anomalies and vagaries in our present distribution of electoral power as could not fail to lead ere long to a thorough overhauling of the representative system under which we live. It is probable that the Ministry which passed the Reform Bill hardly foresaw the consequences of the proceeding by which they "dished the Whigs." Honestly anxious to settle a question which had long stood between themselves and popular favour, they saw little beyond the franchise difficulties of the moment, and hugged themselves with delight at the idea of having outbid their opponents, and being enabled to display themselves upon the hustings as the party which had enfranchised the "working man." They were new disciples in the school of Reform, and may therefore be excused for not having foreseen the inevitable consequences of their abandonment of the old resistance policy of their Party, and their adoption of principles and measures which belonged of right to their opponents, and the logical results of which they could therefore scarcely be expected to understand.

Questions of the character which we

are discussing are never "settled," and the only practical result of the Disraeli Reform Bill was to change the platform of agitation, and encourage the hopes of the more "advanced" school of agitators. Thus, had the six-pound franchise Bill of Lord Russell's Government become law, we should probably be now at the beginning of an agitation for "household suffrage," which would have lasted us for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, during which time our efforts at National Education would have been preparing the rising generation of our people for such an extension of electoral rights. Mr. Disraeli has saved us from this agitation, but only to land us in another; and to-day, having just carried the Ballot, we begin to hear the mutterings of the coming storm which the defenders of the Constitution will ere long have to encounter.

It is not our purpose to-day to deal with the question of uniformity of franchise. Mr. Trevelyan has already given notice of a motion for next session for leave to bring in a Bill to extend household suffrage to counties; and although valid reasons for the postponement of such a measure may doubtless be advanced, it is difficult to see how the above-named extension can long be resisted. The householder in a represented borough is not rendered by any special privileges of locality a superior being to his fellow-citizen who is established in a place which chances to be unrepresented; and it can scarcely be doubted that, before many years have passed over our heads, the sauce for the town goose will be found equally suitable to the country gander. But whether this question be solved next year—or the year after—or when it shall have become sufficiently the subject of agitation to influence contests at a

general election, it is pretty certain that the third measure to which we have alluded as being rendered necessary by the Reform Bill of 1867 is about to force itself upon the attention of the country. The following announcement in the *Daily News* of August 9th heralds the coming movement:—

“*Conference on Electoral Reform—Redistribution of Seats.*—A conference convened by the Electoral Reform Association of representatives of Reform Associations, Liberal Electoral Committees and others, to discuss grievances arising out of the present imperfect system of representation, will be held at St. James’s Hall, London, on the 12th November, at eleven o’clock. Reform Associations, Liberal Committees and others, are invited to nominate representatives to attend such conference. A public meeting will be held in the evening of the same day in support of the resolutions adopted by the conference.”

One of the most cherished privileges of an Englishman is his right to “discuss his grievances,” and if inequality in the distribution of representation be indeed a grievance upon those to whom has fallen a lesser share of this blessing than they would appear to be entitled to by the circumstances of combined wealth and population, it must be at once conceded that there exist a vast number of our fellow-countrymen with so legitimate a grievance, that St. James’s Hall, or twenty St. James’s Halls, might easily be filled to overflowing by the sufferers.

It is not too much to say that, test it as we will, there is scarcely anything appertaining to our British constitution more absurd and anomalous than the distribution of our representation. Indeed, so entirely is it above and beyond the application of any intelligible reason by which its present state might be explained and justified, that if such were our desire at the present moment we should be inclined to fall back upon the theory of an eminent Conservative statesman, who once expressed himself to the writer of this article in the following terms: “It is all very well,” said he, “to talk about equalities of electoral rights, equal electoral districts, and a fairer system of representation

according to wealth and population. That never was the object of the British constitution in providing a House of Commons. The real object was, and is, to get together, *somehow or other*, a body of gentlemen of position and character, willing to charge themselves with the transaction of public business, and to be the intermediate body between the Crown and the people. So long as you secure such a body, it signifies but little by what constituencies its members are chosen.”

If we could accept the above as a correct description of the whole circumstances of the case, we might be content to let the subject rest. Unfortunately, however, whatever may be the object with which the framers of the British constitution originally provided us with a House of Commons, the question of its composition and manner of selection cannot be so easily laid aside. We are all, doubtless, interested in securing the election of an able, educated, honest representative body, in whom public confidence may be reposed. But that same public confidence will never be given, or will at least be given only in a minor degree, to a body which can be easily shown to be scarcely “representative,” except by a strained or limited interpretation of the word. It is all very well to say that at the present moment the House of Commons contains within itself men who may be fairly said to represent every class of the community, save always that great operative class who can never be directly represented in any appreciable manner in an unpaid Legislature. The assertion would be hardly true, as a mere matter of fact; and even if it were so, would not be satisfactory to the inquiring public, if it were found that the process by which such a result had been obtained could not be defended by any rational argument, and rested upon no tangible theory of representation.

In the discussion of such a question as the present, it is generally much easier to describe the grievance than to suggest the remedy; and before we proceed to do either the one thing or

the other, it is well to consider the precise object we have in view, and the principles upon which we desire to proceed. Our object, then, is to obtain a House of Commons as nearly as possible representing the opinions and interests of all classes of her Majesty's subjects. The principles which we must bear in mind in our attempt to achieve this object may be roughly stated as two—first, that representation shall be distributed with due regard to the wealth, population, and national importance of the different districts to be represented; and, secondly, that no class or interest shall be wronged or placed at disadvantage in the distribution. But the difficulty of dealing with such a question in a practical and satisfactory manner is almost incalculable. There are those who would apportion out the whole country into "equal electoral districts." But what are "equal electoral districts"? Are they to be equal in area, or in population? The former would be absurd, because you might have ten square miles in one county, with a population of a thousand persons, or very much less, and a population of many thousands upon one square mile in another locality. Electoral districts, however, equal in population, or as nearly so as could be arranged, would be by no means satisfactory. The importance of a district depends not only upon its population, but upon its wealth-producing powers, and a comparatively small district, as far as population is concerned, may often be of much greater importance to the nation than a densely populated area elsewhere. And, indeed, if we had districts carved out for us tomorrow, as nearly as may be equal in their importance and population, it cannot be doubted that very few years would pass over our heads before the constant shiftings of population caused by the creation of new industries, the opening up of fresh fields of labour in distant countries, and the ceaseless development of trade which is ever taking place in a country like our own, would leave our representative system again in an unequal and anomalous condition.

It is not, however, because there are difficulties in the way of improvement that all attempts at improvement are to be rejected; and probably the best way to promote the success of such attempts will be to point out some of the most glaring anomalies which exist at present. In so doing, we shall exclude Scotland and Ireland altogether from consideration—not because they have no share in the national grievance, but because there are exceptional circumstances in the case of each country which render it difficult to deal with all three within the limits of one and the same article. Leaving, therefore, the 103 members for Ireland (reduced from 105 by the disfranchisement of Cashel and Sligo) and the 60 members contributed by Scotland to the national Legislature, we come to regard the position of our English and Welsh legislators, whose number—to fulfil the magic roll of 658—should be 493, but who only amount to 489 in consequence of the disfranchisement of the delinquent boroughs of Beverley and Bridgewater, and the non-apportionment of these seats to any other centre of representation. Of these 489 English and Welsh members, 187 are returned by counties and divisions of counties; 275 by cities and boroughs exclusive of the metropolis; 22 by metropolitan constituencies, and 5 by universities.

Let us commence our investigation of anomalies by a slight examination of the manner in which the Census returns of 1871 bear upon the above distribution of representatives. Observe the proportion: 187 county members, 302 town and university members;—then turn to the "Preliminary Report and Tables of the Population and Houses enumerated in England and Wales, on 3rd April, 1871," and we shall find, at page 21, a table showing the division of our population to be as follows:—

1. Resident in parliamentary boroughs . . . . .	10,655,930
2. In counties outside parliamentary boroughs . . . . .	12,048,178
Total . . . . .	<u>22,704,108</u>

So that the minority of the whole popu-

lation of the country, dwelling in represented towns, actually returns to Parliament a far greater number of members than the majority.

Some kind of reply to this startling fact has occasionally been made by attempting to show, first, that a certain number of borough constituencies have attached to them rural districts which bring them, in reality, under the denomination of small counties rather than towns; and, secondly, that many of the smaller boroughs are practically under the same influences as those which prevail in counties. Neither of these arguments, however, appear to us to be of much value. As regards the first, it cuts both ways, for it may be said that towns too small to be legitimate centres of representation are bolstered up by the addition of rural districts whose electors they "swamp," whereas they had much better yield their members either to larger towns now unrepresented, or to the under-represented counties; whilst as to the second argument, if it be true, it certainly appears desirable that such small boroughs should be merged in their counties, and their members returned by the whole rather than by a portion only of those electors who are said to be of the same character, and subject to the same influences. Moreover, if this argument be sound, it may be that the town element and not the country is actually wronged by this misleading distribution of seats.

But, in fact, it is simply idle to argue in favour of an anomaly so absurd as that illustrated in the figures given above; there is no pretence either of justice or of equality, in a system which allows ten millions of people to have 302 representatives, and obliges twelve millions to be content with 187. Men do not become better or wiser in proportion to their concentration in towns. If they did so, our great centres of population, as will be presently shown, are cruelly wronged by the present distribution of political power. But a man is no better or worse an elector because he lives in a town: why, then, should his urban propensities vest him with so

much greater electoral privileges than those possessed by the man who "shuns the din of cities" and resides in the country? This, then, is the first great problem which must be met and resolutely faced by any statesman who undertakes to deal with the question which we are now discussing. It cannot be shirked or evaded. Any attempt to settle upon a satisfactory basis the distribution of our representation must clash at once with vested interests, whose resistance it will only be possible to overcome by proceeding upon some principle which will appeal to the fairness and sense of justice of those in whose hands the decision will rest; and this principle will not have been discovered until the balance is fairly struck between urban and rural population, and the glaring inequality which we have pointed out duly investigated and removed.

But whilst the town constituencies monopolize so large a share of electoral power, it must not be supposed that this share is distributed among them in proportions of a fair and equal character. Of the 10,655,930 population resident in parliamentary boroughs, the ten metropolitan constituencies contain 3,008,101; and therefore, if population were the test, out of the 297 members returned by towns, exclusive of the universities, about 84 instead of 22 would properly fall to the metropolis. To this there is, of course, one answer of some validity—namely, that the interests of London are to a great degree the interests of the whole country; and that the whole of the 654 members of Parliament residing of necessity some half the year in London, may be called, in one sense, representatives of the metropolis. Moreover, it may be urged that it would be alike against public policy and public opinion to concentrate so much political power in the metropolitan boroughs, and that the case is one of an exceptional character, to which the population test could not fairly be made to apply.

These arguments, however, do not apply to the next instance of inequality in our Borough representation system.

The Census returns before us show 17 "borough" constituencies the population of each of which exceeds 100,000 persons. Liverpool heads the list with 493,346, or nearly half a million; Brighton closes it with 103,760. The aggregate population of these boroughs amounts in round numbers to 3,270,000 persons. By our population test, therefore, these constituencies would be entitled to 91 members, whereas 36 is the number which they return to Parliament. Thus, these seventeen towns and the metropolitan boroughs, comprising, jointly, a population of above six and a quarter millions out of the total borough population of something above ten millions and a half, return 58 members, whilst the remaining constituencies, comprising a population of four and a quarter millions, are provided with 239 representatives.

The anomalies of the system, however, may be better and more concisely shown by the following table, which shows, in round numbers, the distribution of electoral power among the 10,655,000 population resident in represented places:—

Electors.	Members.
3,008,000 resident in metropolitan boroughs return . . . . .	22
3,270,000 resident in 17 towns with a population exceeding 100,000 . . . . .	37
1,575,000 resident in 22 towns with a population between 50,000 and 100,000 . . . . .	37
1,850,000 resident in 54 towns with a population between 20,000 and 50,000 . . . . .	81
552,000 resident in 39 towns with a population between 10,000 and 20,000 . . . . .	64
400,000 resident in 56 towns with a population below 10,000 . . . . .	56
<hr/> <hr/> 10,655,000	<hr/> <hr/> 297

By comparing the two first items of the above table with the rest, it will be seen at once that 400,000 persons in England, by the accident of their localization, actually return to Parliament within three of the number of representatives returned by upwards of six and a quarter millions of their fellow-countrymen located elsewhere; whilst 952,000

persons return 120 members against 96 members returned by a population of about seven and a half millions!

The incongruity of the system, however, does not end here—the more closely it is examined the more indefensible does it appear. Among the fifty-six boroughs with a population under 10,000 are thirteen with a population in each below 6,000, and an aggregate population of 64,342, which return to Parliament twelve members; whilst, exclusive of metropolitan boroughs, there are thirty-one towns the aggregate population of each of which exceeds the aggregate of the aforesaid twelve, but of which four return three and the rest only two members each. Moreover, to contrast individually with each of these small privileged boroughs, there are twenty-eight towns possessed of municipal privileges but not in the enjoyment of representation, the population of each of which exceeds that of each of the fifty-six represented towns, and of which five have a population exceeding twenty, fifteen a population exceeding ten, thousand. The list is enormously increased if we pass to towns having neither parliamentary nor municipal privileges, and the necessity of revision becomes more and more apparent. Place side by side with Bridgnorth, Bridport, Chippenham, Eye, Marlborough, Tewkesbury, and the like (several of which actually show a population diminished since the Census of 1861), such places in the south as Croydon, Ramsgate, Margate, Tunbridge Wells, Torquay, Luton, &c., and the system which gives members to the former whilst leaving the latter unrepresented appears really beyond criticism. Similar instances of inequality might be multiplied *ad infinitum* if we were to bring into review the large unrepresented towns in the North of England. St. Helens, Hanley, Keighley, Barnsley, and other towns with populations varying from ten thousand up to fifty or sixty thousand, might be adduced to prove our position, but that it really seems superfluous to add further evidence. It is plain beyond the necessity of proof that no intelligible prin-

ciple governs our present system of representative distribution, and the difficulty is one which time will only aggravate. It has already become the habit of certain organs of public opinion to criticise important divisions in the House of Commons with a view to discover the amount of wealth and population relatively represented by majorities and minorities, and it cannot be satisfactory when the result (as has more than once been the case) shows a minority of members representing a majority of population. As the education of the country progresses, these things will be better understood, and public opinion will scarcely permit that the voice of the great centres of industry and the most important interests of the country shall be neutralized or out-voted by a number of small and unimportant constituencies.

The argument in favour of small boroughs, moreover, has been destroyed by the course of events. However indefensible in theory, it was practically useful that young men of promise should by this channel be introduced into the House of Commons. There is no such mistake as to object to a candidate on account of his youth. Of course it would be a great misfortune to have a Parliament of which a majority were youths of one- or two-and-twenty, but this is a contingency which we need hardly apprehend under any possible system. The business of a member of Parliament, however, requires an apprenticeship as much as any trade or profession, and it will be an evil day for England when her electoral system excludes men from entering the House of Commons at an early age.

This, however, has been to some extent the result of the manner in which we have dealt with our small boroughs. We have in most cases got rid of the "patron," who used to nominate some friend of his own, or some leading member of his Party, who might be in want of a seat. It may be doubted, however, whether, having gone thus far, we might not with advantage have gone somewhat further in the enlargement of constituencies. For the tendency of boroughs

under the present system is to elect either a very rich or a "local" candidate, and upon this point our representative system shows a lamentable weakness. That which we should all desire is the election of men capable of legislating for the interests of the empire at large, and as little as possible hampered by local ties and prejudices. But the smaller the constituency, the stronger the influence of a local candidate, and at the present moment not only is the number of places extremely limited in which a candidate without wealth or local influence could hope for success, but the accidental displacement of even a prominent member of either political party is hard to remedy, owing especially to the large number of "local" representatives now sitting in Parliament.

It appears to us, therefore, that in any redistribution of representative power, two main objects should be kept in view. First, the removal of glaring inequalities between town and country and between borough and borough; secondly, the merging as far as possible of local in general interests—or rather, the prevention of the mischief which ensues from the preponderating power possessed by the former over the latter under our present system. It must not be supposed that we imagine or desire that by any change which might be adopted for the furtherance of the above object the interests of any particular locality would suffer in the slightest degree. Such interests can indeed rarely be promoted under the present system by the special exertions of the one or two members which the locality may return to Parliament, unless the case affecting them which comes before the Legislature has real merits of its own which the assiduous attention of such members may bring more clearly into view. But our argument is, that to secure men best fitted to promote the general interests of the country should be the first consideration in the constitution of the Legislative Body, and that attention to individual local interests will always follow and be consequential upon the attainment of this desideratum. A "local" case worth attention will

always find its advocates, who will moreover do battle with far greater advantage when it is known that their own self-interest and re-election are not directly involved in the issue. On the other hand, under the present system, a good and useful member of Parliament often loses his seat, not from any departure from the principles upon which he has been elected, not from any neglect of duty, but because he has offended some small local prejudice, has been unable to confer personal favours upon some few constituents, or because the course of legislation which he or his party have supported has given umbrage to some particular interest in the borough which he represents, whose local desires have been opposed to the general good of the community.

The remedy for this evil, and for the startling representative inequalities which we have endeavoured to point out, must be bold and sweeping, if it is to be effectual. Mr. Hare's plan has been frequently discussed, and its adoption would, no doubt, in some measure remove our complaints. One general list of candidates for the whole country for which every elector might vote, and the requirement of a certain quota of votes to return each member, would effectually get rid of the "local" grievance, and would equally solve the larger difficulty of unequal distribution. There appear to us, however, to be two powerful objections to the adoption of this scheme. In the first place, although it would in all probability secure seats in Parliament to any and every man of any prominence in the political world, it would entirely fail to secure that representation of interests which is so desirable in a country like our own. It would be quite possible that the entire fusion of constituencies and the ignoring altogether of local feeling might result in the very imperfect representation of certain interests, and the exclusion of men specially qualified to represent such interests in the House of Commons. The second objection, however, is of a character still more important. The utter abolition (so to

speak) of local representation would cure one grievance only to inflict another. There would be danger that many voters, finding their electoral power diminished, and their share in the choice of members infinitesimally reduced, would abstain altogether from participation in parliamentary elections. Thus the political life of England would be deadened; and no greater misfortune could happen than the possible result, that the people, or a large portion of them, should cease to take an interest in political matters. Another evil might also spring up, namely, that those whose interest in politics had been thus diminished, but who were still willing to take some share in the electoral battle, would be tempted to place themselves in the hands of agents and wire-pullers, who would thus, to a great extent, control the elections, which are at present carried on with at least some amount of self-action on the part of the great body of the electors. This objection, however, is to some extent weakened by the fact that the adoption of the Ballot will probably have done pretty near as much as can be done in the way of placing elections under the control of "wire-pullers" and central agencies, and that, if this be an evil, it is probable that it will have already been accomplished without any alteration in our Redistribution of representation.

There is, however, a modification of Mr. Hare's scheme, which appears to us to comprise all its advantages without the objections to which we have called attention. It is almost hopeless to strike an exact and accurate balance between the urban and rural constituencies; but it is not impossible to adopt a system by which this balance might be left to adjust itself. If it were at all likely that a proposition would be entertained which would at once create against itself such an amount of fierce opposition as that which we are about to mention, we should propose to begin by reducing the number of members of the House of Commons. The proper transaction of business by 658 or (as at present) 654 persons, is so utterly impossible,

that our wonder is, not that so many Acts of Parliament are difficult of interpretation, and that "Amendment Acts" are constantly required to explain and alter what has been done, but that any Acts are ever passed at all. An unwieldy assembly, transacting business in a chamber which cannot accommodate above two-thirds, or, by dint of great and inconvenient crowding, possibly three-fourths of its members at the same time, is neither a creditable nor a necessary part of our constitution; and it may be safely stated that a considerable reduction of the number of members would be attended by no mischief to any class or interest, whilst it would greatly facilitate the due performance of legislative duties. But as the scheme which we are about to recommend does not necessarily involve such a reduction, we shrink from the opposition with which our proposition would be encountered, and proceed to discuss the question upon the supposition that the number of members will continue the same, and the proportions between England, Scotland, and Ireland remain unaltered.

This being settled, therefore, we have to apportion 493 members throughout England and Wales. The population being 22,704,108, two members to each 100,000 of population would give a total of 454. But if, leaving the five university members as they are, and possibly giving a member to Durham University and one to the Inns of Court, we made the present counties and electoral divisions of counties centres of representation, a very little manipulation of details would enable us to absorb the number of 493 among the fifty-two counties of England and Wales. The method of procedure would then be as follows:—Each division of a county would have a number of members according to its population, and each elector in the division, whether resident in town or country, would have a share in returning that number. Take as an example the county of Durham, which now returns thirteen members to Parliament; namely, four

for the two divisions into which the county is divided, two each for Durham and Sunderland, and one each for Stockton, Darlington, Hartlepool, South Shields, and Gateshead. Under the proposed change the population of the county of Durham, including the above towns, and amounting to 685,046, would entitle it to fourteen members; eight for the Northern and six for the Southern Division. Again, Sussex, which at present enjoys an unfairly large share of representation, sending to Parliament four county members, two each for Brighton, Hastings, and Shoreham, and one each for Chichester, Horsham, Lewes, Midhurst, and Rye, making a total of fifteen, would be reduced to nine, that being the full share to which her population of 417,407 would entitle her. Lancashire and Yorkshire, moreover, would have their relative representation more fairly adjusted: the former, which, with her boroughs, now returns thirty-two members, would be entitled to fifty-six by her population of 2,818,904; and the latter, with a population of 2,436,113, would send forty-nine instead of her present number of thirty-six. Can anyone maintain that the importance of these two great counties, relatively to the rest of the empire, does not fairly entitle them to this increase of representation?

It might indeed be a question whether the five great provincial towns of England—viz. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield—should not be treated exceptionally, and return members independently of the counties in which they are respectively situated. Probably this might be desirable, but our scheme would in no way be injured thereby. An exception might also with advantage be made in the case of the metropolis, the three million population of which might return its proportion of members, which would only amount to an increase of eight over the present number of twenty-two.

The abstraction of the metropolis and the five great towns would prevent the swamping by town-voters of any of the county constituencies, and it only



remains to point out the working and the advantages of the proposed alteration. In the first place, there would be absolute equality of franchise throughout the country. One man would not be endowed with a greater share of electoral power than his neighbour by the mere accident of locality, but every voter throughout each county, urban or rural, would have an equal share with every other voter in the same county. Next, the evil of petty local jealousies and prejudices would be swept away without injury to anyone. Each elector, for instance, in Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, or any other borough in the county of Durham, would, by his present qualification, be enabled to vote for a much larger number of members than he can do under the present system, whilst, in the selection of candidates, small local predilections and local influences would have to give way to the more enlarged requirements of a greater constituency. A man must have given evidence of talent and capability for work beyond the precincts of his own immediate locality, in order to be acceptable to a constituency which would embrace so much wider an area, and the result would probably be most beneficial to the constitution of the House of Commons. Counties would look out, naturally, for the best and most distinguished men among their own country people; and as there would probably be many cases in which such a list would not exhaust the number of members to be returned, there would be openings which hardly exist at present for good and tried men, who, unconnected with a particular county, might be recommended to it by their public services.

One great improvement, however, might be engrafted upon the proposed change. We refer to the adoption of the cumulative system of voting, by which the utter ousting of a minority from representation would be at once prevented. We are well aware of all that can be urged, and plausibly urged, against the "Representation of Minorities;" nor are we about to enter upon

the arguments by which the project may be supported. It is well known, however, that the system which at present obtains in the "unicorn" counties and towns is by no means the system which is specially advocated by the friends of "Minority Representation." If the change which we propose were adopted, there is no doubt that an extension of the existing system of the "minority vote" would secure a fair share of representation to all important minorities. The extension would simply go to this—that each elector should only be able to vote for two-thirds of the number of members to be returned. Thus, if the total number were fourteen (as in the case of Durham), the nearest figure to two-thirds being ten, each elector might vote for ten candidates. The result would, of course, be that, after an election or two by way of testing their relative strength, ten candidates of the party in the majority and five of the party in the minority would be returned. But the cumulative vote would enable every elector to vote for the whole fourteen if he pleased, or to give his fourteen votes, counting fourteen, to one candidate, or seven votes apiece to two candidates—or to distribute them, in short, according to his fancy. Even without this change in the law of voting, we believe that the advantages of our scheme would be found to greatly preponderate, although we confess to a predilection for some such amendment as that to which we have alluded.

It would be possible, as an alternative, to adopt Mr. Hare's plan, and apply it in a modified form to the constituencies formed under the above scheme. The number of votes which each candidate would require to poll having been ascertained, the whole list for each county or division of a county would have to be voted for; those declared elected who had obtained the requisite number of votes; and the vacancies caused by the failure to obtain the necessary quota would have to be filled up by a fresh election. Probably, however, the trouble and expense which this plan would entail upon constituencies and candidates

would be found to constitute a formidable if not insuperable objection to its adoption; and for our own part we would greatly prefer the cumulative vote, although we believe the scheme which we propose would, even without this addition, work sufficiently well.

In shadowing forth the above scheme for the removal of existing inequalities and the fairer redistribution of political power throughout the country, we have not attempted to elaborate details, nor to anticipate the many objections which will be taken by the friends of the present system. Our fear, however, is not on account of the imperfections so much as of the boldness of the scheme. It is never easy to make men surrender a privilege, or what they believe to be a privilege, for the general good; nor will they easily understand that the general good can really clash with what they think to be their own interests. The ramifications, moreover, which surround an ancient system, the obstinate dislike to change which is inherent in our

English natures, and the fear of some possible consequential evil, shadowy and indistinct, but none the less fearful, all combine to render difficult the improvement we suggest. Yet the question must be faced, and that speedily. There is just cause for an agitation in favour of a great and sweeping change, and just cause for an agitation ought not to be allowed to exist. We widened the basis of our constitution in 1866-67, but we stopped short of completion in our task. Let us delay no longer, but anticipate the storm which will infallibly arise ere long, and deal with this question before it has been made the battle-field of Party, before it is identified with men whose aims and desires go far beyond the progressive constitutional improvement which is desired by moderate men of both political parties, and before we are forced to deal with it at a season less calm and a moment less opportune than the present for the wise and satisfactory solution of a difficult political problem.

E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

## AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF THE DEFENCE OF ENGLAND.

BY THE BARON VON SCHOLL, MAJOR-GENERAL, AUSTRIAN ARMY.

EDITED BY LIEUT.-COL. C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.

SINCE the death of Sir John Burgoyne there is perhaps no one living who has made that special branch of strategy which deals with the value of fortifications so completely his own as the writer of this memoir. His Excellency General Baron Scholl is well known as lately occupying the post of Minister for National Defence in the Austrian Cabinet, an office which may be said to have been created for the time in order to give the reviving Empire of the Hapsburgs the special benefit of his counsels under new military conditions. He had previously held a post equivalent to our Inspector-Generalship of Fortifications; and his services had been specially called on for the necessary defence of the great Quadrilateral fortresses in 1859 and 1866. The very strength of their works, and the defensive strategy adopted by the Austrians, combined to prevent their engineers from being called on for more than preparation. But Baron Scholl is far more than an engineer. No scientific part of the military profession has escaped his grasp; whilst his study of military exigencies in other countries than Austria is so close that it is the editor's belief, the result of personal conversation on the subject, that it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find any Frenchman at this moment so thoroughly conversant with the past and future of the defences of Paris, for example, as this distinguished foreigner. It cannot be a matter of indifference to the public to see his thoughts on our own defences frankly given us; and they are the more important as his views differ widely from those of the highest authority we possess.

The Editor of *Macmillan* having kindly offered this memoir, as of national interest, the benefit of its wide circulation, it is necessary to say that its late appearance, considered as a review of Colonel Jervois' Royal Institution lecture on "The Defences of England," delivered last year, is explained by the latter's having only fallen, in a complete form, into Baron Scholl's hands this spring, when visiting England after a close professional inspection of the works of Paris, and by the delay of translation—for it was in English dress that it came over. The duty has fallen to me of compressing it, in order to bring the paper within magazine limits; but I have striven to do this without treading on the author's ground, or depriving the reader of the

benefit of any of his opinions on important questions. It is enough to add that the subject which Baron Scholl treats with such startling knowledge is doubtless studied on the Continent elsewhere than at Vienna.—C. C. C.

COLONEL JERVOIS'S pamphlet<sup>1</sup> was put into my hands during my last visit to England, with the request that I would give my opinion frankly upon the whole subject, and especially upon the fortifying of London.

The circumstance of my not being an Englishman may arouse suspicion in the reader, that I may not care to write what I really think, or that the proposals I may make would be contrary to the public interests of the country. May I be allowed as far as possible to clear myself beforehand from suspicion of this kind?

As an Austrian I belong to a country which has never yet been at war with England, but, on the contrary, has often been its ally, and it is hoped may be so again. That Austria is the natural ally of England has indeed become almost a proverb; and when I had the honour, in the year 1851, of being presented to the Duke of Wellington, he said, "It is always a pleasure to me to see one of our old allies." I have also been personally connected with England through a series of years, by ties of friendship and relationship, which my recent visit has served to strengthen. And if a man's word has any weight with the reader, will he accept mine, that I shall endeavour to treat this sub-

<sup>1</sup> "The Defensive Policy of Great Britain, considered in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on May 12th, 1871." By Colonel W. F. Drummond Jervois, R.E., C.B., Secretary of the Committee on Defences, and Deputy-Director of Fortifications. London: 1871.

ject as though I were myself none other than a loyal Englishman?

Colonel Jervois' pamphlet appears to me divisible into two parts. For while the first eight chapters treat of the general conditions affecting the defence of the mother country, its coasts, its colonies, and its commerce, the rest are exclusively devoted to the necessity of the fortification of London. And it would seem to me as though this were in the main the object the writer had in view.

I not only agree with Colonel Jervois in all that he advances in his first eight chapters, but would also add to his arguments the following:—

#### 1. AS TO GIBRALTAR.

In an article which appeared in 1869 in the publications of the Austrian Engineer Committee, I endeavoured to set forth the great importance of Gibraltar to England. The Straits, indeed, are not actually so narrow at that point that they could be closed by means of heavy guns planted on Europa Point; yet the Bay of Algesiras, adjoining on the west, affords good shelter for a fleet ready to attack in flank any enemy who should venture to pass the Straits. By this means, England in the event of war at once cuts in two the navies of all such Powers as possess fleets on both sides of the Continent, as is the case with Spain, France, and Russia; she may at her will confine the navies of the Mediterranean (as the Italian and Austrian) to that sea, and prevent all others from entering its waters.

Besides this, Gibraltar forms a station for coaling on the all-important road to India through Egypt; and Nature herself has already so fortified it that it has become a proverb to say of any other very strong place, "It is a second Gibraltar." I agree, therefore, in strongly combating the opinion of those who talk of giving up Gibraltar.

In view of the interests of England, I would not even hear a word in favour of taking Ceuta in exchange for Gibraltar, for Spain could not reimburse the expenditure which has been made

upon Gibraltar; and, besides, the Bay of Ceuta is unfavourably situated with regard to the Straits compared to that of Algesiras, and is more exposed to the weather. Ceuta could never be made by any art so strong as Gibraltar; and finally, the glorious memories which attach to the Rock would be wanting to inspire the garrison in case of an attack.

It is undoubtedly true that the Spaniards could incommode ships lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, and could even cannonade the harbour. But for this there are two remedies—either let England acquire the Spanish territory about the Bay of Algesiras and fortify it; or let England keep good friends with Spain, which is all the easier, because Spain is at present much interested in cultivating the support of England.

#### 2. THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The south coast of England, in its extent from the Land's End to Ramsgate, is certainly the most exposed, on account of its proximity to the French coast; and as the Isle of Wight lies in front of this coast, and is only separated from the mainland by the narrow channel of the Solent, this island appears to me of such importance for friend and foe that I cannot sufficiently recommend it to attention, and I would wish to see more done to fortify it than has hitherto been effected. The Solent is to an English fleet just what the channel near Pola was to the Austrian before the battle of Lissa, affording good shelter and free issue, either towards east or west.

The Solent, in fact, is the true offensive basis for British maritime operations; but it would cease to be so from the moment an enemy was in the Isle of Wight. This is my reason for asserting that the defences of this island should be further strengthened. This is the more necessary because an enemy lodged there would have within reach of him, at the short distance across the Solent, a most desirable *piéd à terre*. It might be alleged that a landing at the back of the Isle of

Wight is difficult from the nature of the coast, and that the enemy, having no port there, would not seek to occupy the Isle of Wight, because troops once landed could not be reinforced or supplied in bad weather, and would even be in danger of starving. But many persons acquainted with the locality believe that a landing is perfectly possible, the sea often remaining calm for days together. And it would perhaps be to the enemy's interest to seize the Isle of Wight, with the object of diverting the defender's attention from points of landing elsewhere. In that case he would throw only a small number of troops on the island, and the landing would occupy but a very short time. They would thus be little exposed to danger from a sea getting up during the operation, and the small number could easily be provided with food and ammunition sufficient for a considerable time.

With the enemy in possession of the Isle of Wight, there is the striking disadvantage that the works which serve to close the Solent at the Needles passage and Spithead are taken in flank and rear, that the fleet can no longer use the Solent, and the entry into Portsmouth is endangered. Moreover, in order to check the further advance of the invader, it would be necessary to concentrate a superior force on the English coast, cut in two as it is by the deep inlet of Southampton Water, and any English army acting elsewhere would be correspondingly weakened. I assume here, naturally, that the enemy has not only infantry but also guns on the island, for it is only with the shells of these that he can reach the northern shore of the Solent. The island is in fact a very tempting object for an enemy; for if the landing succeeds, he secures himself a footing from which he cannot be easily expelled, having the Solent, like a gigantic wet ditch, in his front. It may be further said of the Isle of Wight, that its preservation is all the more important in English interests, inasmuch as by its means the disadvantages of Portsmouth (the position

of which, under modern conditions, is very bad) are somewhat obviated. Portsmouth, as a great naval depôt, is far too advanced. In regard to this question, I must recognize the wisdom of the English Government in having, as has been the case quite recently, paid increased attention to the more secure position of Chatham, and having made extensive preparations there for building and repairing ships of war.

I do not propose to enter here upon the question of what further fortifications are necessary on the Isle of Wight to prevent the enemy from occupying it, for this is a question of detail, the solution of which my honoured friend Colonel Jervois understands as well at least as I can pretend to.

### 3. THE ISLE OF ANGLESEY.

No reference is made to this island in the treatise, possibly for the reason that it lies on a less exposed side of the country, and because Colonel Jervois, considering the shortness of the time available to him, did not wish to bring too many questions under consideration, and desired to arrive as soon as possible at his virtual object. Perhaps I may be allowed to add something relative to the Isle of Anglesey.

Although I am not of those who believe in the probable outbreak of a war between England and the United States, in which the latter could play so aggressive a part as to carry the operations into the mother country, yet nevertheless one should for safety's sake accept the supposition that the Americans, aided by a coalition of European States, might carry the war to Europe. In such a case Ireland might become a base of operations in the prosecution of the war, and considering the small width of the Irish Channel, the Isle of Anglesey would offer the same advantages as the Isle of Wight, and become a good *pied à terre* naturally secured from attacks from England by the Menai Straits.

On a closer comparison with the Isle of Wight, Anglesey has the advantage, being in possession of a good harbour at

Holyhead, whereby troops could be supplied and reinforced whatever the weather. It appears to me very necessary that some special attention should be paid to its defences, although, on the other hand, I must allow that the Menai Straits do not form a rendezvous for the fleet like the Solent, neither is there any point in the vicinity resembling Portsmouth in importance.

#### 4. IRELAND.

Colonel Jervois speaks of the necessity of keeping a strong force in Ireland in case of war. Thoroughly agreeing with this view, I cannot divest myself of the apprehension that the enemy might succeed in possessing himself of Ireland; for as it would be undesirable to weaken the army in Great Britain too much, this force in Ireland could never be very large, and on the coast of Ireland there are a number of unfortified harbours and bays where the enemy could very easily land.

The possibility of the loss of the island should therefore be held in view, and it should be considered what should be done either to prevent it or to regain the island if lost.

The first end would certainly be obtained by means of fortifications. But even if only so much were done as to prevent enemy's vessels from lying in any harbour, this would involve the expenditure of a very formidable sum.

It would be better to undertake first what would be necessary for effecting the recapture of the island. This involves the means of landing an entire army with all its material without molestation, of putting it in a position to take the offensive immediately under favourable conditions, and of having a place of security to fall back upon in the event of failure in the open field. In reply to the further question whether one or two points of the coast should be selected for this purpose, I would certainly say *two*; for advantages not only double, but manifold, are to be derived therefrom. For suppose one point of the coast only prepared, should the enemy take position before it with his entire

strength, it might happen that it would be altogether impossible to debouch, or the prospects of success be very much diminished. But if two points of the coast are so prepared, and the English army lands at that one where the enemy is not, there is no obstacle to debouching. And should the enemy take position before both points, he has committed the fault of dividing his strength, and the English army has good prospect of beating the enemy in detail. The existing fortifications of Cork are not sufficient for such purposes as the above, as they only serve to prevent an enemy on the leeward side from forcing his way into the harbour. The existence, however, of these fortifications and of the harbour establishments, and the geographical situation of Cork Harbour, with reference to a British fleet stationed on the English coast, and an army held ready for embarkation, should be sufficient to designate this as one of the places spoken of, whilst the other should be in the northern section of the eastern coast near Dundalk, if the natural conditions are appropriate. Not at Dublin, certainly, for this would be too near Cork, and the development of the town would be interfered with. Cork and Dundalk would be, so to speak, the *têtes du pont* which would facilitate the recapture of Ireland, and would also serve for any troops to retreat upon which had been unable to prevent the enemy's landing, and obliged to retire before numbers.

#### 5. A CENTRAL ARSENAL.

Notwithstanding that Colonel Jervois has drawn attention to the importance of a central arsenal, I cannot refrain from saying that its importance appears to me so great, that every means should be adopted to call it into existence as early as possible.

At present, all the supplies for the army are on the coast, which is at the same time the frontier, and consequently so placed as to be most exposed to the enemy's attacks. This is contrary to the natural order of things, and might lead to the very worst consequences.

Even Woolwich is not properly placed in view of war. The Central Arsenal should contain all the stores of the army, and partly of the navy also, and should accommodate all workshops for the manufacture of war material.

In order not to weaken the active army in the field too much, the arsenal should be capable of being defended for a long time by a small number of men: this obliges us to search for a locality where nature has already done much to facilitate defence. The fortifications should be designed with a view to mere defence, for the offensive might lead to losses too serious for a small garrison. There would be a wise economy in the creation of a Central Arsenal, for at present the stores being scattered on the coast lead to many places being more strongly fortified than they otherwise would be, merely because they are dépôts of supplies.

I am not inclined to dispute the point as to whether Sheffield or Cannock Chase would be best adapted for a Central Arsenal. This is matter for special local inquiry. I would only remark that the *locale* should be one where Art comes to the aid of Nature only, and not where everything must be left to Art; for such artificial fortifications are expensive, and never can assume the large proportions to be met with where Nature herself co-operates in the defence, as she often does on a gigantic scale.

#### 6. ARMY ORGANIZATION.

On the Continent the English military organization is often blamed, and the institution of Volunteers laughed at. For my part I have never been able to join in this blame and derision.

The system of voluntary enlistment is of course far less of an injury to personal freedom than the conscription, or any form of compulsory levy; and the raising of volunteers is less injurious still. Enlistment provides soldiers of long service, which is particularly desirable for non-commissioned officers, and also for soldiers who enter the

cavalry or other special arm. Under the law of universal liability to service prevalent on the Continent, the want of old soldiers is bitterly felt, and everything put into operation to meet the disadvantage has been insufficient to wean men from the attractions of their homes. I believe, therefore, that England ought to adhere to her present system of enlistment for the standing army, all the more because she requires a system of long service, scattered as her troops are over the world, and hampered by the difficulties of foreign relief.

The institution of Volunteers I would also preserve, with all its shortcomings; for it has the great advantage of being of spontaneous growth, and only requiring fostering care. I am persuaded that the Volunteers, if called to arms by the country in earnest, would be on the spot and ready for action in a trice.

This is guaranteed by the patriotism of the Briton, his habit of self-reliance, his respect for the law and public opinion, the consciousness of the possession of institutions more liberal than any which could be given him by others, the memories of former victories, and, finally, a great contempt of the enemy. Where such powerful factors work in unison, no one should despair of such an institution, while its bare existence warns the enemy that he must use far greater foresight than if he had merely the standing army to deal with.

From my point of view, the only disadvantage of the standing army and the Volunteers is that their numbers are too small; a defect all the more sensible because, if a general war broke out, England would probably be obliged to strengthen the garrisons in India and the colonies considerably, and to send them strong reinforcements from the mother country. The words of Marshal Bugeaud on this subject are remarkable: "L'infanterie Anglaise est la plus redoutable du monde, mais heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup."

If England has gained many victories on the Continent in spite of the small strength of her army, it must not be forgotten that she was generally acting

with allies. Indeed, British commanders have derived the further advantage from their allies that they have been able to use them for duties for which the English soldier is least well adapted, *e.g.* skirmishing; for the red<sup>1</sup> uniform, and the contempt of cover which is the consequence of an excessive daring, lead to heavy losses on such service. England should accustom herself to consider the possibility of having to rely upon her own resources in the case of a general war, and of encountering a coalition which could bring a superiority of force against her. Under such circumstances nothing remains but to develop one's own forces to the utmost; and as this pressure can only be of a temporary nature, the question of personal freedom should be set aside for the time, and every man fit for service be called to action. Without abolishing what exists, and setting up something different in its place, it would be well if England raised her militia infantry at least in the sense of the law of universal service, training them solely as auxiliaries for the defence of the mother country.

As a pattern for such a militia, I would recommend that of Switzerland, which, though costing very little, showed in 1870 a readiness for service which did them the highest honour.

The first training of recruits, and the periodical call out to manœuvres, would certainly affect the national economy considerably. Colonel Jervois reckons the cost at 30*l.* sterling per man per year; but where the independence of the country is actually at stake, money considerations sink into insignificance. If Switzerland, with her republican feelings, and her possessions which no one covets, recognizes this universal obligation, how much more should England do so, whose riches are the envy of the Continent, and whose foreign possessions are constantly exposed to so many dangers!

<sup>1</sup> A very doubtful assertion this. Many practical soldiers declare red to be one of the least conspicuous of colours at a moderate distance.—C. C. C.

## 7. LONDON.

Having referred to what seemed proper to supplement the first eight chapters of the "Lecture," I now pass to the consideration of what I regard as its chief conclusion—the fortifying of London, which my honoured friend wishes to see effected.

The importance of the subject is such that I think it necessary to say something on the theory of the subject; for in all matters of fortification there is a theory, and the application of it to a given case is a subsequent stage. The defence of capitals is a subject for such a special theory, and perhaps this question has never been so well ventilated as in the present century. While some advocated the defence of capitals, others, and among them even military men, have declared it to be folly; and therefore, if we ask, in this case, which is the true view, the answer cannot be made, as it so often is, that a middle course is the true one, for here there is no middle course—either fortify, or do not fortify! "To be, or not to be, that is the question."

When it is considered that in such fortification strategical and tactical data are but part of the determining factors, and that other circumstances interpose themselves which must have great practical weight, it is clear that the answer may be given with as much justice in the negative as in the affirmative, *according to the special case*. Wherever the whole life is concentrated in the capital, and this is exposed to be easily reached by the enemy, as in the case of Paris, fortification appears highly necessary; but where those conditions are different, as at St. Petersburg (on the land side), Moscow, or Madrid, the argument for fortification is lost; or if it still holds good in part, the question arises whether the expenditure which the fortification of the capital demands would not be better applied to other military measures.

It is chiefly among continental peoples that the question of the fortification of the capital arises. Having com-



munication with their neighbours over dry land, they are always liable to attack; and the less the distance and intervening obstacles, the greater the apprehension. This is increased in proportion as the country is centralized, for with the capital the command of the whole country has often been lost, although a considerable extent of territory remained untouched. On this theory we maintain that in the French interest the fortification of Paris is in a high degree justifiable; while, on the other hand, Spain, which with its provincial divisions is decentralized rather than centralized, would do much better to apply her money towards the fortification of the provinces on her border than upon the defence of the capital.

Turning our attention now specially to London, it would be absurd to maintain that London fortified would not offer a much longer resistance than London unfortified. But although London forms officially the central point of the countries subject to the sceptre of England, can this great city be considered as a capital in the same sense as the capitals of continental countries which theorists would recommend to be fortified?

To answer this question aright we must go back into the book of History, and there we find that those peoples who, like the Anglo-Saxons and Normans, took possession of the British Islands, made it their first business to divide the lands and to secure places of residence upon them. They in no way sought to collect themselves in towns, as did the founders of Venice, and, at an earlier date, those of the Roman municipalities.

When subsequently in England markets were established, and towns arose, and the "gentlemen" built themselves houses therein, these were only for temporary wants. The country-seat continued to be so much the principal consideration, that it actually gave rise to an architecture of its own, with a wider range than is to be found in any other country. Thus from the earliest times in England a peculiar country life has

been developed, and the true house of the gentleman is his country-seat, not the town-house which he has built in London, for the most part within such limited horizontal dimensions that the several living rooms are stacked in tiers one above another. The English gentleman, in contradistinction to his fellow on the Continent, passes the greater part of the year, even the winter, in the country: to London he goes merely for business, or to meet friends, or for such amusements as are to be found only where men congregate. In spite, therefore, of the colossal size to which London has attained, it is not to be compared with capitals on the Continent, where the house of the gentleman is in the capital, and the estates he owns are merely regarded as possessions to be occasionally visited.

If under the name of the capital of a country we understand the focus of its life and the development of its civilization, we must, in the case of England, apply the term to a far wider area than the limits of London would offer.

Geographers may be perfectly right in describing London as the capital; but in a politico-strategical question such as this, I should say that the whole island of Great Britain, or at least England proper, is the capital of all the countries which are governed from the British throne.

London has so overflowed into the surrounding country, that it would puzzle the geographers themselves to define its true limits; and if they were to fix the limit to-day, it would be wrong again (and so much the better for the Marquis of Westminster) tomorrow. I have thought it right to notice these facts, because London must be regarded with other eyes than any continental city, and because, as a rule, books on the art of fortification speak of capitals under merely military conditions, and do not allude to the bearings of national culture and of politics on the question.

Besides the gentlemen's country-seats, manufacturing establishments have been set up which appear gigantic compared with those on the Continent, and are,

in fact, the main sources of England's power and wealth, agriculture and breeding of animals being as nothing in comparison. These mines of wealth are so valuable that it cannot be a matter of indifference whether they are to go on, or be occupied by the enemy and come to a standstill.

The argument that the stoppage of the factories would create a starving proletariat class, of which the Government would find it difficult to disembarrass itself when peace was regained, is alone sufficiently weighty to cause any great extension of the fortifications to embrace these establishments. We thus come involuntarily to the sea, and as the coast forms a line having in front of it that great wet ditch, I affirm my conviction that the circuit of the fortifications of London is nowhere else to be sought than on the line of the coast, and that any funds designed for the defence of London should be employed to perfect the fortifications of the coast.

England, whose insular position makes her differ so vastly from every continental nation, should draw advantage from these circumstances. She can do so all the better from the possession of a highly developed network of railways, while the distances of the coast-line from an army stationed centrally are in comparison to other countries very small, and the country so thickly populated that a sufficient number of combatants ought to be soon got together to throw against an enemy attempting to land with good prospect of success. If such a force can be brought at once on the spot, a moderate number may prove quite sufficient. For landing an army is an operation which, to be successful, should not be in the least impeded by the enemy, even though weather and coast are favourable.

If we consider successful instances of landing, as in 1840, near Beyrout, and in the Crimea in 1854, we should not forget that these landings were not in the least disputed by the enemy; while on the other hand, another case in 1840 shows that three hundred troops, without any guns, were able to prevent the

landing of the crews of three men-of-war (the *Benbow*, *Carysfort*, and *Zebra*), mounting together one hundred and twenty-four guns. The risk of being forced to retire by the smallest resistance is the reason why naval officers of experience are so careful in selecting places for disembarkation. This is particularly the case when the disembarkation is on a large scale, for then there is more time for bad weather to come on, and the danger arises lest the party landing should be obliged to break off their operations, leaving the troops already on shore to their fate, when they would probably be soon thrown into the sea by superior forces. This is the reason why different points of the coast are of very different importance to the defender with respect to a landing. Small bodies of troops could land almost anywhere, but entire armies only where the locality is peculiarly suitable. Moreover, the advance of the fortification of London to the coast would enable the navy to take an active part in the defence, which it could hardly do were it withdrawn from the coast. In 1870-71 the crews of the French navy undoubtedly took a stirring part in the defence of the forts of Paris; but how much more service would they not have rendered if Paris had lain upon the sea, when they could have made use of their armed ships, and would have been acting on an element and in localities which they knew.

It is not to be denied that the coast-line, even if we exclude Scotland, is very much longer than a ring run closely round London; but in fortification it is often seen that a greater extension gives a stronger form. He who, being in a valley surrounded by hills, seeks to make his defence in the lower ground, will often be less able to resist than if he took up a position on the more distant barrier; and in the case of an island, it often happens that a position on the coast is preferable, partly on account of its steepness, partly from the prevalence of rocks and shoals, but principally because the enemy who proposes to land must undertake con-

siderable operations under fire without being able to answer. Bad weather gives the defender the respite he so often needs, an advantage enjoyed in much smaller measure in the defence of land fortifications. But few outposts are necessary to watch the enemy to seaward during such weather, and the whole of the rest of the force can take its repose without danger.

By the fortification of the coast I do not mean the multiplication of such powerful batteries as those which in recent years have been erected at different points. Batteries for guns of position (upon Moncrieff carriages) are only required at certain very important points, and the greater part of the works would consist at the most merely of earthworks for the temporary shelter of field-guns, of breastworks for infantry, and chiefly in the construction of communications along and down to the coast, and of buildings for the shelter of troops, which could thus be kept at hand and in good condition.

Where long tongues of land stretch into the sea, interior entrenchments could be designed, cutting off such promontories, and so shortening the line of defence. Such entrenchments would certainly not impede any landing beyond them, but by tracing them suitably they could be made so strong that the enemy would never break through. The advance of the line of fortification to the coast should be accompanied by a system of defensive organization; and this organization must, where not already existing, be properly prepared beforehand during peace. According to my view, the whole coast should be divided into districts; and the militia, with the Volunteers in each district, should be practised in the defence of the adjacent coast-line, and in time of war be kept in readiness to be employed on this duty.

During peace a permanent commandant of the districts should be appointed, with a suitable staff; they should make themselves familiar with the locality, and prepare such dispositions as in time of war might become necessary.

It would be always competent to the commander-in-chief to concentrate his army in the interior of the country, or to detach portions of it to the most threatened parts of the coast, and so reinforce the Volunteers and territorial militia. Above all, a scheme of defence taking in all Great Britain and Ireland should be established. It is only in this way that it is possible to bring all the measures introduced by the War Department in peace time into harmony with what would be required in war. And if this is not attained, we may see the War Department preparing what is not wanted, and making omissions which, when war broke out, could not be rectified for want of time.

The first consequence of the establishment of this scheme of defence would be a heavy task for the general staff—viz., the choice of the first points of concentration and the best lines of operation, the taking note of the capabilities of the railways available, and the fixing of favourable points where resistance could be offered to the enemy, even after he might have penetrated the coast zone. It would then be the affair of the Engineer department to prepare during peace plans for fortifying these positions differently, according to the time available, so that in case of need work could be at once commenced, and the usual loss of time spared. It is, of course, understood that fortifications of this kind can only be of a temporary nature, and that the time allowed for construction would be the very shortest—perhaps not more than forty-eight hours. I cannot sufficiently urge this establishment of a general scheme of defence; the advantage of it is, that it preserves us not only from incurring irreparable loss of time, but also from taking hurried and false measures. The commander of the army finds everything prepared to his hand, and it only needs his order to call the whole machinery into action.

The adoption of field fortification as a means of strengthening the positions of the army is entirely in accordance with what Colonel Jervis

in his tenth chapter quotes as the dictum of the Duke of Wellington: "I know of no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from the danger, except by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all means of fortifications which experience in war and science can suggest." It cannot remain a matter of indifference whether this means is merely thought of as to be applied in case of war, or whether the ground is already surveyed and the plans made in peace.

I readily agree with Colonel Jervois that it would be a grand misfortune to England if London were to fall into the enemy's hands; but to prevent this calamity it appears to me more advantageous to defend the coast than to erect a special zone of works which, however much art is brought to bear in its construction, can never form such a giant obstacle as the sea, or be so unassailable as many parts of the coast already are by nature. It is to be understood that I except the line of the Thames from these remarks; it should be made impossible to the enemy to avail himself of this approach, and if the works now existing in the river are insufficient, there is nothing to prevent their being strengthened and made more numerous. Torpedoes, as an auxiliary for the defence of the Thames and other harbours, will continue to be employed, but too much confidence should not be reposed in them; powerful guns are always the main thing.

If, however, London must be fortified, I would, in opposition to the view taken by my honoured friend, plead for that which he calls an indirect defence—viz., not for fortification by means of a zone of detached forts (direct defence), but for the erection of some small-sized fortresses at a greater distance from London, and besides these for a light *enceinte* near London, of which Colonel Jervois makes no mention.

Paris, Verona, Coblenz, are examples of such a modern fortress, and the opinion is generally adopted that

for the future no other system could or should be employed. "Le système des forts détachés" is looked on as the optimum; and if it could be said of a place, "It has no detached forts," people at once snapped their fingers at it. In joy at the discovery of this new system, which without doubt has many advantages, the disadvantages have been lost sight of.

I will not enter into the details of how much less strength a chain of works with wide, unoccupied intervals must have, than a connected line, like that of the old *enceintes*; and I will be entirely silent over the great calamity which would ensue from the loss of a couple of forts, when the rest become useless;—I confine myself here to the *persona* question; a question which, as it appears to me, has been too little considered, but which in practice is of great import by reason of its many difficulties.

In a fortress of the old style, *i.e.* one with an *enceinte* merely, like old Portsmouth, there was one, and but one, commandant. This officer could supervise everything, give his orders personally, and be always on the spot where needed. This was an advantage for the commanders of detachments subordinated to him, as they could easily refer to him, and so avoid the great responsibility of acting independently. But how very different in the case of fortresses with detached forts! Here it is impossible for the commandant to see everything: very often he must make dispositions suddenly on no other data than news just received—often very meagre; and if he leaves his usual residence, it is possibly long before he is again found. Each detached fort must have its own individual commandant, who at one time is acting under the directions of the commander of the whole, at another on his own judgment, having in the latter case to bear the full weight of the responsibility. Besides this, these commandants often labour under the difficulty of having to handle arms with which they are indifferently acquainted. They would be

chiefly officers of Infantry—men who have little experience with the weapons of the Artillery, particularly with heavy guns, perhaps have hardly ever seen one, and yet suddenly would have to dispose of thirty or more! Many undoubtedly would soon master their new position, but many not, and particularly not those who belong to the mediocrities; and as these, after all, form the majority, we must keep them chiefly in view. If London is to be surrounded by a girdle of fifty detached forts—high as is my opinion of the British army—I think it will be no easy matter for the commander to find at once, amongst the troops under his orders, fifty individuals capable of fulfilling the very difficult duties attached to the post of commandant of a detached fort, more especially as the troops will, in all probability, not be well known to their chief.

This personal question induces me, therefore, in any plan for the fortification of London, to prefer what Colonel Jervois terms the indirect system, according to which the capital would be surrounded by a far smaller number of small fortresses, each of them under the orders of an entirely independent commandant; the intervals between them being prepared as fast as possible for defence by the readiest available means. Thus London would have nothing to fear from a night attack, and obstacles would not be placed in the way of an extension of the town, as would be the case were lines erected. The small fortresses in question should be constructed exclusively for defensive purposes, offensive operations being left to the garrison and its commandant. Even if they were so far distant from each other that their guns did not command the intervals, no apprehension need be entertained of the line of these fortresses being permanently pierced, for no enemy could establish himself with a siege train on a spot to the rear of which, right and left, he knew he had positions occupied by his opponents, and armed with fortress guns.

## 8. PANICS.

Towards the conclusion of his lecture, Colonel Jervois speaks of the panics which periodically occur, and expresses an opinion that they will cease as soon as proper and definite plans are adopted for the defence of Great Britain.

*Were measures taken in accordance with what I have stated above, I should concur in this opinion. If, on the other hand, Colonel Jervois thinks that these panics will cease simply because, instead of devoting all energies to the fortification of the coasts, London especially is fortified, I must remark that panics of this nature would be just as prevalent amongst those who have their homes outside London. But I think these panics spring from other and deeper sources. They are caused much less by a want of defensive measures than by the recent policy of England. During the close of the wars against Napoleon I., England was a Power respected and feared: the marvellous victories of Aboukir and Trafalgar, of Vittoria and Waterloo, had contributed their share to the foundation of her prestige, which lasted long after the deposition of Napoleon. England was then at the zenith of her power and glory; and because she then feared no one, there were then no panics.*

A great change has since then taken place in the position of England, not in consequence of the rise of another Great Power on the other side of the ocean, but because the statesmen of England have themselves been most active in bringing it about. From the moment when dreams of universal peace began to prevail, her policy changed, and being taken for absolute weakness, gave room for aggression abroad and panic at home.

What, for example, can be thought of the conduct of a Power so rich and great as England, when, in spite of its strength and importance, she voluntarily gives up Corfu, leaving the impression on the Continent that the foreign policy of England was henceforth to be dictated by economy alone? Who in former times would ever have

dared even to mention the cession of Gibraltar? From an English point of view it will be asked, Did we not in the Crimean War destroy the Russian dockyards, and did we not, in order to liberate the Abyssinian prisoners, make a most expensive campaign? My reply is, that the destruction of those dockyards was considered on the Continent as a very tardy revenge for the seizure of the *Vixen*, and that it was Napoleon III. who set the Crimean War a-going. As to the Abyssinian War, it is known to many persons on the Continent that the liberation of the captives was not its sole object.

The power of Napoleon III. was increasing by means of the Suez Canal, his influence was taking root in Egypt, and all the efforts of English diplomacy to defeat the Canal project had failed. It was consequently necessary to do something to strengthen the position of England in these regions, and to maintain the command of the road to India.

Thus the causes which led to the Abyssinian campaign were political and commercial as well as humanitarian, although to English honour it must not be forgotten that she rescued prisoners who were not her own subjects.

If England were the only nation in the world, an earthly paradise might result from the teaching of the policy of peace at any price: each man would live solely for his own interests, much money would be made, and many pleasures enjoyed. But besides England there are many other lands, where dwell nations entertaining very varied opinions. Innate in some of these nations there is such flexibility of character, and so much mental quickness, that events occur suddenly and in rapid succession; and as the French, the neighbours of England, have these characteristics specially, it is no wonder that the lovers of peace are periodically awakened from their dreams by events which produce surprise and panic. As long as such dreams in-

fluence public policy, there will be no cessation of panics, even though England encase herself in Sir John Brown's 14-inch iron plates, and be made to bristle all over with Mr. Bessemer's 30-inch steel guns. If English statesmen allow the present state of things to last much longer; if they do not, as regards their foreign policy, revert to the principles of their predecessors who overthrew Napoleon I., England will, it is true, remain a great commercial country, but it will abdicate all claim to the title of a Great Power, sink down to the level of a larger Holland, and possibly at some future day become the prey of the old German race, led on by Germanized Slavs; or perhaps a colony of North America. It is a source of regret to me that the above remarks contain what may wound the feelings of an English patriot. But in a question of such importance, it has appeared to me necessary to mention all that can bear upon it, not with a view to causing pain, but in order to arrive at a clear idea of what is requisite as the basis of a plan of defence. Had I not touched on these matters, I should have failed to give my readers the reasons for my opinion, and thus been guilty of an omission which I should ever afterwards regret. I should ill requite the cordial reception which has on many occasions been given to me in England, if I failed to say what I have at heart, or spoke otherwise than I think. In conclusion, I regret that my views respecting the fortification of London do not coincide with those of Colonel Jervois. The cause of this lies in our looking at the matter from different starting-points; I therefore hope that he and those who share his opinions will not on this account bear me ill-will. And I would beg of all my readers to consider me, though a foreign critic, yet as a real friend, who, far from desiring the decline, is very anxious for the prosperity of England.

VIENNA, *Sept.* 1872.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

### CHAPTER I.

THE sleepy river crawled through the sleepy fen. No breeze waked a ripple on its surface or stirred the rushes that grew near its flat edge; they rose silent and straight from their reflections, and these reflections were turbid. The sparse willows were too faint to give any shade, and the sleepy cattle stood motionless and apart, each bearing its burden of heat alone. Beyond this fen were more fens, with more sleepy cattle and more willows; but there the cattle looked indistinct, and the willows were blended into straggling rows. After these again were other fens, and fens, till they faded into the distance, where the cattle seemed shapeless dots, the willows were merged in a pale watery haze, and the horizon gave no relief, but suggested an indefinite stretch of the same fen-land beyond, with the same haze and the same heat. The sun stared down on the naked waste, not sparing its ugliness, and the waste was nothing abashed, as it stared back blankly. But with all this sameness there was no repose, nor freedom in the unprotected breadth. For, prying over an embankment which had crushed down the wild reeds, the window of the exciseman's house kept a vigilant eye on the river, that no one might turn its sleepiness to his profit; and beyond this, the great engine pained the fen with its incessant throbbing, as it

drained it of its life, till it should be no more a fen, and wearied the air with a sense of labour, completing the climax of monotony, sunlight without gladness, stillness without rest.

On the same side of the river was the old inn, "Five miles from anywhere, no hurry." It seemed to turn away from the dreariness with disgust, for it hid its face in the great elm in front, and turned a sulky blank wall to its neighbours; the exciseman's house on the opposite bank, the floating bridge which connected the two, and the half idiot who worked the bridge, and was generally found leaning against the piers of it, when there was no use for this rusty piece of mechanism, of which he seemed a part. But the river sent an impudent little creek up to the very door of the inn, to peep at it, and insult it with a mock flotilla of ducks' feathers, and other refuse, which it would not have seen if it had looked out pleasantly into mid-stream. The big tree too had grown over it and spread round it, pressing in its casements and darkening its doorway, till at last the heavy branches hung so low that they shut out its view of the skittle-ground, which might possibly have been lively at times. This seemed but a just punishment, for the old house had no right to such exclusiveness; it was thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings. Its red face was weather-beaten, and grizzled all over with lichens. Neglected in all niceties,

it was an offence; preserved in all essentials, it had not that touch of ruin which might have redeemed it from vulgar dulness to the picturesque. To the right of the door were two tall, sad-looking posts, united at the top by a cross bar. They might have been the remains of a miniature gibbet, a gigantic signpost, or some contrivance belonging to a gymnasium. Appropriate to nothing, they were at home here, where everything looked purposeless and desolate. Round the left corner were two carts, straggling out of a broken shed, the only indications that this end of the lane was called the stable yard. The lane itself was the raised way, common in the neighbourhood, flanked by ditches, perilous with ruts, and giving a clear view over the hedges that seam the fen country.

This summer noon no shadow crossed the broad, dusty way till two young men entered it at the farther end, and sauntered towards the inn, in such close conversation as was possible on the rough, sun-baked road. One of them was conspicuously tall, and seemed much perplexed by the ruts. The other was not so tall, but well-knit, and he moved with a healthy freedom that was seldom disturbed by any perplexity whatever. In spite of his personal advantages, no one talked of Philip Dobree as "handsome." He had clear, firm features, and grey eyes; but they showed more character than conventional people care for, so those critics were quick to discover that while the square jaw gave force, it took from the regularity of his face, just as the rugged eyebrows contradicted the smoothness of its surface. The directness of his manner, too, did violence to their fine feelings at times.

He had come up to Cambridge later than most men. During the year he had been there, a good property, swelled by a long minority, had secured him an equivalent show of consideration, which found decent disguise for its motives in his reputation for unusual abilities. That he was more bored than gratified by the overtures he received, he took some pains to conceal; but with so little suc-

cess that his unsociability would have been resented, but for the aforesaid fortune, which threw its veil of potential benefits over this worst of sins, and reserved a great fund of popularity for his use at pleasure. It is true he had not been wholly isolated, but such likings as he had betrayed had been so queer, that his tastes had been much shrugged at by the more showy men of his own standing; and, if there had been passages in those peculiar friendships, which could have turned opinion in his favour, he had managed that they should not come to light; and such satisfaction as he derived from them was quite independent of criticism.

His companion was a strong contrast to himself; it might be better said a weak one. Nature had reared him to a useless height, had got tired of him, and left him unfinished. Luard was indefinite. His eyes had a wandering look; one could hardly tell how much he saw, and his straggling moustache quivered over a mouth that had an uncertain expression. Luard had never spoken to Dobree till this morning, just before they started from Cambridge. They had met by chance, and found that they were both bound for the same place. But he had heard a great deal of him, and of such sort, that he felt somewhat shy at first; by the time they reached Upware, however, he felt more at home with Dobree than with the people who had boasted of his superiority; and, as they came in sight of the inn, he remembered several things he should have liked to consult him about.

"Well, I suppose I shall stay up at Cambridge all my time; don't see anything better, do you?"

"That depends on your ultimate plans."

"All my people have gone off early—consumption, or something of the sort—dare say I shall too, so it doesn't signify."

"You will not get on better in one place than another, if you have that desponding notion," said Dobree, throwing some vigour into his voice. "Because the rest of your family have died young, it does not follow that you should too."



You have had some advantage over them in climate, I believe?"

"Yes; West Indies—they were all brought up out there—I was the only one sent home. Went to Australia first, though—uncle living there—travelled round the world before I was nine years old."

Dobree passed over the digression. "Cambridge is not the place for weak lungs; but, as you have been tolerably well since you came up, I see no reason why you should not be able to stay another year, with care; but, if you are afraid of it, you ought to give up soon, and leave before the mischief is done. For my part, I would rather come to the end at once, than drag on in a limp expectation of it."

Luard was addicted to dribbling confidence, but he shrank from a steady discussion of himself, or indeed of any subject that led up to a decision; so he was helplessly silent till he found an escape from this one.

"Was told that *you* didn't intend to stay up another term."

"I don't think it will answer my purpose."

"Don't see any good in the place?" he asked eagerly.

"There *is* good in Cambridge," Dobree answered quietly: "the knowledge it professes is there; but that I can find elsewhere. It is the tone of the place I am disappointed in."

"I hate it too—no constitution—can't go in for rowing and that sort of thing. All the fellows so busy with their training, it's awfully dull for anyone else. As for me"—and he yawned—"I've taken up reviewing—'Universal Critic'—gives a guinea three volumes"—Dobree looked at him curiously—"can do it in five hours—have got one now—novel, I mean. By the bye, do you know the uniform of the French Mousquetaires, reign of Louis XV.?"

"No, I am not up in those things."

"Pity! thought perhaps you might," and Luard looked very much at a loss. "Meant to ask you as soon as I saw you to-day."

"Why?"

"Don't see much to notice in this book. Must say something—author strong in costumes—thought if I could trip him up there. You've been a great deal abroad, haven't you?"

"Several years."

"Then that's why you were disappointed with Cambridge," suggested Luard, suddenly catching at an idea.

"I don't know that that influenced my opinion of it much," Dobree answered lazily; but noticing that Luard still looked for an explanation, he added, "Indirectly, perhaps, it may have had something to do with it. If I had been living in England, I should have known more about it before I came up. The truth is, I expected to find more reading men among the loungers who are not working up for degrees."

Luard did not enter into this; but he jerked out his sympathy with an energy, meant to atone for its incompleteness. "Great bore!"

Dobree appreciated alike the want and the good-nature, and did not think it worth while to discuss the subject any further; so he dismissed it with a shrug. "I have but little to complain of—I am only disappointed in not having more companions of my own way of thinking."

"Like our select selves! who represent the learning and virtue of the place by staying up and working in the 'long.'"

This interruption was shouted by a loud voice from the river. Two other Cambridge men were pulling into the little creek, and caught sight of Dobree and Luard as they now turned the corner of the inn.

"There's Bordale!" exclaimed Luard, somewhat disturbed.

"Yes, there *is* Bordale," Dobree repeated, looking amused.

On seeing Bordale, no one who knew him could help saying, "There he is." It was not that his self-assertion left much to announce; on the contrary, most people felt that his presence threw them into the shade; and if they suffered the eclipse with more than common patience, it was by no means owing to their sense of humiliation, but rather to

the alleviating prospect of a laugh at his expense. His exterior was not such as a vain man would willingly thrust into notice; yet, to suppose that his obtrusiveness came from a total absence of vanity would be to strain the mercy of criticism. He certainly showed a fine disregard of appearance, as he now drew on a jacket over his Guernsey, leaving great irregularity of outline. He was in the habit of boasting that the Trinity Hall colours were select—if they were, they did not suit him. He had small, colourless eyes and pouch-like cheeks, which gave him a droll expression, heightened in no small degree by his coarse drab hair. This was duly parted down the middle; but, rejecting all further control, it stood erect, and formed two tunnels over his narrow forehead, repeating the comic curves of his eyebrows, which were chronically raised to emphasize his own wit.

They were laying aside their oars when Dobree walked to the water's edge and said, "The learning, at least, seems to be at rest for the day."

"But the virtue awfully in force;" and Bordale gave a sounding sigh. "What do you think but duty and friendship could have driven me down the river in this sweltering sun, straining like a convict, pulling for two? Too bad that; eh?" he added, looking facetiously at his companion; "and discredits my training besides." Then to Dobree, "My friend here never held an oar till I took him in hand—hope to see him in the 'Varsity eight yet—think the pulling to-day promises well?" And, without waiting for an answer, or caring if Dobree were qualified to give it, he abruptly gave his friend's name and college.

The friend knew Dobree well by reputation, and coveted his acquaintance. This was from motives of social ambition on his part; but Lillingstone knew that Dobree chose his friends on their own merits alone, and it mortified him to be introduced in a manner which showed him to so small advantage. If the slow inclination of his head, by which he acknowledged Dobree and ac-

quiesced in Bordale's account of himself, denied any inward disturbance, the quick, girlish flush which followed betrayed his composure to be more the result of good breeding than of natural superiority to the slight affront. He read Dobree's face eagerly, to learn what effect Bordale's speech had made on him; and it seemed that the scrutiny was satisfactory, for, after he sprang on the bank, he turned lightly on his heel, satisfied that he could reassert himself now. The studied carelessness with which he had adapted his shirt to the display of a rather well-formed throat, his dress, and bearing altogether, showed that he relied on the prepossessing effect of his appearance with some confidence; and this was not wholly unfounded. But his attractiveness lay rather in a general grace, and in refinement of colouring, than in excellence of proportion; and his every movement expressed a delicate organization, lulled by that lassitude of self-indulgence which some people attribute to sensitiveness.

"Before we go on, I propose that we have some beer," said Bordale.

"Beer, yes, decidedly, beer," echoed Lillingstone in a slower tone. And they all moved towards the inn. Bordale walked off with Dobree, as a matter of course, leaving Luard and Lillingstone to fraternize as best they might.

The inn parlour was furnished with horsehair, and enlivened by a framed sampler, a memorial picture worked in hair, a group of shell-flowers, and other ornaments, which, having but little beauty at the beginning, had not much to fear from the effects of time, and so had been considered good investments for an establishment which hoped to be of long duration. Lillingstone pushed open the creaking casement to see if there was anything pleasanter to look at outside, but there was not; so he turned on his elbow, and made a fruitless effort to be luxurious in the angular window-corner. Luard never penetrated farther than the doorway, which was too low for him: so he stood with his legs stretched out across the step, to the peril of the barmaid, who retreated,

blushing to her elbows in the contagious confusion of his apologies. Bordale bestrode a chair opposite Dobree. "I am surprised to meet you here," he said; "I did not know this was one of your haunts."

"It is not generally. I am now on my way to a place where I am told I shall find some ferns."

"Really! I didn't know that you —" Bordale began with great apparent interest.

Dobree interrupted him. "I know very little about them; but a friend of mine is collecting the ferns of each county, and, poor as the fen district is, it must be represented. I heard they were not difficult to find, so I offered to get them, and save the time of a good botanist."

"Ah!" said Bordale, delighted to take the lead in a conversation with Dobree, and that before an audience, "that is a subject I was well up in at one time. Scholefield, the great swell in botany—Edinburgh, you know—is a great ally of mine. I once joined him in a scientific tour in Wales. Odd fellow, very, but I put up with his peculiarities for a time; he made such a point of having me with him—wanted to consult me about a work he was bringing out." Bordale noticed a passing expression on Dobree's face, and thought he was not following him; but Dobree looked expectant, so he continued in the same patronising tone, "I shall be very glad to help you if I can. There's a pretty little thing, the *Lastrea Thelypteris*, which you would pass over, most likely, if it was not pointed out to you."

"Thanks, I think I have it on my list."

"But there's one thing," persisted Bordale, "in which I hope you will be advised by me. It's awfully hot now. Don't spend your time looking for an 'adder's tongue.' There are very few in the fens; they are taken as soon as they grow to a fair size. I can easily get you some better specimens; and, as everyone knows that it is to be found here, it doesn't matter whether the identical ones you send grow here or not."

"I am afraid that would touch the integrity of the collection."

"No, that wouldn't do at all," observed Lillingstone, languidly launching his voice into the discussion.

Bordale affected to look over Lillingstone's opinion as quite unworthy of notice. "My young friend is very nice about trifles,"—and he turned superciliously to Dobree,—"doesn't like to be tripped up; in fact, guards his reputation like a tender flower. Almost a pun that! Would be a good one if he'd only drop some of the superfluous letters of his name."

Dobree was silent. He would not see the point of the joke. But Bordale was not to be put down. "Ha, ha! Have a habit of making puns. The worst of it is that, when it's known, people are always expecting one to say clever things. By the bye, Lillingstone, what was that good thing I said just as we started?" Lillingstone's mood was not favourable to his memory. "It's well that Sheridan, and Hook, and those great swells, had friends who exerted their memories, or we should have lost all their good sayings," said Bordale with some pique.

"Seems only natural to remember a clever thing when you hear it," put in Luard.

"Past twelve," said Dobree, standing up and looking at his watch. "As for me, I am rested enough: don't you think we had better be getting on?"

"Yes," said Bordale, looking at the empty glasses; "there's nothing more to wait for here. We are off pigeon shooting: plantation on other side of the fen."

"That's on Brasnell's land," said Luard; "you must be careful; he's rather sharp on trespassers."

"Oh, he won't see us; and what if he does? we shan't be doing any harm. You're not afraid of Brasnell, are you?" and Bordale went off laughing, to fetch the guns, which had been left at the inn since last week, when he and Lillingstone had had a day's shooting at Soham.

Whether the necessity for "being

careful" had any charm for him, it is impossible to say; but, when Bordale returned, it was settled that Luard should join the doubtful expedition, and leave Dobree to go for his ferns alone.

"Two guns for three," said Bordale aside to Lillingstone.

Luard overheard it. "Oh, never mind; it doesn't signify."

"But it does signify," insisted Lillingstone, turning round from his place in the window, "when everybody knows you're such a good shot."

Dobree looked up involuntarily at Luard; but Bordale confirmed what had been said by a side look.

Then Lillingstone assured Luard that he did not care about shooting at all; he had only made it an excuse for the pull down the river. In fact, if Luard would take his gun, he should be very glad; it was a bore even to carry it this hot day.

They all went out together, but soon separated. Dobree had to go up the lane again, while Bordale and his party turned down by the Burwell lode.

"Is this the right road?" asked Lillingstone, looking towards the plantation.

"Short cut," said Bordale; "strike off to the left, and take the chance of planks over the branch lodes." As soon as Dobree was out of hearing, "There's a man!" he exclaimed with a showman's flourish of the hand; "has read every book of philosophy ever written! Finds nothing to learn in Cambridge."

"Wouldn't think so from his way of talking," observed Luard.

"Oh, he doesn't show himself to everybody," said Bordale, complacently. "Very exclusive! I met him at a wine soon after he came up. Of course we fraternized at once, and have been friends ever since."

## CHAPTER II.

DOBREE retraced his steps down the lane by which he had come with Luard, and then turned to the right into another lane, quite as dusty and as dry. On the

left lay Widow Gaithorne's farm; the only place that looked comfortable in the heat. There the tiles of the newly-roofed stable glistened in the sun; the straw-yard refracted every ray of light, making more of them; and the bees buzzed about the hives, under the orchard trees, as if this were the pleasantest day that could be.

Dobree did not find it so pleasant. He soon turned to the right, through a gate that shut in the path to Wicken. A grove of aspens stood round it, and he was grateful even for the doubtful shade they afforded. But this lasted only for a few minutes, and then he came out into the broad heat again. From here he could see his recent companions, who were already half-way across the fen. Bordale was striding on in advance with an energy meant to inspirit his followers: they were plodding more slowly behind.

As Dobree looked after him he laughed. "That would be a friend for Nat to consult;" and he laughed again as he pictured to himself the two together. Of course it was possible that they had met, but quite impossible that they could be friends. That was why he had not said that Scholefield was his cousin; for if Luard had been too absent to notice any variation that Bordale might have made in his story after such disclosure, Lillingstone, at least, would have been keenly alive to it; as it was, they might never think of it again.

Dobree had been left in the care of Scholefield's parents when his own father died, and the two had grown up together like brothers. They thought alike on all important points, so their early intimacy was confirmed, and many slight differences drew them closer together. Dobree was not sentimental, nor Scholefield helpless; yet Dobree thought that if it had not been for his cousin, he might have turned out a worse fellow than he was; and Scholefield knew that without Dobree his dealings with the world outside would have been more vexatious to him than they had been. As it was for him that Dobree was now collecting those ferns, he would have

been indifferent to any ordinary fatigue ; but not to this, for there was no refuge from the burning rays that poured down on his head, and his own shadow was the largest within sight.

He had already left Upware in the distance, and before him, at the end of a long straight path, was Wicken—so he had been told ; he could not see it, because the houses were hidden by a screen of pale green foliage. The fen on that side was skirted by an osier-bed, which sloped up to a bank of willows, and these, in their turn, trespassed on the fields till they joined some tall, disjointed-looking aspens, that kept up an uncertain motion, as if they were straying about to find rest. It tired Dobree to look at them. To the right of these was an opening, and away beyond the meadow he could see the grand old elms as they stood staunch by the church that held so many tombs. They also made shadows over the fish-ponds close to the graveyard wall ; but these he could not see, for they had sunk out of sight as their good times had passed out of mind. Brasnell's farm now covered the site of the monastery they had belonged to. The old monks had known more than the people, and out of their knowledge had helped them. Now everything was new but the ponds, and *they* were preserved because they looked old : they were there, but they reflected the grave face of the church, and looked sad.

To the left, at the other end of Wicken, was the farm belonging to Spinney Abbey ; and beyond this, and on all sides, stretched the fens, intersected everywhere by canals. These canals are called lodes, and are at the same time boundary and road ; for the chief occupation of the people is draining, and cutting peat, which they bring back in barges adapted to the size of the channel. Dobree now passed the skeleton of one of these barges ; the keel rose ominously out of the lode, bearded with the scum of many floods ; and to his eyes it fitly expressed the dreariness of the place. The ground was black, the water was black ; the

scant pasture was sickly and yellow, and the cattle loathed it. This was the drained land ; people called it the cultivated fen. When he looked round, he tried to walk faster, but his feet sank into the soft peat ; and it clung to his boots as he toiled in the worn track made by the barge-donkeys. The bullocks found this loose ground more easy than the stubbly grass ; and one of them barred his path when he came to the cross canal. It had been standing there all day, stamping the black peat into the water, and the lilies into the peat ; its footmarks were filling slowly with ooze ; and it was now lying down on the chain of the plank he must cross by. Too lazy to get out of his way, it watched his difficulty through half-closed lids ; till at last, after much straining and tugging at the chain, Dobree got over to the Wicken side, where there were fewer signs of life, and the stillness and dearth seemed unbearable. Here and there, it is true, a lonely frog stared sadly at the sun, and a few stray bubbles betrayed some crawling life below ; but there was no movement in the rushes as they shed their seeds on the water, no movement in the lilies as they slept on its surface, no movement in the lode itself as it crept on, sleepy and slimy and slow. Dobree had not noticed that he was passing the sedge fen ; for the hot mud was seething in the sun, and the unwholesome vapour that rose from it was already stealing over himself, carrying with it the weariness of the fens. Gradually he relaxed his pace ; he, too, became listless and slow, and was past feeling any reaction of pleasure, when he neared the cluster of cottages called after the lode. A number of barges covered this end of the canal, which was widened to receive them. Peat stacks were piled along the bank for some distance, and after this was a large open space, black with trodden peat ; then a high mixed fence, over which appeared the chimney-tops of the cottages that opened on the lane, farther round to the left. But even here there was no one stirring, nor any noise to be heard.

Then suddenly he perceived a figure sitting on the ground at no great distance, leaning against one of the stacks. Dobree had overlooked it till now because it was on the shady side, and its clothes were the colour of the peat. It was refreshing to see a human creature, though this one was not very animated; but as he drew near it, it puzzled him. It had on fustian trousers and nailed boots, but over them a woman's gown. Its hands rested helplessly on the ground, palms upward. The attitude was not one of sleep, yet it gave no sign that it noticed him. A torn straw hat hid its averted head. His instinct told him there was something wrong. He stood still before it at a little distance; then the head turned slowly round, and showed an idiot's gape and goitre. It was as if all the dreariness of the fens had stared at him out of one face; and he recoiled from it in disgust.

"One of two cottages at the end of the lane—the first you come to," he said to himself, repeating Scholefield's words. They supplied some sense of companionship; and he turned away to find this cottage.

It was just round the corner. There was no gate before it. It had an empty, open look, as if it had no grief or joy, and no reserve; and the stunted marigolds that grew by the brick path were thirsty. The door was ajar. Dobree knocked lightly, but heard no one moving; only the clock ticked in a wearied, warning tone. Presently he pushed the door, and looked in. A woman lay on a bed near the window; the tall clock stood at her head, and persisted in its warning. A thin cascade of blown glass wormed its way resolutely through the picture over its face, imitating its dull rotation. The spring was bent, but that never hindered it from going; it only made a gap in the landscape. So on it went, round and round, the water always rolling over the figure "2," every now and then bending forward a little, when it would recover itself with a jolt and a whirl which betrayed its growing disorder.

The woman was still, except her lips, that muttered feebly, as if they too wanted to keep time with the clock. Sometimes they would contract nervously, and stay apart when she had lost the beat; then they would begin again, muttering, and always trying to catch the measure. Her eyes wandered restlessly, but they took no note of him. The white blind, drawn before the window, made the light more grievous to her. There was the close heat, the aridness of a sick-room deserted, the burden of suffering, without the care which mostly lightens it. A big fly buzzed into it, and had time to bump itself all round the walls, and against the hollow body of the clock, before Dobree knew that he had been heard. Then a woman came slowly to the step of the back door. She was gaunt and pinched-looking; and her coarse hands fidgeted in a limp way with her apron while she looked at Dobree.

"I came to ask for some ferns, but I fear I am intruding;" and he glanced towards the sufferer.

"It's only the fever." She had the fen drawl.

"Then it is not dangerous?" he said, answering her look of indifference.

"Well, it *do* take off some o' 'em roun' here most every year; I don't think this un 'll git up from it," and she suspended the action of the apron to take an apathetic look towards the bed.

"The place must be unhealthy."

"Handy to git up o' the mornin'. The men are down in fen by three o'clock this weather. Must put up wi' summat in every place."

"But this is too close to the marsh."

"There's many that says the same; but there—it's the will o' God, and it's waste o' talk to wonder about that. But I don't mind what you was a-wantin'," and she put down her apron impatiently, "for there's a large gatherin' o' beans, and they takes a lengthy time to shell."

"I am told you sell ferns, and I want to know if you have any in the house now."

"There may be, and there mayn't."

"If you have, I should like to see

them," he said, suppressing some impatience in his turn.

"I don't know nothin'! I've only come to mind the place while Lister's away." She stopped, as if to think; but nothing came of it, and presently she turned, as if she was going away.

"Most likely I have come to the wrong cottage."

"Like enough, but there's no one hereabouts as minds such things."

"Which is the way into the village?"

"Up street? Why," and she looked vaguely round, "ye go up the lane as far as Copley's corner, then ye turn down, as far as Stannard's yard."

"Thanks; is there no straighter road?"

"Yes, sure-ly; if ye're minded to go straight, ye've only to go back to the stacks, and keep along the bank. Ye'll see the church when ye come to 't."

She returned to her shelling of beans, and left Dobree standing on the threshold, looking at the meaningless face of the sick woman, listening to the empty tone of the clock. This followed him as he went back over the bricks; and, as he paused at the gate, it reached him even there; it seemed the voice of the solitude, warning, complaining, never resting.

He took the path the woman had recommended, a high embankment like a sea-wall. It was at an angle with that by which he had come, with much the same outlook, and quite the same heat. Upware looked from Wicken as Wicken had looked from Upware, but it was easier to recognize; for the tall engine chimney, that rose from among its colourless houses, seemed as if it had been planted in the irregular heap to mark its place.

Before Dobree had gone half-way to the church, he turned into a side-path on the left. "If not the nearest way, at least the lanes would be pleasanter than this," he said: and he was just getting over a stile into a corn-field, when he thought he heard sounds of moaning in a broken shed close to the hedge.

It was a neglected hovel, with tufts of grass growing out of the holes in the thatch. He stopped and listened:

"Perhaps he ought to go back and see what was the matter, but most likely it was nothing extraordinary; disease and misery seemed natural conditions of the fen: why should he seek out any more of them?—it was no business of his." But while he was still saying this to himself, he re-crossed the stile, and was going reluctantly round the shed, when some one crept out stealthily, and a gruff voice behind him said,—

"Listenin' don't go wi' fine clothes."

"I thought I heard groans as if some one was ill," said Dobree as he turned, and went towards an old man who had come to the farther corner of the shed. When Dobree drew near him, he shut the door, and stood before it. He had a grizzled beard of some days' growth, and looked haggard. A few straws straggled from the pitchfork he held in his hand; he planted this firmly in the ground, and folded his hand on the top of it, as he took his stand before the door, eyeing Dobree with evident suspicion.

"Well, and if there was some one took bad, is that any call for pryin'?"

"Certainly, if I could be of any use."

"If that's all yer a-thinkin' about, ye may get 'bout yer business; for what ye heard was only me—for I'm sore troubled with the rheumatics; and, when I moves——" and he pressed down his trembling hand over his corduroys, with an expression of great suffering.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse;" and Dobree moved on, though he was not satisfied.

"Is this the way into the village?"

"Hinderway," the old man answered, flinging his thumb over his right shoulder in the direction of the church, with an alacrity that cast some doubt on the "rheumatics."

Dobree had not gone many steps before he heard a shrill voice calling after him. "I say, Mister," and he turned to see a small boy in dust and fustian.

"Grandfeyther says ye must go arter-way!" and, making the characteristic sign over his left shoulder, he scuffled back to the shed.

Dobree had already taken his own way; this soon brought him to another stile, which he got over; and a flutter of white feathers on a stagnant pool announced his arrival on the high road.

That at least was something gained; and he walked briskly down the "street." This passed along the side of a large open green. At one corner was an enormous oak; the grass round it was worn away, showing it to be the meeting place of merry feet, which were now swinging uneasily from the school benches, bringing down on their owners many reproofs.

It was quiet under the old oak-tree now, save for the buzzing gossip of three old men, who sat in a corner of the crooked seat, and were wise at the expense of their neighbours.

The houses stood round in a half-square; their plaster fronts, coloured a pale yellow, looked soft and rich under the wide eaves, and were made still darker by a row of horse-chestnut trees, which extended the whole length of the buildings. This sultry weather had tempted the wives to leave their usual work, and sit outside; so the long, broad shade was alive with parti-coloured groups of women, sewing, talking, and dancing children; all the faces were glad with the sense of summer holiday. Beyond this, were the sheds with newly painted carts standing out to dry; and, last of all, the blacksmith's shop.

Here stood, leaning in the doorway, a still figure—so still as to be hardly noticeable; but Dobree, quick-sighted after his late disgust, recognized another idiot—and that tainted the sweetness of the scene for him.

He passed on quickly, till he had crossed another green like the first; and then the houses closed in to the road on each side of the way.

A little farther on he saw a knot of people in the middle of the road, before the ruins of a building half pulled down. This was a good sight to Dobree—"most likely they would help him to the ferns"—for till now, he had not met anyone he thought it worth while to ask about them; and he had not

ventured to disturb the dwellers—if there were any—in the sycamore-shaded farm he had just passed on the left-hand side. So he stopped just out of earshot of these people; feigning an unnatural interest in a patch of dusty potatoes, till their conversation should come to an end.

The young man in the bath chair was evidently a parson—fair, and worn-looking. He spoke with difficulty, but his eyes were bright with an eagerness which was sad to see. His sister's strength was not wasted by such excitement. She stood at his side, critically watching the effect of his eagerness on Treen the builder.

"This enthusiasm might spoil his bargain," Miss Porteous thought; for he was arguing in favour of some pet plan to improve the almshouses; and he was anxious to have it finished while he yet had a voice in the matter, because the parish was striving to be economical in some way that was vexatious to the pensioners.

When he became aware of the stranger, he pointed him out to his sister; and Dobree, seeing that a favourable moment had come, hurried towards them.

He told his object in coming to Wicken—his experience of the people—and his circuitous walk into the village.

"That must have been Martha Lister," said Miss Porteous aside to her brother, after she had expressed the due proportion of conventional sympathy with Dobree; for the woman had sent him more than a mile out of his way.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Porteous, with an impatient movement, as he thought of Mrs. Lister, under *her* care. "It is nearly a week since either of us were down there, and we really must try—" but he interrupted himself to attend to Dobree.

"He had gone to the wrong cottage. The one he was looking for was next door; but it stood back from the road, and had a hedge in front. Reade was the name of the people who lived there."

Dobree asked the shortest way back to it.



That sounded rather intricate; and it occurred to Miss Porteous that she had some parish duties that obliged her to go into that neighbourhood. She would show him the way herself.

Mr. Porteous looked good-naturedly glad when she offered this; for, as he afterwards contended, in spite of his sister's opposition, "there was something very prepossessing about the man."

"Would he not rest at the Parsonage before he went on?"

Dobree regretted that he was obliged to be back in Cambridge before seven o'clock, if possible; so, after some exchange of pleasant assurances, they went off at once.

Mr. Porteous beckoned back his sister. "If you had the 'Cattle Plague' Caution we put aside for Widow Gait-horne, you might find some one going across fen to-night who would take it to her."

Miss Porteous tapped the packet she held in her left hand with her forefinger lightly, and looked at him intelligently. On the top of it was the "Caution," heading many small duties. Then she led the way down a narrow path between two garden fences.

She was neither pretty nor ugly; her features matched each other and her skin, which was of a serviceable sallow. A pattern of neatness about the throat and wrists; in fact, correct in everything, she was the "clergyman's sister." Her manners were stiff, and her ready sympathy with other people's affairs lost its agreeable flavour in the professional twang that pervaded it.

As they turned into the wider lane, and she began to do the honours of Wicken to Dobree, he felt a dim suspicion that he, in his turn, had become a "duty;" and the eighteen miles' walk on this hot July day had so reduced his vanity, that it did not assert itself to dispute it. However that might be, it was a great effort for him to talk, the subject too was disagreeable to him, for he had taken a strong dislike to the fens. So, by the time she had explained to him that Wicken was like an island in them, with no thoroughfare, for the

Soham road led only to a farm in High Fen; that the misery he had seen had given him a true notion of the state of the people—of those, at least, who were really engaged in fen-work; and though he had exerted himself to show a civil interest in it all, he was quite oppressed by the stagnation of the place, and his own weariness of it.

When they had gone some distance, and there had been a pause, he described the strange manner of the old man at the shed. Miss Porteous grew very attentive, questioned him minutely about it, and then became thoughtful. "I think I can guess the secret of this," she said presently; then in a brisker tone, "and we ought to look into it at once, but there is always so much to be done, especially since my poor brother is ill." And she stopped before a little gate, while she looked doubtfully at Dobree. "I do not think you are likely to lose your way now. You must follow this path as far as it goes. Then turn to your left down the lane that opens on the fens—you can hardly mistake the cottage now."

"No;" he was sure he was all right; he thanked her, and was afraid he had taken too much of her time.

She was eager to remind him that she had been "obliged to come so far. And besides," she added, with a self-conscious smile and stiff little bow, "I think your misfortune will have given us an insight into something important for us to know;" and she disappeared into the house.

Now Dobree would not have to talk any more. The way, too, was not so much exposed, for the trees met over the narrow bridle-path. This soon ended in Lode Lane, and he had not many steps to go before he came to the Reades' cottage.

It was secluded from its neighbour's by an alder hedge that ran between the two gardens. This was so high and ragged that it cast broken shadows over the thatched roof; and, uniting with the briar fence in front and the elm-bank on the other side, held the cottage quite secret in a delicious nest of green.

For the white bindweed crept all over the fence, losing itself among the roses, hanging its clear bells round the alder trunks, running in and out through the branches, and twining itself with everything, till at last it dared to mingle with the honeysuckle over the window. That the honeysuckle was an object of chief care, was betrayed by sundry pieces of red wool which held it against the wall. It left flickering lights on the casement, and made pleasant shelter for the thrushes' cage that hung on a nail in the corner. But even the bindweed did not touch the pale lilies, as they stood stately by the door, holding a crown of light over the rich, sweet flowers that rioted in the dampness below.

The cottage itself was old and weather-beaten; but the seams in its grey thatch were hidden by clematis and ivy that climbed all over it, peeping under the eaves, and playing in its queer corners, till it looked like a cluster of buds and nests and glistening leaves—a mysterious home for spiders and lithe creeping things, which were now buzzing about in the sunshine.

As Dobree turned the gate on its one hinge, he saw this happy look of freedom, and it was a relief.

The door was shut, and he knocked, but no one answered. It was the stillness of a house deserted. As he pulled the leather thong that raised the latch he saw the door key, which had been left in a hole in the corner; but "it was a long walk to take a second time: before he went away he would go round and see if he could find anyone." So, stooping under the eaves, and slipping on the green stones, he made his way to the back of the house. Here the bushes grew high under the bent orchard trees, and hid the sweet thyme and lavender that bordered the path to the bee-hives. Openings in the branches showed glimpses of the fen beyond; but there was no one to be seen.

He was very thirsty. He took a cup which had been left on the window-sill and went back to the well. It stood in a corner under the elms, and was made

dark by a thick roof of ivy, which extended its shade over a low, worm-eaten bench that faced the house.

After he had drunk some water, Dobree sat down here, and leaned against the thick leaves, glad to rest.

Here everything was in direct contrast to the fens. Nature was generous, and the slight guidance was done with a loving, if an untutored, hand. There, silence was unspoken pain. Here, it was glad life, just audible in the suppressed humming of the insects, the soft twittering of the birds, and all sounds of low breath and gentle movement that were seldom disturbed. Dobree did not mean to stay there long: he said so to himself more than once; but, overcome by the heat and fatigue, he yielded to the soothing influences of the place, and presently he fell asleep, lulled by the half light, the low voices, and the heavy scent of flowers.

He had been unconscious some time, when he was startled by a slight pressure on his shoulder and a softness against his cheek. When he moved, it was hastily withdrawn, and he heard a rustling in the leaves behind him. He roused himself to see who it was, but there was no one near. Then he stood up, and looked round the ivy, but he saw no sign of anyone, and sat down again. Just then he was attracted by the gleam of some bright steel knitting-needles, glancing in the sun. They belonged to an unfinished stocking, which had been thrown down in disorder. He considered it for a moment, somewhat puzzled, then picked up the nearest needle, and was using this to hook up the work that lay almost beyond his reach, when he became conscious that two bright eyes were looking down upon him from the ivy leaves with a vivacity, an intensity of fun, quite contagious. He let go the stocking, and reached down a fluffy kitten from a shelf he had not noticed before, and which evidently had been the unsafe resting-place of the knitting. It was a tiny spoiled pet, that refused alike to be still or unnoticed. It escaped again into the ivy, and held up its paw defiantly, as it

eluded his efforts to catch it. Then, when he was tired, it came of its own accord and settled down on his sleeve, purring with a satisfaction quite at variance with its former shyness; and if, while Dobree sat watching its graceful movements, he allowed his thoughts to wander back to the knitting, it took nothing from his sense of home rest.

This he carried with him as he set out on his return; and though the dullness was the same as before, it did not seem so hopeless. The fixed stare of the fens had oppressed him as a spectacle of slow death; but now, this secret home suggested life and beauty, and, simple as it was, it changed his dreary mood into a pleasant dreaminess. As he plodded on by the canal, not looking beyond the path, not caring to think, the dark water bearing fair lilies seemed a fit emblem of this life in death; so his interest fastened on it, and he grew curious of what might be beneath the surface, and then he laughed, knowing it was a drain. Perhaps there was some touch of satire at more fine research, that brings to light few pleasant things, and oftener nothing—but all was lazy dreaming, nothing thought. As he came to the cross canal he paused, and, looking over the lode towards the sedge fen, it occurred to him that he had paid but little attention to this curiosity. When he first stopped, the water was shadowless save for his own figure reflected dimly; but while he stood there, there came another shadow that blended with his, then stood alone. He had not heard any footsteps because the peat deadened the sound, and he had been too absent to notice that anyone was walking by the side lode.

This reflection showed a woman's figure bent under a large wheat-sheaf, which she carried on her head and supported with one hand. Some drapery hanging from the corn fell over her left shoulder, and blotted out her hand, which was firmly planted on her hip. Slight ripples in the outline suggested a heavy garment, drawn into close folds.

A certain grace in this dark caryatide kept Dobree looking at it, rather than

at the real woman. "The fen people were coarse; the charm would be dispelled." But when he did look at her, he found that he had judged too hastily.

Her coarse gown was weather-stained, and as it wound round her, shapeless in itself, hiding her shape, it shrouded her in sombre hues of brown, making her seem one with the soil: just as the heavy spirit of the fens had settled upon her, and stultified her life. Great rolls of hair struggled from beneath the canvas cloth that bound the bundle on her head. This, too, was brown, but intense in shadow, soft in fitful lights, as it mixed with the wheat-ears and poppies that strayed down on her neck. Pressed by the weight above, it stood in a coil over her low, wide forehead, making her fine features seem more fine. Her beauty would have shown in painful contrast to the work she did, had not its calm expressed less of endurance than of apathy.

She had had no motive in stopping, only the instinct common to animals, to stare in the direction in which they see others staring. She looked into the lode as Dobree had done, and, like him, saw nothing. His knowledge and her ignorance met. When she found that she had thrust herself under the notice of the stranger, she looked up at him and turned away. Her eyes were clear and blue, with a shadow in them; and Dobree noticed especially the firm line of her mouth, which might have been so passionate and was so reposed. She passed away from him silently, as the shadow had come, and he walked on as before.

### CHAPTER III.

THE young woman whom Dobree had just met was on her way to Wicken. After she left him, she had not gone far before she saw three men running along the bank that led from Brasnell's farm to the lode lane; and in another minute young Brasnell ran out of the plantation in pursuit of them. She recognized by their dress that they were Cambridge

"young gentlemen." It was Bordale's party that had been caught trespassing. They were all some distance apart; Bordale first, then Luard. As they drew nearer she could hear what they said.

"Come on; you're awfully slow," Bordale called out to Luard, who lagged behind, waiting for Lillingstone. "Come on; he's all right; he's taken a short cut;" as Lillingstone struck across the fen, making for the main lode.

Luard looked back again hastily, took this for granted, and soon outstripped Bordale.

The girl did not see where they went: she had no eyes but for Lillingstone. "Surely," she thought, "he can't know where he's going to."

No; that was plain, for when he came to the little cross-lode he stopped suddenly, and looked back. Brasnell was gaining on him, so he took the leap; but his hesitation had spoiled it, and he came down just inside the bank, bringing away some of the peat in his fall.

Brasnell came up to the edge a minute after.

"Your name and college," he demanded, in a loud voice.

Lillingstone did not answer. He tried to scramble up the side, but the bog gave way under his weight, and he was soon up to the middle in water. Brasnell watched his efforts with a grin, and his face glowed with sunburn and vindictiveness, as he stood, with arms folded and legs astride, repeating his question.

Lillingstone felt that if he struggled he would sink rapidly, so he planted his arm as firmly as he could on the bank, and waited to gain strength.

He now turned his head round, and looked up at Brasnell with a sneer of haughty contempt. "Supposing that you were to give me the name of yours?"

This had reference to Brasnell's blue cricketing cap, which was perched impudently over his eyes. His habit of adopting college colours, to which he had no right, was one of the snobbish tricks which had already brought him

into disrepute in Cambridge. He said nothing; but he had the satisfaction of seeing that Lillingstone was sinking lower.

The girl had thrown down her bundle, and run to the place. She looked at Brasnell with surprise; but he knew the danger as well as they did, and had begun to move off.

"Aren't you going to help the gentleman?" she called out after him.

"Not I, if he can't answer a civil question," he said over his shoulder as he increased his pace.

Lillingstone made one more desperate effort to get on the bank, but he only sank lower.

The girl looked on, trembling with fright. "Please, sir, keep quiet; it's such dangerous ground there!"

"If I could only get a footing," he gasped out, looking helplessly about him.

The girl seemed to have a bright idea. "Don't move *one bit*. I'll be back in a minute."

Lillingstone looked after her in surprise as she ran away; but he understood when he saw her pick up her bundle of wheat, and bring it towards him. He had managed to alter his position a little, and was now supporting himself by his two elbows on the bank, for he had realized that it was "dangerous ground," and he hardly dared to breathe.

"That idea of yours will be the saving of me!" he exclaimed, as she put the wheat down before him. He reached out his hand towards it.

"No. *You* keep still. I'll sink it endways by the side of you; and when it touches the bottom, you'll take hold of it, and ease yourself up a little at a time."

Lillingstone watched her as she lowered it gently into the black water of the lode.

"Now you mustn't be too quick," she said, as she let it go; "and when you've got it *well* under you, I'll be ready to give you a hand."

It now stood more than two feet above the surface.

She looked on a moment to see that he followed her instructions; and, while he was slowly pressing down the dry straw beneath him, she worked at the peat with her feet, to increase an unevenness that was there already. Then she knelt down, pressing her knees against it for support.

"You're sure you've got a good hold now?"

"Yes: but I'm not so sure that I shall be able to scramble up this soft stuff."

"I'm here to help you, if you'll take hold of my hands."

"But I should pull you in."

"I'm not afraid for myself, if you'll only do the best you can, and tell me when you're ready. I'm stronger than you think," she added, seeing that Lillingstone still hesitated a little.

He looked round, and saw that was the only thing for him to do; so he accepted the risk, and in a minute more he was on firm ground.

They both stood silent for a moment. The girl's face was bright with excitement; and Lillingstone noticed her beauty now for the first time. She turned her face away as he looked at her, for she felt so thankful—it was an effort for her not to cry. She would have been glad to go on without any more speaking, but Lillingstone's gratitude soon found expression in words; and their warmth was not lessened, perhaps, by his admiration of her.

"Oh, don't thank me so much," she said, interrupting him; "I'm only so glad that I was coming by just then; and as for my gleaning, you mustn't be so sorry for that. It's true it's gone, but it's been useful."

Lillingstone said no more for the present; but he was thinking of asking her where she lived, when the prospect of the second walk reminded him of his return now. He looked down at his clothes, all mud-stained and black, and laughed, in spite of the dilemma he was in.

"I can't go to Cambridge in this plight, can I?"

"Not exactly," she answered, smiling

a little shyly at his appearance. Then she said quickly, and with heightened colour, "If you're not in a *great* hurry, I could wash them for you—our cottage is close by."

"I should be thankful to avail myself of your offer, but I don't like to add anything to the trouble I have given you to-day."

"Then if you'll please come on, sir," she said, passing over this, and moving forward a step or two—"for they'll take some time to dry." And they walked on.

While she was speaking, a lad had come on to the towing-path from Wicken.

"Do you think that boy would take a note to Upware for me?" said Lillingstone; "I was with two friends when we were overtaken by that fellow."

The girl smiled derisively when he spoke of "his friends."

"Of course he would," she said; "he must be going there now; this is the road to it. I think your friends are safe enough, if you're in trouble about them—they seemed to know the country better than you, sir."

Lillingstone did not appear to notice the doubt thrown upon his friends; he was taking paper after paper from his pockets, but they were all soaked through. At last he took out some tablets. "That's a wonder," he muttered to himself, as he opened them, and began at once a note to Bordale.

"I'll go on and make a fire," the girl said, as Lillingstone walked more slowly while he was writing. "If you'll follow straight on till you come to the stacks, then turn to the left, and it's the second cottage you come to up the lane."

"Thank you," said Lillingstone, as courteously as if she had been of his own rank; "I shall not be long in following you." He looked up from his writing more than once, before she was out of sight, for he was struck by the unusual dignity of her carriage.

"Can you take a note for me to Upware?" he asked, when the boy came up.

"I'm a-takin' one there a'ready," he

said, holding out a large official-looking paper addressed to Mrs. Gaithorne.

"I want you to go to the inn 'Five miles from anywhere,' near the ferry. You know?"

The boy admitted slowly that he did know; he was staring in open-mouthed astonishment at the state of Lillingstone's clothes.

"Well, you'll be quick: and be sure to give this to Mrs. Watson."

The boy's expression was not very assuring, but the sight of a shilling quickened his intelligence, and he went off at a pace which gave Lillingstone some hope that the following note would be delivered:—

"DEAR BORDALE,—I took what I thought a short cut across the fen, but there was no path, so I had to jump the lode. I missed it, got a ducking, and am now on my way to a cottage to get my things dried. Don't wait for me—shall get back to Cambridge towards the evening."

As Lillingstone drew near the cottage, the girl came out to the gate; but she went back as soon as she was sure Lillingstone recognized her. When he came up, she was standing at the open door.

"Please to come in," she said, diffidently.

He looked at the clean brick floor and at himself.

She smiled, "That doesn't matter;" then, after a slight hesitation, "I've put out Jonathan's clothes, sir, if you wouldn't mind wearing them."

"I shall be *very glad* to borrow them."

"Then you'll find them in grandfather's room," and she pointed to a door close at hand. "I'm going to the wash-house to see to my fire."

The door was so low that he had to stoop to go in. Two steps inside led down into the little room that was set apart for the old man—the quiet corner of a house often noisy with loud feet and louder voices. The small casement opened close under the thatch; but the strong afternoon sun pierced through

the elm-trees, and, gilding the ivy which framed it, shot a bright ray across the floor. It broke against the wall opposite, and pointed to a little framed picture, hung on a nail; a black, half-length portrait, taken in profile, which showed a thick-set woman with snub nose, and a head exuberant in ribbons. It is likely she wore the old-fashioned kerchief round her neck; the flatly filled outline did not explain this. Poor as it was, the old carpenter had found it the thing most worthy to be glorified by the solitary ray, which came but for a short time daily, and that only in high summer. For the rest, the little chamber had the almost barbaric simplicity that marks the sleeping-rooms of the poor. There was the small looking-glass, with a dismal row of dismal mandarins, following each other in broken procession, round its dusky vermilion frame; the gradual loss of quicksilver had blurred its gloomy reflections. The comb, nearly toothless from age, had no special place allotted to it; it was evidently the comb of the house. With a care quite disproportionate to this, the razor was laid aside on a high shelf, a thing set apart to be used only in rare and solemn observances. But, noticeable above all, was the patchwork quilt, where many painful stitches united happy and sad memories, with as slight regard to their relations as to the blending of the motley colours.

Fierce-eyed foreign birds with gleaming tails flew furiously at stiff geometrical patterns drawn uneasily awry on a cold brown ground. Important pieces of chintz that had been calendered to a stiffness in keeping with the dignity of the wearer, asserted themselves over delicate bits of pink and white, which had nestled round little limbs, softer, and rosier, and fairer than themselves. All these had faded now into a sad, useful tint, which heightened the whiteness of the sheet folded over it; this was the only streak of cold colour that disturbed the yellow tones of the little chamber.

Lillingstone was not in a mood to dwell on these details, but the general

look of the place was grateful to him ; and, as the prospect of appearing in Jonathan's garments offered his vanity no inducement to stray towards the village, he contented himself there a while. Jonathan's fustian suit was as little flexible as himself ; its stiff amplitude stood out from Lillingstone's slighter figure, as if in mockery of its useless length, and his throat moved with tortoise-like freedom in the cavity left by the large collar. But the grand effect of the costume centred in the scarlet waistcoat, so gorgeously studded with blue flowers, that fixed attention with their staring yellow eyes. It wanted a decided air and bearing to wear this garment, and Jonathan felt that he was the man to do it ; but Lillingstone was not so confident of his own powers ; he shrank a little from appearing in it, even before this country girl.

Though this was no convincing proof of weakness, in many respects he was weak, and his present plight was a result of it ; for it was contrary to his own judgment that he had yielded to Bordale's advice, to make off as soon as Brasnell hailed them ; he was a stranger there, and, so far as he was concerned, the trespass had been unintentional. He was not wanting in courage to maintain the more sentimental points of honour, but these were determined for him by conventional notions, and they fluctuated with the prejudice of his companions for the time. To-day he was influenced by the expected criticism of his college friends ; so it followed quite naturally, that to give way to a bully was a cowardice to which no extremity would have forced him ; though this was a weakness, too, it kept him firm to the end, and for a short time gave him self-possession.

But it was not this slight sensitiveness about her opinion of him that kept him waiting there so long ; he was going to the door, when he heard busy sounds in the kitchen, and thought he might be in the way, so he turned back, and, folding his arms on the window-sill, looked out. Then the outer door shut,

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and soon after quick steps at the farther end of the garden, stopping every now and then, told him that his clothes were being hung out to dry. The only sound that moved in the stillness around him came from the fussiness of the young martens, as they flew in and out of their nests, making the casement vibrate with the whirr of their wings. As he looked up at them, he noticed a tiny recess in the side of the window, scarcely larger than the book it held. This was bound in red morocco, worn with age and dingy with dust. He took it down and turned over its leaves, which had been read so often that the gilt was worn off their edges, but the care with which it had been handled proved it to be a relic.

On the title-page he saw "Pamela ;" underneath was written in a scratchy, pointed hand—

TO  
GRACE ALICE LEE,  
ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE WITH  
MARK DEANS,  
JANUARY 21ST, 1793.  
FROM HER WELL-WISHING FRIEND,  
SELINA PALMBY.

"Read, Mark, Learn, and Ponder well,  
And in these Gifts you will excell."

On the fly-leaf opposite, was the following verse, written with the same precision :—

"Keep free, dear girl, from raging strife  
Of Man to Man, and Life to Life ;  
Let Trumpet's call, and blood and fire,  
Lead you to dwell on duties higher.  
Shun those paths where the wicked still  
Do kill and gorge 'gainst His will ;  
Where every man against his brother  
Forgets his Father and his Mother."

SELINA PALMBY.

January 21st, 1793.

While he was still looking at this, and "pondering" over it in his turn, he heard movement in the kitchen again.

His hostess was preparing a meal for him, but with some anxiety of mind, for, as she stood before their meagre cupboard, she wondered how he was to be fed. "The gentry did not eat pork," and here was pork, and nothing but pork. But gentry did eat honey. She was sure of that, because they seldom

ate any themselves ; it was kept for the great folks around there. They had a hive just taken in ; so she hastened to carry out the happy suggestion. It was true her own men-folk did not care for it much ; but then—what they liked was no guide.

Shut down in that narrow corner, her only knowledge of the privileged class was formed at church, or at those annual village gatherings where the rich urbanely smile on the pleasures of the poor, and the poor disport themselves before them with gratified self-respect. And as the observations she made at such times were in some degree confirmed by vague accounts of an artificial life removed far above her own, and of contempt founded on such removal, her disturbance was but natural, when she wondered how she should treat this particular specimen of refinement which she had fished out of the lode.

This gave her a most pitiful expression when, having made her simple arrangements, she returned to the cupboard, and, setting the door wide open, stood before it, and stared at the bare shelves as if they could help her in her difficulty.

This was how Lillingstone found her when, at last, he came out of "grandfather's room."

"I hope there is not anything the matter," he said, in a very pleasant voice. He was surprised at the anxious look on her face.

"Oh! it's nothing," she answered, shutting the cupboard doors quickly ; "it's only I'm afraid there's nothing that you can eat."

"Oh! if that is all," he began, but he stopped, seeing that she was trying hard to suppress her laughter. This was the effect of his appearance in Jonathan's "Sunday best." He entered into her amusement, and perhaps it was the heartiest merriment he had ever joined in at his own expense.

Laughter is a great leveller of fictitious barriers! by the time she had recovered her gravity she had lost her embarrassment. She pointed to a chair near the table, seemed doubtful for a

moment whether she would stay or go away, then suddenly took up some knitting, and sat down on a low stool in the corner of the large fire-place. A faded blue curtain hung from the shelf above it, hiding some of the black emptiness which a heap of grey ashes made more visible. The ceiling was low, with a heavy beam across it. A honeysuckle stretched over the open window, shutting out all glare ; but every corner was filled with mellow light, and faint with the luscious perfume of flowers. The lazy bees found this a short road to their hives, as they swung home buzzing beneath their burden, for the back door was open.

Lillingstone sat down opposite to it. He was by nature luxurious, therefore expensive in his habits ; but custom had not so grown on him that he was wholly conventional in his tastes. Therefore, although the homely fare before him was not likely to tempt his appetite, his eye rested on it with a keen appreciation of the care it expressed ; for the girl had done her best. The honeycomb was put upon a bunch of walnut leaves ; and tiny streams trickled from the freshly broken cells, making tracks on the bloom of the fragrant leaves, and collecting in golden pools below.

He helped himself lazily to the bread and honey, and leaned back in his chair, subdued by the sense of summer quietude and rest. Letting his eyes wander slowly round the room, he noticed that it was free from the attempt at ornament common in cottages. A small deal table stood against the wall between the door and the window, and a white cloth covered Grandfather's Bible, the only thing upon it except his brass-rimmed spectacle-case, which was placed exactly on the centre of the book, with a precision that warned away any curious little fingers trespassing near it. Next was the wide window-sill, strewn with the earliest blossoms of the myrtle, that had dropped one by one, leaving a high pyramid of pearly buds above. It grew in a red glazed pot, with a white embossed pat-



tern, that showed some lean goats striving after fabulously large grapes, that hung from a trellis indicated on the rim. Grandfather's chair stood in the chimney-corner nearest the window. It was of carved oak with a high back; a dark, worn fringe made its thin arms look more spare. These were the most important articles of furniture in the room, for the farther side was crowded with bags of wheat collected in last week's gleanings; and they stretched in an irregular heap from the open doorway to the panel-door which closed in the foot of the stairs. Then his eyes rested again on the girl, as she was busily occupied with her knitting. Subdued as he was by the fear and fatigue he had undergone, the sight of her kept his past danger vividly in his mind, heightening the contrast with his present ease: his weak temperament rendered him peculiarly sensitive to these influences. So he watched her and her mechanical work, conscious of every stitch, of every turn of her head, of the beauty of her face, of the shadowy waves of her hair; but he could not have described her, for he was asleep to everything but the pleasant sensation of the moment.

It is doubtful how long he would have sat like this if the girl had not looked up, first at the table, then at him, and said, in an accent of distress, "I'm so sorry I've nothing nice for you to eat."

"Then if you are so sorry," he said, rising suddenly, "you must come to the table and set me a good example," and he placed a chair for her opposite his own.

She shrank back—half pleased, but doubtful.

"Oh no, I couldn't," she said, after thinking a moment; and she looked so uncomfortably shy, that he felt an awkwardness would be established if he did not set it right at once.

"Indeed," he said, "you must not leave me to eat alone: I shall think I have quite worn out your kindness."

His earnest manner closed her hesitation, and she went of her own accord to

the table; for she was too natural to be oppressed by rank, unless she was obliged suddenly to decide on things of which she had no experience: such situations were frequently arising in her new position to-day.

Lillingstone resumed his former seat.

"If you knew how pleasant and refreshing your country fare looks to me, you would not regret that you were not able to provide me with anything else. This bread you make," he said, as he cut off a crust and put it on her plate, "is not at all like that we get in Cambridge; but it is not that alone—the air, everything here is quite different."

"But you don't really like this place, do you?" she asked eagerly; "I've always heard it called dull."

"Dull! do they call it? I think it a little Paradise in its way. All the prettier for the ugliness of the country round."

The girl looked delighted. "If our garden looks fresh, Grandfather says it's because of the trees that shade it, and the spring that runs down close by into the lode."

"That accounts for it, then. Do you live alone with your Grandfather?"

She laughed to herself. "Alone! oh no—we're twelve in the house!" and she enjoyed Lillingstone's astonishment. "There's Grandfather, and Mother, and the three boys (my brothers), and Jonathan's four children, and Rettie, and me"—here she hesitated, and Lillingstone, thinking she was going to add to the list, was seized with a nervous dread that they would presently come swarming in at both doors.

"Then how is it you are so quiet here to-day?"

"Because they are all at work except Grandfather—he's gone to Stannard's to spend the day—he goes once a fortnight."

"And the children?—your brother's children," he explained.

"Oh! they used to go to school, but now they go with Mother and Rettie to the coprolite pits. As for Pattie and Dot, when Mother goes out working, and I'm not at home all day, she takes

them to a woman close by, and fetches them again when she comes home, so that I've only got to mind them morning and evening mostly; but I hope you won't forget yourself," she said, looking at Lillingstone's empty plate.

"No, thanks to you, I have done remarkably well. About those children and your sister, it must be very hard work for *them*?"

"No, they only pick the stones out of the coprolite; the men carry it to them in the sheds, I think—I'm not quite sure. If you won't take it as disrespectful," and she placed her hand on the work by her side, "I'll go on with my knitting; I'm afraid I shan't get it done to-night."

"I have taken too much of your time already," he said, amused at her queer mixture of shyness and firmness of manner.

"No. If you hadn't been here, I shouldn't have touched it sooner. I didn't know it was like this; I've just found it in the garden—the kitten's been playing with it;" and she showed a half-finished stocking with a large ball of crinkled worsted. "If I can't finish it by the time Mother comes from the pits, she'll be disappointed."

"How far are they from here?"

"About three miles. Some folks do say it's a sight worth seeing, but I've not been to see them. I'm mostly too tired after my day's work to care about such sights;" and she heaved a sigh of unenterprising content.

"But do you go out working too?"

"Not very often. I mind the house. But when there's not much to do indoors I go out, if any of the farmers have a job to give me. To-day I've been gleaning on the other side of the fen. Sometimes I take Rettie with me—it's a treat to her."

"Rettie! That is a pretty name. What is yours?"

"Elsie. Our name is Reade," she added quietly—and there was a short pause.

Lillingstone admired in Elsie the repose of manner which placed her in strong contrast to the self-conscious

beauties of his own circle, whose eagerness to gain any attention often prevented them from putting their well-studied lessons into practice.

"So your mother is out every day," he said, liking to hear her speak, and thinking he could not please her better than by taking an interest in her home affairs.

"Mostly, not always; it is piece-work, so she can leave it if she's got anything she must do at home. That's comfortable: better than going to day's work, isn't it?"

Lillingstone did not give this the ready sympathy he had accorded to the other things she had told him.

Elsie stopped her knitting, and repeating "More comfortable, isn't it?" tried to extort the interest which his manner hitherto had taught her to expect. But she did not succeed. It had begun to dawn on him that this might not be his last walk into the fens. She was sitting in front of the door, which made a frame for her figure; and as he saw her, with her finger arrested in the unfinished stitch, and her questioning eyes fixed on his, he thought the silvery green of the fen had never formed the background of a fairer picture. This idea retarded his answer, and accounted for its incoherency, when, at last, he said in a sententious tone, "No, indeed!"

"But I said it *was* comfortable," she persisted, opening her eyes wide with astonishment.

He tried to recollect himself. "*What was comfortable?*"

"Why, you asked about Mother; but I was stupid to think you'd care about that!" She blushed crimson, and went on knitting as fast as possible.

"Yes, I do care," he said, bending forward suddenly, and speaking forcibly to make her believe him; "and if I was silent, it was because I was thinking of *you*."

He had thrown all the expression he could into his voice and manner, to repair the mischief his abstraction had done. Elsie was not accustomed to be looked at in this way. In a despera-

tion of embarrassment, she looked furtively round the room for an excuse to escape.

"What a mess the myrtle has made on the window-sill!" she exclaimed, starting up, and making a show of brushing the fallen blossoms into her hand.

Lillingstone did not care to dispel her confusion, so he sat silently, watching her feigned industry.

Unable any longer to endure the silence, she said, "Do you like flowers?"

There was no answer. Presently she was conscious that he was at her side, and bending over her.

"This is one of your pet flowers, I suppose?" he said, after a few moments' pause.

Elsie was angry with herself that she should be so silly; she struggled as resolutely as she could with her growing confusion, and looked up firmly. But as soon as she met his unrestrained look of admiration, her assumed courage forsook her, her eyes fell, and she stood helplessly crushing the white petals in her trembling hands.

Excited by her heightened beauty, he said impetuously, "Yes, Elsie, I *do* like them; but," and he spoke still more hurriedly, "you mustn't ask me to look at them, or even think of them, when you are near."

She turned round quickly, and began to put away the things from the table. He followed, fearing she might think he had been wanting in respect to her.

"I hope I have not offended you. Perhaps I said more than I ought. Are you angry with me?"

"Oh no; but please don't speak like that." And she looked down, trying to be busy.

A glance satisfied Lillingstone that his fears were unfounded, and he went back to the window.

The pause that followed was disturbed only by the subdued movement of Elsie, as she passed to and fro, and by the low ring of the sounding dishes as she restored them to their place. When this had ceased, he turned round and said, "Will you show me your

garden?" Elsie answered with averted head; and he followed her down the grassy path, overhung by a wilderness of luxuriant bushes, fragrant with lavender and thyme and homely flowers, that grew straggling in their shade. The Provence roses fell indolently in their way, losing their sweet heavy heads in the high grass, and trailing over the feet of the young people, as they thoughtlessly wandered on.

Lillingstone did not look at Elsie. There was a slight nervousness remaining in her manner, as she showed him the pinks she had planted so carefully, but the currants had grown so fast that they choked them, and the balsams which she didn't care for grew so well—it seemed very strange.

At the end of the path were the beehives. Elsie went up to them. "Come and see, I'm sure they are going to swarm soon, and we haven't got a hive ready for them."

Lillingstone was not of a constitution to like such proximity. "I have heard that they take dislikes to some people," he objected from a safe distance.

"Yes, but I'm sure they wouldn't mind you. Bees always like me," she added, with child-like self-complacency.

Lillingstone's recent experience had shown him that common-place compliments would not be well received here, so he prudently held his peace, and professed as much interest as was compatible with watchfulness for his own safety, and a search for something that would divert her attention from the bees.

"And you have a fernery too, I see," he said, walking a step or two in advance, and looking over the low hedge that divided the garden from the lode: small tufts seemed to be growing in a little island in the canal.

"What do you call it?" she asked, looking in the same direction and following him.

"A fernery," he repeated; "come and show it to me."

"Oh! those are the ferns we've got, but haven't sold yet; they're not in the ground, we put them in wothy baskets,

and sink them in the water to keep them alive."

"So you collect ferns for sale?"

"Yes, I always do it, because I keep house, and can do it at odd times."

Lillingstone noted this.

The only remaining curiosity to be seen was the pig-sty, sunk low in the corner of the fence which bordered the fen: half hidden under moss and ivy, it was not repulsive. The pig knew Elsie, and poked its nose through the holes in the boards with an expectant grunt, which she answered by throwing it a handful of green walnuts. After she had amused herself for some time watching the creature as it ate them in pleasant security, she said, "Jonathan 'll kill him at Martinmas, and he'll pay the best part of the rent."

As Lillingstone made no reply, she looked up, and saw him smiling to himself.

Elsie was greatly discomfited. "What have I said?" she thought—and then, of course, she knew it was very silly of her to talk to him so much of her affairs—and the pig too—what could *he* care about the pig? The shyness which had tormented her before returned with redoubled force now that it was sanctioned, as she thought, by his manner.

The truth was, that as he leaned over the railings, and felt his rustic costume strain in contrary directions, disclosing his legs to the curious sniffing of the pig, he thought what a good story *Bordale* would make of him if he could see him as he was.

Elsie's sudden silence recalled him to himself; turning towards her he made a step backwards, and was startled by an unearthly sound, half shriek, half howl, from behind. He looked round, and found that he had trodden on the foot of an idiot, who had come unperceived behind him. It had a large goitre; the face was distorted by pain and rage; but through all its hideousness it bore some likeness to Elsie. This made it the more sickening to him, and his loathing was evident on his own face as he shrank from it.

Elsie emptied her apron of the re-

maining walnuts, and motioned him aside; then, moving past him, she laid her hand gently on the misshapen head. "You are not so very much hurt, I'm sure." The creature could not understand her words, but it was quieted by the soothing voice and touch. After she picked up the toy it had dropped, she stood for some minutes watching, till at last it resumed its usual expression of vacant content. Then she turned towards Lillingstone, and saw very plainly that the presence of the idiot was a disgust and an annoyance to him.

This was the relative she had forbidden to mention when she described their household. Its existence had been a source of misery to her. She felt it a disgrace to the family; and the likeness, slight though it was, seemed to confirm it to herself. Following, as it did, after his unexplained smile, this disclosure was a humiliation to her, one which she felt the more deeply when she saw its effect on Lillingstone. She was quite pale, and her voice was husky, when she looked up again and said coldly, "I think, sir, your clothes are about dry now, and there's no need for me to keep you here any longer."

Lillingstone would have spoken, but he was constrained by the coldness of her manner, and followed her silently into the house.

When he reappeared in his own dress, Elsie was doing some household work with a sad, determined look; so he said kindly, "Will you not go with me a little way? When we were in the garden, you said you could show me another road back."

"If you think you can't find your way from what I said, I'll go with you," she answered drily.

Even if he had been quite indifferent, he could not have left her in that mood, after the great benefit she had done him; so while she was preparing to go out, he studied how he might recall her lost favour.

When she came towards him with the door-key in her hand, he remained still on the threshold.

"I am afraid I wounded you when I

was so startled by the sight of"—he could hardly say "your sister," he did not like to say "the idiot"—an ambiguous reference she might not understand. She *did* understand his hesitation, however, and acknowledged it by a slight movement of her head, but she made no attempt to help him with his explanation.

He continued haltingly, "I hope you will try to forget it. I shouldn't have noticed it so much if I had not been taken by surprise; indeed, I was just thinking of the odd appearance I made, when I unfortunately stepped back—and—put an end, it seems, to the pleasant time we have had together."

This apology had all the effect that was intended, and more than it deserved. The anger had passed away from her face, as she said, "I was in the wrong. I'm always too quick to get vexed."

If he had suspected how far the accidental explanation of his laugh had influenced her concession, his vanity might have been less flattered by the readiness of it.

While she was locking the door, he looked once more at the lilies.

"Would you like to have some?" she asked, seizing one of the finest heads of the group.

"No, don't break it," Lillingstone said quickly, putting his hand on hers just in time to save the flowers. "They would die before I got home; besides, I shall like to think of them as they are *here*. And you with them," he added, lowering his voice. "Just now, when I stood looking at them through the window, I thought that I should never see any again without being reminded of you."

Elsie said nothing; but as she turned away, the smile on her face told him that he had made a step back into favour.

When they passed out through the little wicket, they heard cheery voices, and the creaking of a waggon; and, gleaming through the elm hedge, were the white shirts of the labourers who were piling up the wheat stacks. They turned to the right, away from the

Listers' cottage; and as they crossed the road, they saw many barges coming down the lode. Some had already reached home, and the people were unloading the peat. Girls who had been gleaning in distant fields, had availed themselves of these to get an easy and, perhaps, a merry journey home. They had wreathed garlands of poppies round their hats and shoulders; a custom of the fen-women, which contrasts oddly with their uncouth costume of short skirts, men's leggings, and nailed boots. These did not go home directly they landed, but stayed on the bank, chatting to the men as they stacked their peat. Their voices were joyous, and their movements had the alacrity which betokens that work is drawing to a close.

Elsie and Lillingstone had walked some distance, and were out of hearing of these sounds before either of them spoke. They had crossed two fields, and had come to a lane, dark in the perfumed stillness of tall linden-trees. Presently the lane widened, and the slant rays of the setting sun glanced through the broken line of oaks that surmounted the wide, irregular banks on either side, kindling fires in the gorse and brake that revelled in this strip of unploughed land. Nor did the sun gladden *them* alone—for Elsie, again light-hearted, was alive to these slight touches of beauty, and exclaimed, "What a bright red your collar is now!"

"That is our college colour."

"That's the one I like best of all. Mother's going to give me a handkerchief of it, next time the packman comes round. It washes well too; nobody'd think *your* clothes had been in the wash-tub to-day."

"No, indeed. You were quite a witch to bring this back to a good crimson, after it had been in such a mess. But I am sorry my accident gave you so much trouble—you were tired enough without that."

"Oh! don't think of it," and she smiled pleasantly. "I'm used to hard work—and besides," she added, in a

lower voice, and speaking hurriedly, "I was glad, for it doesn't often fall in my way to do any good—so you mustn't thank me for anything."

"No. I am going to ask you a favour now, and shall leave the remainder of my thanks till I see you again." He noticed the bright gleam that answered to his words. "I fear I shall have to tax your desire to do good to the utmost—for the advantage will be all on my side. I have a fancy that my little adventure of to-day should not be known to anyone. Will you keep it secret for me?"

Elsie stood surprised, and silent for a moment—then she gave her answer slowly, "Yes, sir,—since you wish it."

"Thank you," and Lillingstone held out his hand; "your promise is a great relief to me, for I know I can rely on you. You must *trust* me; for I can't give my reason just now. Do you think you can?" and he still held her hand while she whispered "Yes," for they had stopped at the end of the lane where it opened on the fen.

The tall reeds rustled in the evening breeze, and moved the water into lazy ripples, making the lilies quiver on the rosy stream: and the forget-me-nots, faint with the long hours of heat, let

fall a shower of blue petals, as the current swayed their slender stems. There was a sighing in the great trees, and whispering among the little flowers, as they woke from the sleep of the heavy day, and stirred with the life around them.

Lillingstone's strange request kept Elsie silent, and he did not care to speak.

Suddenly she said, "I must go home now, and finish setting the house to rights before they come back." Then pointing—"You see that house behind the willows? Keep to the left after you've passed it, you can't make a mistake after that," and before he had time to answer, she said, "Good-bye," and set off towards home.

When she went back to the cottage it was filled with twilight. Presently it would be disturbed by the tumult of fresh steps and voices. As she moved about the house, setting it in order, she was sorry that she must so soon efface all traces of his coming; he might forget, and she might never see him again. But she had no time to dream about this; and before any of them had returned from their work, the needful preparations had been made, and there was no outward change to be seen.

*To be continued.*

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI,  
POPE PIUS II.

PART I.

ONCE, and once only, in its history has the Papacy been identified with the general course of European literature and culture, and the experience of that epoch certainly does not encourage it to repeat the experiment. The Renaissance came so suddenly, and came from so many sides at once, that the Papacy in its enfeebled condition at the time had no opportunity for really examining it, had lost its firm hold upon its old traditions, and found itself committed to the new movement before it had weighed the consequences or really determined upon its policy. It was no longer the vigorous mediæval power that had crushed the rising movements of the twelfth century, had cowed Abelard, had uprooted the growing literature of Provence, had stopped the political speculations of Arnold of Brescia, and had re-asserted its sway over the rebellious intellect of Europe; but the Papacy of the Renaissance was the crippled power that emerged from the French captivity, the long schism, the bonds of the general councils,—emerged an object of general suspicion, degraded even in its own eyes, with no weapons but its own craftiness, with no aim but its own restoration, at all events in Italy, to decent respect, with no policy except that prevalent in Italy at the time—to promise everything asked, and perform as little as possible.

Under such circumstances the Papacy was not disposed to add to its many enemies the men of the new learning: it stood in too great need of them. The reforming views of the Council of Constance had been supported by men of high reputation and great erudition, such as Gerson and D'Ailly. The Papacy must have similar champions on its side; and it was useless in its hour

of need to look for a deeper qualification than a power of writing elegant Latin prose. The rising scholars were only too ready to offer themselves to anyone who would appreciate their services: to minds exulting in the glories of antiquity the enthusiasms and aspirations of the day mattered little; culture had made them ambitious, and they longed for a sphere in which they might distinguish themselves. They wanted money, if only to buy books: ought not the world to belong to the wise? But wisdom unfortunately was badly paid by those in power; the Pope was more likely to appreciate it than anyone else who had money to expend: and then at the Papal Court they might write letters in the style of Cicero, and histories in the style of Livy, and deliver orations equal to any of the great productions of antiquity on the occasion of every fresh arrival of ambassadors from a foreign prince. Hence came the alliance between the Papacy and the scholars of the Renaissance, by which Poggio, Leonardo Bruni, Guarino, and Francesco Filelfo were all Papal secretaries. Even Laurentius Valla, in spite of his audacious use of criticism in proving the falsity of the Donation of Constantine, was pardoned after a slight apology; and honest souls like Campano were rewarded for sprightly epigrams and jovial manners by bishoprics which they never visited, and whose revenues they thought needlessly encumbered by the obligation to wear a long and inconvenient garment and look solemn in public.

The Papacy reaped for a while the advantages of this alliance. Rome, from the time of Nicolas V. to that of Leo X., was the literary and artistic capital of Europe; the Popes recovered their external position, the open antagonism of France and Germany was

for a while extinguished, and the Papal revenues flowed in securely ; but these advantages were bought by a heavy price. Rome, given up to art and literature, ceased to have much care for religion ; and Erasmus was startled to find in Rome that no one was considered to be in the fashion who did not hold some false or erroneous opinion about the dogmas of the Church, that the Cardinals made oath "by the immortal gods," and proved the souls of men and beasts to be the same. The Papacy, which had so long held fast to the orthodox faith at all hazards, had now fallen victim to a heresy worse than any she had in former times combated—the heresy of the Renaissance. It needed the voice of Luther and the defection of half Christendom to rouse Rome from its refined sensualism, and bring back the old severe rigid system which won new victories and put forth new strength in the Counter-Reformation.

The most characteristic personage in the history of the Papacy during the Renaissance period is without doubt *Æneas Sylvius Bartolomeus Piccolomini*, Pope Pius II. Born in 1405 at Corsignano, a little village near Siena, of an old noble family, which had decayed owing to the democratic movement of mediæval Italy, he made his way in the world solely by his own abilities and tact—a veritable *Gil Blas* of the Middle Ages, who saw that the world was all before him, and was determined to use it for his own ends. In early life he had little to help him, as he was one of a family of eighteen, and in his youth worked with his own hands in the few fields his father still possessed ; but his brothers and sisters died except two, and at the age of eighteen *Æneas*, the only surviving son, left home to study law in Siena. Law, however, was distasteful to him, and his ambition soared higher than an advocate's gown : he preferred general literature, and was an unceasing student of the classics—nay, he even managed to scrape together money to go for a little while to Florence and attend the lectures of Francesco Filelfo. He obtained a reputation in

Siena by writing Latin love poems, and by other small literary efforts, and so when he had reached the age of twenty-six he was recommended as a clever young man, well fitted to fill the post of secretary to *Domenico da Capranica*, who was passing through Siena on his way to Basle, where the Council had just begun to sit. *Capranica* had a complaint against the new Pope, *Eugenius IV.*, who had refused to confirm him in a cardinalate conferred by his predecessor.

*Æneas* was delighted to leave Siena and plunge into the great world of politics ; and his first experiences at Basle showed his penetrating mind the path to success. He found the Council full of needy adventurers and place-hunters, men of culture like himself, who hoped in these troubled times to turn their wits to good purpose, and reap advantages which quiet days would never have put within their reach. There were undoubtedly many worthy and high-minded men who were the chief movers of the Council, but still the efforts for reform rested upon no sure foundation, since the whole movement was little more than a rising of the ecclesiastical aristocracy against the Papal monarchy, stimulated by the ordinary aristocratic desire to share the monarch's plunder. Hence, in spite of the efforts of many honourable men, the question at issue between the Pope and the Council soon became a struggle who should get the larger share in a general scramble for Church patronage.

*Æneas* soon learned to estimate the Council at its true value, and also had opportunities of studying the condition of Europe generally. Between the years 1432-35 he was in the service of various masters, with whom he visited almost every country in Europe—saw the weakness of Germany by attending a Diet at Frankfort, learned the exhaustion of France after its English wars, and admired the power of Burgundy and the wealth of Flanders ; saw the barbarism of Scotland ; travelled in disguise from Newcastle to London in company of a justice in eyre, who little knew to whom he was revealing his views



on English politics and his complaints against the feeble Henry VI.; in Italy also he learned the policy of Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan, and saw the immense influence of Niccolò Piccinino, the great leader of condottieri. So in 1436 he came back to Basle an expert in intrigue, and with a reputation which was sure to be of service.

Æneas himself gives an instance of the Council's zeal for reform. He had managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Archbishop of Milan, who showed his appreciation of his elegant Latinity by conferring on him, though still a layman, a canonry in the church of San Ambrogio at Milan. For this irregular appointment the dispensation of the Council was necessary: true, the Council professed to be engaged in putting down such irregularities, and attacked nothing more fiercely than Papal dispensations; but Æneas was a worthy man who had done good service to the Council—it was hard to refuse one who had such good capacities for business, so pleasant a manner, such ready tact, a happy way of glozing over difficulties and settling disputes; finally, the charming modesty and graceful deference of his speech quite decided the matter: "I ask nothing which may be contrary to your honour: I would prefer your favour, Fathers, without possession of the canonry, to a caputular election with full possession." What wonder that a universal murmur of applause followed this delightful compliment, and Æneas' adversaries were not even allowed to speak?

This was Æneas' first taste of ecclesiastical preferments: as yet he had no intention of taking orders. He lived in a small circle of humanists, and we know from his letters to his friends that his life at this time was one of the grossest sensuality. It was in fact the utter and unrestrained character of his indulgences, unredeemed by any noble feeling,<sup>1</sup> that saved him from the fatal crime of marriage, by which so many of the early humanists, before they clearly saw their way in life, were unfortunate

<sup>1</sup> "Plures vidi amavique fœminas quarum exinde potitus magnum suscepi tœdium."

enough to cut themselves off from the golden road of clerical preferment. Principles, Æneas had none: his Basle speeches are eloquent, suave, and empty. When the breach between the Pope and Council openly broke out, and they excommunicated one another, Æneas, bound by his canonry to the Council, composed tractates, pronounced scathing invectives, and wrote scurrilous libels against the Pope; although, as he says in his first letter of retractation, "I was like a young bird that had escaped from the University of Siena, and knew nothing either of the manners of the Curia or the life of Eugenius." He was a literary adventurer, ready to turn his pen to the best account.

In this respect he was merely a representative of the general character of the early Renaissance, which was a reaction against scholasticism, against the monkery and bigotry of the Middle Ages. It was of little consequence what side was taken, what principles supported—all were equally unimportant to the man of culture—he must only be careful to act in a becoming way in public, and express himself in good Latin. It is very characteristic that Æneas, after he became Pope, still made no effort to stop the publication of the more immoral of his youthful letters, or of his novel "Lucretia and Euryalus;" the entire series was revised by him in his later days, and all were allowed to descend to posterity together. Pope Pius, it is true, wrote a letter of penitence, to be published with the rest. He wrote them, he says, when he was young in years and in mind—(yet "Lucretia and Euryalus" was written when he was forty)—they contain moral and edifying doctrines, to those who will use them aright. "What we wrote in our youth about love, avoid it, O men, despise it. Follow what we now say, and believe the old man more than the youth. Regard not the layman higher than the priest. Reject Æneas; receive Pius" ("Æneam rejicite; Pium suscipite"). Really, these letters were among the most popular that Æneas wrote, and he was proud of them; his literary fame

required their circulation : as humanist he could justify them by many excellent parallels from antiquity ; as Pope he made a decent apology for them.

Æneas was prepared to turn his hand to anything : he wrote love-verses ; he delivered speeches ; he was even appointed by the Archbishop of Milan to preach a sermon in honour of St. Ambrose. The theologians were indignant at this preference of a layman, but the majority of the Council preferred the more sparkling style and lively manner of Æneas, and listened, he tells us, "with wondrous attention." He wrote a history of the Council of Basle in the style of Cæsar's Commentaries, and dialogues in defence of its principles after the style of Cicero's "Tusculans." If it were possible to satisfy everybody, Æneas would try and do so.

By this means he obtained a secure position at Basle, and held many offices in the Council ; but Basle day by day became a less important place, and a less satisfactory field for a man of ability who wished to succeed. The Council had sat so long and done so little that it began to lose prestige. In 1438 France withdrew, and settled its own Church Reform by the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, while Germany at the same time proclaimed itself neutral between Pope and Council. The assembled Fathers of Basle ventured, when it was now too late, upon a decisive step : they brought their conflict with Eugenius to an issue by deposing him, and elected in his stead Amadeus, the retired Duke of Savoy, in the hope that his name and political influence would win back to the Council the allegiance of the princes of Europe. But they were doomed to disappointment, for Felix V. was too unused to ecclesiastical matters to act the Pope to the satisfaction of those around him, and was too skilled in the ways of the world to spend his money without a due return. The place-hunters of Basle found that they would have to maintain their Pope instead of receiving from him ; he refused to rob his children of their inheritance, and the various national

Churches showed no disposition to give him so much recognition as to confer a right over their revenues. Under these sad circumstances, the Council began to thin daily. Æneas, though he was made Pope Felix's secretary, thought he had better move elsewhere ; and, accordingly, while on an embassy to Frederic of Germany, he contrived to produce a favourable impression on the Bishop of Chiemsee, by whom Frederic was induced to confer upon him the honour of crowning him Poet with his own hand. It was an odd distinction, and would be little understood by the Germans. Frederic himself cared little about poetry, and Æneas certainly was not a poet ; but it pleased his vanity to think that his talents were now appreciated, and he transferred himself from the service of Felix to that of Frederic, as clerk in the Imperial Chancery. He is not ashamed to account for his conduct later : "When all were leaving Felix and refusing to recognize his Papacy, I betook myself to the Emperor Frederic ; for I did not wish to change directly from one side to the other." Æneas wished to get a good position in Germany, and use it as a vantage-ground from which to reconcile himself decently with the Papacy, and even gain its gratitude. So at the age of thirty-seven Æneas left Basle, and went into Germany as a prophet of culture. At first he was bitterly disappointed. He writes soon after his arrival, in utter despair, to a friend : "Here must I live and die, without relations, without friends, without acquaintances, without any conversation with you and my other friends. Would that I had never seen Basle, for then I would have died in my own land, and laid my head on my parent's bosom. Now I may say I am as good as dead, for my life does not differ from Ovid's when he lived in banishment in the land of Tomi." The Emperor took no notice of him ; he was merely a clerk in the Chancery ; he was disgusted with the German manners of his fellow-clerks, and they were disgusted by his morals ; even his talents were not appreciated, for he wrote a comedy in the style of Terence,

which only increased their contempt for his moral character. But Æneas was supported in his trials. "Many things there are which compel us to persevere, but nothing more powerfully than ambition, which, rivalling charity, truly beareth all things, however grievous, that it may attain to the honours of this world and the praise of men. If we were humble and laboured to gain our own souls rather than hunt after vain-glory, few of us indeed would endure such annoyances." Under the influence of these feelings Æneas wrote his most popular treatise, "On the Miseries of Courtiers," in which he details with querulous humour all the grievances of his position, from the ingratitude of the prince to the sordour of the table-cloths and the hardness of the black bread. But hardest to bear of all is the contempt shown towards literature: "In the courts of princes literary knowledge is held a crime; and great is the grief of men of letters when they find themselves universally despised, and see the most important matters managed, not to say mismanaged, by blockheads who cannot tell the numbers of their fingers and toes."

But presently things looked more bright to him, for he gained the favour of Gaspar Schlick, the Chancellor, a man who had risen by his own talents, and who was opposed to the aristocratic party at court. Schlick knew the value of the keen-eyed Italian in watching court intrigues and letting him know about them; and there are many letters of Æneas to Schlick, which show how acutely he could serve his patron. And so, through Schlick's favour, Æneas became better known at the court, and his talents consequently were more appreciated. The young Sigismund, Duke of Austria, a boy of seventeen, under Frederic's guardianship, asks Æneas to write him a Latin love-letter, which he does with an appropriate address on the uses of love and literature and the connection between the two. Now, too, he wrote his very questionable novel of "Lucretia and Euryalus." His private life seems still to be one of unprincipled self-gratification.

But meanwhile, in his ecclesiastical opinions, Æneas is slowly feeling his way round to that side which he sees will ultimately prevail; at present he wishes to follow his masters and be neutral. His letters consequently utter sentiments favourable to Eugenius or to Basle, or expressive of entire indifference, as he may think most convenient; but his purpose is fixed to make the best of his position and take no false step. "The whole of Christendom," he writes to a friend, "favours Eugenius. Germany only is divided, though I could wish to see her united, and so adapt myself to her; for I regard this nation as very important, since it is not influenced by fear, but by its own caprice or judgment. To whichever side the King and the Electors incline, thither will my little soul follow them; for I may not trust myself more than others." He professes in another letter the most fervent intention of following his master: "You know that I serve a neutral prince, who, holding the middle course, strives after reconciliation. It is not right for servants to wish other than their master's will. I will win the king's favour; I will obey the king, will follow him where he will; I will oppose him in nothing; I will meddle with nothing that does not concern me. I am a foreigner; my purpose is to act the part of Gnatho: what they say, I say; what they deny, I deny. If they act wisely, they shall enjoy the praise; if foolishly, they shall bear the disgrace. I envy no man's glory, and wish to grieve over no man's infamy."

But Æneas soon had reasons for taking a keener interest in Church affairs. His patron Schlick wished to get the bishopric of Frising for his brother, but the canons elected another. Schlick, however, did not despair; the bishopric might be obtained from others than the canons, and so he turned his attention to Pope Eugenius in the hope of securing what he wanted by his means. It entirely suited Æneas's plans to follow his master in this; by securing the recognition of Eugenius in Germany, he would obtain a strong hold upon the gratitude of Rome, and Rome was the

only patron from whom a man of ability could gain substantial rewards. Æneas was now past middle age : he had laboured hard and caught very little ; for a small canonry at Aspach in the Tyrol was all he had to eke out his scanty salary as secretary. Politics, he now clearly saw, would never lead him to distinction or riches in Germany ; the Church alone could give him wealth ; the Pope only could restore him to his native Italy, and confer upon him that position which he deserved. To take orders, be reconciled to the Pope, and, if possible, command his gratitude, were now the objects of Æneas's policy.

The first of these was tolerably easy, as the conscientious objections which Æneas had felt in his early days had now disappeared. The fire of youth had burnt out, and his hair was now turning grey. The worship of Bacchus, he wrote to a friend, pleased him more than that of Venus ; he had become practically convinced of the ill effects of his former follies, and wrote letters of sound moral advice to his friends. There was nothing in his religious opinions to hinder him from becoming a good servant of the Church. He had always had strong religious feelings ; while a boy at Siena he had been so deeply moved by the preaching of Father Bernardino as to wish to become a monk, and in Scotland he had shown his thankfulness for an escape from shipwreck by making a painful pilgrimage of ten miles barefoot to a shrine of the Virgin. Nor had he any temptation to be free-thinking in his opinions : but he regarded religious opinions and religious observances as the especial province of the priesthood, and thought that others need not be troubled with them. At the end of his dialogues on the Basle Council, he gives his opinion that men of letters ought not to be disturbed by the sound of so many church-bells, and ought to be reckoned good Christians without being required to take so many hours from their studies for religious services. Æneas was never accused of unorthodoxy : he had reformed his morals, and so at the age of forty he felt he could conscientiously take orders.

"I have a piece of news for you," he writes, "that will surprise you. I am now a sub-deacon—a thing I once used to shudder at. But the light-mindedness that grows amongst laymen has now left me, and there is nothing I love so much as the priesthood."

Æneas next entered upon the career on which his political fame is founded, and became the means of bringing back to the Papacy the still neutral German Church. He was a bold man to undertake an embassy to Pope Eugenius, whom he had covered with every kind of infamy, and against whom he had brought to bear every kind of argument three years before. When he reached Siena, his relatives besought him not to venture into Rome. Æneas answered with dignity that the Emperor's ambassador need have no fear ; he knew, however, that he had a more effectual title to the Pope's consideration. After being privately assured of his acceptance, he made in public a decent apology to Eugenius : he had gone astray, but who had not ? He had acted for the glory of God and of the Church, and now mature reflection had brought change of mind. Eugenius assured him of forgiveness, and the secret negotiations were commenced.

The task which Æneas had undertaken was a hard one, and the bargain which he negotiated was most scandalous : partly for ready money, partly for rights to spoil the German Church, Frederic sold the German obedience. Still it was a hard matter to win over the independent and strongly national feeling of the Electors, who despised Frederic's feebleness and were repelled by the monastic sternness of Eugenius. Æneas, however, succeeded : he cajoled the king ; he bribed the Archbishop of Mainz ; and on the night before the final vote of the Diet he ventured to alter with his own hand the Pope's instructions to his Legates, so as to make them just endurable to the Electors' ears. By this means he secured a majority for the Pope, and hurried at once to Rome to have the matter formally settled.

The Pope was ill in bed, and wished before he died to see this lingering

quarrel brought to an end. Against the wish of the Cardinals he signed the Provisions a few days before his death, and almost the last act of his eventful pontificate was to confer on Æneas the bishopric of Trieste. Æneas had well earned his reward, and had gained what was of equal importance to him, a claim to the remembrance of posterity. He had given the last blow to the Basle Council, to the anti-pope Felix, to the rebellion of Germany against the Papacy: he had not lived in vain. But Æneas, like all great men, was not at once appreciated. The successor of Eugenius, Tommaso Parentucelli, Pope Nicolas V., was a high-minded and honourable man, entirely devoted to study; of an excitable temperament, which, under the burden of the Papacy, led him into excess in wine; choleric even to his friends, self-willed, with a contempt for the intrigues of the Curia, and a desire to make the Papacy the centre of European learning. To a man of such aims and of such a character Æneas, whom he had well known in his youthful days, must have seemed the most contemptible of men; and though Nicolas was compelled to use his services, he never trusted him. Æneas was sent back to Germany, where he had leisure to write letters of recantation and apology for his former life and opinions; and was obliged, sorely against his will, to apply himself again to German politics.

His talents were there principally employed in arranging Frederic's marriage, and preparing for his journey to Rome to receive the Imperial Crown. His account of the proceedings in which he took part gives us a strange picture of the feebleness of Frederic and the suspicions of the Italians. Æneas went to Siena to await there the coming of Leonora of Portugal, Frederic's betrothed bride: the people of Siena were afraid at the presence of their influential countryman; they feared that he would plot some revolution in their Republic; and Æneas found it prudent to retire to the port of Talamone, where he spent sixty days in tedious expectation. Frederic met his bride in Siena,

whose citizens, in spite of their former fears, testified their loyalty in a painfully modern way. "They erected afterwards a marble column as a perpetual memorial to posterity, that the Emperor who came from the East, and the Empress who came from the West, there first encountered one another." But Æneas had not only to make loyal speeches; he had also to exert himself to keep the Pope from being at the last moment terrified at the thought of the possible consequence of receiving so powerful a guest in his rebellious city. Nicolas tried to put off the coronation, but Æneas stoutly resisted; he wrote that he marvelled at this sudden change of the Apostolic mind: that it was not honourable for the Pope to withdraw from his promise. Nicolas was comforted by his guarantee of Frederic's good behaviour, and the ceremony passed off without any disturbance. Æneas appeared on that occasion as the Emperor's chief adviser, and rumour began to destine him to the Cardinalate.

But soon a new and grander interest was opened to Æneas, one to which his fame is permanently attached. The news of the danger of Constantinople from the Turks (1453) caused a sensation throughout Europe. Frederic was glad to be brought into prominence as the head of Christendom: he was contemptible enough as the head of Germany. The Pope, though he felt he was really powerless, was glad to have a chance of having grants made by the faithful, and "Turk taxes" imposed, which he could well spend in rebuilding Rome and enriching the Vatican Library which he had just founded. But the humanists, above all others, took up the cause with avidity, partly from real sympathy with the Greeks, many of whom they knew, and some of them had visited Constantinople; but very greatly from the fact that here was an opportunity opened to them for eloquent appeals and fierce invective: they had a great capacity for writing, and hailed with delight any subject that admitted of classical treatment. The Turk literature, begun by Poggio, and continued by Filelfo and Æneas, with a crowd of

imitators, makes by itself almost a library. Æneas breaks forth at once into a wail: "What shall I say about the innumerable books at Constantinople not yet known to the Latins? Alas! how many names of famous men will perish! It will be a second death to Homer: a second dissolution to Plato. Where now shall we look for great philosophers or poets? The fountain of the Muses is choked up." But the impression on Æneas's mind was not a mere passing one: the idea of delivering Europe from the Turks took hold upon him, and became a real part of his object in life. At first he furnished up his eloquence, and delivered polished Latin speeches at German Diets, to incite them to support the Emperor in the crusade; but the Germans were not so satisfied either with Emperor or Pope as to hand themselves over unconditionally to their guidance. They raised inconvenient questions about reform both in Church and State, which it required all Æneas's ingenuity to ward off. Luckily the Diet was brought to an end by the Pope's death, as it was thought the questions might be better raised with the new Pope. Alfonso Borja, Pope Calixtus III., an old, bedridden man of the age of 77, had all the fire and violence of his native land: as a Spaniard he hated the Moslem, and a crusade was the main object of his pontificate. Æneas tricked the discontented Electors of Germany by selling to the new Pope, in the Emperor's name, the German obedience, at the price of his own cardinalate. The wily Italian was, indeed, too clever for the clumsy Germans. This is the third time that he has led the feeble Frederic as he thought fit, and has sacrificed the interests of the German Church, which he was sent to represent, to the requirements of his own ambition. Æneas, however, did not at once gain his reward, as the Pope had so many nephews and Spanish grandees to provide for. It was not till December 1456 that Æneas with delight left the uncongenial atmosphere of Germany, where for twelve years he had felt himself a stranger and a sojourner, and with decent expressions of

his own unworthiness hastened to Rome, "the Cardinal's only country," as he called it.

At Rome, however, he soon found that a poor Cardinal, who was not of royal or papal blood, had no chance of taking up an independent position. Æneas strove desperately to make the most of his connection with Germany, and attain to political importance at the Papal Court. But German affairs had now ceased to be of consequence; the Pope cared little for general politics, and was devoted solely to two objects—a crusade, and provision for his nephews. The restored Papacy had lost all its mediæval grandeur and its old traditions; its policy was directed by the personal interests or caprices of the individual Popes, who were more bent on advancing their relatives than promoting the interests of Christendom. So one Pope undid the work of another. Calixtus tore the splendid bindings from the books which Nicolas had collected, and sold them for the purposes of a crusade: and the old friends and advisers of Nicolas had no weight with Calixtus, who was entirely under the influence of his nephews: so that the Borjas ruled in Rome, and the Cardinals who could not submit to them must seek refuge elsewhere. Æneas accepted this position, and entered at once into close intimacy with Cardinal Rodrigo Borja, afterwards infamous as Pope Alexander VI. When he was away from Rome, Æneas watched over his interests, and tried his best to share equally all vacant benefices between himself and his friend. It is quite touching to read of the sad disappointments they sometimes met with. "As regards benefices," writes Æneas, "I will take care both for you and me. But we have been deceived by false reports. He who we heard had died in Nürnberg was here the other day and dined with me. So, too, the Bishop of Toul, who was said to have died at Neustadt in Austria, has returned in good health. But still I will keep my eyes open if any benefice shall fall vacant."

That Æneas was a poor man was cer-

tainly not his own fault in the first instance, and was one which he strove his best to amend. He procured from the Pope a monstrous grant of a general reservation of benefices to the value of 2,000 ducats in Germany, and his letters show the greatest eagerness to fill up the amount as soon as possible. But Æneas did not trust to the slow means of wealth to gain importance at Rome. He had learned the art of winning over men; had learned from the necessities of his early years how injudicious it was to make an enemy, how easy it was to make himself agreeable. So among all the different parties, and all the personal animosities of the Roman Court, Æneas managed to move with graceful sweetness, never took up the enmities of a party with which he might ally himself, and refused to give offence to anyone; he corresponds even with the absent Cardinals in a tone of good-natured friendliness.

And for this Æneas was recompensed; for on the death of Calixtus (1458) it became obvious to the Italians that the only candidate who was sufficiently unobjectionable to have any chance against Estouteville, Cardinal of Rouen, who had the French influence and his own great wealth in his favour, was Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena. There were eighteen Cardinals present at the conclave: two-thirds of the votes were necessary for an election. On the second scrutiny it was found Æneas had nine votes, Estouteville only six. The assembled Cardinals proceeded then to try the method of vote "by accession," as it was called. "They sat all in their places, silent and pale, as though they had been rapt by the Holy Ghost. No one for some time spoke or opened his mouth; no one moved any member of his body except his eyes, which he cast on various sides. Wondrous was the silence, wondrous the appearance of the men; no voice was heard, no motion seen." Then Rodrigo Borja, who had not yet voted, rose and said, "I accede to the Cardinal of Siena." Then another Cardinal did likewise; one vote only was wanted,

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and that not long. Cardinal Colonna rose, "I too accede to the Sienese, and make him Pope." The Cardinals with one impulse threw themselves at Æneas's feet: he was clad in the white papal robe, and asked by what name he would be called. "Pius," he answered at once, with Virgilian reminiscence. "Sum Pius Æneas fama super æthera notus." Again the Cardinals adored him before the altar; then the election was announced to the people from a window. The people, according to the old custom, ran and pillaged the house of the late Cardinal: all Pius's books and works of art were lost to him: but he had one source of wicked satisfaction—the Cardinal of Genoa suffered equally, for many in the crowd confounded the cry "Il Senese" with "Il Genovese," and both were pillaged to make sure.

Thus Æneas had gained the highest position in Europe solely by his own talents and endeavours. By steady perseverance he had climbed the ladder of preferment; he had always shouted with the majority, had never spoken publicly on the unpopular side, had never made an enemy where he could avoid it, had managed that his own interest should coincide with that of his patron, had had a soul above mere vulgar consistency, had always been prominent, yet never too pronounced, except at Basle, when his blood was young, and then he had promptly repaired the error and avoided it for the future. And for all this self-denial he had his reward when the Cardinals whom he had cajoled kissed his feet, their hearts bursting with envy, and hailed him Successor of the Apostle. Nor had Æneas gained his position without long and severe toil: "For five-and-twenty years," he said to the Cardinal of Pavia in language modelled after St. Paul, "I have wetted with my sweat almost the whole Christian world; tossed by tempests, bitten by frosts, scorched by the summer-heats, plundered by brigands, cast into prisons, led twenty times to the gates of death." In truth, without any need of hyperboles, few men have combined the labours of practical politics with assi-

duous study and constant literary production to so great a degree as did *Æneas*. He had always been a diligent student; at Basle, in his days of youthful frivolity, the boon companion who shared his room used to rail from his bed at *Æneas*, who pored over some classic; and the habits which he formed early were never lost. It is astonishing to see how many varied interests he retained amid all the bustle of his scheming life; his mind was always active and keen, and it was natural to him to give a literary expression to every thought that occurred to him, and every piece of knowledge that he gained. Even the Basle edition of 1571, which contains his works in nearly eleven hundred folio pages, does not contain nearly all he wrote; many additions have been published separately, many of his productions are yet in manuscript, and much that he wrote has been entirely lost. Of his poems we have very few left, and they are insignificant; of his carefully prepared speeches we only have a few, yet they fill three volumes 4to. Of his letters we have more than five hundred; besides this, he wrote pamphlets on theology, philosophy, and even natural history; for there exists in manuscript a treatise of his "About the Nature of the Horse." His mind was perfectly encyclopædic; he seems to have had a perfect passion for seeing everything and writing about it; he had very little choice of subject, but turned his clear and polished intellect to anything which the varied fortunes of his life from time to time brought before him: hence it comes that his fame is chiefly that of a letter-writer and historian, for he lived through so many important events, and has described them so fully, that his writings are a most valuable contribution to an understanding of the age in which he lived. At Basle he wrote a history of the Council; in Germany he wrote a history of Frederic III: when sent on an embassy to Bohemia, he wrote a history of that country: but what impresses us most with his keen-

ness and justness of observation is his interest in geography, and the ease with which he connects geography and history together. He describes the position and the objects of interest in every town he has visited: he never sees a ruin but he acquaints himself with its history, and so round this desire to keep his eyes open his knowledge grew. His literary style is a transcript of his mental qualities: it is not a struggle after polished Latinity, like that of many of his contemporaries; it often falls into barbarisms, but it is always easy, flowing, and clear. *Æneas*, whose vanity did not overpower his criticism on his own works, says of himself: "My style of writing is unpolished and bald, but it is frank, and without trappings. I never write with labour, because I do not stretch after things which are too high for me, and which I do not know, but what I have learned I write."

There is no one whose life, regarded as a combination of literature and politics, exhibits more forcibly the simple mental freshness and overpowering thirst for knowledge which is the chief characteristic of the scholars of the age. With childlike eagerness and curiosity *Æneas* went forth to investigate the world; he took it just as he found it, and described it without a tinge of pedantry. He looked back with only slight remorse upon his early failures and mistakes, for he had always made the best of things as he found them, and he had always learned wisdom from every fresh experience.

The Papacy at least might claim the praise of adapting itself to the time. When Francesco Sforza ruled at Milan, and Cosmo de Medici was moulding Florence; when Alfonso of Arragon had established his learned court at Naples, and France was preparing for the rule of Louis XI., where could the Papacy find a happier mixture of culture and policy, of the wiliness of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, than in *Æneas Sylvius*, Cardinal of Siena?

M. CREIGHTON.



## HYMN FOR ADVENT.

THE accompanying Hymn is offered as a sequel to the two which have already appeared in this Magazine (April 1870) on the Ascension and the Transfiguration. The first four stanzas run parallel to the Gospels of the four Sundays in Advent, and the two last to the Gospels and Epistles of Christmas.

THE Lord is come! On Syrian soil,  
 The Child of poverty and toil—  
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know  
 Each varying shade of human woe:  
 His joy, His glory to fulfil,  
 In earth and heav'n, His Father's will;  
 On lonely mount, by festive board,  
 On bitter cross,—despis'd, ador'd.

The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,  
 He speaks, as never man yet spake,  
 The Truth which makes His servants free,  
 The Royal Law of Liberty.  
 Though heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
 His living words our spirits stay,  
 And from His treasures, new and old,  
 Th' eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come! With joy behold  
 The gracious signs, declar'd of old;  
 The ear that hears, the eye that sees,  
 The sick restored to health and ease;  
 The poor, that from their low estate  
 Are rous'd to seek a nobler fate;  
 The minds with doubt and dread possess'd,  
 That find in Him their perfect rest.

The Lord is come! The world's great stage  
 Begins a better, brighter age:  
 The old gives place unto the new;  
 The false retires before the true;  
 A progress that shall never tire,  
 A central heat of sacred fire,  
 A hope that soars beyond the tomb,  
 Reveal that Christ has truly come.

The Lord is come! In Him we trace  
The fulness of God's Truth and Grace;  
Throughout those words and acts divine  
Gleams of th' Eternal splendour shine;  
And from His inmost Spirit flow,  
As from a height of sunlit snow,  
The rivers of perennial life  
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come! In ev'ry heart,  
Where Truth and Mercy claim a part;  
In every land where Right is Might,  
And deeds of darkness shun the light;  
In every church, where Faith and Love  
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;  
In every holy, happy home,  
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come!

A. P. STANLEY.

## THE RIVER PO.

BY A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S., F.G.S., ETC. ETC., DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF  
THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE year now rapidly drawing to a close has been one of the most rainy on record, and men count by tens of years the times since the flooded rivers deluged the meadows in the manner they have done in the year 1872. In places the rain-gauges have overflowed, and the actual amount of rainfall for a time has been unknown. All the rivers of Scotland, of the north and middle of England, and of Ireland, have risen high above their normal autumnal levels, and are out and abroad across the meadows, forming good-sized lakes where cattle used to browse; while hedges and trees, and in Ireland numerous haycocks, stand drearily in the unassuaged waters. All the lakes in Ireland are brimful, and rivers usually tranquil pour along in turbid floods. As yet, however, in our islands, excepting the damaged harvest, no special calamities on a large scale are on record; it is chiefly from Italy that we hear of the devastating effects of rivers that have escaped beyond their banks, and especially of the Po.

The Po in its *behaviour* may be looked upon as a typical river, the sources of which are fed by the "aged snows" of the Alps, and by the heavy rains of the Apennines. Every river has a definite geographical and geological history, often possible to be more or less unravelled by qualified inquirers who may take the pains; and of all the rivers of Europe, perhaps few have a more interesting history than the Po.

Above Ferrara, where the Po receives the last of its affluents, it drains an area of 26,789 miles, of which 15,852 miles consist of mountain lands, and 10,937

of land comparatively flat. As everyone knows, it runs from west to east, through many a city famous in story, across the great plains of

" . . . fruitful Lombardy,

The pleasant garden of great Italy,"

till at last, charged thick with sediment, it passes onward through the mouths that intersect its muddy delta into the Adriatic. In this great valley, now so fertile, it has run for far more thousands of years than man can yet venture to attempt to number, though perhaps the time may come when even that feat may be attempted.

Long before the historic period, tens of thousands of years ago, but which geologists call recent, the great valley was an arm of the sea; for beneath the gravels and alluvia that form the soils of Piedmont and Lombardy, sea-shells of living species are found in well-known unconsolidated strata at no great depth. At this period the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and La Garda, may have been fiords, though, much less deep than now. Later still, the Alpine valleys through which the affluents of the Po run were full to the brim with the huge old glaciers of the Glacial Period, which, debouching on the plains, piled up the enormous moraine of the Dora Baltea, sixty miles in circumference, in places seven miles in width, and over 1,600 feet in height. Others of almost equal importance lie lower down the valley, as at La Garda; and the famous battle of Novara was fought on hills which, though now fertile, were once mere heaps of barren moraine-rubbish.

In those early times the Po flowed from the ice-caverns of the giant gla-

ciers—just as at the present day it does from their diminutive descendants, high up among the inner Alps ; and the great lakes of Northern Italy had no visible existence, for the valleys were choked to their water-sheds on either hand by the ice of glaciers that, now shrunken and small, have receded far up among the further recesses of the mountains. No forests miscalled primeval then clothed the rocky heights, for all was white and barren, a waste of snow, unprofitable to the eye, had eyes been there to see it, but not unprofitable in reality, for the thick and ponderous glaciers were busy scooping out lake-basins, great and small, and grinding to powder the rocks in their path, which, transferred to the great river, were spread abroad in the valley to form the soil now worked by man on so many fertile breadths of tillage.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of glaciers in the production of sediment. Every river that flows from a modern Alpine glacier is white with the “flour of rocks,” and how much greater must this power have been when the glaciers were more than a hundred times their present size ! As they grew their chief work was first to grind off all the angularities previously produced on the rocks by ordinary atmospheric weathering. When that was done they still continued to push across the smoothed mammillated surfaces (*roches moutonnées*), constantly deepening the valleys and lowering the mountains ; and all the while their sediment, won from the rocks, was travelling seaward, under the glaciers and into the rivers, by them to be spread abroad, partly as alluvium over the land, partly to be carried by the Po to the sea, and by ever-increasing encroachment to add to its delta and lessen the area of the Adriatic. All this while, too, in the opinion of the author (an opinion now largely adopted both by European and American geologists), the glaciers were busy deepening certain portions of their valleys so as to form true rock-bound lake-basins ; for glacier ice easily moulds itself to the inequalities

of the surface across which it is forced by pressure from behind ; and in favourable places, if the rocks be of unequal hardness, or if the quiet turmoil of the ice (if I may so speak) be greater in one place than another from the influx of tributary glaciers, there the grinding power is greatest and a rock-basin is sometimes the result. While producing this effect, all observation shows that glaciers had the power of shoving the ice in front up long inclined planes, and even over minor hills that opposed their onward courses. I insist upon this point because since the decline of the glaciers the great lake-basins on the Italian side of the Alps have exercised a powerful influence in the interception of sediment that is now, by the progressive encroachment of deltas, gradually tending to fill up the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and La Garda, and which, but for the glacier erosion of these rock-basins, would in great part find its way to swell the delta of the Po.

It is perhaps impossible to determine whether the floods to which the river was subject in these early times were greater or less in amount than at present. It is certain that there were then no forests in the great Alpine valleys, and it is well known that forests exercise a most important influence, both in the amount of rainfall and in the running of the water off the ground. If there were forests at that time in the North of Italy, they must have occupied the broad plains of the valley of the Po outside the great moraines of the period, and probably consisted chiefly of pines, like the forests of North America. But the woods of the plains must themselves have very much affected the flooding of the rivers great and small, for not only do wide-spreading forests tend to produce a moist atmosphere, but their shade prevents rapid evaporation, and the roots of the trees hinder the quick flow of the surface water in the streams of the wood-covered area. It is a well-known fact that in North America many fair-sized rivers, that once ran with water all the year, now show nothing but dry and stony channels,

excepting when refilled for a time by occasional floods of rain.

The woods of the lowlands would therefore only tend to keep the Po unaffected by droughts, and always comparatively full; but what connection may the vast glaciers of the period have had on the average size and intermittent flooding of the river? It is difficult to answer this question with precision, but it seems certain that the outflow from the ends of the glaciers must have been smallest in winter and largest in summer. Such rains as there were in summer-time would chiefly fall on the plains and help to keep the river full as it slowly drained off the low-lying lands, and in the same season the summer heats, though far less intense than now, would at intervals tend to melt the surface of the glaciers beyond the usual average and swell the Po considerably above its ordinary size, just as the glaciers of Spitzbergen and the southern half of Greenland of the present day, in the summer, deliver an extra amount of water. Everyone familiar with Alpine glaciers has seen in hot weather the wonderful daily rise and fall of the rivers that flow from their ends, dependent on the direct heat of the sun, and its withdrawal when sunset comes on; and the same effect on a larger scale accompanies the summer heat and the winter cold. Such must have been the case during the alternation of the seasons when the great old glaciers of the Alps filled to the brim the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine; and the same was the case in the valley of Aosta and many another valley both deep and long, whose tributary streams, some of them passing through lakes, still help to swell the Po. But even in winter, with the climate of the period, there could have been no great diminution of the average volume of water, for in thick glacier ice, a few feet beneath the surface, even with the temperature of the air far below zero (Fahr.), the whole of the under-ice is just about the melting-point; and in the very north of Greenland the sub-glacier rivers still never cease to pour forth perennial

streams, often deep below the level of the sea, where glaciers sometimes protrude for miles beyond the coast.

When we consider the vast size of the moraines shed from the ancient glaciers that fed the Po, it is evident that at all times, but especially during floods, vast havoc must often have occurred among the masses of loose *débris*. Stones, sand, and mud, rolled along the bottom and borne on in suspension, must have been scattered across the plains by the swollen waters; for it is the habit with large glacier rivers to be constantly changing their courses, and often disastrously to ravage the plains through which they flow. This is the reason why so much of the plains of Piedmont is covered by rounded stony *débris*, which to a great extent represents the water-worn *débris* of ancient moraines, the very relics of which still form important ranges of hills (comparable in the flatness of their tops to the Cotswolds seen from the valley of the Severn), rising above the plain of Piedmont to nearly half the height of Snowdon. The gravels of the great plain of the Rhine below Basle were probably formed in the same manner.

It will now be easily understood how the vast plains that bound the Po and its tributaries were gradually formed by the constant annual increase of river gravels and finer alluvia, and how these sediments rose in height by the overflow of the waters, and steadily encroached upon the sea by the growth of the delta; a process which began thousands of years before history began, has largely altered the face of the country within historic times, and is powerfully in action at the present day.

To persons accustomed to think of the world as having always been what we now see it, it is hard to realize such facts as these—facts, too, that only relate to a very small portion of a late minor epoch in the geological history of the earth. And yet how greatly suggestive they are! Through all this time (and long before) the mountains have constantly been wasting away, and their crests getting lowered; the valleys, so

many of which send tributary streams to the Po, have been widening on the upper slopes and deepening below, at one time by the power of ice, and now by the action of the petty glaciers which we are accustomed to esteem so large, combined with winds, frost, rain, and the torrents that tear along their bottoms. It has been estimated by Professor Geikie that the area drained by the Po is on an average being lowered one foot in 729 years, and a corresponding amount of sediment carried away by the river.

To take an example—let us try rudely to estimate the quantity of matter still remaining in the moraine of the Dora Baltea, of which so much has already been carried away to form the alluvial plains of the Po and to help to enlarge its present delta. The circuit of the moraine is about sixty miles, its breadth in places about seven, and its height above 1,600 feet. Let us attempt an average, and call its height only 500 feet, and its breadth three miles; then the total amount of *débris* in the moraine is 225,784,000,000 cubic yards of material, or, in printed words, two hundred and twenty-five thousand seven hundred and eighty-four millions of cubic yards of *débris*. And this is only a relic of what was originally worn away from the old Alps; for when the rubbish was being deposited, the chief business of the streams that flowed from the end of the glacier was constantly to dispose of the moraine material and to bear it away to lower levels. What may be said of the Dora Baltea may be said of many another Alpine river and moraine, on scales almost or perhaps equally great.

Furthermore, as already said, one chief occupation of the great old glaciers in the larger valleys was to scoop out the rock-basins, large and small, in which almost all the lakes on both sides of the Alps now lie, and many another lake besides, now filled with alluvium and forming broad meadows. In the Val d'Aosta the flat on which the town of Aosta stands is a case in point; and in many another valley in the Alps,

and in Cumberland and the Yorkshire dales, on a smaller scale, the same is apparent. The time indeed must come when the lakes of Maggiore, Como, and Lugano, and many another Alpine lake besides, shall be filled with alluvium, and become green meadows, unless renewed upheavals of the Alps should take place, of a kind slow to the eye yet comparatively quick, though by no means sudden, in the sense in which man understands the word.

When the day arrives in which the great Italian lakes shall be filled with alluvium, a new modification of the history of the Po may commence, and its delta and the filling up of the Adriatic will advance more rapidly than before.

All these considerations help to show, though only in part, how complicated is the history of any great river; but before closing this sketch something may be said about the later history of the Po.

It is hard to get at the historical records of the river more than two thousand years ago, though we may form a good guess as to its earlier geological history. Within the historical period extensive lakes and marshes (some of them probably old sea lagoons) lay within its plains, since gradually filled with sediment by periodical floods. Great lines of dikes, partly of unknown antiquity, border the winding river for a length of about 200 miles from Piacenza to its mouth, and throughout this course its breadth varies from 400 to 600 yards. Through all its many windings, from Chivasso downward, alluvial islands diversify its course, and deserted channels here and there mark the ancient aberrations of the river. To guard against the devastating effects of floods and to check such aberrations, the dikes were raised; and in this contest of man with Nature, the result has been that the alluvial flats on either side of the river outside the dikes have for long received but little addition of surface sediment, and their level is nearly stationary. It thus happens that most of the sediment that in old times would have been spread

by overflows across the land, is now hurried along towards the Adriatic, there, with the help of the Adige, steadily to advance the far-spreading alluvial flats that form the delta of the two rivers. As the embanking of the river went on from age to age, so just in proportion has the annual amount of the formation of the delta been accelerated. The town of Adria, a seaport of the Adriatic in the reign of Augustus, is now fourteen miles from the shore, and the ancient lagoon of Ravenna has long since been filled up, chiefly by the mud brought down by an ancient arm of the Po. But the confined river, unable by annual floods to dispose of part of its sediment, just as the dikes were increased in height, gradually raised its bottom by the deposition there of a portion of the transported material, so that to prevent its overflow it is said that the embankments have been raised so high that at Ravenna the full-flooded river often runs higher than the tops of the houses, and the safety of the neighbouring country is a constant source of anxiety to the inhabitants. All these dangers have been much increased by the wanton destruction of the forests of the Alps and Apennines, for when the shelter of the wood is gone, the heavy rains of summer easily wash the soil from the slopes down into the rivers, and many an upland pasture has by this process been turned into bare rock. In this way it happens that during the historical period the quantity of detritus borne onward by the Po has much increased, the level of its bottom is therefore more rapidly raised, and whereas between the years 1200 and 1600 the delta advanced on an average only about twenty-five yards a year, from 1600 to the year 1800 the

increase has been more than seventy yards.

At last a season comes like the present, when long-continued rain falls alike on mountains and plains, and the floods, swelled by the rapidly thawing glaciers, steadily increase the volume of the rivers, till at length they rise to the very brims of their embankments; and in spite of the long-continued precautions of man, the rivers, and most of all the Po, have broken across their prescribed bounds and whelmed in sheets of water hundreds of square miles of the fertile plains of Lombardy. When these vast lakes subside, or are absorbed by the air and the soil, who can estimate the havoc and destruction produced by the whelming waters out of which the tree-tops and roofs of buildings are now standing? Houses and even churches have been swept away, sand and gravel bury the meadows, and many a year must pass before the 20,000 families now houseless, shall, by unremitting labour, restore the ravaged fields to their old fertility.

It is a hard thing to say, but such is one of the almost inevitable results of man's struggle with great rivers, when for ages he has striven to confine them. But by foresight and skill much may be done; and if the great old forests of the mountains were allowed to reassert themselves, the recurring danger would in time become less than now. But to be even nearly safe, dredging must, if possible, be added to embanking, so as to keep the long incline of the river bottom at an average level, otherwise the time in the far future *must* come when Nature will of necessity overcome even the best directed efforts of man.

## THE TWO MARYS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## PART III.—GROVE HOUSE.

## CHAPTER I.

IT is somewhat strange that, of all the many incidents in this life, those that affect the very temporary chapter of love-making, and the act, a single act in most lives, of marriage, should hold so overwhelmingly pre-eminent a place. Probably, however, the common theory that women are occupied, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, by love and its circumstances, is founded upon the fact that almost all story and song occupy themselves with these details, and that as women are indispensable to story and song, so they too are considered exclusive in their regard for that romance which all kinds of fiction have agreed to make the chief point in human life. I do not believe that it is so, nor that women are a whit more absorbed in love, properly so called, than their partners in that pretty play; but yet, so strong is the power of prejudice, that in order to interest the reader a little further in a person who much interests myself, I am obliged to leave the more important matters in her life aside, and to take up a chapter merely incidental in it. If I were to tell you how Mrs. Peveril taught her school, how she put forth all her faculties in her work, how she did her best, so far as her limitations permitted, to train up for the world a group of new women fit to play their parts in it, to have their romances too, and do their work in their turn, the gentlest reader would tire, and yawn in the midst of my best descriptions. And so, I fear, the gentle reader also would yawn, were the story told of a man's work—how he tamed lions, overcame

difficulties, built towns and castles—or at least bridges and lighthouses. Men and women in real life may interest us by the narrative of real labour and pain, but in fiction they have to be placed in delicate juxtaposition, occupied with each other, not with the things outside that narrow circle which take up so much greater a share in their lives. And foolish as it is (which is the most curious thing of all), the instinct is true: for, after all, there is nothing so important in our lives as the question with whom we are to pass them, or even the lesser mysterious question, with whom we might have passed them, had things happened differently, working such change as is impossible in all we are and all we do. Think, if you had married that first love of yours far away in the remote past, in those days you laugh at softly now, when you were so miserable! It is not only your circumstances, but you, that would have been altered. You would have run into a different groove of being, learnt to think differently, and shaped your whole self in other moulds. Nothing more interesting than this question even when the decision of it is over—nothing more absorbing (for the time) when it is still to come.

So I will introduce Mrs. Peveril to you on a still autumn evening, just about the time of sunset, a period somewhat corresponding to her thoughts and circumstances. She was not old enough, it is true, to match that October afternoon, nor that soft stillness of the waning day. She was no more than July, and had not indeed even reached the full meridian and noon of life; but there was



something in her circumstances which had the effect of age. She was in that condition of calm which comes after the soul has partially recovered from a great sorrow. She was a widow, not so long widowed but that life still appeared to her a thing over and ended. Steady routine of use and wont, and the needs of ordinary existence, make an end of this hushed and stilled sensation, but sufficient time had not passed either to make the change habitual to this young woman, or to wake in her any of those obstinate new shoots of life which will spring up even out of the very grave. She was taking a solitary evening walk, up and down, up and down the long avenue before Grove House. The old brick walls shut in their two old lines of trees, some of which hung perilously over the path, while some had been stricken half-dead, palsied in a limb, stripped from all buds or leafage on one side, like old men standing pitifully waiting for their dismissal. The dark red brick of the house made a cheerful tint of colour at one end of the vista, warming the gloom. The other end to which Mrs. Peveril's eyes were turned was filled up by a more rosy glory, the wonderful colour of the western sky. The sun himself had gone out of sight—vanished, perhaps, through that celestial opening, that break of daffodil sky, half green, half blue, half saffron, which shone out of the masses of crimson vapour. Everything was very still; now and then a feeble yellow leaflet, detached, one could not tell how, wavered slowly down, as if obeying reluctantly the attraction of the earth. Sometimes these single leaflets would flutter across the solitary muser's face, or drop on her black dress, startling her with soft, impalpable touch, like the touch of a spirit. She had been trying to think—of her work—of individuals among her pupils, how she would manage them, guide them best; even of the scheme of lessons which she had arranged for them. She had been trying to do what they say women find it so hard to do, to think steadily on a certain abstract subject,

avoiding personal details. This was so right a thing to do that she felt strong in it; she felt that the indulgence of the solitary walk was justified by this severely dutiful use of it. And her thoughts flowed in this admirable channel with advantage to herself as a schoolmistress and to her pupils—until she turned at the end of the avenue, turning her back upon the house, and facing the sunset. Then, I am sorry to say, she quite forgot to think any longer. She did not merely change the fashion of her thinking, but left it off altogether. She felt—she did not think; but, poor soul, was not aware of the change. She felt the rare still evening-steal into her soul, flooding her very heart, as it were, with that stream of magic light and colour, of wistful hidden influence. Such sights do not quicken or encourage thought; on the contrary, they enter in and possess, filling up all the channels in which thought might flow. Poor Mary's heart and mind became all one reflection—as if she had been a lake or a stream. It gave her an inarticulate, inexpressible pang, yet stilled and calmed her with an ineffable quiet. Thus she went slowly, slowly down the avenue, which was too short, and brought her no nearer that speechless glowing of the heavens. When she turned her back upon it, which she did at length mechanically, she gave a heavy sigh, and, the reflection being gone out of her, fell into a kind of dreary thinking as she turned her face again towards the house. How that life was over; how nothing could ever change in the motionless, tedious future that lay before her, to be got through somehow; how that bearing up and holding on were all—all the hard duties that were required of her; bearing up and holding on—for what? only to be dragged down at the end into the inevitable darkness where she might as well drop now without taking the trouble to struggle. Morbid thoughts, anyone will say. But Mrs. Peveril was not morbid. The fact was, she had been full of that reflected sunshine, and the world looked cold and dull, when

suddenly she had turned herself round, and the reflection that filled her had gone out.

These were very different from the useful, edifying, and schoolmistressly thoughts which had occupied her before, though she herself was scarcely aware of the difference, or of how that difference had come about. But perhaps it was a kind of accidental justice upon her for allowing this revolution, and caprice of fate for her punishment, that made her suddenly aware of a slim, spare figure walking quickly towards the gate on the other side of the trees. Fate has its caprices, its half-humorous sudden blows, that strike us as if in jest, as well as its sledge-hammers for heavier use. The figure that caught Mrs. Peveril's eye leaving the house was that of the Italian master who gave lessons to some of her pupils; a straight, spare, threadbare man, with a long face and somewhat solemn aspect, except when he had a smile, which transfigured him. He was poor to all appearance, very gentle in his manners, kind and patient even with the dullest learners, and seeking the regard of those whom he encountered with a certain wistful, appealing glance, such as moves the heart. When she saw who it was, she turned out of her way a little to bow to him and make him a little good-night gesture with her hand. Poor M. Bonventura! She did this as she might have laid her hand on the head of a child who looked at her wistfully. He made a little pause, as though the idea of stopping to speak to her had crossed his mind, but thinking better of it, only took off his hat, with profuse foreign reverence, holding it in his hand till she had passed. The trees were between them, and the silence, and a world of unknown thought and feeling. Mrs. Peveril went back to the house with a half-smile of compassionate interest on her melancholy mouth. Poor man! he had a twilight look about him more than even that which she thought must hang about herself. He was older than she was, and, so far as she heard, quite alone. Life perhaps was over for him,

too—at least and certainly it was anything but bright. With this half-consciousness of fellow-feeling in her mind, she went indoors. What a change it was to go indoors! In the parlour, which they did not call a drawing-room, a little fire was burning, two candles were lit on the table, and tea was ready. The girls were having their meal in the large dining-room, under the control of the heavy, fair German governess; and the principal of the school and her head governess had tea together without interruption. Miss Robinson already sat by the table, waiting for Mrs. Peveril to come in. The young widow only took time to throw off her shawl and take up her little two-year-old boy Jack in his clean pinafore, before she joined the other, who was a little impatient, and wondered much how any woman could linger when within reach of those fragrant fumes of tea. The room was somewhat dark, with dim walls and dim pictures, scarcely observable in the faint light, which was bright round the table, but shone little further. One of the low, deep-set windows was unshuttered, and a bit of sky, still ruddy with the waning sunset, looked straight at Mary as she came in, in her widow's cap, its long white pendants making a setting for her head, like the curtain held up behind the Madonna in an old picture—and the child in her arms with his white mass of pinafore. Every mother and child suggests more or less that sacred image. Miss Robinson, it is true, was a little fretful, waiting for her tea, and would have thought it rather improper—Ritualistic, or even Papistical—to make such a comparison; but the dim old room brightened, as still life often seems to brighten, with a dumb movement and thrill of sympathy, as the mother came in with the child.

"I saw Mr. Bonventura just going away," said Mrs. Peveril; "he was surely late to-night?"

"Yes; he came to talk to me after his lesson," Miss Robinson replied. "He makes a kind of confidant of me, poor man! He lost his only child not long ago. Foreigners are so much more

emotional than we are. He comes to me and cries, like a child."

"Poor man!"

"Yes, poor man! But it is too much to see a man cry. It breaks one's heart, and yet one feels half angry. A man should be more able to command himself."

"Poor soul!" said Mary again. She half envied the Italian his tears; and perhaps poor Miss Robinson, who had nobody either to weep or to be glad for, wholly envied him, and thus spoke somewhat sharply, more sharply than she felt.

"It is rather unreasonable of him, too, to be so heart-broken," she went on, "for he had not seen her for years and years. Her mother's people brought her up in Italy. He would not have known her, he says, had he seen her—so of course it must have been a much less heavy blow."

Would it be a much less heavy blow? Mary made no reply; but there gleamed through her mind a sudden perception of the desolateness, the blank misery, of thus losing a creature unknown—nearest and dearest, and yet unknown—never to be seen on earth, scarcely to be recognized in heaven. How dreary it was! She seemed to understand all at once the wistful, piteous look in the poor man's eyes. Next time she saw him she looked at him with eyes which were wistful too, wistful with the desire to show a sympathy which could not be put into words. Her voice softened when she spoke to him. She gave herself trouble to save him what trouble she could; to soften towards him the girls in their levity, who took the usual thoughtless advantage which girls take without knowing it, of the man who could not be harsh to their womanhood. All this Mrs. Peveril did for the Italian master (who taught French also at Grove House) out of fellow-feeling for him, and pity for that special dreariness of his sorrow which made Miss Robinson call his loss "so much less heavy" than it might have been. Mary had felt more and knew better on this point at least.

This little scene, I may say, occurred long before the second meeting and reconciliation of the two Marys; and while Mrs. Peveril was entirely separated from her step-daughter, and scarcely hoped ever to find any sympathy in her. Many of the facts have come to my knowledge since I put on record the first chapter of their history. This was the most lonely time of the elder Mary's life; but existence went on very quietly at Grove House by the help of routine. There is nothing so good as routine for getting people steadily, calmly through their lives. Now and then it may seem tedious, weary; but when the soul is travel-worn, and perhaps fallen a little lame by reason of the hardness of the way, what a good staff and crutches are those ever-returning tranquil necessities; the hour for this, the hour for that, the rule which strengthens and stills. A convent in most cases is a nest of unfledged birds, innocences that have never come in much contact with the world; but a school is the place to look for disappointed souls and weary hearts. This is not the lesson we were taught in our youth. Even now the English traveller peeps wistfully into the fresh pink-and-white face of every sister of charity, suspecting her of "a story:"—story, Lord bless you, she has none to tell—but take the first governess you find in the first well-bred, tame English school, and you will find one. I don't know if good Miss Robinson was provided with that kernel to her life. Probably she had forgotten it, outlived it, years before she began to think that having made a very comfortable little sum of money she might retire from Grove House. This idea did not occur to her until some years after the little scene I have described, which is the epilogue to my present brief little drama. By this time she had got fond of her head governess, and had indeed made a partner of her to all intents and purposes, in what all her friends felt was a very imprudent way. But when her ideas developed into that intention of giving up work altogether, the Robinsons generally in-

terposed and would not allow their cousin (she had no nearer relations) to be so weak and unbusinesslike as to give up the school to Mrs. Peveril, which was what she had thought of, without asking anything for the goodwill, or even exacting a rigid account of the fixtures. Her elder cousin Robinson was a solicitor, and declared such a bargain preposterous. It would be bad for the young woman herself, he said. It would give her false ideas of the value of money, and no doubt lead to her bankruptcy sooner or later. Poor Miss Robinson, who was not strong-minded, had to give in to these representations; and it was accordingly decided that if Mary could pay, Mary should succeed her; but that if Mrs. Peveril could not manage to raise the sum which Mr. Robinson thought necessary for the goodwill, lease, and fixtures of that long-established and most respectable seminary for young ladies, it must be sold to the highest bidder. It is not necessary to enter into the steps by which this was accomplished, nor the way in which Mrs. Peveril's friends came forward, "nobly" Mr. Robinson said; for in the meantime something else occurred which was interesting to all parties concerned, and promised for some time a conclusion of a different kind.

When this question was first opened, Mrs. Peveril was walking one evening as she was wont, in the same avenue at the same hour, and in circumstances very similar to those we have already described. The only difference was that the evening was in spring instead of autumn, and consequently colder, less genial, and less sad. The trees were budding instead of dropping their leaves, and though the sunset was warm and gorgeous as on the previous evening, it did not produce quite the same tranquillizing effect. The prick of the rising life-blood in all nature stirs humanity too with a stimulus which is sometimes irritating, always exciting. Even Mrs. Peveril felt this in the more than cloistered quiet which had fallen upon her. It seemed to whisper of

change, to suggest something new, to dissent from that settled conviction which she entertained and cherished, that life was over for her. Youth is soon over, we all say, and yet how persistent it is! Mary did her best to think herself and believe herself middle-aged; but she could not help feeling young. Can anyone help it? Do we feel old at seventy, I wonder? She was not much over thirty, and, notwithstanding her conviction to the contrary, she felt younger than she had done at sixteen, which, by the way, is sometimes a very elderly age.

And just as he had done on that other evening three years before, Mr. Bonventura's spare, straight figure appeared on the other side of the trees just as Mary turned her face towards the house which she had been wondering and calculating about, whether it would ever be hers. She was very anxious in reality about this question. It made all the difference to her between a life which was clear before her, settled and permanent, and the inevitable change and the uncertain future upon which she would be driven if anyone else got Grove House. Her thoughts were full of it, and she was not so careful perhaps to give the Italian that gracious and gentle greeting which had become gradually to him an event to be looked forward to, though it was but a smile and a wave of the hand. Personal pre-occupation comes sadly in the way of our thoughtfulness for others. Perhaps Mr. Bonventura was pre-occupied too. He stopped short and pondered a moment, always on the other side of the trees, and then he seemed to take a sudden resolution. As Mary advanced slowly towards him, he entered within the line of the avenue and went to meet her. He was one of the few Italians who carry out our conventional notion of what an Italian ought to be. He had a long face, pensive and worn, with blue eyes looking mildly out over its sallow cheeks, and heavy eyelids which drooped when he was tranquil; a melancholy-visaged man, very spare, not saying much so far as

Grove House knew, but always accompanying the little he did say with emphatic gestures. He came up to her, taking his hat off, holding it elevated from his head, as only foreigners do, with that more subtle courtesy which is seldom understood by Englishmen. "Madame Peverel," he said to her, suddenly, "you are thinking—you have something on your mind?"

"Put on your hat, Mr. Bonventura," said Mary, with a smile.

"'Tis quite the same," he said, holding it as before—"you will be angry, I fear, but if Madame Peverel would think of me as a very old friend—a *verr'* old friend—not speaking much, *nevare*," he went on with an insinuating, beseeching sort of smile—"for why, it was not necessary; but feeling—ah, feeling—as if Madame's little salute each evening was worth all the day."

"Indeed you have always been very kind—very good to me," said Mary, somewhat confused, she could not tell how, by his eye.

"No, no, no, no," he said, firing off the sharp, short monosyllable with little shrugs of his shoulders and rapid gestures of his hand. "Men are not good to angels—'tis t'other way, t'other way." Then divining by the confusion on Mary's face that she was not used to this sort of talk, he paused with a momentary laugh. "I laugh not because I am in fun," he said, "but because Madame Peverel is startled that I speak as men of my country speak. We are plain, we say the words that come. We do not make so many compliments as an Englishman. When a lady is like an angel to us, we use the word plain. It is a pretty word—we employ it *senza complimenti*—do you understand?"

"Indeed we think you make more compliments than Englishmen, Signor Bonventura," said Mrs. Peveril, half-ashamed of her school-girl bashfulness, and venturing upon a smile. ("It is only their way," she said to herself.)

"Ah, that is because you will not understand us," said the Italian, with animation. Then he sank into his usually quiet tone. "If I am permitted

to walk a little with Madame Peverel," he continued, "there is something—very serious—which I would have to say."

"Surely," said Mary, quaking a little, she could not tell why—"but in that case you must put on your hat." The situation felt somehow *tendue*, as the French say. She was glad to be able to make such an insignificant stipulation. Bonventura bowed low and obeyed her. When a man asks leave to say something serious to a woman—especially after he has called her an angel—the situation is apt to become *très tendue*. Mary quaked, though when she took herself to task there seemed no reason why.

"Madame will have patience with me if I make a little account of myself, a little retrospect," he said (which made Mary more alarmed than ever), "in few, *verr'* few words. I am married early in life. I am become widow. I am a little shaken up, mixed, as you call it, in the *politique*—and it becomes necessary for me to leave my country. That is a long, long time ago. There are many years that I might have been back in Italy; but Madame does not need to be told that one's heart becomes dulled, that one no longer cares. I am like this. I desire no more Italy—nor anything. So much for me. But I have gathered up a little—money—a little money—while I have been about the world. Madame is in thought of buying this school, the trees, and many things that I need not name. I have no one to keep my money for. Will Madame Peverel be kind, very kind, to the humblest of her servants, and use this money, seeing I have no one to be made happy by it—no one; and it is but a plague and a burden to me?"

"Mr. Bonventura! your money!" cried Mary, in consternation. Her first thought was of terror, her second a very flood of gratitude; but it was the first which appeared first. And there mingled in it a certain sharp pang of shame because she had supposed (and trembled) that his thoughts had taken a very different turn.

"Ah, Madame Peverel! and why not my money?" he said, with a gentle patience which was strangely unlike the situation. "It might be of use—and there is no one to be made better by it. Not me—what is it to me? This would be to give me one pleasure—verr' great, verr' sweet—still in my life. It is there, the money; why not use it—why not use it? It is good money—honest, not gained by wickedness. Madame gives me more, much more, every time she gives me that little wave of the hand. For what else do I live?" cried the Italian, his large, pensive, heavy eyes suddenly lighting up. Mary trembled as she caught the full look of those eyes, which were almost always half veiled. He could open them still, he could put such glowing secret fire into them! She went back a step, afraid—yet strangely moved. She said to herself next moment that for her, another man's wife (though she was a widow), to feel that strange consciousness of restrained passion, that thrill half of fear, half of pride, of something almost like gratification, was wicked; and so perhaps it would have been had it not been so simply involuntary. Any sudden encounter with emotion strong enough to be called passion is startling, bewildering. It made her heart beat loud and fast, though there were no words of plainer import used, and no declaration made.

"What can I say to thank you?" she began, faltering, confused. "What can I say to show you how I feel—how deeply I feel—your kindness?"

"No, no, no," he cried again, sharply, shaking his head and making a host of deprecatory gestures with his hands, which talked as much as his lips. "No, no, no, no, no, no, no! That must not say itself. It is quite simple. To do me a pleasure, a service, you will take this little useless money—you will make me very happy; and the place will be yours—and the trees you love—and the garden for littel Chaque. And I—I will still see you, you will still wave to me your hand? Pardon me, it is that I think of most.

Otherwise, how should I live?" he said, looking at her again with his eyes full of tears. An Englishman would have been ashamed of the tears; but the Italian was not ashamed.

"Mr. Bonventura!" cried Mary, driven to her wits' end, what with a sense that some conclusion must be put to this, and the impossibility of contending against the swell of sudden emotion, pity, and gratitude, which took away from her all power of saying No. He put up his hand eagerly, with an air of fright—

"No, not to-night," he said; "not any answer to-night. To-morrow—some other time. Madame will think it over. I wait—I attend. I am always ready. It is but to send a word at midnight, at noon, any hour. I am always there. Now, for this time, good-night."

He took her hand and kissed it, after the manner of his nation, uncovering his head. By this he did not mean half so much as Mary, trembling, thought he did. He left her standing there dismayed, excited, feeling the world go round and round with her, and hurried off into the outside world and the waning sunset. After a while, Mary, still trembling, feeling her head burn and her heart beat, went into the still, feminine house, disturbed by no such tempests. Had a volcano burst by the peaceful door, it would scarcely have appeared more strange.

## CHAPTER II.

"You have seen Monsieur?" said Miss Robinson, coming forward with an eager look of curiosity, and taking Mrs. Peveril's hands as if she expected to be told something. The Italian taught French at Grove House as well as his own language, and therefore was very generally known by this name. "I have been watching you walking up and down. He has spoken to you——"

"Yes," said Mary, detaching her hands. Her friend's look, and the excitement of curiosity and suspicion about her, had an embarrassing effect upon Mrs. Peveril. She drew a chair hastily

to the table, and sat down and pulled her work-basket towards her. "Yes, he is very kind—far too kind," she said, as soon as she had the excuse of her work to fix her eyes upon. "He wants me to settle about Grove House—with his money. How good, how kind he is! He would not take a denial. Fancy his money, poor soul—all his savings! He wanted me (of course it is entirely out of the question) to take it all."

"His money—only his money?" said Miss Robinson, confounded.

"And surely enough too," said Mary, with a nervous little laugh.

There was a pause; and though this indeed had been all poor Mr. Bonventura had said, it would be vain to deny that Mrs. Peveril knew exactly what Miss Robinson was going to say, and what the Italian had really meant, as well as if it had been put into the plainest words—perhaps better. Miss Robinson made a pause, as most things do—storms and streams in flood and other excited forces of nature—before the outburst. Then—

"Mrs. Peveril!" she cried. "Mary! his money! Are you deaf? are you blind? are you stupid? Good gracious, goodness gracious, is that all you think of? You, a woman that has been married, and don't see what this poor soul must mean?"

Mrs. Peveril did not raise her head. She sat sewing, making a few rapid, large stitches of which any school-child might have been ashamed. She pricked her fingers with her needle, and the colour flushed up hotly into her cheeks. It was one great sign of guilt that she did not attempt to make any reply. And Miss Robinson continued:—

"I did think you were above that affectation! I thought you were one that would say what you would do, and not torment a man. Take him or leave him; but let it be one thing or another—that I did think."

Here Mary cleared her throat softly, and the other paused. Mrs. Peveril went on sewing, but she spoke in a voice so meek that she might have been the smallest school-girl in the house.

"How can I know what any man means except by what he says? Mr. Bonventura spoke to me of his money. I never heard of such kindness. That was all he said—to me."

"That was not all he said—to me," said Miss Robinson, calming down; "if there had been any need to say it; if I had not seen months ago—years ago—that the sight of you was all his pleasure in life. He did not tell you that, perhaps," said the schoolmistress, with sudden, sharp irony, turning upon her victim. "You did not know?"

"He said—something of the kind," said Mrs. Peveril, demurely; "but then he is full of compliments, like every foreigner." Then she threw away her work, and went up to her indignant and excited friend. "What do you want me to do?" she said, taking hold of her arm and leaning upon her. "I cannot—marry the man—if that is what you mean."

"Why can't you?"

"Oh!" cried Mary, with a great sudden outburst of the tears which all this time had been lying so near the surface, "because I cannot! I know all you will say. I know he is good, very good. I know his life is dreary. I know—everything you can tell me. If it was another than me, I should say with you—Yes, she ought. But I cannot—cannot! Don't ask me any more."

"Sit down," said Miss Robinson, kissing her, "and I will give you a cup of tea. You are worried and tired. You have had a hard day. A cup of tea will do you all the good in the world."

This was very politic as well as kind, and in her heart Miss Robinson felt hopeful. "When a young woman produces her very last argument first of all," she said afterwards, "don't you see she takes the force out of all the others, and has nothing to fall back upon? I am never alarmed when I see that;" and she bustled round to the tea-table, and poured out some tea for Mrs. Peveril, and made her drink it, coaxing and soothing her. "You are tired, poor dear," said the designing woman, "and anxious and full of cares one way and

another. Poor Mary! There is plenty of time. I will not allow any hurry, and it will come all right. You shall see—it will come all right.”

The tea was a cordial, and refreshed Mary, and the sympathy helped her. She felt to her very heart that sense of moral backing up which is the best and last consolation in life. Her agitation calmed down. She was not a weak woman, nor one to be thrown off her balance by such an incident; but yet, when a woman has gone entirely back into the quiet of feminine life, withdrawn from contact even with the other half of the creation, an adventure of this kind tells more upon her than if she were in the full tide of ordinary life. A subtle sense that something of the kind was about breathed all through the maiden household, fluttering the dovescots. The presence of that mysterious sentiment which was so unknown, so much dreamt of, so deliciously strange and novel, thrilled through every room, no one could tell how; and Mrs. Peveril felt it as she could not have felt anything of the kind outside this strict enclosure. It excited her, with a mixture of pain and startled pride and something like pleasure. Yes, there was a certain gratification underneath. It was hard upon the man that he should love her and gain nothing by it; but instinctively there mingled in the woman's mind, among a host of other feelings, a thrill of involuntary and half-guilty pleasure. It was detestable—it was cruel—it was wicked—to be half pleased, half amused, because of the existence in another of feelings which could not but bring sharp pain with them. But, alas! so it was. I do not justify this atrocious sentiment—but so it was.

Miss Robinson sat down quietly by the tea-tray as if nothing particular remained to be discussed. This was mere guile and artfulness, for her heart was beating almost as loudly as if she had been herself the principal in this novel incident. And these designing ways were rewarded as they so often are. The tranquillity soothed the victim. She began to unfold herself—to open her mind.

“Have I been wearing my heart upon my sleeve?” she said. “You know how anxious I have been—but have I been showing it? To stay here is all I wish for—but if I have been going about with a pitiful face, calling for everybody's sympathy——”

“No, dear, no,” said Miss Robinson; “not everybody's. Poor Monsieur! he deserves better of you than to be ranked with everybody—so full of feeling as he is, so sympathetic.”

“I did not mean to make little of him,” said Mary; “he is too good. I cannot think what could have put this into his head. It is so strange to offer—money.”

“'Tis very strange indeed,” said Miss Robinson, with a little snort; “so strange that your nearest relations will let you die first—in most cases.”

Mary looked up, startled by the tone. Excitement was beginning to get the upper hand of the usually tranquil schoolmistress; but at this glance she recovered her self-control.

“You must not be suspicious of me, dear, as if I were taking his part—but I have long known what put this into his head. I told you he made a sort of confidant of me. Poor man, perhaps he thought I was of more use to him than I ever ventured to try to be. Foreigners have such strange notions. They think, instead of rushing first-hand to speak to a woman, that it does them good to speak to her friends. There is something to be said for it, though it is not our way. After all,” said the good woman, driven by mere zeal of partisanship to a wild liberality which in her sober senses she was far from feeling,—“after all, I don't see why a thing should be perfect because it is our English way.”

Mary made no direct answer. She murmured something, but it was not audible, and Miss Robinson continued. “Right or wrong, he has talked a great deal to me. I have heard more poetry lately than I have done before in all the course of my existence. I couldn't repeat all he has said. I should feel shy of saying it—and so would you—but he is just mad about you, Mary. There!



I don't know anything else to say. A second marriage ought to be a tame sort of an affair, but this would not be tame if you would have him. He is oldish, too," said Miss Robinson, with that quaint, half-humorous, half-indignant sense of comparison which so often strikes a woman,—“not much younger than myself, I suppose. Goodness gracious! what would anybody say if I were to fall in love at my age?”

Here Mrs. Peveril, struck, too, by the ludicrousness of the suggestion, was tempted to a nervous laugh. “You see how impossible it is,” she said.

“Not impossible at all, my dear. Men are different from us. I don't say myself, Mary, that it would be at all unpleasant if there was some nice, comfortable, oldish man waiting to set up house with me. It is not a thing I would say if we were not all alone, and if I did not know you well. But I shall be very dull by myself when I leave Grove House and you. And if there was some nice, quiet man—not making any fuss of love, you know, or nonsense, but just wanting a good-natured companion, and to be taken care of—I shall want that, too—I don't see why there might not be old marriages like that, just for company. So, you see, I understand poor Monsieur in a way. To be sure, if I were to fall in love, it would be laughable—but not in his case. And, Mary, you should think what a difference you would make in his life. Think of him going home to his dreary little room, all alone; no one to make things look bright for him or give him a welcome. We women are never so bad as a man for that. We can make a place look like home; but they have no notion of cheating themselves with a look of comfort. Think of the dark room with boots and books all higgedly-piggledly, nothing bright, nothing nice—and that poor man going in and shutting himself up all of a bright afternoon, and never caring to budge. Mary, what a change you would make—you and the child. What is it? Good gracious! how you do startle me! What is the matter? Have you forgotten something?”

For Mary had given a sudden cry, and starting to her feet had rushed out of the room. Had she forgotten something? Yes—for the first time in his life, she had forgotten Jack. When this was brought home to her, she started guilty from the table. Here was an evidence of the more than folly, the guilt of this discussion. It had made her forget her boy.

### CHAPTER III.

NOT much more was said that evening, and yet a good deal of food for thought was furnished to Mrs. Peveril, who lay awake all night thinking over the whole matter till her head ached. Miss Robinson was a violent partisan, but she was also learned in woman's wiles, and knew how to be pertinacious skilfully. She threw in a word here and there which told—not too much—rather a suggestion, pregnant and more full of meaning than a thousand arguments. One of these seeds of thought she threw into her friend's mind the last thing when they separated, and she did not neglect at breakfast to foster the seedling. On one side there was Grove House and a settled home—a place to bring Jack up in, to be always home to him; a reasonable revenue, which might increase every year; a position of some influence, as much as a woman can in ordinary cases hope to attain; work enough to keep her employed, but not too much; and, last of all, indicated in the sketch rather than insisted upon, a good, very good, honourable man, who would stand by her and advise her, and teach French and Italian, as it were, for nothing. This last particular, by no means the least upon which Miss Robinson insisted, gave a touch of humour which relieved the very serious reality of the rest. Probably it saved Mary from falling ill of it, by leaving one safety valve for a laugh, though the laugh was of a very unsteady kind. How lessons got on that morning I cannot say; but it was after twelve, and the girls safely sent out for their walk, and the house silent; and Mary, seated at a table in a little

room specially appropriated to her—a small bright room on the ground-floor, looking out upon a green corner of the garden, where there shone already a bouquet of crocuses—was trying to reduce her agitated thoughts to something like calmness, when the door was suddenly opened, and—thrust in apparently by someone behind, who disappeared as he entered—Mr. Bonventura, with his large eyes fully open and shining, with an unusual colour and animation in his face, suddenly came in. He was shy by nature, and in such circumstances an Englishman would probably have been more than shy. But emotion gave that courage to the Italian which it generally takes away from our dear countrymen. He came up to Mary's side holding out his hand, smiling upon her with that smile which lighted up his whole face. He was a man transfigured—light shining out of him, with the new hope which had recalled him to life. This was the natural man arrayed in all his advantages as God intended him to be. How seldom are we permitted so to appear to the eyes of others! To Mary he seemed another man, something different. He was changed, she felt, and to her it appeared that he was changed out of, not into, his real self.

"You have heard what I mean—what I feel," he said, taking her hand—his very language seeming (or perhaps it was Mary's agitation which had this effect) elevated out of its usual imperfections. "I could say much, but I fear to frighten you. Love—we will not speak of that—but if, if—then you should feel what it was! No—I do not speak of that—"

"Mr. Bonventura," cried Mary, "listen to me. I have no love to give anyone—none—that is impossible."

"So—so," said the Italian, gently; "it is understood. We say nothing of love. There would be one to stand between you and the world. That is what I say—one to stand between you and the world. A man, even if he be not much, can do that. One, perhaps, to lean upon a little when you are weary. Ah! But let us cease to speak of the uses of

me—not for what could be done by me, did you wake me back to life. Yes, you have called me back to life. Why? Because you love to be good. You love—not me—but to be good. Here is a way to be good—more good than tongue can say; to make a man—what shall I say?—not happy, 'tis too small—happy, yes! as the saints are in heaven. To take me would be to do this; but I am not exacting," he said, his whole face melting with a child's pleading, insinuating smile, with an exquisite humbleness which was half sweet, half bitter. "I am not exacting. I will not force *me* everywhere to trouble you. I would ask not too much. So little as you will do, 'twill make me—ah, more than happy. Will not that be possible? I respect too much the past to ask more."

"This is not enough," said Mary, looking up at him with eyes which were dazzled by his looks and saw but dimly. "Mr. Bonventura, you are too good. This is not enough, and ought not to be enough. No, no, you would not be happy; you would feel all that was wanting, and every day you would feel it more. You should have nothing, or more than this."

"If I cannot have more, I should be content with this," he said.

Mary covered her face with her hands. Her heart seemed to be grasped in some iron hold which wrung it so that blood seemed to come instead of tears. Oh, it was cruel to press her so! What could she say? She could be kind to him, esteem him, make (and that was a temptation) his life happier; but for herself, what would she do? It seemed to her that she was forced into this step—that all at once her life had turned into discord, and was torn out of all natural harmony. She looked up at him humbly, beseeching him.

"Why must I marry you?" she said. "I will be your friend. You might even, perhaps—live here—I don't know. We might be companions, dear friends. What can be better than that? Oh, be content with that! The other would be false, but this would be true."

"It could not be," he said, with the tears coming into his eyes. "You like me so little, then? Ah, pardon, pardon! I will go away."

And therewith the light went out in his face, went out as if you had blown out a candle. It was the same man, but no longer as God meant him to be. His lip quivered as the light went out. He took Mary's hand and held it between both of his, with his head bent down as if to kiss it, and repeated drearly, "I will go away."

"Oh, no, no; do not go!" she cried. The change in his face struck her like a sudden sharp blow. Could not she put up with a little to save a man from this—so lonely a man, so good a man? "Don't go—rather take a little time—and think. I might—try—again."

She knew she was committing herself, but what could she do? If he had held out a little longer, she would have consented to everything; but he was too ready to accept the crumb of comfort. And with this he went away, leaving her worn out, guilty, miserable—guilty to everybody: to her husband who was in his grave, to her child, to this man even whom she had weakly beld on. To redouble the final blow, Miss Robinson came rushing to her while she sat thus wretched, holding her head in her hands.

"Oh, what a fright I have been in!" cried that kind woman; "I have been at the door—I don't deny it. Unfortunately I could not hear; but oh, when I thought by the sound of his voice that you were sending him away, I thought I should have died. The only nice foreign master I ever had about the place! They are not nice as a rule; they give you a great deal of trouble. You are always frightened for them with the girls. But Mr. Bonventura has always been so good; and to have your French and Italian, as it were, my dear, within yourself—"

"Oh, don't make me laugh," cried poor Mary, "when I feel as if I should die!"

"Die—why should you die? No, live, Mary, to be happy, and to make him happy. I daresay it will be hard

at first to get into the way of it. It must be with a strange man. But people get accustomed to anything. And, Mary, such an excellent man, and such an advantage for the school; and then, your boy. How is a woman like you, a young woman without experience, to bring up a boy? I should not say a word if Jack was a girl; but a boy wants a man to control him. He wants a strong hand over him——"

Mary sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing through her tears, her cheeks burning. "A man to control him—a strong hand over him!" she cried loudly, with a sort of scream, and rushed to her own room and barricaded herself there; and would speak to no one. She flew to the window with an impulse which I cannot explain, as soon as she had locked her door to defend herself from intrusion. It looked out upon the front of the house, where Jack was visible on the gravel path with Mr. Bonventura. The Italian had found that small personage in mischief of some kind, and was leading him back to the house. To have done it more tenderly, more gently, would have been impossible; for besides the fact that this was Mary's child, the good man was foolishly tender to all children, as is the wont of his race. But Jack did not appreciate his goodness. The child hung back, crying loudly, kicking, screaming, and struggling. "I won't go; I won't go!" he cried. The kind Italian answered nothing, but made him go, leading him in. There is no telling what he saved the little rebel from—perhaps from being run over, or making some other such sacrifice of life and limb as British children delight in. Mr. Bonventura did it with a heart swelling with kindness and pleasure in the thought that he was thus doing something for Mary. Poor, unconscious, good man! without knowing it, he was sealing his fate.

All that day Miss Robinson went about wringing her hands and telling everybody that Mrs. Peveril was ill. She had nearly committed herself, and lost a new pupil to the establishment,

by injudicious terror exhibited to a lady who came to inquire into terms, &c. "She was as well as I am this morning," poor Miss Robinson cried, "and now quite stricken down. And I feel, oh, I can't tell how, as if it must have been my fault, exposing her——"

"Oh, good heavens! if it is anything catching," cried the lady, rising. "Lucy, Lucy, come here, my darling!"

Miss Robinson came to her senses as sharply as if she had received a douche in her face. "Oh dear, oh dear, what can I have said to give you such an impression? It is—toothache—only toothache," she said, seizing upon the first harmless ill she could think of. And, fortunately, the lady laughed and sat down again, and the new pupil was secured.

Mrs. Peveril wrote two notes from the solitude of her chamber that day—one to Mr. Bonventura, the contents of which never transpired. But the consequence was that he sent in his resignation as French and Italian teacher at Grove House that evening, and started (the maids, who heard it from the postman, informed Miss Robinson) for the

Continent next day. The second was to Miss Robinson herself, informing her that the writer was ready to look out for another situation as a governess, if Grove House was bought by anyone else; but she could not, would not pay *that* price for it. And Mrs. Peveril remained in her room all day shut up with Jack, who, the reader may be glad to know, was exceptionally naughty, and at last had to be whipped and sent to bed.

This was how this little episode ended—as far as such things ever end. It lived for years and years, a painful recollection set round with many complications, in Mrs. Peveril's mind; and no doubt it lived in the other, who suffered still more by it. To this day it is a lasting regret to good Miss Robinson; but other agencies came in, as has been already chronicled, securing the school and the fixtures, and everything thereto appertaining, to Mrs. Peveril. There has never been a teacher of languages so entirely trustworthy in Grove House; but then it must be remembered that Mrs. Peveril herself possessed the French language perfectly, "acquired abroad."

## TENNYSON.

MR. TENNYSON was an artist even before he was a poet; in other words, the eye for beauty, grace, and harmony of effect was even more emphatically one of his original gifts than the voice for poetical utterance itself. This probably it is which makes his very earliest pieces appear so full of effort, and sometimes even so full of affectation. They were elaborate attempts to embody what he *saw*, before the natural voice of the poet had come to him. Coleridge remarks in his "Table Talk" that Mr. Tennyson had begun to write poetry before he knew what metre was. The remark applied of course only to his very earliest publication; and of that it was, I think, true, odd as it now reads in relation to one of the greatest masters of metre, both simple and sonorous, that the English language has ever known. It is interesting as showing how laborious and full of effort his early verse sounded to one of the finest judges of English verse, and so confirming the suspicion that Mr. Tennyson's vision of beauty had ripened earlier than his poetic faculty for shaping that vision into words. I think it is possible to trace not only a pre-poetic period in his art—the period of the Orianas, Owls, Mermans, &c.,—a period in which the poem on "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" seems to me the only one of real interest, and that is a poem expressive of the luxurious sense of a gorgeous inward picture-gallery—but to date the period at which the soul was "infused" into his poetry, and the brilliant external pictures became the dwelling-places of germinating poetic thoughts creating their own music. The Roman Catholics have, I believe, a doctrine that at a certain stage in the growth of the embryo body the soul is "infused" into it, and from that stage it shapes and moulds all the struc-

tures of the body with a view to their subserviency to a moral and spiritual growth. Apply that analogy to Mr. Tennyson's poems, and the period before 1832 is the period before Mr. Tennyson's pictures had a soul in them, and consequently before they had a music of their own. He himself has told us very finely in his newest poem, when describing the building of Arthur's great capital,—which, like Ilium, was rumoured to have been built to a divine music,—how the highest works of the human spirit are created:—

"For an ye heard a music, like enow  
They are building still, seeing the city is  
    built  
To music, therefore never built at all,  
And therefore built for ever."

There was no such music in Mr. Tennyson's early verses, but he himself has all but told us when the period in which his productiveness was due more to the "lust of the eye" than to any true poetic gift, ceased. Curiously enough, the first poem where there is any trace of those musings on the legends of the Round Table to which he has directed so much of his maturest genius, is also a confession that the poet was sick of the magic mirror of fancy and its picture-shadows, and was turning away from them to the poetry of human life. "The Lady of Shalott," the first poem of those published in the autumn of 1832—the same sad year which laid the foundation of Mr. Tennyson's most perfect, if not his greatest poem, "In Memoriam"—has for its real subject the emptiness of the life of fancy, however rich and brilliant, the utter satiety which compels any true imaginative nature to break through the spell which entrances it in an unreal world or visionary joys. The Lady of Shalott—a variation on Elaine—gazing in her

magic mirror, sees a faithful picture of all that passes by her solitary isle, and copies it in the web she weaves :—

“ There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.”

The curse, of course, is that she shall be involved in mortal passions, and suffer the fate of mortals, if she looks away from the shadow to the reality. Nevertheless, the time comes when she braves the curse :—

“ But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often through the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot :  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed :  
‘ I am half sick of shadows,’ said  
The Lady of Shalott.”

And probably it was the vision of a “funeral,” at least as much as that other vision which made the fairy Lady of Shalott more than half sick of shadows, that first led the author of this beautiful little poem into his true poetic work.

But even after the embryo period is past, even when Mr. Tennyson's poems are uniformly moulded by an “infused” soul, one not unfrequently notices the excess of the faculty of vision over the governing conception which moulds the vision, so that I think he is almost always most successful when his poem begins in a thought or a feeling rather than from a picture or a narrative, for then the thought or feeling dominates and controls his otherwise too lavish fancy. “Ulysses” and “Tithonus” are far superior to “Ænone,” exquisite as the pictorial workmanship of “Ænone” is ; “The Palace of Art” is finer than “The Dream of Fair Women ;” “The Death of Lucretius,” painful as the subject is, than “Enoch Arden” or “Aylmer's Field ;” and, for the same reason, “In Memoriam” is perhaps an even more perfect whole than the poem

of greatest scope, and in some respects the noblest of his imaginative efforts, the great Arthurian epic which he has only just completed. Whenever Mr. Tennyson's pictorial fancy has had it in any degree in its power to run away with the guiding and controlling mind, the richness of the workmanship has to some extent overgrown the spiritual principle of his poems.

I suppose it is in some respects this lavish strength of what may be called the bodily element in poetry, as distinguished from the spiritual life and germ of it, which has given Mr. Tennyson at once his delight in great variety and richness of materials, and his profound reverence for the principle of spiritual order which can alone impress unity and purpose on the tropical luxuriance of natural gifts. It is obvious, for instance, that even in relation to natural scenery, what his poetical faculty delights in most are rich, luxuriant landscapes in which either Nature or man has accumulated a lavish variety of effects. There is nothing of Wordsworth's passion for the bare, wild scenery of the rugged North in his poems. For one picture of wild and barren grandeur like the first of the two following in “The Palace of Art,” there are fifty at least of variations on the last in his various poems :—

“ And one, a foreground black with stones and slugs,  
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher  
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,  
And highest, snow and fire.

“ And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peace.”

It is in the scenery of the mill, the garden, the chase, the down, the rich pastures, the harvest-field, the palace pleasure-grounds, the Lord of Burleigh's fair domains, the luxuriant sylvan beauty bearing testimony to the careful hand of man, “the summer crisp with shining woods,” that Mr. Tennyson most delights. If he strays to rarer scenes it is

almost always in search of richer and more luxuriant loveliness, like the tropical splendours of "Enoch Arden" and the enervating skies which cheated the Lotus-Eaters of their longing for home. There is always complexity in the beauty which fascinates Mr. Tennyson most.

And with the love of complexity comes, as a matter of course, in a born artist the love of the ordering faculty which can give unity and harmony to complexity of detail. Measure and order are for Mr. Tennyson of the very essence of beauty. His strong fascination for the Arthurian legends results no doubt from the mixture, in the moral materials of the age of chivalry, of exuberant stateliness and rich polish with the imperious need for spiritual order to control the dangerous elements of the age. His Arthurian epic is a great attempt to depict the infusion of a soul into a chaos of stately passions. Even in relation to modern politics you always see the same bias, a love of rich constitutional traditions welded together and ruled by wise forethought and temperate judgment. He cannot endure either spasmodic violence on the one hand, or bald simplicity on the other. What he loves is a land

"Where Freedom broadens slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

In "In Memoriam" he goes out of his way to condemn French political anarchy—

"The schoolboy heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt,"

and to throw scorn on the "red fool-fury of the Seine." Still more curious is the parenthetic question, interpolated almost angrily, in the opening of an exquisite love poem, "Love and Duty":—

"O shall the braggart shout  
For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself  
Through madness, hated by the wise, to law,  
System, and empire?"

As if he grudged revolutionary energy even its occasional success. Never was any cry more absurd than the cry made against "Maud" for the sympathy it

was supposed to show with hysterical passion. What it *was* meant to be, and was, though inadequately—the failure being due, not to sympathy with hysterics, but to the zeal with which Mr. Tennyson strove to caricature hysterics—was an exposure of hysterics. The love of measure and order is as visible in Mr. Tennyson's pictures of character as in every other aspect of his poetry. His "St. Simeon Stylites" is his hostile picture of the fanatic, just as his "Ulysses" is his friendly picture of the insatiable craving for new experience, enterprise, and adventure, when under the control of a luminous reason and a self-controlled will.

And this love of measure and order in complexity shows itself even more remarkably in Mr. Tennyson's leaning to the domestic, modern type of women. All his favourite women are women of a certain fixed class in social life, usually not the lowest, sometimes homely like Alice the miller's daughter, and Rose the gardener's daughter, or Dora, or the wife of the Lord of Burleigh; sometimes women of the Drawing-room or the Palace, like Maud, Lady Flora in "The Day-dream," or the Princess in the poem about woman, or Lynette, and Enid, and Elaine, and Guinevere in "The Idylls of the King;" but always women of the quiet and domestic type (except indeed the heroine of "The Sisters"), women whom you might meet every day in a modern home, women of the garden-flower kind, rather than of the wild-flower kind. He has set even his exquisite poem on the "Sleeping Beauty" in a drawing-room framework, *i.e.* made the "Lady Flora" to whom it is related "take her broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw." In the beautiful little idyll called "The Miller's Daughter," Mr. Tennyson even injures the rustic effect of the piece by introducing an artificial element, a song about Alice's ear-ring and necklace, a touch which, however true it may be to life—(ear-rings and necklaces are just what millers' daughters would most value)—is idyllically false as destroying the simplicity of the picture, just as it might

have been true to life, but would have been idyllically false, to call the heroine Juliana or Matilda, instead of Alice. The simplest and most lyrical heroines, heroines like Gretchen in "Faust," or Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister," are hardly in Mr. Tennyson's way. He loves something of the air and manner which a fixed social status gives. His "May Queen" has always seemed to me one of his few falsetto poems. There is art, in the sense of complex harmony, in all his greatest poems.

The simplest though hardly the most characteristic form of that art is no doubt the "Idyll," in which Mr. Tennyson has delighted from the first;—so much so, that he has applied the term somewhat misleadingly, I think, to his last, and in many respects his greatest, work. The "idyll" proper is, I suppose, a *picture* coloured by a single emotion, and intended to give a perfect illustration of that emotion. The power which makes Mr. Tennyson's idylls so unique in their beauty is, I think, his wonderful skill in creating a perfectly real and living scene,<sup>1</sup>—such as always might, and perhaps somewhere does exist, in external Nature—for the theatre of the feeling he is about to embody, and yet a scene every feature of which helps to make the emotion delineated more real and vivid. For illustrations of what I mean take the idylls of "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Gardener's Daughter," both stories of happy first love, told in their later years by old men who had married rustic beauties. The former, however, paints a boy's first unexpected passion, which finds him a dreaming lad, and breaking upon his quiet suddenly transforms him into a man; the latter paints the passion of an artist who had long played with the feeling of love, and who had heard enough beforehand of the rustic beauty he was going to visit, to be thrilling with hope and expectation of his destiny. Remembering

this, notice the completely different key of the two poems, the simple brook-like music of the first, which seems to keep time to the mill-stream, and its cool April scenery,—the rich, full, conscious sweetness of the second, and its fragrant scents of May:—

- "But, Alice, what an hour was that,  
When after roving in the woods  
('Twas April then), I came and sat  
Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening to the breezy blue;  
And on the slope, an absent fool,  
I cast me down, nor thought of you,  
But angled in the higher pool.
- "A love-song I had somewhere read,  
An echo from a measured strain,  
Beat time to nothing in my head  
From some odd corner of the brain.  
It haunted me, the morning long,  
With weary sameness in the rhymes,  
The phantom of a silent song,  
That went and came a thousand times.
- "Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood  
I watched the little circles die;  
They past into the level flood,  
And there a vision caught my eye;  
The reflex of a beauteous form,  
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck;  
As when a sunbeam wavers warm  
Within the dark and dimpled beck.
- "For you remember, you had set,  
That morning, on the casement's edge  
A long green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the ledge:  
And when I raised my eyes, above  
They met with two so full and bright—  
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,  
That these have never lost their light."

That is April love in the heart of April, keeping time to the liquid rapids of the mill-weir. The vivid picture, too, of the kindly, dusty miller, with his smile that seemed "half within and half without, and full of dealings with the world," which introduces the piece, and suggests the inequality of lot over which this boyish passion was to leap, prepares us for the sort of love, sudden, youthful, defying obstacles of station, which the bubbling mill-stream was to witness.

Now turn to the fair, rich, elaborate, and still more lovely scene, by which the reader's mind is prepared for the love-story of an artist who, as the prelude shows, had, like St. Augustine, been eagerly loving to love (*amans amare*), and

<sup>1</sup> This criticism was first made in a very fine essay on Tennyson's genius, by the late Mr. W. C. Roscoe, which will be found in his volumes of posthumous poems and essays, published by Chapman and Hall.



who was in his heart fully prepared for the first plunge.

“ And sure this orbit of the memory folds  
For ever in itself the day we went  
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,  
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,  
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large  
cloud  
Drew downward; but all else of heaven  
was pure  
Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge,  
And May with me from head to heel. And  
now,  
As though ’twere yesterday, as though it were  
The hour just flown, that morn with all its  
sound  
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of  
these)  
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to  
graze,  
And, where the hedge-row cuts the path-  
way, stood  
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,  
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves.  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for  
joy,  
But shook his song together as he near’d  
His happy home, the ground. To left and  
right,  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;  
The red-cap whistled; and the nightingale  
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of  
day.”

That is the rich gladness which prepares for the fuller and deeper passion of a mind devoted to the study of beauty and nearing the verge of an anticipated joy. Note especially the realism (which Tennyson never fails to show) in the explanation of the especial fragrance of the air,—that “one large cloud drew downward,”—so supplying the moisture that brings out the odours of the spring. Observe, too, that instead of the dancing mill-stream, we have a stream in harmony with the richer, riper passion of the conscious love of beauty:—

“ News from the humming city comes to it  
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;  
And sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster clock;  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, wash’d by a slow, broad  
stream,  
That, stirr’d with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown’d with the minster-towers.”

Two more real scenes cannot be imagined than these. And yet how delicately their differences are fitted (whether calculated or not I cannot say) to deepen and enhance the impressions of the special shade of love which each poem delineates.

But I should quote for ever were I to illustrate as fully as might be Mr. Tennyson’s wonderful power of putting Nature under contribution to help him in delineating moods of feeling. It is not limited to his idylls, but is equally marvellous in his pure lyrics. Especially wonderful is this power in the illustration of the sense of loss. Not to touch “In Memoriam,” take the voice which Mr. Tennyson has found for a dumb, wistful grief in the following little lyric. No poet ever made the dumb speak so effectually:—

“ Break, break, break  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.  
“ O well for the fisherman’s boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!  
“ And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
“ Break, break, break  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me!”

Observe how the wash of the sea on the cold gray stones is used to prepare the mind for the feeling of helplessness with which the deeper emotions break against the hard and rigid elements of human speech; how then the picture is widened out till you see the bay with children laughing on its shore, and the sailor-boy singing on its surface, and the stately ships passing on in the offing to their unseen haven, all with the view of helping us to feel the contrast between the satisfied and the unsatisfied yearnings of the human heart. Mr. Tennyson, like every true poet, has the strongest feeling of the spiritual and almost mystic character of the associa-

tions attaching to the distant sail which takes the ship on its lonely journey to an invisible port, and more than once uses it to lift the mind into the attitude of hope or trust. But then the song returns again to the helpless breaking of the sea at the foot of crags it cannot climb, not this time to express the inadequacy of human speech to express human yearnings, but the defeat of those very yearnings themselves. Thus does Mr. Tennyson turn an ordinary sea-shore landscape into a means of finding a voice indescribably sweet for the dumb spirit of human loss. Another closely analogous illustration, at least as signal of the same magic power to press Nature into the service of the heart in uttering the sense of loss, will be familiar to everyone who loves Mr. Tennyson's genius in that wonderful song in "The Princess" concerning the sad strange "days that are no more," in which he likens the mingled freshness and sadness with which we contemplate them as they flash upon our memory to a mixture of the feelings with which we see the light upon an approaching sail that brings us friends from the other hemisphere, and the light upon a retreating sail which takes them away thither; for does not the memory of those days both bring and take away? does it not restore us the vivid joy of the past only to make us feel that it is vanished? No poet has ever had a greater mastery than Mr. Tennyson of the power of real things—with him they are always real, and not mere essences or abstractions—to express evanescent emotions that almost defy expression. I know no other poet, except the author of "Antony and Cleopatra" himself, who might have imagined Cleopatra's passionate cry over the corpse of Antony—

"And there is nothing left remarkable beneath  
the visiting moon."

Mr. Tennyson's power of compelling the external world to lend him a language for the noblest feelings is, however, but the instrument of a still higher faculty, the power of apprehending those feelings themselves with the

vigour of a great dramatist: and though his range is not wide, they include some of the most delicate and intellectual, and some of the coarsest and most earthly. He is not a great dramatist, for his delineations move almost wholly in one plane, in the mood he has studied and writes to interpret. He can find the exactly appropriate reverie for the smarting and not very deeply wounded heart of a grandiose and somewhat bumptious lover dismissed like the rejected of Locksley Hall, for his deficiencies in wealth and station, and who does not suffer too much to concern himself even then with the prospects of the race and "the process of the suns." He can give you to perfection the random and humorous fancies of the poet under the mellowing influence of a pint of port, when the Muse

"Used all her fiery will and smote  
Her life into the liquor."

He can tell you how St. Simeon Stylites must have felt when the glory of his penances, mounting like fumes into his head, aided the delirium of his wandering brain to triumph over the half-dead body which had in great measure dropped away from him before he died. He can portray the intolerable restlessness of the wanderer born and bred, when, like Ulysses, he is expected to shut himself in between the narrow walls of humdrum duties. He can conceive with the subtlest power the passionate longing for death of a mortal endowed with immortality, doomed like Tithonus to outlive all life and joy, and tremble at the awful prospect of a solitary eternity of decay. Nay, he can find a language as real as the thought for the kind grandmother's wandering maternal memories, as well as for the overweening vanity of the coarse old Northern Farmer, whose only notion of duty is to serve the "squire" and the "lond" with a loyal and even passionate service, and who has no patience with "Godamoughty" for not sparing him to calve the cows and finish the "stubbing" of Thornaby waste,—and finally for the far sordider and more selfish

farmer of the new style, who worships "propuppy," especially in land, with a devout worship, and can tell his son with the most serious and earnest assurance—

"Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad."

All this he can do with marvellous finish and accuracy; but he has hardly ever attempted, except perhaps in his three studies taken from the yeoman class, to draw a character in all its variety of attitudes, and on these we suspect he spent an amount of care and study which he hardly gave to any other poem of equal length. Therefore his genius can hardly be called dramatic, though in relation to single moods he finds an infinitely more characteristic language for their expression than Mr. Browning, who would make Tithonus, Ulysses, St. Simeon Stylites, and the Northern Farmers all talk Browningese. But admitting the general limitation of Mr. Tennyson's genius to the interpretation of *moods*, admitting even the limited number of moods he can interpret adequately—for he seems to fail through caricature when he attempts, as in "Maud" or the "Vision of Sin," to express misanthropical moods,—yet no other poet has rivalled, in force and subtlety, the work he has thus achieved. When first published, "The Northern Farmer (old style)" and "Tithonus" stood side by side, and it is hardly possible to find specimens of wider-removed human emotions on the subject of death:—

"But summun 'ull come arter meä mayhap  
wi' 'is kittle o' steäm  
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi'  
the Divil's oän teäm.  
Gin I mun doy, I mun doy, an' loife they  
says is sweet,  
But gin I mun doy, I mun doy, for I couldn  
abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' docsn bring  
na the yaäle?  
Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an' a's hallus i' the  
owd taäle;  
I weän't brëäk rules for Doctor, a knaws  
naw moor than a floy;  
Git ma my yaäle, I tell tha, an' gin I mun  
doy, I mun doy."

Now hear Tithonus:—

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
The vapours weep their burthen to the  
ground,  
Man comes and tills the field and lies be-  
neath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.  
Me only cruel immortality  
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,  
Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
A white-haired shadow, roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East,  
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.  
Alas for this gray shadow, once a man—  
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
Who madest him thy chosen that he seem'd  
To his great heart none other than a God!  
I asked thee, 'Give me immortality.'  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a  
smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they  
give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd  
their wills,  
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted  
me,  
And tho' they could not end me, left me  
maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was in ashes."

The atom of common thought that connects the two passages is the feeling expressed in both that there is a price at which life, with its sweetness lost, is not worth purchasing; and though to the Northern Farmer that price is the sacrifice of what he calls "breaking rules" to please the doctor, *i.e.* giving up his accustomed draught of ale, and to Tithonus it is the loss of all that made up the vigour and gladness of life, incurred to save an ever-dwindling consciousness of personality stripped of all command over the old springs of happiness, still there is just enough common to the two thoughts to make the range of dialect and feeling the more startling and effective. I should certainly have supposed, till "The Grandmother" and the two "Northern Farmers" were published, that Mr. Tennyson's power of poetical interpretation extended only to the more refined, if not the more intellectual habits of mind, but that notion has been entirely disposed of. He can furnish good grandmotherly reminiscences, or a hearty devotion to a narrow

calling and a coarse obtuseness to everything beyond, with a voice at least as appropriate as he finds for that restless craving for ever new experience, and that contemptuous pity for plodding humdrum piety, which he attributes to his somewhat modernized but marvelously conceived Ulysses. But I think that while the latter class of poems come *out of* him, as it were, the former are the results of pure study, though of a study which only a poet's imagination could have harmonized into wholes so perfect. It is impossible to forget, in reading the three poems I have just referred to, that Mr. Tennyson's powers of observation, though by no means rapid, are exceedingly close and tenacious, and that he has the strong apprehensive grasp of a naturalist in conjunction with the harmonizing faculty of the poet. He seems to me to have studied his "Grandmother" and his two "Northern Farmers" much as he has studied the habits of trees and animals. He has a striking microscopic faculty on which his poetic imagination works. No poet has so many and such accurate references to the vegetable world, and yet at the same time references so thoroughly poetic. He calls dark hair

"More black than ash-buds in the front of  
March;"

auburn hair,

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the  
shell  
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within."

He is never tired of reflecting in his poetry the physiology of flowers and trees and buds. The "living smoke" of the yew is twice commemorated in his poems. He tells us how the sunflower, "shining fair,"

"Rays round with flames her disk of seed;"

observes on the blasts "that blow the poplars white;" and, to make a long story short,—for the list of instances might be multiplied to hundreds,—in his latest poem of all, he thus dates an early hour in the night:—

"Nigh upon that hour  
When the lone heron forgets his melancholy,  
*Lets down his other leg,* and stretching, dreams  
Of goodly supper in the distant pool."

It is precisely the same microscopic faculty as this applied to characteristic human habits which has produced the three wonderful studies in English vernacular life. Just as Mr. Tennyson delights to chronicle that at a given hour of the night the heron lets down his other leg and stretches himself, and conjectures that his dreams then take a happier turn, so he delights to chronicle that an old woman with her faculties failing, when she hears of the death of her eldest-born, himself an old man, will muse on the beauty of his baby legs after this fashion:—

"Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower  
of the flock;  
Never a man could fling him, for Willy stood  
like a rock.  
'Here's a leg for a babe of a week,' says  
Doctor, and he would be bound  
There was not his like that year in twenty  
parishes round."

And so precisely, too, he makes the property-worshipping "Northern Farmer" of the new style, put the poor curate, whose daughter his eldest son wishes to marry, under the microscope, as if he were a kind of insect, in this contemptuous way:—

"Parson's lass 'ant nowt, and she weänt 'a  
nowt when 'e's deäd,  
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and  
addle her breäd;  
Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt  
nivr git naw 'igher;  
An' 'e maide the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e  
coom'd to the shire."

"And thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o'  
'Varsity debt,  
Stook to his taäl they did, an' 'e 'an't got  
shut on 'em yet.  
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän  
to lend 'im a shove,  
Worse nor a far-welter'd yowe: fur, Sammy,  
'e married fur luvv."

It is impossible not to see that it is much more as naturalist than as poet that Mr. Tennyson has mastered the materials for these three most remarkable poems, though without his imaginative faculty he could never have harmonized them into these wonderful

wholes. When Shakespeare gives us a character like Juliet's nurse, we feel somehow that Juliet's nurse was in him, that he needed as little study to enter into her and appropriate her as Mr. Tennyson needed to enter into the full ripe passion which breathes through "The Gardener's Daughter" or the gusty heroes of "Locksley Hall." But his fine studies of those three rustics have been like the studies which the late Mr. Water-ton devoted to the habits of birds, or which Mr. Frank Buckland bestows on the hippopotamuses of his heart. He has made them his own, and made them perfectly living and true; and if he had time to give to other types as large and simple, he could paint them also as faithfully and impressively. But his insight into them does not come through his sympathy with active life, as Shakespeare's did; it comes of the careful, scrutinizing eye of a naturalist feeding the brooding heart of a poet. And there are plenty of indications of the same kind of close microscopic power in the higher and purely spiritual sphere of Mr. Tennyson's genius. What, for instance, can be finer than the picture of the gloomy forecast of evil which haunts Merlin before his living burial?—

"So dark a forethought rolled about his brain  
As on a dull day in an ocean cave  
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall  
In silence."

"In Memoriam" is full of such magnifying-glasses for secret feelings and doubts and fears and hopes and trusts. How true and pathetic, yet how like the effect of a brooding reverie under a microscope, is the passage in which Mr. Tennyson describes his minute comparison of the path of the moonbeams in his bed-room with what he knows it must be in the chancel where the tablet to his friend is placed, and paints the half-superstitious anxiety with which he watches them while they are lighting up the letters of the name, and then passing away, leaving it in darkness till the glimmer of the dawn returns upon it! How large he makes the fear that when he follows his friend into the

other world he may find himself "a life behind" him, and evermore doomed to follow at the same distance! How big seems the doubt we must all feel in such cases, that he is exaggerating the delight which the past companionship of his friend had caused him, that it is but "the haze of grief" which made the "former gladness loom so great." Unquestionably there is much of the microscopic naturalist in the spiritual as well as the physical part of Mr. Tennyson's musings. Any mood, however subtle, when submitted to his eye, grows large beneath that close and minute scrutiny, and reappears on a new and magnified scale, like Plato's moral law of the individual conscience when written out large in the structure and functions of the perfect State.

And yet it would be completely false to give the impression that Mr. Tennyson's studies are studies in "still" life, studies of human nature as much at rest as the fragment of a bat's wing under a microscope. There is always the movement of real life in his poems, even in passages where the movement could never show, if the movement itself, like the subject of it, were not magnified by the medium through which he makes us view it. "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," for instance, never halts a moment at any one point, though the whole might have actually passed through the mind in a few seconds. The "Grandmother's" and "Northern Farmer's" reveries flow on at much the same rate they might flow in actual life; and it is only the extreme elaboration of the picture, reminding one of some of Denner's portraits of rustic life; in which every wrinkle and every shade of colour is accurately rendered, that suggests to the reader the impression of slow movement. So too the scorn of Ulysses for the petty drudgery of his Ithacan household and government, his longing to be once more shooting the rapids of earthly adventure, his contemptuous satisfaction in the capacity of Telemachus to fill his place, and the great bound which his heart makes toward the sea that "moans round with many voices," suc-

ceed each other with a movement certainly not more languid than that of Homer himself. In painting, Mr. Tennyson is so terse and compressed, that though he never suggests the idea of swiftness,—there is too much pains spent on the individual stroke for that,—it would be simply absurd to call his manner dilatory. Indeed, his pictures often succeed each other too rapidly, without the graduation which prepares the mind for the change, so as to give a sense of effort to the reader by implying an extreme condensation in the writer. It is only in the song, or pieces closely approaching a song in structure, like "The Brook," that his style ripples along with perfect ease and grace. If we compare the lovely modulation of "The Brook," or the liquid notes of "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying," or the delicate rapture of "Come into the garden, Maud," with the stately compression of "The Palace of Art" or of most of the "Idylls of the King," we shall at once see that it is not want of motion, but rather excessive compression, which gives to so many of Mr. Tennyson's poems the air of moving through a resisting medium. There is nothing like "still" life to be found in his poems. When he puts a half-understood emotion or a new natural fact under his poetic object-glass, it may occupy a larger space than it ever did in the poems of other poets, but that is only because the scale of life is really larger. No poet is less justly liable to the charge of making much of a little or of pottering over his poetic discoveries.

And indeed "In Memoriam" is the only one of Mr. Tennyson's poems of which even his most hostile critics could say that its movement is slow. Here, however, there is necessarily the brooding movement of a haunting grief, for it is of the very essence of a poem devoted to the expression of the pain and fear and doubt and hope and faith which a great wound to the heart causes, to hover perpetually over the same theme, and to transform every seemingly foreign subject of reflection into new food for suffering or new promise of peace.

Mrs. Browning, in perhaps her finest sonnet, has said that

"If to conquer love has tried,  
To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove,  
For grief indeed *is* love, and grief beside.  
Alas, I have grieved so, I'm hard to love."

And Mr. Tennyson's great poem is a comment on this text, a comment showing how much *more* grief may be than love—not only more absorbing, which it must be, not only more tasking and more urgent in pushing the sufferer on to seemingly vain and thankless efforts to vindicate his fidelity of heart, from which he sinks back exhausted into himself, for that to a great extent it must be also—but also more fruitful of strength, of courage, of hope, and of peace. St. Paul has not got much credit for poetic feeling amongst the many great poets of the Bible, and no doubt the passages in which he rises into poetry are somewhat rare; but of one of them, I suspect, we miss the beauty and force rather for want of such a mental history as that of "In Memoriam" to explain it, than from any want of pathos, depth, and singular precision of feeling in the passage itself. It would injure "In Memoriam" to give it a Biblical motto, for that would tend to classify a great modern poem in that dismal category of works known as "Serious reading," and so to diminish its just influence; otherwise it would be hard to find a more exact and profound summary of its cycle of thought and emotion than St. Paul's reason (evidently an afterthought) for "glorying in tribulation,"—"knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." That is a true summary of the drift of "In Memoriam." The poem sets out with a cry of desolation, of self-pitying numbness of heart; (for the piece which now stands first of the series, and immediately follows the grand apostrophe, "Strong son of God, immortal Love," is evidently a poetical

preface to the whole, and not even one of the first in point of time.) The first apostrophe to the tree of churchyards, the funereal yew, whose roots "are wrapped about the bones" of the dead, is a cry of life in death, a cry of horror at the prospect of death in life. And in all those which follow it, till the poet's interest begins to awaken as to the fate of the ship which was to bring home his friend's body from the Adriatic, we hear, under the various restlessly changing forms of a stunned spirit, the constant presence of the thought—

"Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears  
That grief hath shaken into frost."

Then his imagination begins to fix itself, at intervals, with the fanciful fidelity which grief always transfers from the dead to some half-living representative of the dead, on the ship that is bringing home all that remained of his friend, and some of the most beautiful reveries in the language describe how he follows all its motions as if they were the motions of his friend himself:—

"I hear the noise about thy keel;  
I hear the bell struck in the night;  
I see the cabin windows bright;  
I see the sailor at the wheel."

He flies off in reverie, on visionary wings, "a weight of nerves without a mind" (could there be a finer expression for the acute sensation which renders thought impossible?), to meet the vessel on her way, and "circles moaning in the air, 'Is this the end? Is this the end?'" Then he tries to convince himself he does not suffer "in a dream;" records, what everyone has felt in such cases, that if the dead should prove to be alive and express compassion and grief for the illusions that had given so much pain, nothing would seem more natural to him; he hails the vessel bearing the remains of his friend on her arrival with a gleam of thankfulness that is the first softening touch; and from that point we have gentler moods of grief alternating with the despair:—

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"Ah yet, e'en yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me;

"That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again."

Tribulation has already worked patience.

Then, first, we meet with "the Shadow cloak'd from head to foot, who keeps the keys of all the creeds," and the long series of poems full of searching thought, and, here and there, of gleams of returning serenity of spirit, in which the self-accusations, the self-justifications, the doubts of science, the hopes of conscience, the glimpses of God's love, alternate like the parting clouds and shining stars of a stormy November night. At last he can answer thus his own question whether love would not survive in this life, even if it could hope for nothing beyond:—

"And Love would answer with a sigh,  
'The sound of that forgetful shore  
Will change my sweetness more and more,  
Half-dead to know that I shall die.'

"O me, what profits it to put  
An idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut."

And then we know that patience is already working experience, and experience hope; and hope the greater and not the less, for that vivid insight into not merely the thoughts but the living facts that are the food of Doubt, which Mr. Tennyson has compressed into some of these noble poems. There is hardly finer reflective poetry in existence than the series of poems in which he adduces the evidence that Nature, as Nature, cares for neither individual nor type; that

"She cries, 'A thousand types are gone,  
I care for nothing, all shall go;'"

that she is utterly indifferent whether or not Man,

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust  
Or sealed within the iron hills."

And when he breasts all these hostile

demonstrations of science with the unconquerable though trembling faith which man's nature and God's revelations oppose to all the vestiges of the lower creation, and ends with the cry to what he feels is "Lord of all," and faintly trusts "the larger hope," we cannot help confessing that "hope maketh not ashamed," since it can face boldly even this dread array of dumb discouragements.

From this point the poet's grief passes more and more into gentle memory, contemplation, and even joy. Here and there, before the anguish dies wholly away, we have exquisite bursts of returning life and joy, like that wonderful little address to the nightingale, which seems to express the rapture at once of pain and of victory over it:—

" Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,  
O tell me where the senses mix,  
O tell me where the passions meet,

" Whence radiate ; fierce extremes employ  
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
And in the midstmost heart of grief  
Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

" And I—my harp would prelude woe,—  
I cannot all command the strings ;  
The glory of the sum of things  
Will flash along the chords and go."

With such alternations of joy, and an always rising note of love and faith, this great history of grief comes to a triumphant end,

" With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved  
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

—where, if ever in human poetry, we see the glow of that "love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost that is given us." I know of no poem so great or so perfect which deals with grief at all. The higher poetry has a tendency to shun grief—submissive grief at least ; for grief that bows to the stroke is of all emotions the one most depressing to the immediate store of mental vitality ; and the higher poetry springs from the fullest well of life. Pain of all other kinds, including even that defiant despair which fights against

God, finds ample voice in poetry ; but grave and quiet anguish under the acknowledged fact of loss, anguish which does not strive to kick against the pricks, and yet does not seek to quench itself in mystic passion, has had few and fragmentary representatives in our higher poetry. Only a very strong spirit of poetry could have prevented so long a series of mournful poems as this from becoming oppressively sombre. Even as it is, it is only in one's sadder moods that one turns to this great poem ; and indeed it is only in one or two of the later poems of the series that it is possible for Mr. Tennyson to embody the full strength and elasticity of his poetic genius. There is a natural limitation of power and vitality imposed by the nature of the subject in this respect.

In one respect, however, I think "In Memoriam" surpasses all his other works, I mean in the exquisite tone of the pictures it contains. Elsewhere his pictures are apt to start out from the surface of his poems with colours almost too brilliant and outlines almost too strongly defined, so that one is dazzled by the detail, and the main subject of the poem is thrown into the shade. It is never so in "In Memoriam," where the lowered key of grief and hesitating hope results in colours as liquid in tone as the mood they illustrate. Is there in the whole range of English poetry such a picture of a summer twilight, itself drawn in the very mood of such a twilight, as this ?—

" By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry,  
And genial warmth ; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn ;

" And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwaying : not a cricket chirr'd :  
The brook alone far off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn :

" And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes ;

" While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
From knoll to knoll, where couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field."



And what a living picture of the dawn ends the same wonderful poem!—

“Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knoll once more where, couch'd at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field ;

“And, suck'd from out the distant gloom,  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

“And gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,

“‘The dawn, the dawn,’ and died away :  
And East and West, without a breath,  
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day.”

I know no descriptive poetry that has the delicate spiritual genius of that passage, its sweet mystery, its subdued lustre, its living truth, its rapture of peace. And besides the indescribable beauty of the pictures in “*In Memoriam*,” in intellectual depth, especially in the truthfulness of its knowledge of the heart, and in the elasticity of soul which thrusts back the heaviest burdens by its own inherent force, this poem has been never rivalled in its kind by any English poet. Its defects are few and very slight, and mostly what I observe in all Mr. Tennyson's poems. He always shows a certain tendency to over-express any morbid thought or feeling he wishes to resist, and this jars more on the ear in a poem of which the very essence is its sad self-possession and submissive pain. Thus, where he says that man tried to believe Love to be “*Creation's final law*,”

“Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed,”

the phrase sounds to me hysterical, for Nature is very much besides the teeth and claws of beasts of prey, and the “*shrieks*” of her victims can hardly be fairly represented as her voice. The validity of the objection, which is undeniable, loses, I think, instead of gaining in weight, from so excited a form of expression. I feel the same jar at the phrase twice used of sorrow, “*Sorrow with thy lying lip*,” which, as represent-

ing the illusions into which sorrow betrays us, sounds harsh, almost like the phrase of a scold ;—yet nothing less like the general tenor of feeling in the poem can be conceived. Now and then, too, there is a tone of “*effusion*” beyond what a perfectly simple taste admits, as where the poet supposes that his friend might come down alive from the ship in which he was looking only for his corpse, and “*strike a sudden hand in mine*,” where “*strike*” is surely too pronounced, too emphatic a word for the occasion, especially as the idea is sufficiently conveyed by the word “*sudden*.” But when seeming faults as “*infinitely little*” as these are the only ones to be perceived in such a poem as this, it must be great, unless indeed the critic be very blind. Certainly to me it seems the most beautiful and vivid of all poems that ever grew out of a grave.

No one can criticize “*In Memoriam*” and “*The Idylls of the King*,” still less pass from the one to the other, without being conscious of the immense influence which ethical principles have had in moulding Mr. Tennyson's work as an artist, or without reflecting in some form on the charge so commonly made or implied against him, that he has injured the character of his art for the sake of the perfectly irrelevant interests of morality. No one can doubt that if a poem which is, as it asserts itself, the simple outpouring of long years of grief, has what may be called a moral teaching at all, the teaching of “*In Memoriam*” is that Knowledge severed from Love and Faith is “*a child and vain* ;” that she should know her place, which is to be second, not the first ; that

“A higher hand must make her mild  
If all be not in vain ; and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With Wisdom, like the younger child.”

If “*In Memoriam*” has a definite teaching at all, as distinguished from a lyrical burden, this is it. And no doubt it expresses a conviction which springs from the very depths of the poet's soul. Whether it injures his poetry or not must depend on two conditions—first, is it obtruded didacti-

cally instead of merely shaping and tuning his song? in other words, does it mar the music, or is it of the essence of the music? For anyone may spoil a song or a poem of any kind by incorporating with it fragments of a sermon. The second question is, "Is it true?" For if the doctrine that Knowledge severed from Love and Faith is out of place, be incorporated into the very heart of the music, and be yet false, unmanly, enervating doctrine, I at least should admit at once that it must injure the poem, as well as the morality of the poem. Mr. Swinburne,—who, when he can lay aside petty resentments and clear his essays from the intricate inuendoes inspired by a whole host of unintelligible and unworthy literary animosities, always writes with the lucid beauty of genius, though somewhat too much also with the "high action" of complacent consciousness,—appears to think the first question alone relevant. He has declared that "the worth of a poem has properly nothing to do with its moral meaning or design;" that "the only absolute duty of Art is the duty she owes to herself;" that "she is dependent on herself alone, and on nothing above or beneath." He does not therefore *prohibit* Art from taking a moral aim, so long as the aim does not so protrude as to injure the art. But he will not admit that the character of the morality involved is even an element in the matter. Indeed, "there is a value," he says, "beyond price and beyond thought, in the Lesbian music which spends itself on the record of fleshly fever and amorous malady." Unquestionably this is not Mr. Tennyson's doctrine. In verses which, had they not been in all probability written long before Mr. Swinburne was born, might have been supposed to bear some reference to his genius, the Laureate has said that the highest creative beauty, whether of the divine or of the poetic kind, must imply a moral law:—

"My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core  
And dust and ashes all that is ;

"This round of green, this orb of flame  
Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks  
In some wild Poet when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim."

Nor can I conceive of any rational interpretation of the view for which Mr. Swinburne declares himself so absolutely,—without, however, himself attempting to give it a rational interpretation. I doubt if he even agrees heartily with himself. He declares, for instance, against Mr. Tennyson's "Vivien," on the ground that in depicting an unchaste woman, Art requires "at least some trace of human, or, if need be, of devilish dignity." Now, I do not suppose that Mr. Swinburne means to imply that all the proper subjects of Art must have dignity, either human, devilish, or of any other kind. Malvolio and Caliban are both, I suppose, fit subjects for Art, and neither of them by reason of their dignity, rather by reason of the want of it. What Mr. Swinburne meant, I suppose, was that in a figure of the type of Vivien, some trace of other dignity is needed to render the intrinsic want of womanly dignity tolerable. But if this be admitted, Mr. Swinburne's "absolute independence of Art" is surrendered at once. Why is some vestige of dignity specially needed in the portraiture of one of Vivien's type, except because the higher taste is so intolerant of mere meanness—especially meanness of the sensual order—that when you are painting a character in this essential respect destitute of worth, you are bound to relieve the picture by portraying some trait of greatness of some other kind, greatness of passion, or intelligence, or, if it must be so, greatness of evil purpose itself? I agree with the general principle, if not with its special application to Vivien, but what does it imply? This fastidiousness of the higher taste is not an accident of the artistic temperament. We shrink from the meaner types of evil in Art, because they are less representative of our nature, because they fail to call out the deeper and more ennobling moral emotions; because, while we can despise and loathe them,

we cannot dread or hate them. Well, but this is a virtual admission that Art acknowledges the supremacy of these moral emotions—in other words, of the conscience which shapes them: and if it be so, then the poetry which makes the lower passions speak as if there were no such moral emotions at all, is worse *as poetry* for its grovelling blindness. Mr. Swinburne's "Lesbian music which spends itself on the record of fleshly fever and amorous malady" seems to me the music of the satyr, not the music of human beings, and to be condemned by the very reasons which he assigns for condemning "Vivien." It is wanting in all dignity except the dignity of flame, or rather it revels in indignity, in what is the disgrace and not the honour of human nature. You might as well say that it is a fit subject for Art to paint the morbid ecstasy of cannibals over their horrid feasts, as to paint lust without love. If you are to delineate man at all, you must delineate him with his human nature, and therefore you can never really omit from any worthy picture that conscience which is its crown. I believe, myself, that Mr. Tennyson is never guilty of letting his moral purpose crop out ostentatiously so as to injure his art; indeed, I have never seen it even alleged that he is so guilty, except in relation to his picture of Arthur, of which I have presently to speak. And as I believe that his intense conviction, that Knowledge is "the second, not the first," is true—that Art herself must walk by the light of Love and Faith, and must not paint human nature in the monstrous and conscienceless shapes it sometimes really assumes, unless with some foil which shall make the void where the moral life should be painfully visible,—I cannot think that in any respect Mr. Tennyson has shown himself a higher artist than in the important but generally unostentatious place which the conscience takes in his greater poems.

Of course the soundness of this judgment on Mr. Tennyson as a poet must depend on the real value of the great poem called, I think with somewhat

unfortunate modesty, "The Idylls of the King." The title misled the public, and the fragmentary mode in which the poem appeared misled it the more. I confess that when the first four Idylls first appeared I did not enjoy them nearly so much as many of the Laureate's earlier poems. No one, I suppose, with any taste for poetry at all could possibly have read "Elaine" and "Guinevere," especially the latter, without delight. But appearing, as they did, without any notice of their fragmentary character, and with, I still think, a good deal in the first of them, "Enid," to suggest that they were rich pictorial fancies, taken, certainly not altogether at random, but yet without any really coherent design, out of a great magazine of romantic story, there was some excuse, I think, for the hasty impression that they were four minutely finished cabinet pictures, painted of course to hang by and illustrate each other, but nevertheless with more view to the beauty of the individual effects than to their relation to each other. By the side of "Ulysses," "The Two Voices," and many others of Mr. Tennyson's earlier poems, I certainly thought at first the four first "Idylls" a little wanting in intellectual interest, a little too dependent on their pictorial brilliance. But as the poem put forth new shoots in both directions, backwards and forwards, and the noble portions on "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur," appeared,—poems in which the gradual growth and fall of the ideal kingdom of the spiritual chivalry were depicted,—I found the grandeur of the new poem eclipsing in interest, for me, almost everything that Mr. Tennyson had written, and the first published Idylls themselves growing in their intellectual fascination. "The Last Tournament," and "Gareth and Lynette," which furnished respectively almost the last and first links in the chain, except the "Passing" and "Coming" of Arthur themselves, seem to me to have wrought up the poet's conceptions into a far completer expression, and to have put the final touches to a very great, though not

quite perfect whole. Ordinary readers seem to find much less of grace and finish in the later than in the earlier published Idylls. As regards "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "The Last Tournament," this is not only true, but was necessary to the poet's purpose, which was to give the impression of storms, gloom, and coming ruin before the tragic close. I do not think myself that it is true at all of the other parts. The new additions to "The Passing of Arthur"—which now embodies Mr. Tennyson's earliest as well as his latest work on this great poem—seem to me to contain the grandest lines he has ever written, lines resonant with the highest chords of spiritual yearning and bewildered trust, lines which echo and re-echo in one's imagination like the dying tones of the organ in a great cathedral's aisles. "Gareth and Lynette," which is intended to paint the freshest period of the ideal kingdom and also to foreshadow its course, has to my ear a mingled sweetness and depth that make it far surpass "Enid" in poetic power, and so no doubt introduce a certain flaw into the workmanship of the whole poem, which rather declines in power as it passes from its first to its second stage and shows the origin of the evil influence which is to lay the whole fair structure in ruins. I think, too, there is a flaw of the same kind in the comparative inferiority of "Pelleas and Ettarre" to the parts which precede and follow it. "Pelleas and Ettarre" is not merely harsh and revolting, as "The Last Tournament" is harsh and revolting—that it must have been : it is harsh and revolting without presenting any of the assuaging and ennobling effects of Arthur's exalting influence, without any reconciling touch such as the passionate fidelity of the fool gives to "The Last Tournament," and also I think without sufficient grandeur even in the evil. Ettarre, at all events, is hardly a figure dignified enough for the evil part she has to play in a great tragedy. She is no greater than she is in the old story itself, where she has to play a far less important part, and where there is a foil to her wanting in Mr. Tennyson's picture.

These are the kind of artistic objections—objections of detail—to which I think Mr. Tennyson's great Arthurian poem is justly liable. The design as a whole seems to me more within true poetic limits, if not nobler in itself, than anything in our epic literature ; and though Mr. Tennyson does not of course bring to its execution a voice of the mighty volume of Milton, he has not only written what is far more perfect as a work of art, though less imposing as a work of genius, than "Paradise Lost"—indeed, the former might easily be—but one which shadows forth the ideal faith of his own time—a time of at least as sincere, if much less definite faith and of far higher moral and intellectual discrimination—more adequately.

In taking his subject from the great mediæval myth of English chivalry, it was of course open to Mr. Tennyson to adopt any treatment of it which would really incorporate the higher and grander aspects of the theme, and also find an ideal unity for a number of legends in which of unity there was none. It is obvious that in dealing with a chivalric story with which strange and grand fragments of mediæval Christian mysticism are closely interwoven, it was impossible to avoid the blending of the distinct themes of ideal courage and honour, ideal love and purity, and the rapt visions of an ideal faith. This could not have been avoided. But undoubtedly these various elements might have been blended in various ways ; and it would have been possible, no doubt, to make the central figure of the poem one in which the highest ideal aims were crossed by the tragic consequences of a youthful sin, so that everywhere his own sin rose up against him till it brought to ruin the fair dream of his life. This is the view of the story of Arthur which Mr. Swinburne and his school maintain to be the only natural and legitimate one. And there is no doubt that the treachery which finally undermines and ruins Arthur's work is the treachery of Modred, nor that, according to the story of the old legend, Modred is Arthur's own son

the offspring of the guilty passion of his father for one whom he did not then know to be his half-sister Bellicent. According to the old story, Merlin prophesied to him the evil destiny in store for him as the penalty of this sin, and also forbade him to take part in the search for the Holy Grail, as being rendered unworthy of it by that sin. Nor can it be denied that there are various other traces in the early part of these legends of the moral taint which Arthur's nature had thus incurred. For instance, the sword brought by the lady of the isle of Avelyon cannot be drawn by Arthur, because it can only be drawn by knight in whom there is no hidden shame.

For the rest the picture of Arthur as given in the old legends is exceedingly wavering and uncertain. For the most part it is the picture of a gracious and noble figure of mysterious origin and mysterious destiny,—“*Rex quondam, Rexque futurus*,” according to the legendary inscription on his tomb,—whose nobility inspires a passion of love and fidelity in his knights, and the profoundest agony of remorse in his unfaithful queen;—but also at times crafty, and at times weak, trying in the beginning of his reign, like Herod, to exterminate the infants amongst whom Merlin's lore pronounces that the cause of his own ruin and death is to be found; and yielding at the end of his reign, against his own better mind, to the bloody and vindictive counsels of his nephew Gawain in the war with Lancelot. I will venture to say that if only those legends collected by Sir Thomas Malory were to be taken as authorities (and though I do not profess a knowledge of the various other collections, it is quite clear that many of them are far more favourable to the ideal view of Arthur than Sir Thomas Malory's), and if everything they say of Arthur were put together, no coherent character at all could be constructed out of them. It would have been impossible to draw any poetical portrait of the king without the freest principle of selection.

Had Mr. Tennyson taken the view which Mr. Swinburne affirms,—with a pert dogmatism quite unworthy of the exquisite English in which he writes, and the frequent flashes of genius in the substance of what he writes,—to be the only possible one; had the story of Arthur been turned into that of a kind of mediæval *Œdipus*, and the awful destiny which avenged his voluntary sin but involuntary incest, that of death by the hand of his own son, been made the subject of it, there would have been no room at all for the spiritual halo which the mysterious stories of Arthur's birth and of his return from the island of his rest shed round the subject. No Greek tragedian would have dreamt of investing *Œdipus* with such a halo as that. This view of the story is a tragic one in the true old sense of a story purifying the heart by pity and by fear. The subject of so dread and dark a destiny may be enabled to answer Sphinx-riddles as a step to his own doom, but he cannot be one whose coming is preceded by heavenly portents, and whose passing takes place amidst the wailing of unearthly mourners, the bitter grief and remorse of faithless companions, and the mystic presage of a glorious return. It seems to me perfectly evident that Mr. Tennyson, as every true poet—Mr. Swinburne himself, for example—had to choose between the various inconsistent elements in the Arthurian legends, which of them he would keep and which he would eliminate, that it would have been simply impossible to keep the element of shame and retribution along with the element of mystic spiritual glory, and that the last is far the most characteristic and the most in keeping with the Christian mysticism of the San Grail legends, of the two. Let anyone read either Sir Thomas Malory's book, or the brief, graceful, and classical compilation<sup>1</sup> of the Legends of King Arthur by J. T. K., and then judge for himself whether the sin of King Arthur or his unearthly glory be the more deeply ingrained element of the two, and I

<sup>1</sup> Strahan and Co.

suspect he will end by accepting as the overruling idea, and also as by far the better adapted for coherent treatment, the verdicts of the old chroniclers, of Joseph of Exeter, for example:—"The old world knows not his peer, nor will the future show us his equal; he alone towers over all other kings, better than the past ones, and greater than those that are to be;" and again of another old compiler: "In short, God has not made, since Adam was, the man more perfect than King Arthur."<sup>1</sup> It is perfectly evident that this tradition of unrivalled spiritual glory was a development of elements of the story quite inconsistent with that of his great sin and shame.

Mr. Swinburne asserts, however, that Guinevere's sin is closely implicated with Arthur's: "From the sin of Arthur's youth proceeds the ruin of his reign and realm through the falsehood of his wife—a wife unloving and unloved."<sup>2</sup> I believe this is not only without basis in the story as told by Sir Thomas Malory, but wholly inconsistent with it. So far is Guinevere from being "unloved," that when Merlin asks Arthur, "Is there any faire lady that yee love better than another?" he answers, "Yea, I love Guinevere the king's daughter, Leodegrance of the land of Camelyard, which Leodegrance holdeth in his power the Table Round that yee told hee had of my father Uther. And this demosell is the most gentlest and fairest lady that I know living, or yet that I ever could find." "Sir," said Merlin, "as of her beautie and fairenesse, she is one of the fairest that live; *but an yee loved her not so well as yee doe, I would finde yee a demosell of beautie and of goodnesse that should like yee and please yee, and your heart were not set. But there as a man's heart is set, he will be loth to return.*" "That is truth," said Arthur;—and here not only is Arthur's

passion for his queen represented as beyond resistance, but Merlin treats the want of love of Guinevere as the root of the calamities that were to come, and intimates that by a happier choice these calamities might have been avoided. And the simple truth is, that this is the whole drift of the legends, from the date of Arthur's marriage to the close. After Arthur's mysterious death, Guinevere freely takes upon herself and Lancelot the whole guilt of the ruin of Arthur's kingdom. "Through this knight and mee all these warres were wrought, and the death of the most noble knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slaine. . . . For as well as I have loved thee, Sir Lancelot, now mine heart will not once serve mee to see thee; for through thee and mee is the floure of kings and knights destroyed." And her last prayer is not to see Sir Lancelot again with her bodily eyes, lest her earthly and disloyal love should return upon her, but that he should bury her beside her true lord and master, King Arthur. No one can read Sir Thomas Malory's book without being struck by the complete disappearance, as it proceeds, of all trace of remorse or shame in King Arthur, and by the weight of guilt thrown upon the passionate love of Lancelot and Guinevere. Obviously, if Mr. Tennyson was to keep to the legends which cast so mysterious a halo of spiritual glory around King Arthur, he had no choice but to ignore those which connected, *Œdipus-fashion*, his youthful sin with the final catastrophe.

But it has been said that Arthur's exclusion from the search for the San Grail is only intelligible on the ground of his youthful guilt. Here again, I think, Mr. Tennyson's poetic instinct proves triumphant. For in the story of it as told by Sir Thomas Malory, there is not only no trace of this, but a distinct justification of the Poet Laureate's view that Arthur looked on this search for the San Grail as almost a disloyalty to the higher though humbler task that he had set himself and his

<sup>1</sup> I quote these from the preface to J. T. K.'s compilation.

<sup>2</sup> "Under the Microscope," by Algernon Charles Swinburne, p. 37. (White, Coventry Street.)

knights—of restoring order on earth; while, on the other hand, knights who, like Sir Lancelot, are stained with far deeper and more voluntary guilt than any the King, even on Mr. Swinburne's view, is chargeable with, are allowed to join in the search. I do not know anything happier or more true in its instinct, in English poetry, than the tone Mr. Tennyson has attributed to Arthur's reluctant assent to the search for the San Grail. It is amply justified by the old legends, and it just enables the poet to express through Arthur that spiritual distrust of signs and wonders which, while it serves to link his faith closely with modern thought, is in no way inconsistent with the chivalric character of the whole story. In Sir Thomas Malory's version, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the vision of the holy vessel, and that Pentecostal scene in which all the knights, amid profound silence, had beheld each other invested with a higher beauty than their own, Arthur yields thanks to God "of his grace that hee had sent them, and for the vision hee had showed them at the high feast of Pentecost," yet not only suggests no quest, but imagines none; nor is it the holiest of the knights, nor one of those who are to succeed wholly or partially in achieving it, who proposes it. It is Sir Gawain;—though Mr. Tennyson, who has accepted for other reasons a lower conception of Sir Gawain than the old chroniclers, puts the first oath into the mouth of the mystic-minded Percivale. Arthur at once expresses his displeasure in language at least fairly interpretable as implying disapprobation of the surrender of a prior earthly duty for a visionary spiritual aim. "Alas!" said King Arthur unto Sir Gawain, 'yee have nigh slaine mee with the vow and promise yee have made; for through you yee have bereft mee of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were scene together in any realme of the world. For when they shall depart from hence, I am sure that all shall never meete more in this world, for there shall many die in the quest, and so it fore-thinketh (repenteth) mee a little, for I

have loved them as well as my life; wherefore it shall grieve me right sore the separation of this fellowship, for I have had an old custome to have them in my fellowship.'" And again, more passionately: "'Ah, Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain, yee have betraied mee, for never shall my heart be amended by you, but yee will never be sorry for mee as I am for you;' and therewith the teeres began to runne downe by his visage. And therewith the King said: 'Ah, knight, Sir Lancelot, I require thee that thou wilt counsaile mee, for I would this quest were undone, and it might bee.'" This is not the language of one too guilty to join in the quest himself, but of one who sincerely disapproves it, as the exchange of a clear prior duty undertaken by his knights, for one of doubtful obligation, though of spiritual ambition.

On the whole, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Swinburne's hostile criticism of "The Idylls of the King" for their omission of the taint in the king's life and character, is virtually a complaint that the poet has not excluded the whole halo of spiritual glory from the Arthurian tradition and substituted an old Greek tragedy for a mystic mediæval vision. Doubtless Mr. Swinburne himself would have preferred the former subject, the dark shadows of fate—the sensual horror, the black remorse, and the fell retribution,—which haunt a sin of passion and an unnatural though partly involuntary crime. He has often shown an almost ostentatious preference for artistic subjects of this specially painful kind. But looking solely to the Arthurian legends themselves, I think Mr. Tennyson was more than justified in taking the other view. By doing so he has not only raised the character of his poem, but connected it with some of the most prominent and distinctive threads in our modern spiritual life.

To come to the poem itself,—the various links in which too few of its readers have, I fear, as yet considered in the order in which Mr. Tennyson means them to be ultimately studied,

rather than in that in which he has given them to the world,—what a splendour of dusk and dawn is there not in the introductory poem, “The Coming of Arthur;” what a veil of lustre is drawn over the birth and origin of this mysterious king, whose royal right is half reflected rumour flashed back from the greatness of his subsequent deeds, and half that dim oracular testimony which always seems to anticipate the higher orders of greatness from their earliest days! His knights believe him to be of the old royal race, the more that his tones of command “and simple words of great authority” sink into them with a self-attesting power, so

“That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some  
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,  
Some flush’d, and others dazed, as one who wakes  
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.”

His sister, full of a deeper loyalty and a more feminine faith, believes the rumour of a supernatural origin,—that he came with portents, borne a naked babe upon the sea, the sign of the winged dragon above him in heaven, and a lambent fire playing round him as the last and greatest of nine great waves bore him to Merlin’s feet. Merlin himself, the great master of all mediæval lore, could only say of Arthur that though men might wound him, he could never die, but “pass, again to come,” declaring of him in words that haunt the mind of Guinevere when she sees him depart to return to her no more—

“From the great deep to the great deep he goes.”

Leodogran’s dream, when he is doubting whether Arthur’s mysterious descent is truly royal, so that he may give him Guinevere for his wife, or not,—the dream in which he mingles the story of the actual wars of Arthur against the heathen with the rumours of the still struggling passions of his rebellious subjects, and yet augurs that the grandeur of the King will survive even the history of his deeds,—is a splendid embodiment

of Mr. Tennyson’s drift throughout the poem. Grant that a perfect king is a phantom of the human imagination, yet it is a phantom which will haunt it long after what we call the real earth shall have been dissolved:—

“She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,  
But musing, ‘Shall I answer yea or nay!’  
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and  
saw,  
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,  
Field after field, up to a height, the peak  
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,  
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope  
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was  
driven,  
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and  
rick,  
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,  
Stream’d to the peak, and mingled with the  
haze  
And made it thicker; while the phantom king  
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there  
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the  
rest  
Slew on and burnt, crying, ‘No king of ours,  
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;’  
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the  
haze  
Descended, and the solid earth became  
As nothing, and the king stood out in heaven,  
Crown’d. And Leodogran awoke, and sent  
Ulfius, and Brastias and Bedivere,  
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.”

Like all true authority, that of the ideal king is hidden in mystery, but the image of his glory in the heavens survives the crumbling of his kingdom on earth. Not in painting the restless hunger of travel in his “Ulysses,” not in making us shudder at the immortal mortality of the weary “Tithonus,” has Mr. Tennyson displayed more power than in this wonderful picture of the mystery which envelopes, and the inspiration which seems to attend, the exercise of spiritual authority over the wills of men,—of the spell which it lays upon them,—of the certain failure of that spell as passion and pleasure and selfish interest reassert their sway, and yet of the inevitable reassertion of its power in memory and its eternal triumph in faith.

The second of these poems, and the newest of them, “Gareth and Lynette,” is meant to paint the golden age of Arthur’s reign, while as yet no germ of guilt has sprung into visible life, while



the chivalry of perfect courage, perfect love, and perfect faith is still dominant, and all Arthur's knights are aiding him in redeeming the earth and the souls of men from the tyranny of brutal instincts and the lawless caprice of human self-will. Gareth is the embodiment of childlike loyalty and buoyant youthful faith, willing for any service, however seemingly ignominious, which is the service of the true king "who makes us free," and not only willing for it, but happy and radiant in it. He is chosen for one which is representative of the aims of Arthur's whole kingdom,—to rescue her who is beset in "Castle Perilous" by four strong but foolish and boastful knights, who resist Arthur's authority and wish to destroy the order he has founded, and who have challenged him to send his bravest and most glorious knight to encounter them, and deliver their fair captive if he may. Whom the fair captive of "Castle Perilous" may represent, and of what fashion the knights who there confine her, Mr. Tennyson has not left us to conjecture, though the allegory must not be pushed so far as to destroy the beauty of the poetic story:—

"Anon they past a narrow comb wherein  
Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on  
horse

Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning hues.  
'Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was  
here,

Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the rock  
The war of Time against the soul of man.  
And yon four fools have suck'd their allegory  
From these damp walls, and taken but the  
form.

Know ye not these?' and Gareth lookt and  
read—

In letters like to those the vexillary  
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—  
'ΡΗΟΣΡΗΟΥΣ,' then 'ΜΕΡΙΔΙΕΣ,'—'ΗΕΣΠΕ-  
ΡΟΣ'

'Nox'—'Mors,' beneath five figures, armed  
men,

Slab after slab, their faces forward all,  
And running down the Soul, a Shape that fled  
With broken wings, torn raiment and loose  
hair,

For help and shelter to the hermit's cave."

In this the earliest and most joyous of the pictures of Arthur's reign, something more of symbolism is permissible,

by way of illustrating the drift and bearing of the whole, than in the later poems, where sin and shame have struck their dark personal impress on the story; and nothing can be brighter and yet in its way more thrilling than the story of Gareth's fearful encounter with the Evening Star—him who with the wiry tenacity of worldly experience and indurated habit warded off the daring enthusiasm of youth and faith,—and him who chilled the blood of all under the awful seeming of Night and Death, and yet proved to be but a blooming boy, disguised in false terrors by the stratagem of the children of Time. Of course Mr. Tennyson means that the whole aim of Arthur's Order was to deliver the spiritual captive of "Castle Perilous" from the power of these worldlings of the flesh, and that the battle was to grow more grievous as the long day grew towards its close, though "the passing of Arthur" at the last, fearful as it seemed, should be but the easy victory over a danger really conquered before—the passing into an isle of rest, whence in higher glory he should return again. The mixture of buoyant life with symbolism in this story of Gareth, and the delicacy with which Mr. Tennyson has used and yet quite transformed the old Arthurian story of this relief of "Castle Perilous," seem to me to rank this poem amongst his happiest efforts.

In "Enid," where it is the purpose of the poet to picture the infection of distrust, the contagious jealousy which the rumour of Guinevere's unfaithfulness with Lancelot spread downwards amongst the knights of Arthur, though as yet in but a comparatively incipient and conquerable stage, Mr. Tennyson's delight in picture a little overpowers his main purpose; and we approach nearer to the type of the versified novellette—the type of "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field"—than in any other section of the Arthurian epic. We must remember, however, that Enid is painted as especially distinguished by Guinevere's love; that it is her closeness to Guinevere which alarms Geraint on her behalf when he hears Guine-

vere's virtue impugned; and that it is the King's healing influence, no less than Enid's spotless purity, which restores Geraint to himself. Arthur's chivalry is already attacked from the side of purity, but the taint is not yet deep. In "Vivien" and "Elaine" the taint spreads. In the former, which Mr. Swinburne has assailed for vulgarity and grossness, we have certainly, in Vivien's wiles with Merlin, the picture of a true harlot worming out of that time-worn craft and intellect which, while it is high enough to discern and serve willingly the true spiritual king, yet is not itself of moral or spiritual descent, its secrets of power, in the very wantonness of selfish envy. She had first tried her wiles with the higher nature, with the King himself, and failed. She has heard of the sensual charm by which a living death may be brought upon the highest mind:—

"And Vivien ever sought to work the charm  
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,  
As fancying that her glory would be great  
According to his greatness whom she  
quenched."

How the great Enchanter hears the foul libels of her evil heart with loathing, and *then*, "overtalked and overworn," yields to her allurements, tells her the charm, and becomes its victim, so robbing Arthur's kingdom of its shrewdest mind, Mr. Tennyson tells in one of his most powerful but certainly not of his most attractive poems. Yet I cannot see that it would have been right, as Mr. Swinburne asserts, to clothe Vivien with some sort of dignity, "human or diabolic." Shakespeare himself never clothes with dignity, even in tragedy, characters against which he desires to excite pure loathing,—like Goneril and Regan. What is wanted is to show the power which sensual natures, partly *because* they are without dignity, may attain over the highest and most experienced intellects unprotected by something higher yet. Any addition of dignity to Vivien would have been a fault for the purposes of the picture. But I do think that Vivien's naked wickedness is insuf-

ficiently connected with the taint on Arthur's Court caused by Guinevere's and Lancelot's sin. Vivien should belong, at all events, to the last and not to the earliest period. She might be conceivable when Ettarre was the Queen of Beauty, and during the open shamelessness of "The Last Tournament." She is before her time in the period when even Guinevere's fall has only just become the scandal of the time. Vivien, the type of those who

"Inflate themselves with some insane delight  
And judge all Nature from her feet of clay,"

is surely premature?

I do not suppose anyone questions the exquisite beauty of the poem in which Elaine's pure first love for Lancelot, and her death on his behalf, is contrasted with the Queen's jealous and guilty passion. The lurid picture of the crowned skeleton on which Arthur trod in a moonlit pass, long before he became king, and broke from it that diadem all the jewels in which Lancelot was to win for the object of his guilty passion, makes a fine opening of evil augury to this contrast between guilty and innocent love, just as the passage of Elaine's corpse in the boat to Camelot makes for it a noble and tragic close. The contrast between Guinevere and Elaine, imaged in that simple and exquisite passage where the Queen flings the diamonds that Lancelot offers her into the river,—

"And down they flash'd, and smote the  
stream,  
Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it  
were,  
Diamonds to meet them, and they pass'd  
away"—

marks the turning point of the Arthurian story. The King's pure influence wanes, and the Queen's guilty passion grows. Sir Gawain, the type of gay and gallant pleasure-seeking, has already begun to trifle disloyally with his King's orders. And the burst of grand remorse in Lancelot with which the poem ends, prepares the way for that morbid, self-introspective cast of thought, those fever-fits of spiritual craving and de-

spondency, that yearning for signs and wonders, that thirst for expiation, by which the search for the Holy Grail, with its lurid enthusiasms and its apocalyptic dreams, is ushered in. "The year of miracle" is painted, as it seems to me, with even more than Mr. Tennyson's higher kind of power. The mystic passion in it, the stormy remorse, the fitful humility, the dreamy mingling of earth and heaven, tell of the closest study of the literature of ecstasy and the rapture of the seventh heaven. The picture is heightened by the striking glimpse given us of that commonplace monk with his village gossips and his earthly cares, all glued like "the martin's nest" to the little thorp which lies under the monastery's walls, to whom Percivale relates it—a picture almost worthy to set by that of the "Northern Farmers" for its realism and its force. The close of the poem, in which Arthur claims for himself spiritual visions more than all of them, and yet condemns the neglect of one plain practical duty in order to indulge these visions, one of Mr. Tennyson's finest touches, serves to mark at once the waning influence of the King, and the growing stature of the "phantom" whom men disowned:—

"And some among you held, that if the King  
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the  
vow:

Not easily, seeing that the King must guard  
That which he rules, and is but as the hind  
To whom a space of land is given to plough,  
Who may not wander from the allotted field  
Before his work be done; but, being done,  
Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come, as they will; and many a time they  
come,

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air,  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have  
seen."

I have said I cannot greatly admire the poem which follows, "Pelleas and Ettarre." It has great power, and delineates the growth of a sensual chaos

with terrible force, but there is no relieving element in it. Pelleas, who starts from an enthusiastic purity, deserves a better fate (which, indeed, in the old legends he obtains) than that of desperation and wild defiance of the kingdom in whose greatness he had believed. We miss altogether Arthur's presence. All is sensual anarchy, and the victory of the harlot is complete. The reader greatly needs a touch like that which ends "The Last Tournament," where the fidelity even of a fool turns horror into true tragedy, and opens a glimpse of love behind the foul orgies of victorious lust. I think the Arthurian poem would be a more perfect whole if "Pelleas and Ettarre" were completely omitted. "The Last Tournament" seems to me not only to give us over again all that "Pelleas and Ettarre" gives, but to give it in a nobler form, in less harsh and grating discords.

"Guinevere" and "The Passing of Arthur," however, heal all wounds. The passage in which the King, while shrinking from even the touch of the Queen's hand, tells her it is his doom to love her still, and that he claims her in the eternal world as his,—one of those passages on which, I believe, the taunt has been founded, that Mr. Tennyson's Arthur is "an impeccable prig,"—strikes me as one of the noblest and most moving in English poetry. Doubtless in one view all sinlessness is didactic, and therefore jarring to those who are not sinless. But Mr. Tennyson means Arthur for the impersonation of spiritual authority from the first, as he means Guinevere for the impersonation of that highest form of woman's beauty, which is the noblest embodiment of purity, and therefore shows most sadly the flaw of passionate sin. If the spirit of holiness, of mercy, of love, is prigish because it is impeccable, then and then only could I see the truth of that most flippant charge against language such as this:—

"I cannot take thy hand, that too is flesh,  
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine  
own flesh,  
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries

'I loathe thee : ' yet not less, O Guinevere,  
For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my  
life

So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.  
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
We two may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and  
know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I  
hence.

Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet  
blow :  
They summon me their King to lead mine  
hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west,  
Where I must strike against my sister's son,  
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse  
and knights

Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet  
myself

Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
And thou remaining here wilt learn the  
event ;

But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,  
Farewell !"

And while she grovelling'd at his feet,  
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her  
neck,  
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that  
blest."

"The Passing of Arthur," which contains some of Mr. Tennyson's earliest and also his very latest work, and all of it in his best and highest and most masculine strain, is a striking evidence of the singular unity of his genius. No single poem of his contains at once so much vivid colour and so much intellectual and spiritual magic. The wonderful picture of the weird and desolate hour of seeming spiritual failure, of the wounded heart, of forsaken suffering, of sinking trust, but not of falling fortitude or shrinking will, which precedes and follows the last great battle, is perhaps the highest Mr. Tennyson has drawn. Nothing in all his poems gives me so high and thrilling a feeling of his power as those which contain the dream in which he seems to see the ghost of the pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking Gawain :—

"Before that last weird battle in the west  
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd  
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown  
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear  
Went shrilling 'Hollow, hollow all delight !  
Hail, King ! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.  
Farewell ! there is an isle of rest for thee.  
And I am blown along a wandering wind,  
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.'  
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change  
Their season in the night and wail their way  
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the  
dream

Shrill'd ; but in going mingled with dim cries  
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,  
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,  
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail  
Pass to new lords ; and Arthur woke and call'd,  
'Who spake ? A dream. O light upon the  
wind,  
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim  
cries  
Thine ? or doth all that haunts the waste and  
wild  
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me ?"

The state of mind in which the spirit begins to creep against the flesh, as knowing that the period of united existence is past, and all things look spectral, while a horror descends even upon the highest courage at a prospect rendered indefinitely more chill in this case by the broken honour and sullied vows of others, and the seeming failure of the purest spiritual constancy to subdue the world to itself, is delineated as only one of the greater poets of the world can delineate anything. Mr. Tennyson is never so great as when he has a mystic dread to paint, when Tithonus is shivering at the prospect of an immortal burden, or Arthur asking himself on the edge of the hereafter, whether there had been anything of true eternity in his life here. I have said that what is rich and complex, like the beauty and chivalry and faith of this great poem, always attracts him most ; that his most characteristic poetry contains in it all the richest elements of artistic composition. But perhaps for that very reason no other poet has painted so powerfully that mysterious thrill with which the glory of this world passes away, and leaves the nakedness of the soul behind. Percivale, with every grand and lovely vision, falling into dust at his touch and leaving him alone, and

“wearying in a land of sand and thorns,”  
or Arthur feeling a way

“Thro’ this blind haze, which ever since I saw  
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,  
Hath folded in the passes of the world,”

is alike clad in the sublimity of that deepest kind of desolation from which a vesture of rich thought and hope has suddenly been stripped away. The very grandeur of the scenery from which Arthur passes to his isle of rest, when after the long day’s battle wrapped in mist, and the grievous wound from the traitor’s hand, and the one remaining knight’s unfaithfulness, he is borne to the margin of the mystic water,—

“When on a sudden, lo! the level lake  
And the long glories of the winter moon,”

contributes, by the rich flash of its contrast, to enhance the impression of a ghostly solitude of spirit and a trembling, halting faith. The vision of Leodogran’s dream is literally fulfilled. The cloud has rolled down upon the earth, and the King, a mighty phantom, stands out in heaven,—but stands out crowned, for he has lost nothing in himself of the spiritual elements of his kingdom; his courage is unshaken, his honour unsullied, his purity untarnished, and his faith, though wavering as, in the hour of deepest darkness, it wavers in the most perfect humanity, is still the life and blossom of his nature. And as Merlin’s riddling prophecy rings in our ears—

“Where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes,”

we seem to recognize in the drooping

King, as the barge takes him slowly to his isle of rest, the image of the “new order” almost as much as of the old,—the elements of that true chivalry, in which courage, truth, purity, and faith are even more of spiritual and inward than of outward gifts, and stretch out arms of yearning towards the life beyond the veil.

If not the most perfectly finished of Mr. Tennyson’s poems, “The Idylls of the King” has a grander aim and larger scope than any, and paints the waste places of the heart and the strength of the naked soul with a stronger and more nervous touch. As the rich colours of the great story fade, the air fills with low, spiritual rumours of that higher life of which the order of the Round Table is but a symbol; while Mr. Tennyson paints the stately passing of the spirit to its rest as he painted the greatness of its rising, but with added touches of mystery and beauty. The great Arthurian epic has been rendered by Mr. Tennyson significant to modern ears. In it he has found the common term between the ideas of chivalry and the ideas of an age of hesitating trust, an age of a probing intellect, and a trusting heart. The conquests and the yearnings and the sad resolves of a spirit far too kingly to rule successfully men who only half recognize the kingly voice, have never before been delineated by a poet who can use almost all the wealth of colour at once of the visible and the invisible life, with the reticent hand and sure eye of Mr. Tennyson’s rich and patient and spiritual genius.

RICHARD H. HUTTON.

## HEIDELBERG. ON THE TERRACE.

WE stood upon the castle's height,  
 So full of old romances :  
 The moon above shone clear and bright,  
 And silvered all our fancies.

The Neckar murmured in its flow,  
 The woods with dew were weeping,  
 And, lighting up the depths below,  
 The quiet town seemed sleeping.

The battlements rose grim and still  
 In majesty before us,  
 And floating faintly up the hill  
 We heard a students' chorus.

Inspired by the brimming cup,  
 Their words were wildly ringing ;  
 They sang of love—and I took up  
 The burden of their singing.

I spoke to you : in sweet surprise  
 A little while you hovered ;  
 Then in the depths of those gray eyes  
 Your answer I discovered.

We vowed that while the Neckar's flow  
 (How low the words were spoken !)  
 Ran undisturbed these towers below,  
 Our troth should rest unbroken.

Again beneath these walls I stand,  
 And here my footsteps linger,  
 Where once I pressed with loving hand  
 This token on your finger.

But now the well-loved view I see  
 Its old enchantment misses ;  
 The evening breeze sighs back to me  
 The shadows of our kisses ;

Untired still the Neckar flows  
 In the soft summer weather ;  
 But last year's leaves and last year's vows  
 Have flown away together.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Elsie woke earlier than usual; and, contrary to her habit, lay still, watching the daybreak, and thinking over the past day. Then, rising, she crept cautiously down stairs. When she had pushed the creaking door that opened into the room, she stopped on the lower step to enjoy the stillness; it was hushed as if it watched the sleepers overhead.

The thrush fretted impatiently under the piece of carpet that was thrown across its cage, and hopped from perch to perch till Elsie took it off, and, pushing back the lattice, lifted it to its own place. It fluttered with delight, jerking its thanks at her with many bobbings of the head, and then pecked idly at the trumpet flowers that pressed inside the bars. As she leaned outside the window, looking up at it, a shower of wet fell over her, and stood upon her hair; for the dew had fallen, and made circlets of clear beads round the edges of the honeysuckle leaves. Now she stopped to take a long look at her lilies, fresh after the night; and, delicate as their fragrance, came a new sense of sympathy, with its vague promise and untried delight.

She went to the back door, and, as she opened it, the pale morning light searched slowly round every corner, showing her all her old friends now made new—new with the colour they

would never lose in her eyes again—waked by the in-coming light.

It was too soon to begin any noisy cleaning; even the kitten was asleep, with its fluffy face close to the embers; so Elsie strolled down the garden to while away the time, and loitered till the rose-tints of the morning stole over the gray fen. The cattle rose slowly, one by one, and stared about them in surly discontent.

The little birds crept out of the banks, and, flying low, greeted each other with cheerful twitterings. The straggling bushes sparkled in the light, and rustled with waking sounds. Presently she heard the clumsy tread of her brother's boots, clattering over the brick floor; then she turned aside to pick a handful of onions, and went in.

The kitten had waked up, and was looking about with a surprised air till she appeared at the doorway, when it ran towards her, and rubbed itself against her dress, while she filled their baskets with bread and pork. The three men stood on the other side of the table, mutely watching her movements.

Jonathan, the eldest, was not much taller than herself. If there had been originally any likeness between them, it was effaced by the hard life and exposure that had tanned his swollen features. Elisha was a repetition of the same type, but his identity was marked by a slight squint. Jacob's face had

more pretension to a meaning, which was mainly attributable to a pinched nose and close eyebrows, but it was supported in no slight degree by his own conviction that he was "gifted." He stood rather aloof, while the others received their portions with a scarcely audible grunt, and went mechanically out of doors. The onions were his special treat, so he waited till they were added to his dinner.

"Isn't it a fine morning?" said Elsie, as she handed him his basket.

"Well enough," he muttered, swinging it over his shoulder, and he hurried off to join his brothers.

Not long after, Mrs. Reade came down; and then began the pattering of little feet above, and cries for Elsie. But, as soon as she showed her head through the bannisters that railed off the top of the stairs, there was a great deal of scampering across the open landing; and by the time she had walked across this to her mother's room, there was nothing to be seen of the children but a twitching of the covers on the farther side of Mrs. Reade's bed, and a little pair of dimpled feet struggling to get shelter too.

Elsie feigned not to see this, nor to hear the stifled laughter, while she searched in every corner.

"Dear me! I can't think where they are all gone," she said, as she stopped before the window that looked out on the back garden. Then came a shout; and two sturdy boys of five and seven rushed towards her, exclaiming, "You couldn't find us."

"Elsie couldn't find *me!*" echoed their younger sister, who was now sitting on the heap of tumbled covers, and using her fists most vigorously to clear her face of the brown locks, which the boys' rough play had left in a tangle.

It required a great deal of patience and persuasion to make them submit to be properly washed and dressed; but this was done at last, and Elsie left them, and went to her own room on the right hand, just at the top of the stairs. She opened the door gently, for the baby child was asleep. The low

slanting roof made a shadow over the little bed as it nestled in the corner, and a white curtain was drawn from the window, past the pillow, to screen it from the morning air. It was such a tiny closet, that there was only just room enough to pass between the bed and the oak chest that held most of Elsie's worldly goods. A string of brown carved beads, thrown across the looking-glass that hung slantways from the wall above it, was Rettie's; so was the little pink volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems that lay side-by-side with Hervey's "Meditations" on the shelf below the glass. The blue shawl, too, that was so neatly folded in a corner, belonged to her; for she shared her mother's room, where nothing was safe from the meddling of the boys; and all her chief treasures found sanctuary in Elsie's keeping. There were a few roses in a cup on the deal wash-stand next the door; she had given them fresh water, and moved them on to the window-sill, before she noticed that the blue eyes were following her movements. Then she stopped; and the child stretched out her arms, and clasped them round her neck, as she lifted her out of the warm nest; and the curly head fell heavily against Elsie's shoulder, as she carried her into Grandmother's room to be dressed.

Meanwhile, the other children had improved the time to their own amusement and the increased disorder of the room. But, at last, they went tumbling down-stairs, properly pinafores, and rushed out into the garden to escape from Rettie, who left off the work she was doing to look after them; for she had to keep them in order till they went away. Rettie had outgrown this morning liveliness, and followed very slowly, looking as if she could have slept a little longer.

"Now, Rettie! look alive, and fill the kettle," exclaimed her mother in a brisk tone, as she broke sticks into the fire, forgetting Rettie's duty in her hurry to say something rousing; for Mrs. Reade had no sympathy with sleepiness in the daytime, it always



provoked her to greater activity. She listened for a minute to the girl's reluctant steps, as she went round the house to the well; and then stifled the uncongenial sound in a more vigorous crackling, which told Elsie that the real business of the day had begun.

Mrs. Reade was not like her daughter, yet she had been a pretty woman. She was handsome even now, and the neighbours who remembered her when she was young, said that Elsie would never be what her mother had been. Her style was more suited to their taste. Her small aquiline features had more piquancy, her hair was darker and brighter, and her black eyes had a sprightliness quite foreign to Elsie's. But the only exception in Rettie's resemblance to her mother was her morning drowsiness.

"We must get her out of that soon," Mrs. Reade said, when Elsie came down stairs, "she puts me out of all patience."

"The days are long for her now, and it's likely she gets tired; it must be very hot in the sheds."

"Oh! I know it's no use speaking to you, you're always for spoiling her," said Mrs. Reade, as she went out of the door, not wholly displeased by her justification of Rettie. As she bustled to and fro before the back-door, while Elsie was inside preparing the breakfast, she dwelt with delight on Elsie's extreme goodness; but she wondered what the children would grow up to be under her lenient control.

"Where are they now?" she asked, as she came in and looked at the empty chairs round the table. "We shall be late again to-day; yesterday it was just upon eight when we got there."

Elsie ran out to fetch the truants, and warn Rettie of a coming scolding; but, happily, they were not far off, and a show of unusual quickness, stimulated by Elsie, kept the peace.

They were all quite silent during the meal, which was eaten as fast as possible. Then Mrs. Reade rose quickly to cut the great slices of bread they were to take to the pits. Rettie tried to look as if she was helping, and the

two boys stood in the way, without making any attempt even to seem in a hurry.

After Elsie had tied on their lilac sun-bonnets, the little ones stood at her knee while she folded a white cloth round their bread and butter, and the elder looked slyly at Dot and laughed, as Elsie dropped two or three ripe plums in the corner of their little basket.

"There now! I think we've got everything," said Mrs. Reade as they stood in a group near the door. "You'll see to Grandfather. I suppose you'd better go gleaming again to-day, as soon as you've made him comfortable. Rettie, you go on with the little ones, while I just look in to see how Mrs. Lister is; and, you boys, mind you don't upset that basket between you, and don't go gaping into the hedges, but walk straight on with Rettie."

The little party moved off slowly, looking back with the unsatisfying expression with which most young children receive instructions.

When Elsie had seen her mother disappear round the hedge, she walked back across the kitchen, and listened at Grandfather's door. Hearing no sound, she did not disturb him, but went upstairs, and had begun to dress the idiot, when she was startled by her mother's voice at the foot of the stairs.

"Elsie! don't go gleaming to-day. Lister's sister says there was a gentleman here yesterday after your ferns; as he didn't find anybody, he might come again to-day; and remember too, to look in upon that poor woman next door. I declare, if that lazy hulking thing didn't leave her for hours yesterday afternoon to go gossiping with the Slacks at Copley's corner. She thinks, if she is going to die, I suppose, it's of no use minding her; you'll think of her, won't you?" and she went out again without waiting for Elsie's answer.

Elsie's heart jumped when her mother spoke of "the gentleman;" but, seeing that she did not know the truth of the story, she was relieved for the moment.

Afterwards, when she returned to her dreary employment, she felt that this was only a momentary respite, and realized for the first time how painful it was to have a secret from her mother, and to be connected with anything that held her in dread of disclosure. Hitherto she had been superior to whatever people might say; but now, though she had done nothing wrong, some unforeseen chance might show her in a doubtful light. As she led the idiot down-stairs, and left her contentedly eating her food on a bench outside, she determined to profit by her visit to Mrs. Lister, to find out how much the sister really knew of the gentleman.

As she went back into the house she stopped again before the low door, and tapped lightly.

"It's past seven, Grandfather; I'm going to get your breakfast;" but while she was yet speaking the old man opened the door. She started; then laughing at herself for being so nervous, she kissed him. "You made me jump, Grandfather—I didn't know you were up."

"Yes, child, I don't like to lie abed these fine mornings;" and, placing his hand on her shoulder, he went to his chair, which she settled comfortably for him; this was only his habit, for he did not need her support. Although he was past seventy, and had worked hard through his life, he was not quite infirm. He was tall, and much bent, yet there was still something commanding in his appearance. His bald head rose calmly over a knot of wrinkles gathered on each temple; his blue eyes too were calm, and had a look of Elsie; a fringe of silver hair fell over the collar of his coat. He wore a faded suit of olive brown, which ended in knee breeches, gray stockings, and buckled shoes.

Elsie drew a little table near him for his cup and plate; then, when he had all he wanted, she went out and washed some potatoes for their twelve o'clock dinner, and, returning with a piled-up dish in her hand, she sat down on a low stool near her Grandfather, and began to scrape them into a great brown pan

full of water. Seeing that the old man eyed it curiously, she said, "I am going to boil more than we want, as I shall give the boys a treat of cold potatoes to-night."

"Are you going to be at home to-day, then?"

When Elsie said "Yes," a look of satisfaction stole over his face, and they were silent for some time.

Then she saw that he had pushed away his plate, and was watching her; and although she could not have explained why, it made her feel ill at ease.

She got up quickly, and, clearing the little table, gave him the great Bible and his spectacles.

As he wiped them slowly, he looked from her towards the window, and then fixed his eyes on her again. "Your myrtle is blooming nicely, Elsie." Elsie coloured quickly, and looked at the myrtle, then at him with a little surprise. "And the lilies too," he added, in the same contemplative tone, not noticing her inquiring look: "there are no flowers like cottage flowers, I think; though, for the matter o' that, we're not likely to see any finer ones to judge by."

The children had been brought up in great reverence for Grandfather's wisdom, and a certain dryness in his manner often kept them in doubt as to his real meaning. Elsie felt a touch of this childish doubt now; so she said nothing. Presently he opened his Bible, and continued, slowly nodding his head, "Yes, the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin;—yet Solomon in *all* his glory . . .," and he looked again out of the window.

The rest of the morning he stayed there quietly by the fire, looking up from time to time, muttering to himself, or asking some question about her simple duties, which kept her moving in and out—busy in the constant routine of preparing, and clearing away, that filled her life. This had never been varied except by harder work done out of doors, in worse times, when they feared the pay it brought would not be equal to their wants.

After dinner, she was making haste to go next door, when the old man said, "Give me my hat, Elsie; I shall get out into the sun."

She gave it him and they went out together.

"You're are not going far, are you, Grandfather?" she asked, as she closed the door behind them. "Mother told me to sit a while with Lister's wife, and she said there was a gentleman might come about some ferns."

"Very well, child, I'll keep about here, and call you if anyone comes;" then, turning with an old man's interest to the broken gate, "Look here! who would think those boys could pass this twice a day, and never think to mend it!"

"It's not been like that long," Elsie suggested.

"Time enough for them to see it; but young people have no eyes for these things."

He was still swaying the gate on its one hinge, when Elsie turned into Lister's cottage.

This was just as Dobree had found it; as open, as desolate, as much wearied by the ticking of the clock. The only attempt at improvement was a fan that lay half shut on the foot of the bed; one of those slight unvarnished things sold with the programmes in foreign theatres. It showed a picture of the Champs Elysées in rigid perspective; this was relieved by a livelier view of Père la Chaise; and the two were divided by the column of the Luxor. Miss Porteous, who carried her parish cares with her on her travels, had invested largely in these, and had sent one to Mrs. Lister the evening before.

Elsie took it up, and was about to use it, when she noticed the glare of light on the poor woman's face. "I wonder where that Martha Lister is," she said to herself, and went to a back door that opened into a dark little washhouse, but there was no sign of her; so she hurried back to her own house, dragged out some dark woollen stuff from the piece-bag, and, with a pair of scissors in her hand, was search-

ing over and under everything for the twine, when Grandfather peeped in at the window.

"What are you looking for?"

"The twine. The boys might have left that in its place."

"You don't seem so pleased with them now," he said, with an idle twinkle in his eye; "what do you want it for?"

"For Mrs. Lister," and she stood up, and looked round discontentedly.

"Well, well," said the old man more seriously, "maybe you'll find it upstairs; I saw Jacob take it up last night. How is she?"

"Oh! no better. She doesn't know me."

Elsie went back to her work, and had half fixed up the curtain, balancing herself across the bed with one foot on the window-sill, as she tied the stuff to a nail in the farthest corner, when she heard a slow "Well, sure," from Martha Lister, who had come out to see who was moving in the sick-room. As before, she was fidgeting feebly with her apron. The sight of her threw a little additional vigour into Elsie's movements; her work completed, she stepped down lightly. "That's a little better, isn't it?" and she looked for approbation; this was not whole-hearted.

"If you like to, do it; but it's no good, you're a-wastin' o' yer time, she smell like a corpse a'ready."

Elsie did not trust her temper to answer.

"She can't eat anything, I suppose?"

"No, I s'pose not;" and then, in a sudden illumination, Martha pushed a chair roughly towards the bed, "Are you minded to sit by her?"

"Don't make such a noise," Elsie whispered, as she took the chair out of her hand, and then felt along the shelf behind the head of the bed for a little bottle of scent that she had brought in one morning.

"That's all gone," said Martha, watching her movement, "I let it down and broke it; and as there was but a drop left, I throwed it away."

It was the remains of some the Reades had had last year from the parsonage, when their own children had the fever, and there was no more left ; so Elsie went on fanning the burning face, and Martha stood staring at her.

After a little while Elsie said, "My mother told me that a gentleman came here yesterday about our ferns?"

"He said somethin' I couldn't understand ; your mother made it out to be that."

Elsie looked at her attentively ; she was afraid that no one else had been there, but that Martha had seen Lillingstone, that her mother had made too hasty a conclusion, and that she might be on the point of finding him out after all. She relied on Martha's stupidity not to notice her anxiety, and went on with her questioning.

"What was he like?"

"Oh! he was a fine-lookin' gentleman," trying to recollect, "and young too."

"How was he dressed?"

"Sure I can't mind what he'd got on ; but, now I think on it, he was all down alike."

Elsie's heart misgave her ; that must be the unmistakable boating-suit. Then she asked suddenly, "Had he a flannel coat on?"

"Well, sure!" and Martha's dull features stretched into a grin. "*Would* a gentleman go about in a flannel coat?"

"Did you ask him in?"

"No, he stood there at the door askin' questions 'bout the place. I didn't take much notice o' him, but I s'pose it's because I told you that he's young and fine-lookin' that you want to know so much about him," she added, with a coarse leer from her small green eyes. But it had no effect on Elsie, who was thinking that, as Lillingstone did not leave the cottage without her, he could not have come here. Then, too, it struck her that she had met some one else, just before she saw him ; till now, she had quite forgotten this person in the excitement which followed.

"Well, it's no matter," she said, "I

daresay, if he wants anything, he'll come again."

Martha, glad to be released from further questioning, retired into the gloomy back premises, and Elsie gave her undivided care to her sick friend.

It was quite settled in her mind that, so far, Lillingstone was safe ; but the suspense she had endured gave her enough to think about ; and she felt quite bewildered that she should be so uncomfortable, when she had not done anything wrong. One thing, however, she knew definitely ; if she got out of this difficulty without more trouble, she would never expose herself to the same sort of thing again.

After her mother came home, the house was once more astir ; they had to give the children their tea, and get them out of the way, that Grandfather might have his little supper, and go to bed before the men came home. Then came their meal, which was not so slight an affair. It was not till this was finished, and they had gone upstairs, that Elsie and her mother had a few minutes alone ; they chatted about Mrs. Lister, and the expected visitor, but Mrs. Reade was too tired to enter into any fanciful speculations on his coming again ; and soon after sundown they were all asleep.

Mrs. Reade was moving as early as her daughter the next morning, so Elsie put out her thrush in the usual methodical manner, and was obliged to deny herself the luxury of lingering among the flowers, as this was the day that Mrs. Reade remained at home to do the weekly cleaning. The press of different duties hurrying after each other swept all sentiment into the background.

The kitten seemed at a loss to understand why such an unusual posse of people should be indoors ; but a quick movement on the part of Mrs. Reade decided it, at least so far as its own prospects were concerned, that they boded a day of affliction to itself. "Now, little ones," she exclaimed, as she caught up a wooden stool and a little toy-chair, and placed them briskly near the chimney-corner ; "now *you* sit down

there, and play with pussy. Pretty pussy!" and she stroked the kitten.

Dot showed her acquiescence by an indiscriminate clutch at pussy's tail; but Patty, whose wants were larger in proportion to her years, made a show of escape, stretching out her arms towards the garden-door.

Mrs. Reade pressed them down gently. "No, Patty can't go out while the grass is wet; she must be a good child, and play with Dot."

"I want my tradle," she whimpered, and her face was puckering up very quickly.

"Stay there; Rettie'll get it;" but when Rettie gave her a little broken basket, with an old piece of flannel at the bottom, she took it with her head averted, as if that was poor compensation for her liberty. However, a happy thought came to her, which augured peace to Mrs. Reade, who stood watching to see how they would settle: this was opposed at first by a convulsive resistance from Dot, and some unheeded squeaks from the kitten, as it disappeared backwards into the "tradle;" but, when Mrs. Reade turned away a minute after, she was smiling with satisfaction at the rosy faces of the children as they bent over it, dimpled with delight.

Having disposed of one hindrance, she went off with a lighter step to fetch a pile of dishes, which she had been washing on the bench outside. They were heavy; and as she came through the door, holding them rather high, she did not see Jemmy's top spinning towards the step. Rettie and the two boys were playing in a corner of the kitchen, on sufferance, till the grass should be dry. Jemmy bounded after it, bringing his head in sharp collision with her elbow, and making all the dishes rattle. Mrs. Reade stopped, and looked cautiously over them; then, seeing a clear way to the table, she set them down safely upon it, and let her hands fall in relief; and now she turned with flushed face on the offender, who was slowly edging away from her.

"You tiresome children! to think that I have only this minute got those

babies out of the way, and that you must come sprawling under my feet, doing more mischief than them—for it's not play—it's mischievous you are," she added, with an increase of excitement that made Elsie look up from her steady rubbing of the brass candlestick.

"Don't you think, Mother," she suggested mildly, "that they might go out gleaning?—it's a fine day."

The three looked askance at each other, delighted; but they had the tact to conceal this, lest the too welcome pleasure might be forbidden.

They were right; for Mrs. Reade, hiding her own gratification in this easy plan for getting rid of them, feigned to reject it at once.

"No, it's not for naughty children like them to go gleaning—besides," she added, turning away as if the subject was dismissed, "it's too late now; everybody round here must have gone long ago; and I couldn't trust *them* to go alone."

Their faces fell again; but Elsie persisted, "There's Mrs. Joe Bailey never goes much before eight o'clock; if they made haste, they might go along with her; and they'll do no good at home."

"No, sure," said Mrs. Reade; "and I don't know," she added slowly, considering them from head to foot, "if that wouldn't be the best thing to do with them. Now, children, *you* mind you go straight to Mrs. Bailey's; and if she'll let you go with her—which I'm not at all sure of"—and she gave a warning frown—"you must do as you're bid, and work instead of playing about. Now, be quick, or I'll never let you go again."

The two boys went scuffling to the row of pegs, where their hats hung, and Rettie ran upstairs to fetch her gleaning apron. After they were ready, the three stood near the door, looking shy.

Mrs. Reade enjoyed their embarrassment, and said nothing; but Elsie was more merciful. "You'll be wanting some dinner, I suppose," she said, reaching down a covered basket from the beam, and going to the cupboard.

A hushed "Yes, please," and a grin, rewarded her charity.

"They're out of the way. That's a blessing, I'm sure," said Mrs. Reade, as soon as they were gone. "When they're in the house, I always feel like to break my neck over the rubbish they bring in. Hadn't you better see after Grandfather now, while I go outside to wash a few things for the children? You needn't trouble about Maria (the idiot). Give her something to eat, and I'll keep her out of your way with me."

And she went out, leaving Elsie to "make much of" the old man, as Mrs. Reade described her care and watchfulness for him. The thought that he had well earned this little rest at the end of his life was always present with her; and she did all in her power to make it as complete as possible.

When Mrs. Reade had been out a while, the little ones held their heads in mimic consultation; then Patty crept to the backdoor to reconnoitre; and seeing her Grandmother settled at her washing, she trotted back, and taking Dot's hand said, "Tum along; Dranny in back, we p'ay in darden."

"Yes, you may go," said Elsie, who had seen this little manœuvre, as she placed the breakfast-table near the fire. They chose a corner of the garden that could not be seen from the wash-tub: here they managed to amuse themselves for some time without attracting Granny's observation; and then, growing bolder in their security, they ventured out into the lane.

Elsie had given them a look from time to time; but now she had just finished her work in the kitchen, and gone upstairs, when Patty came running through the cottage to the back door.

"Dranny, here's Dorn a-tummin'."

Mrs. Reade looked incredulous.

"Et, Dorn," repeated the child, excited at not being believed.

Mrs. Reade wrung the soapy water from her hands, walked quietly through the house, and peeped over the wicket.

"Yes, sure enough," she said to herself; then going to the foot of the stairs,

"Elsie, here's Mrs. Gaiithorne. Can you come down?"

"Not yet. I've only just begun to scrub; but I'll see her before she goes."

"Now, *you* go into the garden with Grandfather, like good children," said Mrs. Reade, as she hurried about to make the place tidy before her visitor arrived.

Widow Gaiithorne, as she was commonly called, had for many years been hostess of the "Five Miles from Anywhere." Just before her husband's death they had given up the inn, and their savings had enabled them to rent the farm adjoining it.

She and Mrs. Reade had been friends since their girlhood; and although fortune had not been equally kind to them, they had kept up their intimacy, which had root in mutual respect. This derived an agreeable flavour from the strong element of self-satisfaction by which it was pervaded. Each considered the other to be the most thrifty woman—next to herself—in the neighbourhood; and, as housewifely virtues ranked first in their estimation, they held together in tacit acknowledgment of this superiority. Neither of them took a decided step without consulting the other; and often a slight occasion made excuse for a friendly chat.

She appeared at the doorstep as Mrs. Reade was putting the last chair in its place.

Mrs. Gaiithorne was a healthful, genial-looking woman; keen-sighted, but kind. Her bright-coloured shawl betokened her easy circumstances, but the shortness of her black stuff gown proved she had no wish to forsake the busy habits by which she had attained them. Two rows of sound white teeth attested the long-preserved youth, while her frequent laugh proclaimed her enjoyment of it. If a fixed look on her short hard features betrayed her business capacities, and a qualification for the "looking up" of servants, which she held to be necessary, the asperity that often accompanies such energy was denied by the unusually mild expression of her eyes.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as Mrs.

Reade came forward to meet her, "I daresay you're surprised to see me here at this time o' day; but I thought I should be sure to find you at home of a Saturday."

"Yes; it's as much as the both of us can do to set the house to rights, and get the children's things ready for school on Sunday morning—there's a deal to be done;" then, noticing some anxiety on her friend's face, "I hope there's nothing amiss that's brought you here?"

"Well, I can't exactly say how much is amiss. I came over to see if you can help me to the rights of it."

"There, sit down and untie your bonnet," said Mrs. Reade, pushing the old man's chair towards her; "it's a hot walk 'cross fen."

"How's Grandfather?" asked Mrs. Gaithorne, as she seated herself in his vacant place.

"Pretty nigh as usual; he's gone into the garden for a little bit. But tell me what's the matter."

"Why, it's this plague that's got such a head. I'm so upset, I don't know which way to turn or what to do."

"Bless me! It hasn't got among *your* cows, I hope?" said Mrs. Reade, with bright eyes and a blanching face.

"Not yet, that I know of; but I don't feel that they're safe any longer, for I'm told it's broke out in Wicken."

"*That* isn't likely, or I'd have heard of it yesterday; it's not much goes on here but's talked of in the sheds."

"It was only the day before yesterday it was found out. Mr. Nesbit came over to the farm last night on purpose to tell me about it; and, though it gave me such a turn, I couldn't help laughing at the way he came upon it. It made him all of a flutter, it did."

"*He's* a poor honey!" and Mrs. Reade shrugged compassionately.

"Yes; but he's good-natured. If you could know the good that man's done the few weeks he's been among us you'd think so too, for all his pottering ways."

"That may be true. He's well

enough in his way, I daresay, *though* he looks so soft," said Mrs. Reade, smiling. "There's no doubt he's done good to Mr. Porteous, for he's too poor to pay anybody to help him; and what would he have done?"

"That's what *I* say. Well, this was how it came out. On Thursday Miss Porteous heard *somehow* that old Peachy was bad again, and mentioned it to her brother; so Mr. Nesbit went down in the afternoon to see after him. They kept him standing outside some time after he'd knocked; and that boy of theirs ran round from the back to see who it was. Then old Peachy himself opened the door, looking queer, and not so willing as usual for him to come in. 'Well, Peachy,' says Mr. Nesbit, not noticing this at first, 'I'm sorry to hear your rheumatism's worse again.' 'No better, nor worse; allays bad, I s'pose,' says Peachy, not opening the door any wider. 'Then I'm afraid it's your wife who's ill,' says parson, catching sight of a curtain hung across the room. 'Yes,' says Peachy, 'but we'll let her bide, if you won't take it ill, sir; it won't do her no good to see anybody to-day.' 'No, certainly,' says he, stepping forward, and sitting down back to the curtain, 'I should be sorry to disturb her; but tell me what is the matter with her.' 'Well, sir,' says Peachy, quite taken aback, and stammering; but parson stopped him by looking round. 'Dear me!—*you* know his fidgety way?' (Mrs. Reade nodded)—'Dear me!' says he, 'don't you perceive it?—what a horrible smell!' And just then there came *such* a groan from behind the curtain, not at all like a human being; and then another; but it wasn't *he* that waited for the second, you may take his word for *that*. He was up and out o' the door like a shot; then he turned round, and, looking solemn at the old man, 'My good friend,' says he, 'I'm afraid there's something here more than I understand.' Peachy was all of a tremble. Then there was another groan—awful—and a noise of something heavy moving a little. So Peachy, he sees his game's up, and, says

he, 'Sir, if you'll consider the bad times, and my old 'ooman, and how she's our only cow—and not tell upon us.' And so he drew the curtain, making Mr. Nesbit feel quite all-overish to see the poor thing lying there."

"What! the cow in the cottage?" exclaimed Mrs. Reade.

"*In-side* the cottage. She was half-flayed with tar that they had smeared all over her, and bled and cut dreadful; and her poor eyes streaming so, that I can't bear to think of it. But I've made up my mind to this, if *my* cows are taken, they must go, if it's only that that'll save 'em; for I've reared 'em all myself, and I could no more persecute them like that than I could——" Here she pushed aside her bonnet-strings, quite at a loss for a simile.

"And what did Mr. Nesbit do?"

"Why, of course he told the old man that it was his bounden duty to inform. But he made him as easy as he could——"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Reade; "but he ought to keep to his preaching, and not mix himself up with anything where sense is wanted. Could he bring the old man to see it?"

"Well, not exactly; because Peachy had heard how Casburn, the vet'nary from Newmarket, is to get a pound for every cow he kills, and Mr. Nesbit had hard work to explain to him that Casburn, *he* gets his money whether or no; and that it's *his* duty to *save* the beasts if he can."

"It seems hard on a poor man, doesn't it?" and Mrs. Reade sighed.

"Yes; but I think it's only right for the sake of the rest," said Mrs. Gaihtorne, whose public spirit was roused by the remembrance of her own dairy open to the contagion.

"May be. Has he been?—I mean Casburn."

"Yes. Parson went straight home, and told Miss Porteous; and *she* took the matter off his hands at once"—here both the women laughed—"and wrote a letter quick, before Clarke, the post-man, passed by. So he took it to Newmarket, and Casburn was here by nine

o'clock yesterday morning, and the cow was shot before ten. "When all was over, Peachy told Mr. Porteous that he'd kept it for some days in his shed down to fen; and he shouldn't have taken it into the cottage, only that that morning a stranger passed by, and from his way of prying about, he thought he had something to do with the plague. He took on very much about it; so I think I shall go on and see the poor old folks; it'll cheer them up a bit. And I shall hear, too, how the cows look when they're first taken. There's no harm in being ready; God only knows what may come upon us."

"Sure," said Mrs. Reade, "as Mr. Slack says, we must use means, though we mustn't trust in 'em."

"As for me, I mean to use 'em and trust 'em too; and I told him so last night when he came in for eggs. Says he, 'It's a visitation, and we must bow down before it. Faith is the only thing that avails.' So I says to him, 'What sort of faith? for I believe that my cow-yard 'll be empty if I can't find something to keep it wholesomer than other people's.'"

"What had he to say to *that*?" asked Mrs. Reade, who enjoyed a controversy which she foresaw would end in the defeat of the dissenting minister, whom she disliked from motives she could never keep long in the background.

"Oh, he said it must be faith that doesn't want evidence of the senses."

"He doesn't want sense, doesn't he? No wonder he wouldn't let my Jacob expound at his meetings, though *he's* got the gift, and the other hasn't."

"Sure enough. 'You remember Elijah?' says he to me in his slow way, holding the eggs up to the candle after I'd put them in his basket. Of course I remembered Elijah. 'And how he prayed for rain?' I cut him short, for I could see what he was driving at. 'That was many years ago,' I said, 'but if Elijah had been alive now, I don't think his cows would have been safe any more than mine. Times is changed. There doesn't seem to be much *faith* going about now,' and I gave him a



hard look to let him know that I wouldn't put up with that; for it's what I've never been subject to from high or low, with my name for fresh eggs all over the country."

"You did right," said Mrs. Reade with emphasis. "Now our Mr. Porteous is different; folks say he's got queer notions of doctrine, but he doesn't do much harm either way, and he does pay proper respect to people. I'm sorry we can't help you," she added, as Mrs. Gaithorne rose to go, "but if there's ever anything we can do for you, we shall be very glad."

"Yes, I don't want to be told that," and Mrs. Gaithorne gave a confident tug at her bonnet-strings. "Don't call Elsie," seeing that Mrs. Reade moved towards the stairs; "the child has enough to do, and I ought to be getting on. Where's Rettie and the little ones? I've been too much taken up to ask after them."

"They're all right. I've packed off the boys a-gleaning with Rettie. It's not likely they'll bring back much, but it's worth something to get rid of them."

"I daresay;" but Mrs. Gaithorne did not agree with her usual warmth, for there were no children at the farm, and the blank in her otherwise cheerful house blinded her to the worries of a large family. "I shall come over soon and tell you how we're getting on; you're too busy to come over to the farm, I suppose?"

"Yes, sure. When I do get a day at home, I'm glad enough to rest."

After she was gone, Mrs. Reade could not resist the temptation of going upstairs and retailing to Elsie all the news she had heard. Elsie had finished the circuit of her mother's room, and was going, bucket in hand, to her own, when she said, "Bless me, child! have you got only that to do? how I've been wasting my morning!" and she went down in a great hurry. But the waste did not end here; for when they assembled again at dinner Grandfather had to be told all about it, and they chatted some time together; so it was

nearly four o'clock before the place had its bright Saturday look. Then Mrs. Reade pushed the table aside, and said, "Now, father, I shall have to turn you out again." The old man moved away, and Elsie took her basket out into the front garden, where she sat for some time busy with her mending.

"Look here, mother," she said, as Mrs. Reade came to the door in her pattens, with the dripping broom in her hand, "I don't think this worth a patch, I shall only darn it; what do you think?" and she pointed to a rent in the little print frock she was holding up.

But Mrs. Reade did not look at it; her attention was fixed on the path over the fen.

"I do believe——," she said.

"What is it, mother?" Elsie exclaimed in a sudden access of nervousness.

"Why, a gentleman! and it's my belief he's coming here,—yes, so he is! Just to think,"—and she moved the pail from before the door,—"that it should be now, when I'm all behind with my work, and sometimes for weeks there isn't a creature passing, and to-day we can't have a minute to ourselves!"

Elsie said nothing. She sat still, listening to the approaching step. She saw the broken shadow pass over the flowers, but she did not move till she heard the gate open; then she felt bound to look up, and, to her infinite satisfaction, she saw a stranger. She laid her work aside, and rose to hear what he wanted, with a strained composure that reminded Dobree of their former meeting.

"What a strange girl!" he thought. He asked her if her name was Reade.

"Yes, sir."

"You sell ferns, I am told?"

"We have some by us now. If you don't mind coming down the garden, I'll show you what we've got;" and they were going round the stone path which Dobree had explored alone when Mrs. Reade rushed out.

"Elsie, don't take the gentleman all

that way round. You needn't spare my bricks, sir; you can't do any harm; and it's a shame that it should have been left about so late." Here Mrs. Reade stopped suddenly in her apologies, and looked towards the gate in astonishment. There was Rettie with the boys. "And what's brought *you* home at this time o' day, and how is it you've got nothing?"

"We han't been at all. We han't been gleanin'. We ha' been at Mrs. Bailey's," exclaimed all the children at once.

"*Be* quiet, can't you? and let Rettie speak. Now, Rettie, what have *you* got to say?"

"Why, when we got to Mrs. Bailey's we found her all in a bustle, and not goin' gleanin', and she said we could help her a bit if we stayed, and she was sure you wouldn't mind, for all the cows are goin' to die, and she means to save hers, and she wants to know if you'd like some beef, for she's sent for the man to kill the old 'un, and she'll sell it at threepence a pound." Rettie stopped for want of breath; it had been a day of great excitement to her.

"No, sure," said her mother; "we don't want none 'o such beef as that."

"It's quite good," insisted Rettie, who had imbibed a party interest in the speculation, "and wonderful cheap."

"And what did you do to help?" asked Dobree, amused at her enthusiasm.

Rettie had not noticed the stranger in her anxiety to tell the day's wonders. She looked down, quite abashed, and answered in a subdued tone, "Hanging up onions, sir."

"Hanging up onions?" repeated Mrs. Reade; "what had that to do with it?"

"Oh! when we got there," Rettie began in her former breathless manner, "there was Bailey in the garden in a great way, sayin' it was no use, he'd dig graves for 'em; and he was lookin' about for a place. But Mrs. Bailey, she goes up to him, and says, 'Just let me see you do it, and you shall be the first to be buried in it! You'd better stir yourself, and help me to empty the barn.'

So we all set to work, and the barn was clear in no time; and Joe, he ran up street for some lime, and we sprinkled it all over the place, and tied up strings o' onions all along the walls, and turned the cows in, and I think they'll do."

"Sure to do; Mrs. Bailey said so," broke in the boys, who had had great difficulty in keeping silence all this time.

"They can't help it, if you've had a hand in it," said Grandfather, laughing. He had come through the house while they were talking, and had overheard their account of themselves.

"They look as if they had been working with a will," said Dobree, making way for the old man. "And what did you get for your day's work?"

They were too shy to answer; but the brown fingers closed tightly over the sixpences he gave them, as they ran off, impatient to get away with their prize.

"Those are the little ones, I suppose?" said Dobree.

"*She* is my youngest child, sir," and Mrs. Reade pointed to Rettie. "Those are my son's boys."

Dobree looked surprised, and she was not insensible to the flattering suggestion. "My Jonathan, he married before he was twenty, and his wife died, leaving four; so what could we do but take care of them? And besides that, I've got two other sons, under Jonathan—but really, sir, I'm ashamed we should have kept you waiting at the door so long. We will go and choose your ferns now—unless you will do us the honour to come in and rest." Then aside to Rettie, "Run round to the back, and get Martha out of the way."

"Thank you; I cannot wait long," said Dobree, and he turned towards the garden. "You see I know my way better than you think. I came here the day before yesterday, and explored all round the house to see if there was any one at home; and then I was very glad to rest in that cool corner by the well. I made friends, too, with a friend of yours," he added, turning to Elsie, curious to hear her speak. But she said

nothing, she only looked at him inquiringly. "I mean your kitten," he continued; "it was playing with your knitting; and, though I picked it up as soon as I saw it, I fear it was too late to save it from a rather rough game."

"Thank you, sir."

The uneasiness which had been established during the last two days made her manner still more reserved.

They had now reached the end of the garden.

"Are these any of the ferns you want?" and she drew aside the alder branch for him to look into the lode.

"What a good contrivance you have for keeping them," he said, taking the branch from her hand. "My friend told me I should find them in admirable order." Elsie looked up for the first time quickly. "I want them for Mr. Scholefield. You remember him, I dare say?" The delighted smile with which Elsie acknowledged this surprised him a little. "How soon do you think you can collect those I want?" he asked, as he gave her a written list of them.

"By the end of next week, I hope;" and she folded the paper in her hand.

A few minutes after, little Dot was pressing her fat cheeks against the bars of the wicket, that she might get the last glimpse of the stranger as he disappeared down the lane.

When he was gone, Elsie looked into the kitchen, and said to her mother, "I think I'll go in next door and see Mrs. Lister." She was glad to have a few minutes to enjoy the relief from her suspense; so the short time of solitude even in that atmosphere was grateful to her.

During all that evening, in the intervals of her care for the children, she kept wondering when Lillingstone would come; wishing that he had made no secret of his coming; hoping that no one would be at home when he did come; and worrying her head to calculate what chance could time his second visit so well for him as the first. The quiet Sunday, with its leisure hours, greatly helped such vague speculation;

and so the week passed, and Thursday came round again.

Mrs. Reade had stayed at home for the baking, and Rettie was sent out with all the little ones "anywhere," to be out of the way. Mrs. Lister was better; the fever had left her some days ago; but the neighbours doubted whether she would get over it even now. She, however, was more hopeful for herself, and had sent in for the old man to go and read to her a little while this afternoon, so Mrs. Reade and Elsie were alone. They were both always glad when they could be together; for even if there was not much to talk about, it was pleasure enough for them to spend a few quiet hours undisturbed. Elsie was sitting in Grandfather's chair, which she had drawn to her own place near the open lattice, busy with her knitting. She had on her brown working dress, and Rettie's little blue shawl was folded square over her shoulders. Her sleeve was turned up to the elbow; her round arm tapered to a hand that showed traces of hard work; but it was well-shaped, and its firm action suited the massiveness of her figure. Her hair had been gathered back as usual, but it was gradually creeping down; an evil that befell Elsie every day, and of which her mother reminded her as regularly, on principle, though with secret pride in the luxuriance which made prim neatness impossible. Save for a golden gleam round her forehead, her head was in the shadow of the myrtle, now more thickly starred with blossoms. The ball of worsted was put behind it, to be safe from the frolics of the kitten that, perched on the edge of the table a little way off, was fidgeting restlessly as it saw the thread rise and fall with the stitches, hoping that some happy chance might bring the coveted treasure rolling on the ground. Now and then it consoled itself with furtive attacks on a long spray of honeysuckle; but its efforts were not fortunate to-day, and Elsie did not take much notice of it either. The curtain was unhung from one side of the chimney, and thrown over the chair in the opposite corner.

A quantity of dried gorse and wood was lying round the hearth; and Mrs. Reade showed how little of her youthful agility she had lost, as she tripped lightly over these to feed the flames which roared in the oven. Then she returned to the table, where she stood opposite the door kneading some dough in a large brown trough. From time to time she looked at her daughter, who was unusually silent this afternoon; not that this was unpleasant to her, for she too was quietly enjoying their freedom from interruption. She was as proud of Elsie's difference from other girls as she was of her good looks. It is true she was vexed sometimes that she did not avail herself of the advantages which the village shop offered to her beauty; but when the occasions of such disappointment were no longer fresh, she could not help acknowledging to herself that the girl had a way of putting on her things which made her look better than if she was more tricked out. The mother's intuitions on this subject did not deceive her. She expressed them crudely in a discussion she had one day with a friendly gossip, who hinted that Elsie "ought to be a lady; she was too pretty to be always dressed in brown and working hard."

"Well, to *my* mind, she wouldn't look much the better for that, unless she had the sense to keep clear of the flounces and gewgaws some of them wear. She puts *me* more in mind of one of the pictures in the chapel at the Hall."

"But they are Catholics, and worship the Pope," the friend ventured to suggest.

"Never mind about the Pope or the Catholics," Mrs. Reade put in quickly; "this picture looks *good* as well as grand, and you'll never make me believe that the woman it was took for hadn't got *some* good in her; be she Catholic or Popish, or whatever you may please to call her." The people of the Hall were good customers to Mrs. Reade's beehives, and, besides that, they were such pleasant-spoken people that she took very liberal views of their errors. "And

as for the work," she continued, not caring to notice the scandalized look on her friend's face, "I would rather have her as she is, than see her ashamed to do anything sensible, and making pretence to be very busy about lots o' little nothings. I've seen them often enough in the morning-room up there. If people can afford to sit still, with their hands before them, let 'em do it if they like, but be plain about it. It's those ways of mincing and making that I hate. Now, my Elsie wouldn't look like herself if she did nothing but fiddle-faddles all day long;" and here she dropped the subject, for she did not care to discuss her child too fully.

The Hall was Mrs. Reade's mirror of high life as of high art. She was a shrewd woman, with a capacity for worldliness limited only by the narrowness of her sphere; but her love for Elsie was apart from every other feeling—it was like a religion. She felt there was something in her which exceeded the small demands of fen life; and, although her slight experience could find no fixed form for her wishes, she longed to see those qualities brought out. She had plenty of spirit herself, and piqued herself on it—how else could she have brought up her large family on such slender means? But more than once she felt this spirit might have failed her, had she not been helped by that strength of endurance in Elsie which she could not understand. Her affection was strengthened by respect; but it was tinged with some sadness, for she said, "Elsie meets trouble like an oak in winter, that doesn't bend nor sound to the storm; but I'd rather see a little fluttering; it'd look more healthy and natural-like." A little of this was in her thoughts now, as she went on vigorously kneading her dough. Presently she heard a step, and left off. Elsie heard it, too, but it made her more industrious.

There was a light tap at the door, and, after a quick "come in" from Mrs. Reade, Lillingstone entered, and offered himself to her criticism. That this was favourable was evident in the smile with which she greeted him.

"They tell me next door that you can direct me to the coprolite pits a mile or so from here."

"Yes, sir, we can tell you the way to them; but they're not so close as you think; they're a good three mile off," said Mrs. Reade; then, noticing that he hesitated a little, "Would you like to rest a minute, sir? Elsie, give the gentleman a chair;" and she showed her hands covered with flour, in apology for disturbing her. But he had already found one for himself, smiling his thanks at Elsie as she rose to obey her mother's direction.

"I shall not be sorry to sit down for a little while if I have another three miles before me," said Lillingstone, turning to Mrs. Reade. He was glad to see he had made a pleasant impression on her.

"Indeed, sir, I am ashamed for you to come into such a litter as this."

"Not at all! I like to see that sort of thing going on; nothing can be pleasanter than the smell of the wood you burn." He spoke with an air of genuine enjoyment.

"Yes, the kindling's well enough——"

"It seems to give a great deal of trouble, though," he interrupted, looking round the room, which was strewn with brown prickles from the door to the oven's mouth.

"Not that part of it," said Mrs. Reade, with a pleasant laugh at the incapacity of men to understand household work. "One sweeping 'll clear up the mess; but it's the kneading that's hard work."

All this while Elsie sat with her head bent over her work, apparently determined to take no part in the conversation, though Lillingstone had glanced at her from time to time as he spoke. Mrs. Reade smiled to herself as she noticed this. "He'll find out his mistake," she thought, "if he expects she'll be ready to look at every chance stranger that may happen to drop in." Yet she did not wish him to carry away an unfavourable opinion of her.

"Elsie," she said, as she pushed the trough aside, having finished knead-

ing, "don't you think that when the gentleman's rested, you could put on your things, and go with him as far as Spinney Drove, and show him the road from there? for it'd puzzle me to explain it from this distance."

Elsie got very red, and did not answer at once. Mrs. Reade was greatly surprised, but she tried not to show it.

"I can't allow you to give your daughter so much trouble," Lillingstone interposed in his smoothest manner, though he looked anxiously at Elsie while he spoke; "I shall be sure to find my way well enough."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Reade quickly; "it's no trouble. You'll go, Elsie, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," Elsie answered in a quiet tone, still working steadily.

"That's right! I knew you'd be ready to oblige"—though Mrs. Reade was still uncertain of her daughter's behaviour. "And now I must wash my hands and get on with the baking. I hope you'll excuse me, sir," she said over her shoulder as she went out.

Lillingstone walked straight to the window, and planted himself in front of Elsie, who bent her head still lower than before. At last she looked up, for he did not speak. A bright smile was on his face, in which also was a strong consciousness of the secret between them. She blushed deeply, and lowered her eyes; but presently she raised them again as if she had made up her mind to say something.

"May I tell mother that you've been here before?" she asked in a timid voice, looking a little anxiously at the open door. A shade of vexation passed over his face, which made her look down again quickly. He drew a chair towards him, and sat down. Folding his arms on the corner of the little table, he leaned forward to read her face. The kitten was summarily displaced by this movement, and tumbled in many somersaults to the floor; but the wool in which it was entangled came down too, so it rolled off the prize in triumph to the chimney-corner, where it soon forgot its fall in the distraction of stolen

pleasures. Elsie did not interrupt them : she kept up the appearance of knitting in spite of the tugging at the wool.

"She is certainly very handsome !" Lillingstone thought. Then he recollected what gross ingratitude it would be, if he did not keep up the remembrance of what she had done for him.

"It was very good of you to say just now you would come out with me, for I wanted to speak to you—to explain ; to tell you the truth, that was my object in seeing you to-day. Do you think you could come at once?"

Mrs. Reade came in a minute after, and found Lillingstone alone, looking out of the window.

"You see I have taken your daughter at her word, for it is high time I should be off," and he looked at his watch.

"Well, sir, I won't hinder you ; time waits for no man, as the saying is. Elsie 'll be glad enough to put you in the right way, though she's a strange girl for not taking much account of people at first."

When Elsie returned home, not only were the remains of the baking cleared away, but the bricks had been washed down, and her mother was sitting with Grandfather, Rettie and the little ones, enjoying the few minutes' rest before taking the bread out of the oven.

Elsie ran upstairs at once, put something carefully into the oak chest, and then joined them at the table. Her mother was obliged to suppress her curiosity about "the gentleman," for she did not like to question her before the children ; and, as soon as *they* had dispersed, they were both busy again preparing the men's supper. Later, when this was over, and Elsie had gone to her own room for the night, her mother came in, and, putting the candle out that it might not wake the little one, she sat on the edge of the low, white bed, and watched Elsie as she stood by the open lattice unwinding her hair. The close brooding twilight gave rest between the hot working-day and the

soft summer night. Mrs. Reade sat looking at her daughter lazily, till the brown coils had spread over Elsie's shoulders.

"Well, child," she said at last, "how did you get on with the gentleman? Do you think any better of him now?"

"Why?" Elsie asked, with a show of surprise. "I didn't think bad of him, did I?"

"One'd say so when you made such a trouble about going that little step with him."

"Well, I didn't want to go at first," she said, looking away from her mother out of the window.

"What a child you are, to be sure ! Any girl but you would have been pleased, for he's the best-looking and most pleasant-spoken young gentleman I've seen here for many a day."

A bright flush of pleasure lighted up Elsie's face, but it was too dark for her mother to see it. She knew that, so she turned towards her again, and said laughingly, "But I never was a judge of good looks, you know, mother."

Mrs. Reade smiled to herself. She waited some time expecting Elsie to say more ; but seeing she was not inclined to speak, she did not question her any further.

"Well," she said at last, rising, and going over to the child in the cot, "I don't know what you may feel, but what with the heat and the baking I'm regularly done up." Elsie got up and stood near her mother. "See ; she's fast asleep, the little duck !" and she kissed Dotty's flushed cheeks. Then, as she turned to leave the room, Elsie said, "May I have your candle, mother?"

"Yes ; I don't want it ; but don't keep it too long burning, for we must try to make the pound last out the month this time."

Elsie did not light the candle directly her mother shut the door. She went back to her place at the window, and waited till the house was quiet, save for the heavy breathing of her brothers who slept on the landing outside. Then she went to the chest and raised the

lid, taking care to manage the awkward iron handle so that it should not make a noise. There lay the packet which she had put away when she came home, and which she had been longing to look at the whole of the evening. She took it out, and carried it, with the candle, to the window-sill; then she knelt down and looked at it; and, although it was only an ordinary paper parcel, with nothing to indicate what it contained, she looked at it in many ways before she opened it—even the slight scent that hung about it seemed to her like a glimpse into another world. At last, however, she untied the knot, unfolded it, and there to her great delight was a crimson silk handkerchief. But this was not the only thing she saw. Underneath was a card box; which had also a crimson border. She was too much pleased to open it at once. When she lifted the lid carefully, she found, under some wadding, an oval piece of ivory set in a slight gold rim; on the other side was a portrait of Lillingstone. Perhaps for sentiment, may be for some other motive, he had been taken in the boating suit with the open crimson collar. The likeness was well given, as if the artist had found congenial work in the delicate outline, the large, dreamy eyes, the profusion of dark hair that hid his forehead, and colouring so faultless that it would have been captious to dwell too much on a certain weakness in the mouth. Elsie did not even see this; she still sat looking at the picture, forgetful of her mother's injunction, unconscious of the passing time. To her it seemed perfect; for on it had fallen the purple light of illusion.

## CHAPTER V.

It was Sunday evening, about a month after this. All the family were at home. Twice that day they had made painful procession along the dusty road to church; all except Jacob, who had been using his gifts to the edification of a fen-meeting. This second attendance was unusual; but Grandfather had said that as they were such near neighbours,

their presence was only a fitting mark of respect to Mrs. Lister, who had at last died of the effects of the fever, and was to be buried after the service. The children gave up their afternoon stroll with the better grace that the dismal ceremony excited their curiosity, for they had never seen a funeral before. The eagerness of their expectation kept them wide awake during the prayers; but as soon as the sermon began, this gave way to a weird dread which made it seem intolerable to them. Towards the close of it Rettie could not control herself any longer. "It will be here soon," she whispered to little Johnny, and a sympathetic shudder ran through the three children. "It" was the coffin, they all knew that, though they dared not name it openly. Patty peeped over Elsie's knee to see the cause of the diversion, but the awed expression of their faces promised her no amusement, so she subsided again of her own accord, casting a half-envious look at little Dot, who was fast asleep in Mrs. Reade's arms. Then the children were quiet again, nervously picking at their clothes with fingers that were growing colder every minute; for the constraint of the place oppressed them, and they were fretted by the monotony of a voice that spoke but one lesson to *them*—the practical duty of sitting still while "it" was slowly and surely coming nearer, and, for aught they knew, might be put down at their very pew-door. But the sermon came to an end at last, and the children, elbowing their way through the congregation, looked cautiously out of the door. The procession had only just entered the next field; so, while the older members of the family joined the knots that were forming round the porch, they scampered off, and settled themselves in a convenient place on the churchyard wall, with their feet hanging outside, ready for a start in case their fears should be realized in any definite form. From this well-chosen position they enjoyed the excitement of a horror seen in security. And when they came home, it was a relief to know that "it" was no longer

next door. After they had had tea the reaction was growing into boisterous mirth, when Elsie called them in to say their texts. Grandfather had taken his place in his oak chair, and Elsie had placed the great Bible on his knee. He wiped his spectacles with the thoughtful slowness of one who feels the importance of what he is about to say; but the children did not show a corresponding readiness to come and hear it. Whenever they were on the point of being settled, one was sure to rush off on some pretext, and so delay the lesson; but they were all in their places at last. Jonathan had laid aside his pipe, and was fidgeting about awkwardly near the back door. This was his acknowledgment of his parental duties, for he felt he was more responsible since his little ones had lost their mother; and, if his presence at this weekly catechism was but a slight acquittal of them, at least it was not without effort to himself. Mrs. Reade was so placed that while she commanded the circle of young, rosy faces, she could also look past Jonathan down the garden path, and see her two other sons, who were leaning over the pig-stye staring into the fens. To her this was a spectacle of unclouded satisfaction; the secret of it lay in her instinctive prejudice against daughters-in-law. She said it was no good to grub up the ground after the seed was well in; so, when one such evil had been forced upon her, she had made the best of it. But a moderate success in one instance did not blind her to the risk of future ventures, nor to the symptoms which foretell them. Therefore, her motherly heart rejoiced, as week after week she saw her sons contented with the quiet dissipation of a pipe over the pig-stye, on the evening consecrated above all others to rustic love-making. Presently a woman dressed in black appeared at the wicket. Mrs. Reade rose instantly and went out to meet her, for she recognized Mrs. Soper, a sister of the widower next door, who lived at some distance, and had come over for the funeral. She had been in constant feud with the

deceased; but that was no reason why she should forego the consideration which the occasion aroused. She was a sharp-featured woman with a sallow complexion. She wore a bonnet cap, a frame of plaited frills secured by a kind of trace behind; it left her ears and head bare, but for the walnut-sized protuberance which represented her back hair. When Mrs. Reade held out both hands, and greeted her in the crooning tone of kindness adapted to her mourning condition, she only sighed, and suffered herself to be led into the room, conscious that she was bearing the honours of her supposed bereavement with becoming meekness and dignity. The children hailed her arrival as a signal for escape; but Mrs. Reade motioned them back to their places. Jonathan, however, disappeared altogether. Elsie gave Mrs. Soper a chair and went to the doorway, where she stood for some time, apparently unconscious of the talking inside. The old man made some movement to receive the guest.

"Don't get up," she said, looking at him sadly, with half-closed eyes; "I only thought I'd come in and hev a word with ye."

"And very kind too, seeing the short time you have to be here," said Mrs. Reade.

Then there was a pause, but the inevitable awkwardness of it was not aggravated by the embarrassment which attaches to a silence in more refined circles. Here, conversation was not an art in daily cultivation; it was restricted to gossip and curt remarks exchanged at meals or at work. A discussion with unemployed hands was a rare event, brought about by some social crisis, and attended by the formality of a public meeting; no one made any attempt to soften the approach to the topic of the day, nor to lead up to it by allusion to others of secondary importance.

Little Johnny pinched his brother and giggled. Rettie reproved this by an admonitory frown; so they fixed their eyes on Mrs. Soper as the person who should relieve their suspense, and



in the end she did not disappoint them. But for some time she sat looking straight before her, clasping a pocket handkerchief, which her grief had reduced to a damp ball, her right forefinger tapping the knuckles of her other hand, with a precision at such regular variance with the ticking of the clock, that it seemed like a pointed contradiction of that monitor. At last the scrooping sound of her chair moving on the bricks, warned them that her pent-up feelings were about to seek relief in utterance, the persistent finger became still, and she cleared her voice by a preparatory cough.

"Well, she's gone at last!" she said, dropping her eyes with a groan, and pulling at the corner of her handkerchief.

"Yes, a good woman," said the old man slowly, as he took off his spectacles; "she'll be much missed."

"I for one'll miss many a little thing she used to do for me," Mrs. Reade added. "I'm very sorry for her."

"Missed! for the matter o' that, I don't know 'bout bein' missed. *I'm* sorry for her; but bein' missed's quite another thing. She was never but a poor creature. I told Samuel so eighteen years ago, and my words hev come true."

"She was always weakly, you see," said the old man.

"Weakly! there's a many'd be glad to be weakly. She was no manager!" and Mrs. Soper raised her voice with emphasis as she gave out the secret of the eighteen years' disorder. "As I said to Soper as we was comin' along in our tilted cart—" She made a slight pause, for the tilted cart was a new acquisition. Mrs. Reade would not notice it, so she continued in no improved temper, "As I said, I shouldn't hev minded hevin' a little something, jest to keep her in mind; but if you'll believe me, when I come to look over her things—'xcept her Sunday shawl—there wasn't so much as a stockin' worth the keeping, there wasn't indeed;" and she leaned back in her chair, nodding at Mrs. Reade with an injured expression. There was a

pause. "Now no one shall say that o' *me*, *whensomedever* the Lord may please to take me, and it may come sooner or later like a thief in the night, as we're told in the Scriptures, for I never was one o' the strong ones; it's more sperrit than strength that *I've* got."

"No, I know you never could do much," said the old man, supplying the ready sympathy which he foresaw would be wanting in his daughter. Mrs. Reade suppressed her amusement at his unhappily worded courtesy, but not so completely as to deceive her visitor, who recollected herself, and added hurriedly,—

"But for managin' and orderin' there's not my equal in the place, though I should say it myself." The old man changed his spectacles nervously from one hand to the other, and Mrs. Reade looked at him with an idle twinkle in her eye, but she did not come to his help.

"Well," he said at last, avoiding her look of amusement, and conscious that he was not saving himself by a very forcible remark, "everybody can't do alike."

"No,—all's not gifted the same, but *anybody* can be savin'; as for me——"

"But this poor thing next door," interrupted Grandfather, "*she* never had much to save, I'm afraid."

"It's hard to tell *what* 'd be enough for some people. She'd got nothin' *left* but her Sunday shawl, and Sam said he'd like to see the girl wear that some day. I told him it wouldn't suit her one bit, but there—he's so pig-headed, it was no good speakin'."

"Oh! she'll think of her mother, keepsake or no keepsake," and Grandfather shook his head mournfully.

Mrs. Soper looked disgusted. "And you call that a way of bringin' up children! never sayin' 'em nay, lettin' 'em run in and out like rabbits in a warren, and if they're not in to meals, keepin' a warm bit for 'em in the oven! I may ha' been misguided in some things, but I know my duty better than that. No children hev been sharper looked up than mine, though I say it; I've never forgotten what Solomon said

o' the rod, and yet," she added, after a slight pause, "what's the thanks you get for your pains? It often hurts my feelin's to think that if it pleased the Lord to take me, p'raps they wouldn't grieve more nor if they'd been left to their own ways;" and she sighed and sank back in her chair. Mrs. Reade deprecated her despondency; this seemed to give her some comfort, for she began again with renewed energy, "Leastways they can't quite forget *all* I've taught 'em; and as for hers—they've turned after their teachin', sure enough! For I do think it a shameful thing that she should have reared but those three, and not one of 'em come to her buryin'."

"Why, the lad's at sea," broke in Mrs. Reade, rather sharply, "so there was no thought of *his* being here; and seeing the girls are so far off, and hadn't money to come while she was ill, I don't think it reasonable to expect they'd come now."

"Well," said Mrs. Soper, straightening herself up, "I must say, I like to see proper respect paid; and where there's a will there's a way. If they'd a mind, they'd have found people to lend 'em the means."

"It's a bad thing for young people to get into debt," said Mrs. Reade, firmly, looking at her own little people to see that the lesson was not lost. They met her scrutiny with most docile faces, for the weight of morality floating through the conversation made it depressing to them.

Meanwhile Grandfather, who liked the Lister girls, explained in a gentle tone, "They knew that that was not what their mother would have liked. They earn their living so slow, it would have been a long time before they could have paid it off; and she, poor thing, always taught them different from that."

Mrs. Soper was not prepared to listen to quotations from Mrs. Lister's school, so she persisted in a sanctimonious tone, "There's a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; and if ever there was a time to borrow, it was now. And if so be it had happened that they couldn't pay it again,

why, everybody must hev somethin' to put in their stomachs, and cover their backs; the Lord must provide; but payin' proper respect to their mother after she's gone's quite a different thing from leavin' their place, and idlin' about on pretence o' mindin' her, when there was Martha wi' nothin' else to do."

There was another pause. Mrs. Reade looked at her guest with stony eyes, and bit her lip. The old man felt averse to arguing with her any more, so he put on his spectacles once more, and said quietly, "I've a habit of reading a little with the young ones every Sunday evening. If you don't mind, we'll go on."

Mrs. Soper *did* mind, but she knew Grandfather's determined character too well to oppose him, and assumed an appearance of interest which quite overpowered the children for the moment; they soon forgot their shyness, however, when the old man looked slyly towards the little group and said, "I suppose there's no picture to-day?" He made a point of never expecting a picture, and his surprise always enhanced the pleasure of showing it, while its weekly recurrence robbed nothing from its freshness.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed all the voices at once; "to-day wasn't a picture day, but teacher gave us one because we were so good."

"Dood!" repeated the baby child in explosive delight, as Rettie lifted her down from a chair, for it was her privilege to carry the picture, and she now waddled to her grandfather, with her fat, dimpled arms stretched out, triumphantly holding up the great placard. On it was painted, in very florid colours, a cross-looking, red-haired man in a blue dressing-gown. He was seated on a sand-bank, with a yellow gourd of prodigious growth poised nicely over his head. Anyone at all familiar with Scripture, and with the specimens of art which national schools provide to cultivate the taste of their pupils and stimulate their religious enthusiasm, would at once recognize this to be Jonah.

"Now, my dear children, look at this. Can any of you tell me what makes Jonah look so sad?"

The children's eyes opened wider, but there was no answer.

"He thinks the pumpkin's comin' down on his 'ed!" exclaimed Johnny at last, in a burst of intelligence; he had noticed the insecure slightness of the stem.

The look of reprobation with which Johnny's guess was received, had a chilling effect; this may have been an indirect cause of Rettie's suggestion, murmured in a sententious tone, "The worm!"

"What worm?" asked Grandfather; but, at once recognizing this answer to be of more orthodox derivation, he said, "No, dear child, God had not sent the worm *then*; he had troubled him in other ways. It was the wrath of God."

Mrs. Soper was ostentatiously scandalized.

"Now, children, *be* careful," Mrs. Reade put in. "Johnny! *you* know better than that;" but her face beamed with unspoken motherly excuses.

"Let us turn to the text," said the old man. "Rettie, where is it?"

Rettie began to read in a high nasal key: "'So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city——'" She stopped.

Mrs. Soper closed her eyes with an air of edification.

"Now, my dear children," said Grandfather, "before we go any farther, let us think of the lesson we may learn from this;" and placing his hand on the open book, he looked at them over his spectacles. Then aside to Mrs. Soper, "I hope it doesn't tire you to listen to these questions?"

"Oh, no! it's right they should be brought to think o' their souls, poor things; specially now, when one's jest been called out from among us."

"*Elsie's* goin' away to-morrow!" Jemmy called out.

It did not accord with Mrs. Soper's notions, to encourage children's remarks; but her love of news made com-

promise with her principles; so she looked over Jemmy's head inquiringly at Mrs. Reade.

Mrs. Reade nodded, "Yes, only for a few weeks,—to Widow Gaiathorne's."

"To Widow Gaiathorne's at Upware? How's that?"

"It's only that she's let her rooms to a gentleman, and wants more help than little Mary Jane Bailey."

"And what will you do without Elsie?"

"Do! why, Rettie must take her place. It's high time she'd learn to keep house, I'm sure; Elsie did it long before she was *her* age," nodding over to Rettie with a brisk look as she spoke; "besides," she added, "I'd just as soon she didn't work much longer in the sheds."

"And for how long's Widow Gaiathorne engaged with her lodger?"

"Only till the end of the holidays; for he's over at Cambridge, and wants a quiet place, where he won't be disturbed from his books. He's no stranger," she added, "for he's only son in the family where Mrs. Gaiathorne was so long in service."

"Well," said Mrs. Soper, settling herself in her chair, "I don't want to put anyone out o' heart, but it's not *I* should like to change places wi' Elsie, while such stories are goin' about the place."

Elsie turned and fixed an anxious, scrutinizing glance on Mrs. Soper.

"Yes, stories; sure enough," she continued, answering Mrs. Reade's look of surprise. "I'd never get a wink o' sleep in that place 'long o' the ghosts they say walk about there every night."

Elsie fell back into her former listless attitude, and looked out into the country pre-occupied as before; and Grandfather, seeing that gossip was likely to engross all attention, closed the book, saying, "Well, children, I suppose that must do for to-night." They all ran out into the garden glad to escape, except Rettie, who put her chair away slowly, with a look of regret for the pleasant hour wasted. She made a step to join Elsie, but remembering Mrs. Soper's remark about the ghosts, she went and stood

near Grandfather to hear what more she would say about them.

"You're thinking of what they say about the ghosts of the covered way, I suppose," said Mrs. Reade, as soon as the little people had left them quiet. "I don't set much store by such tales; at all events they haven't hurt Mrs. Gait-horne yet."

"Oh! of course folks needn't believe it if they don't like, but my grandfather saw them, and he wouldn't hev believed it more than other people if he hadn't. He always used to say, 'It's a nasty country to live in, for there's nothin' stirrin' 'bove ground, and the dead, who ought to bide quiet in their graves, wander about o' nights in the hollows they moled out for their selves when livin'.'"

"I don't think there's much for those who do right to mind," said Grandfather, as a corrective to the rather doubtful expression gathering on Rettie's face; "let them be quits with their conscience and they needn't fear."

"Oh dear, no!" said Mrs. Soper, hastily returning to the pious tone. "It's only to believe; we're told that whom-somever believes, will be took care of; but the thing is, can we be sure when we *do* believe?" and her emphatic fore-finger came again into play.

It fidgeted Mrs. Reade, who brushed down her apron vigorously, and exclaimed in a rousing tone, "Little as may seem to be stirring, it's not everybody has got time to bide still wondering, since the cattle-plague's come here. We've got more than ghosts to expect; it behoves us to look alive, and move about a bit."

"Yes," chimed in the old man sadly, "there's many a one was well-to-do at sowing, will be poor before harvest is over; and us working folk will have a hard winter of it—not that *I* work now," he said, correcting himself. "I could yet do a little, but they won't let me. They're good boys," he added in a softened tone as he looked at their mother.

It would have been contrary to Mrs. Reade's nature to make any show of

feeling before Mrs. Soper; so she drew herself up still more rigidly; but, before she fell into her fixed stare out of the window, her eyes wandered over his bent shoulders and silver hair, with an expression which carried some meaning to Rettie, for she drew a little nearer and wound her arm gently round the old man's neck.

"I've been told it's spreadin' very much 'bout here," said Mrs. Soper, in an indifferent tone.

"Yes, but there's some yards not touched. Farmer Brasnell's is well-nigh cleared, but *he* bought up a lot of old stagers just before it set in, and they say he'll be none the loser."

"He's a sharp old customer, is old Brasnell," put in Mrs. Soper with evident enjoyment.

"That he is! and his wife and daughter have been busy enough making camphor-bags, so that all the cows went about with them hanging at their necks."

"Yes, I heard that, and that they had 'em vaccinated like infants. But hev Widow Gaithorne lost any?"

"No, and the Baileys are all right so far, but they've had one of theirs shot at the parsonage. He did a kind action, did Joe; one of their cows calved just about the time old Peachy's died, so he gave the calf to the old man, and it was a great comfort to him at the time. It looked well for Bailey, *I* thought, he being out of work, and ailing too."

"He was *allays* a poor thing," and Mrs. Soper's pinched lips curled in derision of such imprudent generosity.

Rettie did not wait to hear more. It was plain to her that they were not going to say anything further about the ghosts, so she turned away, discontented for the second time. The day before, Elsie had not had time to chat with her, as she usually did on Saturdays; so she loitered slowly down the path, vexed that she had stayed so long away from Elsie, on her last night at home. When she found her at the bottom of the garden, she stood still for some time in a morbid, fretful mood, without drawing her sister's attention; for Elsie, who

was on the other side of the hedge, did not notice her; she was looking into the baskets that held their stock of ferns. Presently, as she drew one of these to the bank, she stood up.

"What, Rettie, are you there? you're just in time to help me; and now I can tell you how to manage them when I'm gone." Rettie moved forward to the gap with an unwilling step, but her sister was too busy to notice it. "There now, you see that one," she said, pointing to the filled basket, "those are what we've got for Mr. Dobree. You must be very careful not to let them be hurt in any way, for he doesn't want them to grow, he'll only pick out the best leaves and dry them. As for the basket farther on, we may as well empty it at once, for that set's finished." She drew it towards her with a stick: "There! catch hold of the handle that's coming up close to you—quick!"

But Rettie was not quick; and as she saw it fall heavily into the water she gave a heartfelt "Oh my!"

"What! has it gone all over you?" asked Elsie, letting go her side of the basket; for she thought so deep a sigh was caused by a splash on the Sunday frock.

"No," said Rettie, stolidly.

This was an unusual tone, so Elsie looked up. "What's the matter, Rettie?"

"Why do you want to go away?" Elsie was sorry for the puckered face; so, encouraged by her sympathy, Rettie continued, still pouting, "You don't know when you'll come back, and you've been so took up with the ferns you hadn't any time to be with us; and it isn't at all as nice as it used to be." Here she began to cry.

Elsie put her arm round her, and drew her to the bank; then she sat down by her side, and began speaking in a soothing tone, "You mustn't forget that I'm only going for a very few weeks; and I'll come and see you often between whiles. *You* will come and see me too. As to my being out lately, it's because we've done better this summer by the ferns than ever before. We ought all of us to be *glad* of that." Here she

paused and sat thinking for some time. When the sobs grew less frequent, she began again: "And I know you'll try to remember all I've told you about Martha and the little ones, and about giving mother as little trouble as possible, so that you'll be such a good house-keeper 'gainst I come home again. And you'll attend to the ferns, won't you? and see that you don't put the baskets away in their place before they're dried."

She got up and busied herself again about the ferns. Rettie did not answer; she sat looking on listlessly till her sister had finished her work; then she sidled close to her and whispered, "You're not angry with me, Elsie?"

"Angry with the child! why should I be angry?" she exclaimed, and taking Rettie's face in both her hands she kissed away the tears that were beginning to fall again. "Now run indoors, for see the moon is up, and there's mother coming, wondering why we've been so long."

Rettie turned towards the cottage, but in spite of Elsie's assurances, she still cherished the heresy "that it wasn't at all as nice as it used to be." This, however, she took good care to conceal, for she had nothing definite to complain of; and Mrs. Reade's opinions on the subject of depression were decided. Whenever the evil appeared in her own family, she met it promptly with a thick yellow dose, stirred in a cracked green teacup kept for the purpose. That this was efficacious as a remedy cannot be confidently asserted; but that, once taken, it was ever after a powerful stimulus to self-control, was evident in Rettie's cheerful face as she came up to her mother, who was standing on the doorstep, enjoying the splendid Sunday loitering—the poor man's rest, so sweet in its completeness, so sad in the narrowness that forms that completeness.

"Well, so you left us to ourselves!" she said with an intelligent smile, as Elsie came slowly up the path.

"Yes, mother; I thought I might as well set the ferns to rights, since we couldn't get our nice Sunday evening together."

"That was just as well. There was no call for you to stop and listen to her nonsense. Now, Rettie, you go on quickly, that's a good child! I put the little ones to bed more than half an hour ago, and your evening and morning song isn't alike, you know."

Rettie said nothing, but went up to her grandfather and wished him good night; he put his hand on her head, muttering in a soft tone, "Good girl, good girl!"

"The little one isn't going to grieve, is she?" Elsie whispered, as the soft arm was pressed round her neck for the nightly kiss. She turned away quickly, and Elsie heard a stifled sob as the child darted upstairs.

Very soon after, the others also had separated for the night, leaving the front door unlocked for the young men, who were always a little later on the Sunday evening. Elsie began at once to put her few things in readiness to go away. One of the first she took out was a card box, which she looked at, but did not open; then she folded round it a pair of stockings, each separately, making a square parcel, which she put in the middle of a bundle handkerchief, that was spread out on the chair near the window. She went on with her arrangements, but now and then she stood thinking; often looking back on the parcel lying on the chair. Suddenly, she left off and went to the door, opened it as gently as possible, and tapped lightly at her mother's room. She found her looking out of the window, still enjoying the cool air. "I thought I'd come and say good night once more, mother, as it's the last night."

"Bless the child! what's come to her? Surely you're not sorry you're going, Elsie!"

"Oh, no; but—I thought I'd come in again."

"Oh that's all, is it? for I wouldn't have the child go against her will," she said, fondly stroking her hair. "Well, good night, and God bless you, my own," she added, as she kissed her and sent her off, "and make haste and get into bed, or you won't be very brisk

to-morrow," she called after her, as she was leaving the room.

When she went back she moved about, still collecting her things, and loitering over them. At intervals, she bent over the sleeping child, whose low breath gave life to the stillness, which was in harmony with her own rest. This was no blank, but a pause, alive with memories and hushed with hopes; for the visit in which Claude Lillingstone had made so favourable an impression on Mrs. Reade had not been his last to the fens. He had come again a few days later; and although he had not shown himself at the cottage, he had seen Elsie very often on pretext of getting ferns. Mrs. Reade knew that more than one set had been prepared for him; but she did not know that Lillingstone was with Elsie while she gathered them; for the right time for the promised "explanation" had not yet come. He had acted in this as he had done all through his life in other things. His father and an aunt into whose charge he had been given when he was first sent home from India, had a fixed notion that "the dear boy had very superior abilities, and would make a figure in the world some day." This belief—being of their own origination—was strong, and their patience enduring; for they were still waiting for proofs of his genius. Days, months, and years had succeeded each other, and "the bright, intelligent boy," as afterwards "the gifted and charming young man, on whom our hopes are centred," had always found some engrossing pursuit to fill up the present, and postpone any real work to an indefinite time, which was never to be very far distant. So he was but following the bent of his old habit now, when, having given unwonted solidity to the expectations of his friends by staying up at Cambridge during the long vacation, he allowed himself to be diverted from his purpose by the accidental meeting with Elsie. At first he did not speak to her of his rich relations, fearing to wound her by the suggestion of a difference between them; but later, when his idle, listless

moods, and the time wasted in the fens, began to tell on his reading, his dependent nature craved sympathy; and Elsie's want of education placed it so completely out of her power to question him inconveniently about the details of his work, that, at last, he told her of his position and his anxieties without any restraint. It was an awkward plight to describe. He was in awe of his father; but beyond him there was his own little world which had hitherto been favourable to him. These friends admired and flattered him, and it was but a small part of their anticipations that he should take a high degree—men of less capacity than they attributed to him yearly did this. But this slight thing he knew he could *not* do. If he were plucked these congenial people would no longer be favourable, and his conventional career would be done. He was bitter against them beforehand, and his thoughts turned to Elsie. She would be sorry, but she would be true; and he gained courage from the certainty. Perhaps, in the end, it might have been better for him to have failed, and to have been separated from these people: he might be more successful. How that should be it was too much for him to say now, for he would have to get through a great deal of general reading before he could be sure which way his talents inclined; that he would eventually marry Elsie, however, he had quite decided by this time, but he had not told her of his decision yet; meanwhile, he used the excitement of uncertainty to fix himself more firmly in her mind.

As for Elsie, she had attached but little importance to their earlier interviews; but now, he had so woven himself into her affection that she did not dare to dwell on what her life would be if he passed out of it. Of late, at times when the cottage was quiet and everything at rest, thoughts came to her mind that seemed like sounds of music vibrating in unison with her life; in contrast with which the monotony of the old times seemed almost unbearable to her. When he gave her his full confidence, the revelation of weakness

it contained was a great shock to her; for she, in her ignorance, had always thought that "the training gentlefolks went through gave them strength of mind." This disappointment set her wondering about the truth of another notion, equally prevalent among the poor, that the "gentry are hardened by luxury, and have less feeling than common people." But she passed by her own pain, and set herself earnestly to induce him to persevere in his work, promising herself that she would no longer be an excuse for his wasting more time in the fens. Then he assured her that he might just as well spend his time in coming out to see her, as in straining his eyes over books when his thoughts did not follow them. Later, he hit on a plan which would keep him in the right mood for working—he would take a lodging at Mrs. Gaithorne's, that he might be near Elsie; he would see her oftener, and work would then be a pleasure to him. The advantages of this plan were not quite so plain to Elsie; but she hoped there might be some reality in it which she could not understand, and perhaps she entered into it all the more cheerfully, that she was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing him more often. Then, on the strength of the great industry he should practise as soon as he had settled at the farm, he decided on giving up the interval to the thorough enjoyment of a preparatory holiday, in the course of which he had another happy inspiration.

While he was making his arrangements with Mrs. Gaithorne, she had said that she should be obliged to have more help in the house; and afterwards it occurred to him that, if he could induce Elsie to supply that help, his little scheme would be perfect. This he had been ingenious enough to manage without exciting suspicion in Mrs. Gaithorne, and he had put it to Elsie in such a way that it seemed only right for her to agree to it. So it came to pass that she was making her final preparations for leaving her home, with some excitement in her anticipations;

but these anticipations did not reach beyond the few weeks Lillingstone would be there. Though she was practical in most matters, she had not used her foresight here; but, deceiving herself, she followed him as he drifted along without questioning whither she was led.

She had now finished her packing; she went to the window, and, pushing the lattice as far as it would open, looked out on the fens. They were bathed in a fairy light that enchanted them into beauty. A mist hung low, hiding the bareness of the marsh; and through it, the lodes that looked so dreary by day, glanced like silver threads in its calm radiance of opal lights. It stretched away to the distant, unknown fen, bearing the same radiance, lying in the same repose, till it lost itself in the horizon, and melted into the blue where there were stars.

#### CHAPTER VI.

ELSIE set out for the farm early the following afternoon. Her cheeks were still burning with the feverishness of her first sleepless night; and the excitement which had idealized the prosaic work of the morning, gave an elasticity to her step, and made familiar things seem strange. Her mother was proud of her bright, fresh face, as she parted from her a little beyond their own gate. Rettie wanted to go farther to carry the bundle, but Elsie thought how solitary the walk home would be, and remembering the tears of last night, refused to take her on the plea of the child being wanted at home. She had taught the little ones to expect great things of Rettie, yet, when she looked back after passing the peat stacks, she saw them peeping after her wistfully, though their grandmother had returned to the cottage.

Now she was alone with the one idea that possessed her: "she would be near 'Mr. Claude,' she would see him every day, and, may be, she might really help him, after all." It seemed too strange

to be true; and as she walked along the accustomed path by the wild reeds, and then over the dry fen,—the trembling plank, the sleepy bullocks, all the well-known objects of the old way, seemed to be looking at her out of her past life, and to startle her with their vivid reality.

An unsteady wind chased the light clouds over the sun, giving an unnatural life to the fens, a sense of wild ærial movement, that blended itself with her fantasies; so she passed on mechanically through the grove of aspens, then into the long sunny road that led to the farm.

This was a happy, thriving place. It stood in a meadow which stretched out sunny and green towards the river, and was bordered on one side by the road, and on the other by an elm hedge, which separated Mrs. Gaithorne's wheat-fields from her granaries. A well-worn cart road led up to the house,—a long, narrow building, the irregular result of many afterthoughts; its low tiled roof chronicled these additions. On the left of it, a group of tall elms overshadowed the one-sided little garden. In the centre of the front, clusters of roses enlivened the porch; and on either side of it, lively little windows peeped out from under them. Two of these belonged to Mrs. Gaithorne's own little parlour, where the curly-tailed dogs on the chimney-piece seemed to repeat the smile she always had for her friends. The little strip of flower garden in front was enclosed by a railed fence, that came up from the elm-trees and shut it in, making a square on this side of the porch. Then the bare walls rose from the grass; for here were the kitchens, and this end of the house boasted no useless ornament: it looked clear, and clean, and fresh, only a solitary nasturtium climbed round the kitchen door, which was passed by few whose sleeves were not tucked up for active work. This door looked out upon the farm-yard, and was connected with the dairy by a red brick path. The small space between this and the wheat-field was crowded with buildings as irregular as



the house itself, for they had been added one by one when they were wanted, and many of them were the remains of ruins adapted to farm use.

The farm was too small to employ many servants, so Mrs. Gaithorne looked after everything herself in good old-fashioned style, and it was an ill-favoured stock that did not thrive under her care. All about her wore a comfortable look, for it went sorely against her to put restraint on anything. Even her garden was somewhat overrun, and the orchard-trees that filled the left side of the meadow must have been pruned past recognition, before they could lay any claim to cultivation.

As Elsie manœuvred herself and her bundle through the narrow turn-stile, she disturbed the geese that had nestled down in its commodious circle; they got up reluctantly, looking at her sideways, and went off uttering some guttural expostulation, but they were too lazy and well-fed to make an effective resistance. Not so the young heifers that stood together on a mound to the left, who, though they had no reason to be aggrieved by her entrance, pushed their damp noses through the low branches of the apple-trees, to reconnoitre her movements, and to deliberate on them. Elsie heard talking in the farm-yard, and stopped to listen, but she went on again, not recognizing Mrs. Gaithorne's voice. This irregularity condemned her in the eyes of the heifers, for they descended from their height slowly, in a compact body, the bravest of them slightly in advance, making warlike demonstrations that seemed to be restrained only by curiosity. They were at that doubtful age which forces one to balance their intentions against their powers of mischief, in the coolest calculation consistent with personal activity. However, they did not appear very formidable to Elsie, who felt almost at home there. She walked on steadily, and they gradually fell behind, forming a half circle, their heads low, sniffing the ground. But when she drew near the house with an assurance that proved her right of in-

timacy, they scampered back to their play-place on the mound, flourishing their tails, and throwing up their heels, with a frivolity that contradicted the threatening appearance they had just made.

Mrs. Gaithorne was coming up the path that led to the kitchen. Elsie heard her say to the boy who was washing it down with a besom, "Now, Jim, if you can't put a little more will into your work, you won't get finished before supper. And if *you* think it's likely that I'm always going to look up the eggs myself, you're mistaken, *I* can tell you;" and she held towards him reproachfully the basket which she had just filled.

The boy opened his mouth in speechless remonstrance.

"There now, go on, don't stand staring," and she walked on quickly to join Elsie, whom she had just perceived. "Come in, my dear," she said, as she preceded her into the kitchen, and set down the eggs and a great jug of milk. "You've heard me giving it to Jim, though, to tell the truth, he's not such a bad boy, as boys go; but they're none o' them the worse for a little looking up, that's my way o' thinking."

Elsie smiled, but Mrs. Gaithorne did not notice it; for, as she spoke, her eye glanced critically over the rosy bricks, the fair deal table, and the bright grate, filled with fresh laurels that set off the shiny rows of cooking contrivances over the mantel-shelf.

"That's right, take a minute's rest; you've had a hot walk, and there'll be plenty for you to do presently, for if ever anyone came at the nick o' time, *you* did;" and she took off her black silk bonnet, the strings of which were fastened in a bow on the top that they might not impede her movements, and hung it behind the door. Then she came and sat near Elsie, who had already made herself comfortable on the window seat. "It's well for me, as I said this morning, and indeed I've said it ever since, that I've got you to come to me instead of Mary Jane; for what I'd have done with *her*, and all those fine

folks about, I don't know. She'd have been under their feet all day long, doing more harm than good; and as for the old gentleman, he's that fidgety, and frisky in his temper, that he'd be ready to pitch her out o' doors, as soon as look at her, that he would."

Elsie was puzzled. "What old gentleman?" she asked.

"Old Mr. Lillingstone, to be sure; oh! I forgot, I hadn't told you he's coming. They're *all* coming, the whole lot of 'em. Young Mr. Claude's father, and his aunt, and two cousins of his,—no, one of them isn't a cousin, though—and goodness knows how many gentlemen; one thing *I* know, I can't house them all, and that I said from the first, so I sent down to the Watsons to tell them to get two beds ready. How many more will come, God only knows, for I'm put to, when I find how that they expect everything to be got ready in a minute, for it was past ten o'clock when I got Mr. Claude's letter, and here have I been slaving all day long, not a minute to look round me; and if they'd only let me know two days before, I'd have made it all as trim and comfortable as possible. They must take it as it is now; *I* can't help it, that's what I say."

Elsie had sufficiently recovered from this unwelcome surprise to be pleasant to Mrs. Gaithorne. "I'm sure you needn't mind not knowing it before, Mrs. Gaithorne; you always keep things so nice they can't help being comfortable. Now what can *I* do?" and she got up.

Her friend smiled in deprecation of the compliment, but she did not disclaim it. "Well, you see, there's some things, that let the Queen come, I must see to myself, and cows is a thing that can't be put off, specially in these times; they're almost enough o' themselves to prevent one thinking of anything else. Now come upstairs with me, and I'll show you where I'm going to put them." They went up the oak-panelled staircase, and through a dark passage, to a large square room with white dimity furniture hangings. Not only the bed, but chairs, boxes, and a

heavy arm-chair near the fire-place, were draped in white, making the room look still, and pale, and cold, as if many people had died in it.

"I'm going to put Mrs. Grey in here," said Mrs. Gaithorne, shutting one of the windows, "because she's delicate. This gets the morning sun, and she'll like to have the garden to look out upon. You see the sheets on the bed; they were only down from the fire just before you came in. They shan't say my place is damp, whatever else they may find to say of it. You'll make the beds, the very first thing, as soon as I've shown you about; then you'll come down to help me. What I want you to do, Elsie, will be mostly to wait upon them, for what with cooking and that to mind, I can't be running after them all day long."

"You give me easy work," said Elsie, trying hard to feel an interest in it.

"Easy work," echoed Mrs. Gaithorne, turning quickly round as she was leaving the room; "that's because you don't know nothing about it. Mrs. Grey of herself is enough to keep a whole regiment going. She's sister-in-law to the old gentleman, and has been out in India so long that the life's burnt out of her, and what there is left wants looking after, *you'll* not be long in finding out. Then there's the strange young lady; I've got a notion it's Mr. Claude's, you know," and she nodded intelligently at Elsie. "If she's like most of 'em, she'll have airs enough for a dozen; it's true Miss Grey won't give extra trouble. *I* could always get on well with *her*; and as for the gentlemen, they *are* gentlemen, and won't bother you much; but you'll find enough to do, never *you* fear."

Elsie kept her reflections to herself; she had got red, and then pale, but not sufficiently to arrest Mrs. Gaithorne's attention, pre-occupied as it was, and she felt heartily thankful for the garrulity that so helped her friend's blindness. She followed Mrs. Gaithorne into the next room, a bright, cheerful little nest over the porch, where the roses outside peeped into the windows, and greeted

their less favoured companions that hung in festoons on the walls.

"This is Mr. Claude's room," Mrs. Gaithorne said, with pride in the look of prettiness and comfort she had given it; "but he said in his letter that he'll put up with anything so long as I make the others comfortable, so he'll have to sleep in the large attic till they're gone, and the young ladies must have this."

They now crossed the passage, which was lighted only by a long, narrow window that looked out upon the farmyard at the back of the house, and came to the red room, where the moreen that seemed to fill and choke it, looked to the full as stiff and formal as the most conventional "old gentleman" could desire; then they looked into the little dressing-closet next to it, which was to be Elsie's for the time; after this there remained but Mr. Claude's attic, "where," said Mrs. Gaithorne, "he'll have nothing to complain of for a day or two, except the heat, and that nobody can help; tiles is tiles, and will get hot in the sun." Then she said she had already stayed too long talking, and went down-stairs, leaving Elsie to her work and her thoughts. It is true she had not time to indulge them, but the weight of them hung heavy on her mind; and as she hurried from one room to the other, she could not help asking herself what all this meant. "Why had not Claude told her of this on Saturday? He *must* have known it. Had he asked these people down to show her how much she was below him, and to laugh at her for her faith in him? No, that was out of the question; it was mean of her to have had such a thought; she despised herself for it, and yet—there was the young lady—who was *she*? He had pretended to despise young ladies. Bah! it was no use thinking of it; she would wait and see." Yet she did think of it, and her eyes and cheeks were bright with thinking of it, when Mrs. Gaithorne called to her from the landing, "Do the Baileys down your way know how bad their brother is?"

"Is he very bad?" Elsie asked, putting her head out of the white room;

"they told us he was a little better yesterday."

"So he was; but this morning they had to fetch the doctor, and he says he'll come again to-morrow; so as I'm going to send Simpkin 'cross fen to Stannard's to-night, I'll tell him to look in as he passes by and tell them; they mightn't come up o' themselves if they think he's better—and there's something I forgot to tell you," she said, looking down a tiny staircase that turned in so small a shaft it seemed designed expressly to try people's agility. The door which Mrs. Gaithorne now held open generally kept it out of sight, as well as the entrance to Mrs. Gaithorne's own room, which from the landing side was only to be gained by one of those perilous corner steps in which our ancestors seem to have taken so much delight. "We must use these stairs while they are here, as I want to leave them the front of the house to themselves as much as possible. I'm getting on very well with my work, so I'll come up presently and help you to finish the rooms; I don't think it will be long before they'll be here." And she disappeared down the rickety stairs, shutting the door behind her.

A little later and the preparations were complete; but Mrs. Gaithorne still hovered about, putting a finishing touch to things that were already right, when, as she passed one of the windows, she called to Elsie, "Come and see if this doesn't look as if what I said was true." Elsie looked out and saw Claude and a young lady on horseback coming through the meadow gate. "Well, I hope they'll be happy," said Mrs. Gaithorne, with a little vexation in her tone; "but she looks too skittish to take *my* fancy; they're waiting about for the others, I suppose, since they don't go on to the stables, so I'll go down, and you can call out to me when you see the rest coming." And she left Elsie to make her own observations.

Claude's companion was pretty, or she was thought so, by people in whose opinion a skin of an unchanging yellow-white covers all defects of feature and

atoned for total want of expression. Her shoulders showed the beginning of a clumsy figure, but she had tried to correct this by a judicious contraction round the waist, and the result of her efforts was fully revealed by a close-fitting drab tweed habit. She wore a drab hat of a different shade, with a faint blue feather and trailing ends of ribbon; her hair was light and dry-looking, and she had a small piping voice. As they came in sight of the door she looked up at Claude with a little laugh of mock triumph.

"There; I told you we should be here first. Now you must confess you were wrong about the distance."

"No," said Claude, turning towards her, to keep his face from the window, where he had already seen Elsie. "I don't yield that point, but I own I did not calculate on your taking those little dykes so well, the first day you were mounted, and it is that short cut that gave us the advantage over the road travellers."

"But they were big dykes," she said, shaking her head at him playfully. She was always smiling or laughing, for she had small, regular teeth. "If you speak of them this evening as little ones, I shall be quite angry with you."

"I am not likely to underrate the performances of my own pupil," he answered in what Elsie recognized as a pleasant tone of voice.

They were still fidgeting about, uncertain whether to dismount or not, when Miss Langdale exclaimed, "Here they are!" and pointed down the road to a carriage some distance off.

"By Jove! Yes; and if that isn't the governor on the box! Cambridge has turned his head; one would think he was in the full glory of his second year," and he laughed, the irreverent laugh of youth.

"You are too satirical," said Miss Langdale, appealingly, and with a smile full of admiration.

"He does not handle them badly, though," Claude added critically, as he watched the handsome bays fretting through the narrow gate which opened

from the road. "We may as well go to meet them."

Miss Langdale was delighted—a first appearance on horseback was an opportunity for display not lightly to be thrown away. There are seasons when the gods are merciless in withholding the gift of a clear vision.

"The governor" was a stiff old gentleman. Stiff, and old, and a gentleman. His neckcloth was so like the good old stock, that his throat had no suspicion of modern change. Indeed his whole being was set against change in any form whatever. He was stiff in dictating to everybody—stiff in letting no one dictate to him—stiff in his notions of duty—stiff in his taking of pleasure; and as he sat on the box with one foot forward, and his frock coat buttoned up to the chin, he looked like the old engravings of "The Regent in his Park Phaeton." Just now, this stiffness pressed on Claude with a weight he had never felt before. As he thought of Elsie, so unprepared for the arrival of all these strangers, so ignorant of the world they represented, he cursed himself for a fool that he had not managed somehow to get her out of the way while they were there.

However, his father did not give him much time for self-reproach; he greeted his son with a merry laugh at his surprise. "I got you out of the way before we started, because I knew you would be frightening your aunt with a description of my infirmities, till she would have been too nervous to trust herself with me. I daresay you think it is time for me to lay down the reins altogether; so I thought I'd show you I am of a different opinion." Then to Claude's companion, "I hope my son has acquitted himself of his charge as well as I have of mine."

She looked radiant under his notice, but whatever she was eager to say about "a most delightful ride" was lost as the old gentleman drove faster towards the house.

"The pupil" was not equal to the pace. Claude called after them, "Where's Dobree?"

"Couldn't come," shouted Bordale; "sent a note just before we started;" and the carriage drew up before the garden-gate, where Mrs. Gaithorne was standing to receive them; she had found time to put on her best cap with the lavender bows.

Mr. Lillingstone anticipated her welcome with a cordiality weighted by some pomposity of tone, "Well, Mrs. Gaithorne, I am glad to find you settled in this pretty farm. Time treats you so well, that if we trusted to your face, we should forget how many years have passed since you were with us."

"Yes, sir, there's been many changes since then," and she sighed; her sigh was in sympathy with the lavender bows.

"Oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, hurriedly, "changes! yes, many changes." He may have been helped to this reflection by the gouty difficulties that impeded his descent from the box. "By the bye, Claude tells me your stock is free from the plague, so far; I hope you will continue to be more fortunate in that respect than your neighbours."

She had hardly time to acknowledge this civility, for Miss Grey had already alighted. Luard and Bordale were talking to the two who had just ridden up, and Mrs. Grey was waiting to be helped out. She wore a fur cloak, which covered more than one Cashmere shawl, and reached to an eider down quilt that filled the bottom of the carriage. Luard stretched out his long arm to remove some of these wraps, and Bordale having taken her parasol, her scent-bottle, and her flame-coloured novel, stood obsequiously watching that her toe should fall on the right step. Mr. Lillingstone, feeling that he represented the chivalry of the old school, and by virtue of this, was the only one qualified to be her cavalier, took off his doe-skin glove, and offered her his hand with formal deference. With this help she reached the ground safely, her skirts trailing after her, bringing in their wake the crimson quilt. "Claude," she said, looking at her nephew with an expression of appealing lassitude, "you will see that

my *duvet* is taken to my own room at once," and she turned out of the little circle, leaning on Mr. Lillingstone's arm, with the air of a queen leaving a feast, conscious that its spirit departs with her.

Elsie had watched all this from behind Mrs. Gaithorne; she had seen Claude's searching look round the doorway when he rode up; and it pained her that his first instinct was to avoid meeting her eyes. "However," she thought, "she would give him one more chance if she could," and when Mrs. Grey gave Claude this rather inappropriate command, she walked out quietly and took up the quilt; but there was no recognition in the "thank you!" with which he acknowledged that she had helped him out of a difficulty, and she went in with her burden feeling almost convinced that he had brought this mortification on her purposely.

Mrs. Gaithorne now came to the door to take in more parcels.

Claude said to her, hurriedly, "I hope you will be able to have something ready soon,—tea,—anything; *you* know my aunt."

Mrs. Gaithorne thought she did; but she only said that as tea would not be ready for an hour, she should ask her to try some of her cowslip wine; and she went off to see about it.

"I always dread scenes with Aunt Caroline," Claude said to Miss Langdale in his most worldly tone. "These fen people are so stupid, half of them idiots, I believe, that I fear you will all be exposed to a great deal of inconvenience among them."

"Oh no, indeed!" said Miss Langdale sweetly. "You are too hard on these poor things; we can't expect much from them, and the picnic life I look forward to is just what I like."

This Claude had never doubted. "I hope you may not be disappointed in it," he answered, rather drily, though with a pleasant smile; he, too, had good teeth. "And now, if you will get down, I will lead your horse to the stable, as I see no one about here ready to take them." Bordale came up

to help her, while Luard stood apart, looking amused.

"But I may ride down too, may I not? I should so much like to see the stables."

"I don't think you would find much to interest you in Watson's stables," persisted Claude, who wanted leisure to think over his present dilemma; but the fair Laura was not to be shaken off so easily; she had already turned her horse's head, and he was obliged to follow. Bordale gave him an intelligent look, as he drew his arm through Luard's, and led him off to show him some curious old ruins, that, he said, were well worth seeing.

Elsie was making vain efforts to give the young ladies' room a less crowded look, when she saw Claude and "the young lady" riding down towards the stables. She had heard what he had said about the fen people, and she knew where he had gained his information about the idiots. Nothing seemed too bad to be possible now. "It made her blood boil to hear that foolish girl make excuses for her own folk, who were truer and better than these grand people." She longed to be at home again, where they all loved her;—"but she must go down at once to help; she must not mind Mrs. Gaithorne's talking about them; she must only try not to get red; and, when she is in the parlour, she must look the same as usual." When she went downstairs she was still asking herself, "What was as usual? *How* did she use to look?" Poor Elsie had not yet found an answer, when she heard Miss Langdale's voice again near the front door.

"It seems almost a pity to go in, does it not?"

"Yes, the fens always look their best in the evening; but I must go in to my duties as host—unless, indeed, *you* consent to help me, and play hostess."

Elsie thought she detected something almost mocking in Claude's light, careless tone—it certainly was not the same he used to her, and the difference pleased her.

Miss Langdale did not seem to perceive this, for she paused on the doorstep and said, looking archly into his eyes: "Oh no, Mr. Lillingstone; I should be quite frightened to undertake such a task, after you have shown yourself so exacting as you were just now."

He made no reply, for his eyes met Elsie's as they were studying him. He would have liked to say something to give her a clue to this—and yet, his manner must appear natural to Miss Langdale;—what was right for one must be wrong for the other; he felt he could not do it—so he took off his cap wearily, and said with an abruptness quite foreign to him, as he sat down in the hall-chair, "The maid will show you to your room."

Miss Langdale showed as much surprise as she felt, but he took no notice of it; he was busy with the buckle of his stirrup; and she was obliged to follow Elsie.

Claude looked after them till Elsie turned the corner of the stairs; then, when he saw how miserable she looked, he put his cap on again quickly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, in defiance of social obligations, walked briskly down towards the orchard. He was glad to get out of sight of that pitiful face. "Yet," he kept on repeating to himself, "it was not his fault." There had been a delay in the post. When he returned from Wicken on Saturday evening, he found on his table a few lines from his father, written on the back of an envelope, expressing some surprise that Claude had not met them at the station. "They had taken rooms at the — Hotel."

Claude went to see them at once, and received full explanation of the letter which should have prepared him for their arrival. This did not reach him till the Sunday morning. It was as follows:—

"DEAR CLAUDE,—I think you have done a wise thing in going to the Farm. We have made a party—your Aunt Caroline, Mildred, her friend Miss

Langdale, and myself—to go down to the Macneills for a few weeks. We had the news of your decision just as we were making our plans, and the ladies thought it a charming idea to stop on the way and explore your retreat. I opposed them at first, because I thought it would unsettle you; but they insisted it could do no harm, as it would be before you had got into your work. So I yielded, and we intend going down by the three o'clock train on Saturday. We shall be able to show them some of the colleges on Sunday between services; and the next day we shall install you in your new quarters. Give Mrs. Gai-thorne notice that we are coming—also that Dobree may join us. We shall not interrupt you for more than two or three days.”

He had had no means of letting Elsie know of this; neither did it occur to him at first that it was of much importance to her. His first thought had been for himself. He was vexed and annoyed that they were coming; he did not want them just now, for there were numberless ways in which Elsie might compromise him. He had been so self-absorbed until now, that her gloomy face half surprised him. He knew she was proud, and that it would offend her if she thought she had been entrapped into an unwilling service. Then, as he walked on, by a sudden illumination he seemed to see

what she would think of Miss Langdale's manner to him. “He must remove this impression at once;” and he turned back towards the house again. “He must speak to her before the evening began, for then it would be worse than ever—that silly girl would make them both conspicuous; the other fellows would be laughing, and Bordale making a fool of himself as usual; while Elsie, being quite at a loss, would think the very worst of it. But a word with her would set it all right, for she had faith in him.”

Things looked a little brighter, as he passed before the kitchen window with an assumed air of carelessness. Here he saw Mrs. Gai-thorne cutting bread and butter. He walked round to the front, and into the dining-room, where he heard the rattling of plates. Here was Elsie at last, and he went in quickly—but here, too, was Bordale, relating some “tremendous joke” to Luard.

“Hollo, old fellow!” he exclaimed, when he saw Lillingstone; “quite the master of the house, seeing everything in order before he entertains his guests, with the grace natural to him.”

Claude pretended to look for something he could not find, and went upstairs. As he shut the door of his room, he heard Bordale, loud as ever, in answer to something Luard had said of him—

“Dull? Quite natural—oppressed by the cares of a family, of course.”

*To be continued.*

## THE CHILDREN OF LEBANON.

## AN AMERICAN IDYLL.

THERE is a valley near New England, fair  
 As vales long nursed in story and in song ;  
 Where brethren dwell, and sisters, lulled in peace,  
 United in monotonous amity,  
 To war against the world and natural man.  
 There matin-birds a various melody  
 Deliver ; there soft evenings fall asleep,  
 And the bright day arises glad to meet  
 Green earth grown beautiful beneath the sun.  
 But ear and eye are taught never to know  
 The Lord of Love, through loving His glad world,  
 In perishable sweetness manifest.  
 Maiden of slender form and delicate foot,  
 Swift Arethusa gliding o'er the snows  
 Of man's cold fancy, here must veil her shape,  
 Beauty grown shamefaced of her Maker's work.  
 Here men cast down the eye, nor guiltless look  
 Upon a woman ; starve and pine for household joys,  
 Cosset their lamb or dog, then eat and sleep,  
 And shuddering think upon the wicked world.  
 No infant here, the sacred seal of love,  
 Is born ; father's petition and a mother's cry  
 Unite not till a bridge of prayer be thrown  
 Quick from the cradle to the gate of heaven ;  
 But only children orphaned or forgot  
 Learn here a brother's and a sister's care.

Thither kind Sister Dorothy, eldest nun  
 Of this new-gathered church, from neighbouring town  
 Returned ;—whence deeds of mercy called her forth ;—  
 Leading a tiny, motherless, six years' girl,  
 Who half reluctant, half consenting came ;  
 Pulled Dorothy's gown ere yet her tears were dried,  
 And laughed and tossed her shining golden curls,  
 A very April weather on her face,  
 But clinging with her heart : such Phoebe was  
 When Dorothy brought her home, and such she stood,  
 Fresh tears upon her eyes, hearing the prayer,



“That when this young child’s yellow curls be shorn,  
Temptations of the world may fall with them,  
And vain thoughts lose their ever-growing sway.”  
Still as the pretty shining ringlets fell  
Prayed Dorothy, while Phœbe dropped her tears,  
And thought upon pale hands, no more to stray,  
Lost, in that fair confusion of soft gold.  
Henceforth she stood a daughter of the Lord,  
In muslin cap, with formless, spotless gown,  
Copy in small of Sister Dorothy,  
And Dorothy of those others, save a peace  
Unknown to earth, by prayer perpetual won,  
Kept in the elder’s face angelic sway.

Time passed, while tractable the maiden grew,  
And dear to Dorothy. Poor heart! with yearning  
Filled, unsatisfied, daring not to pour  
Thy weight of tenderness upon the child,  
What sister ever gave such sister’s care!  
But Phœbe, not unmindful of this gift  
Withheld in giving, nourished there her heart,  
Rested and soothed, as birds in summer bowers.  
Thus at her spinning Dorothy heard her sing,  
And drew a kind of comfort from the song.

“I’ve a conscience here protected,  
Worth a throne or diadem;  
I’ve a mansion, heaven-selected,  
In the New Jerusalem.  
Here I have a dear election,  
Thus prepared I have a home,  
Such a home that my affection  
Never from this shade will roam.”

Daily the holy fame of Lebanon grew,  
And sounded through the hollows of wide hills,  
Echoing afar on many a mountain-side;  
Till thither came bowed women, sorrowful men,  
Lone widows followed by a tattered group  
Of children, fatherless, and most forlorn,  
To swell this sacred Family of the Church.  
A welcome waited all, but chief, perhaps,  
The young and stalwart, strong, and fit to swell  
Their church’s worldly good, and thus enlarge  
The company of joyous saints in heaven.  
So came, the eldest of a little brood,  
One Nathan, with his mother, powerless

To fend her fireside now from poverty,  
Being but young, and hardly fledged in strength.  
The calm green aspect of this gentle vale  
Smote the boy's vision with a sense of joy,  
And gratitude that was not without root.  
He saw the bearded grain already fit  
For harvest, watched the rounded apple fall,  
Nor failed to hear the heavy-freighted bee.  
How beautiful was all the world to him !  
Boyhood yet here, and sheltered from earth's care.  
Glad he rose with earliest note of dawn,  
Bathed in the common fountain his young brow,  
Donned his broad hat, and ere day's sun could smite  
The meadow, heard the small gate click  
Behind his hurrying feet, first gone afield.  
Defly he learned to cross the polished floor  
When Sunday came ; never with noisy tread  
Touched he the spotless surface, shining, clean,  
Or left a fleck of dust behind his step ;  
But with eyes downcast, and uplifted voice,  
With moving hands, and dance continuous,  
He joined the people in their solemn maze  
To testify the gladness of his faith,  
Forward and backward, swaying, sinuous,  
Turning and chanting, swinging, chiming, slow  
Or swift, in unison with the growing time.  
Once, by the ardour of the mystic ring  
Inspired, wide swung the silver gates of speech ;  
When, lo ! the young man's heart in perfect praise-  
Rose to our Father, while those others stood  
Uplifted by the Comforter thus sent.  
But Phœbe, her soul seated in her eyes,  
Gazed on his face until her rapture grew  
Far beyond words ; and when a silence fell,  
Leaving the young man white with inward fire,  
Her voice arose in mounting melody,  
Leading the singers to new heights of song.  
Then grew the heart of Nathan at the sound,  
As grew the sad eyes of that Florentine  
Strong to behold heaven's Rose ineffable ;  
And calm, as when the hand of Beatrice  
Beckoned him onward to her gracious height.

The exaltation and the song of praise  
Were ended ; now returned six working-days,  
And Nathan ever was the first afield ;

But through the stillness of midsummer noon,  
Day's task half done, all nature breathing low,  
He seemed to hear a gentle voice reply  
To every aspiration, and uplift  
His noon-day hymn till lost in heaven's blue fire.  
Coming, at sunset, through the meadows, home,  
Again the calm of faith, by Phœbe's voice  
Inspired, painted the West with tenderer hues,  
And filled the fretted vault with harmony.

One evening, as three brethren slowly paced  
(Nathan between two elders) up and down  
Before the door, Phœbe and Dorothy came  
To join their talk and watch the summer moon.  
"I thank thee, Sister Phœbe," Nathan said,  
"For calm and comfort which thy voice of praise  
Gave in our Sunday meeting!" "And I thee,  
Nathan," said Phœbe, trembling, "for without thee  
I had not sung."

Dorothy heard these words,  
These simple words of brother to a sister,  
And turning, as the spot whereon she stood  
Were suddenly infected, beckoned Phœbe in,  
From the night air, and toward her lonely couch.  
There, lying with hands crossed upon her breast,  
The round moon silvering her uncurtained room,  
Phœbe first thought how many days of life  
Must pass, with none to know if ill or well,  
If tender joy or pain, besiege her soul;  
Such shadows Love can measure, but none else!  
"And love," she whispered, "save the doting care  
Of Sister Dorothy, I must never know."

Thus Phœbe lay and watched the awful moon  
Walking in silence through the pathless skies.  
Then first she learned the wonders of the night;  
Heard croaking answers from a distant marsh  
To strange birds on the hill, and thought on those  
Who slept in peace, and prayed that all might sleep!  
But rose herself, opened the noiseless pane,  
Fastened her gown about her, and leaned forth  
To gaze upon the silver-fringed earth.  
There, with a sudden fright, upon the road,  
In space of black that touched the awful white,  
Some living thing moved on, and slowly now

Passed through the silver pathway of the moon.  
 Her eyes then saw—she half repressed a cry—  
 'Twas Nathan; he, abroad and wakeful too,  
 Caught in one terrible moment where she stood,  
 Swift vision of the maiden, she of him;  
 Then saw she both arms flung in agony  
 Above him, while through dark and bright he fled.

At dawn came Dorothy with forehead calm,  
 And patience born of sleep and early praise.  
 While Phœbe bathed her sleepless eyes, and moved  
 Like one become another, yet the same;  
 Performed her daily duties, then sat down  
 To spin her portion at the ancient wheel;  
 And lonely, as she sat, she lonely sang:

“When sorrowing in spirit,  
 Oh let us think of One  
 Whose soul o'erflowed with anguish,  
 Yet suffered it alone.  
 Oh never fear, my brother,  
 Though seemingly alone,  
 And grow not sad, kind sister,  
 But let us think of One.  
 Since our dear Saviour suffered,  
 We can endure the rod,  
 And tribulation brings us,  
 Says Mother, near to God.”

Nathan that day at work in the broad fields,  
 Prayed in his furrow with a mighty voice.  
 Yet, none on earth could hear: “Dear Lord,  
 Release me from this prison without bars,  
 Loosen the circling arms of these our friends,  
 That we may go, nor feel we do them wrong.  
 Mother, who hast found already freedom sweet  
 In the blue heavens, why didst thou bring me here,  
 Forgetful of those days when thou didst feed  
 Upon the name of love? O Poverty, scourge  
 Of man, nipping him in the flower and the bud,  
 Teaching the mortal mind forgetfulness  
 Of what lives in it, immortal! Lord, Lord,  
 Forgive her! Sorrow blinded her sad heart.  
 Lo, now I am a man, and *but* a man,  
 Watching the beauty of Thy glorious world  
 Swell and expand from Spring to Autumn's fruit,

Finding Thy love abroad, and natural joy  
Making earth laugh in unison with heaven.  
Why gavest Thou eyes, save to behold Thy work;  
Ears, but to hear earth's various melody?  
And why these native powers, condemned, unused,—  
One talent wasted waiting for the ten,  
Perchance thus lost for ever. Fair blue day!  
Thou strength of youth, and mighty love's first hour!  
Lord, teach me how to worship Thee aright,  
And use Life's morning in pure chastity,  
Living and dying in the name of Love.  
For who could live to win a Paradise  
For self alone! Teach us to conquer, then,  
Ourselves and Sin, indeed, but learn to praise,  
As young birds sing, the glory of the world!"

Thus Mother Nature in her old, old way  
Taught the young man: and Nathan, strengthened thus,  
With resolution ripe, when sunset came,  
Met Phœbe going homeward with the herd,  
And spoke to her, and told her all his mind.  
She, knowing not what to answer, answered not  
Till she had laid her hand in perfect faith  
Within his own; then, finding words, she said,  
"Thee is right, Nathan; nor can I live fitly  
Without thee!" "Let us, then," he said, "go hence  
And serve with the world's people till we gain  
Store for our marriage-day and humble home."

Like some far cape whereon a morning mist  
Hangs a white veil, by early breezes rent,  
Such was the face of Phœbe while he spoke.  
Then she, "Ah, Nathan! What of Dorothy,  
What of the brethren? Must we leave them here  
Lonely for us, their children? Let us first  
In solemn convocation tell our need,  
And ask them for their blessing and farewell."  
Thus Phœbe said, but Nathan answered, "Nay,  
So should we first ask what they may not give."  
But Phœbe, gently urgent, won at last  
"Yea," from his lips, and hand in hand they went  
Through evening fields of heavy banded grain.

And hand in hand they stood before them all,  
The Church's conclave gathered to this end,  
Silent, till Nathan spoke, and speaking shook,

Though with low voice, the temple of each heart.  
 "I, Nathan, love thee, Phœbe, as God said  
 A man should love a woman;" there he paused,  
 And Phœbe, as an echo may give back  
 What we give—more melodious—answered straight,  
 "I, Phœbe, love thee, Nathan, in the Lord,  
 To follow thee and live a faithful wife,  
 Forsaking brethren and these sisters dear."  
 She ended, and a low cry sudden smote  
 Upon her ear, a vision of quick death  
 Lay on the ground before her, the while she,  
 As turned to stone, moved not, but other hands  
 Took Dorothy like one dead, and bore her home.  
 There lay she, night and day, turned toward the wall,  
 Breathing, but speaking not, though Phœbe cast  
 Her arms about her, weeping bitterly,  
 And praying for one word before she went.  
 But when the dawn returned a second time,  
 Those two passed, penniless, across the vale,  
 Leaving the world they knew behind them, brave  
 To seek another at the feet of Love.

Five years went by, and Phœbe served the time  
 With a kind mistress; yet she often thought,  
 When the world's people laughed at Shaker ways  
 (For such they call them), of that service pure,  
 That living and that dying for the Lord  
 As they believe, that scorning of the flesh,  
 And all that stern denial of man's self  
 To do the awful service of High God  
 And follow in the footsteps of His Son.  
 For in the world, although the name of Christ  
 Seemed not unknown, rich tables groaned with sweets,  
 While hungry children lived forgot near by,  
 And women gathered costly garments up  
 Lest they should touch a filthy beggar's foot.  
 Some all day long on purple cushions lay,  
 Or danced, or sang, or gaily charioted,  
 Moved over noiseless turf, past swaying flowers,  
 To gaze upon some pageant of the plain,  
 Or watch the white-winged ships on summer seas;  
 While other women in the noisome town  
 Toiled through the burning heat of August noon,  
 And never knew the beauty of green fields,  
 Save by the light of saddening memories.

Thus Phœbe saw and questioned, thus she lived  
And faithful served through winter into spring ;  
And Nathan, waiting, in this winter of delay  
Found a bright summer.

Till at length the hour came !

The one glad hour wherein all earthly bliss  
Doth culminate and whiten into bloom.  
And Nathan carried Phœbe to their home,  
The old-time cottage near a walnut-tree  
Close to the sandy limit of salt waves,  
Where in his childhood he had learned to love  
Voices, and glooms, and glories of the sea.

Thus the first summer passed, and autumn came,  
And Phœbe oft-times stood in mist alone  
Upon the shrouded ocean's awful verge,  
But ever heard the voice of singing birds,  
Above the noisy battle of the waves,  
Chirping unseen, about her cottage eaves.

A village near, stood grappling to the rocks,  
Torn by wild storms, salt-eaten to the heart ;  
Here Phœbe gladdened many a widow's door  
With share of her own gladness ; strong through Love,  
She lifted now the burdens of the rest,  
And taught how bright joy indestructible,  
Sown in these seeds of earth, from earth shall spring !  
Thus giving ever, ever there remained  
Deep floods of ecstasy upon her soul ;  
Till often, passing, gazed she curiously  
On other faces, asking if the Lord  
Could give such happiness to other homes !  
And Nathan looked into his baby's eyes,  
As if he looked upon the blue of heaven,  
And prayed there, with a stillness in his heart,  
While the child babbled.

So their morning went,

And the noon ripened ; ever more and more  
They gave out of this fulness of their life  
As growing Love grew richer—their one store ;  
And while they sang their wonted vesper hymn,  
They thought on those dear sisters, brethren dear,  
Who rose and danced their praise before the Lord  
With saddened hearts and white, tear-channelled cheeks,  
Dying, while living, of immortal thirst.

One night dreamed Phœbe of the ancient wheel,  
Where Dorothy seemed to sit, and spinning, sing.  
When day returned and hot mists lay asleep  
On the far seas, while breezes stirred the corn,  
And butterflies and humming-birds and bees  
Darted and hummed and buzzed about the porch,  
And Phœbe, busied, murmured half aloud  
Some memory of the song that filled her night,  
Returning in dim changes of her dream,—  
A woman passed, with weary feet, unheard,  
Through the green footpath up to Phœbe's door.  
Seen of the child, he tugged his mother's skirts  
Until he drew her where the woman lay,  
Fallen, as in petition, at her journey's end.  
Then Phœbe cried out in one mighty wail,  
"O Dorothy, my sister, art thou come?"  
And lifted her, and held her to her heart;  
But she, ere she could speak, a storm of tears  
Let fall, from meeting clouds of joy and pain  
Unwonted to her heart; while Phœbe said:  
"There is small need of speech between us now  
To tell the story of thy pilgrimage!"  
And Dorothy, strong by hearing her sweet voice,  
Made answer: "Long have I stood in loneliness,  
And leaped and sung before the church, as if  
A heart of praise were in me! Others said,  
'Behold a saint, for hath she not her griefs?  
Yet is she ever joyful in our faith,  
Putting aside all sweetness of the earth,  
To make the cross more heavy that she bears.'  
I heard them, and I knew my wicked heart  
Was turning false! My soul was filled with hate  
Toward those who let thee, helpless, go, to starve,  
Perchance, on some highway; and brooding thus  
My being slowly curdled toward them all,  
As night and morning I remembered thee.  
I could not pray, for prayer is born of love,  
And now I hated;—hated the calm gloze  
Worn over every face, whate'er the thought;—  
Hated their movement slow, and gradual dance,  
While my hot heart flew ever after thee.  
One morn I said, 'The Holy Word is written,  
My yoke is easy and my burden light!  
Will not the Father show me how to read?'  
And rising from my bed I saw a shade  
Fall between me and the new-risen sun,



Wherefrom there came a voice articulate.  
Kneeling, I heard: 'Go thou, and burdens bear  
For others; thus thy burden shall prove light!  
He who shall love his neighbour as himself  
Most truly loveth Me!'

Then I said in fear,  
'How heavy are the burdens of this sect,'  
As if to try the Spirit of the Lord.  
Again I heard, 'I am no more in the world,  
But these are in the world, and I come to thee.'  
Then first I knew we were not set apart,  
Save in proud fancy, from that outer world.  
And here the seed of sordid cares must grow,  
Ambition, selfishness, and thoughts of gain,  
The common fruitage of the common heart,  
Unbound, unguided, by those human cords  
Of natural love, which fetter earth to heaven.  
So I departed, and have sought for thee  
Long, up and down the weary face of the land.  
But now I find thee, all the strength of life,  
The frozen current of young joy, the breath  
Of summer days, the gladness of high noon,  
The noble indolence of evening, gift of sleep,  
And freshness of the morning, are restored;  
Youth shining back across my length of days."

Thus Dorothy remained and blessed their house  
Until the day whereof the Lord hath spoken,  
When other mansions are prepared for us.  
Then, while her spirit vanished, gazed those three  
As they would follow through the vault of heaven,  
Death's way made beautiful by the feet of Love.

A. F.

## CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE: ITS HISTORY AND PROSPECTS.

FROM the "burning fiery furnace" of the late war, France has emerged, if not very perceptibly purified from her most besetting sins, at least freed from many gross political impediments, and from a motley crowd of morally enervating importunities. She has shaken off the incubus of the Empire, and the demoralizing slumber of the higher mental activities. To all appearance, however, she retains, with inveterate tenacity, her political inconstancy, and, with evident reluctance, checks her old tendency to eschew political moderation. As to the issue of the attempt she is about to make to construct a durable political edifice, it would be premature at present to hazard any formal conjecture. Even the mere outline of such an edifice appears somewhat doubtful through the distracting mists raised by contending factions. But the profound interest which the present critical position of our unfortunate neighbour inspires throughout the civilized world, renders worthy of attention any investigation likely to throw a ray of light upon the doubtful aspects of that position.

The political legacy bequeathed to the nation by the old French Monarchy afforded little that could, under the radically changed conditions of French society, be consistently rendered available. Popular enthusiasm, spurred into dangerous vitality by ages of political and social wrongs, and misguided by universal and gross political ignorance, rendered the first years of the Great Revolution a wild and chaotic era. The passionate excitement and intense egotism of her rulers hurried France, with ever-increasing rapidity, towards the goal of military despotism. By the chief depositaries of power she was but faintly recognized through the imme-

diately surrounding clouds of conflicting ambitions. The frequent outburst of transcendental political sentiment which characterized the advent of the Revolution, and imparted a varnish of heroic grandeur, if not certain rays of dignity, to the first few years of its existence, gradually subsided in vehemence and efficacy until, under the Directory, it vanished to a mere echo. Then followed a general indifference to, and even repudiation of, those guiding principles of popular government which had hitherto been dominant. Overwhelmed for a few years by a torrent of garish though woefully disastrous glory, Liberty emerged during the Hundred Days, and, entering once more upon the political arena, vindicated her right to participate in any readjustment of the Constitution, and boldly assumed a prominent place in that *Acte additionnel* which was wrung from the fears and necessities of Despotism.

We now alight upon broad and rigidly formulated constitutional ground. Unfortunately for France, there was little in the preparation and fore-shaping of the political substrata which presented a propitious prospect for the future stability of a wisely-limited liberal government.

"Peace and real liberty," says Guizot, "returned with the Restoration." "No government," says Napoleon I., "can live dissociated from its distinctive principles: that of Louis XVIII. implies a return to old maxims." Both the *Doctrinaire*, and the Despot judged the political situation of France from points of view suggested by characteristic predilections. An appreciation of the Restoration combining a modification of these opinions would perhaps afford a fair representation of the actual character which that experiment in Consti-

tutional government presented. The Charter of 1814—that compromise between the Revolution and the old *régime*—was the work of necessity: it was an inevitable incident of the situation. Though marked by no very prominent feature derived from the Revolutionary repertory, it regarded Royalty more as an instrument than as a principle. Louis XVIII. maintained his position because he abdicated royal authority: Charles X. and Louis-Philippe were driven into exile immediately they attempted to govern as well as to reign.

The Charter was accepted with apparent unanimity by all parties possessing any appreciable influence, from that of M. de Bonald to that of Benjamin Constant. But parties themselves were inherently hostile, and aimed far more earnestly to overthrow power than to appropriate and wield it. The Royalists, *par excellence*, who dominated in 1815, were, in reality, as antagonistic to the constitutionally-formulated royal authority as were the *Bourgeoisie* who began their reign in 1817. In its attempt to govern both king and people, the Chamber of 1815—"plus royaliste que le roi"—often presented a revolutionary aspect towards the former, and rarely confronted the latter except in the rigid lineaments and spirit of despotism. It was radically incapable of ruling France in her changed condition, and possessed few even of the natural promptings of self-preservation. To crown all, Louis XVIII. was lamentably deficient in governing energy, and was utterly incapable of enforcing due respect for the Charter, to which he himself was sincerely loyal, or even of preventing it from becoming, overtly or covertly, the sport of contending factions. The Electoral Law of 1816 caused a transference of the governing power from those who clung to the old *régime* and its associations, to the middle classes whom the Revolution had raised into political importance, and had permanently estranged from most of the traditions which had constituted the life and rule of the past. Over the

administration of the *Bourgeoisie*, however, selfishness and exclusiveness soon usurped the same dominating influence which they had held over that of the Aristocracy. Royalty was to be shorn of all substantial power; and "the maxim, "Everything for, but nothing by, the people," was recognized as a principle of government. It is nevertheless incontestable that, through the successive ministries of the Duc de Richelieu, M. Desseoles, and M. Decazes, France furnished a true and even hopeful specimen of Constitutional Government—one of the brightest epochs, indeed, of her Parliamentary experience.

From 1816 to 1822, moderation characterized the Home policy of France. The assassination of the Duc de Berry, and a ministerial defeat in the Chamber of Deputies, were the ostensible causes which led to the inauguration of a less conciliatory government. In reality, the Liberal Ministry was weakened, and ultimately overpowered, by its two untiring adversaries, the Counter-Revolution and the Revolution in its most democratic aspect; the one assailing it from the Right, the other from the Left, of the Chamber of Deputies, of which the supporters of the Government formed the Centre. In presence of such exclusive and radically intractable factions, moderation had little chance of obtaining a permanent position as a paramount motive principle in the strictly political action of the Government. "You love Legitimacy as we love the Charter," was the sarcastic observation of M. de Montmorency to one of the Left. And yet many opponents of the Ministry on both sides of the Chamber were not altogether insensible to the injustice and impolicy of their opposition; but they were goaded to fanaticism, and urged to offensive tactics, by the great body of their followers. The chief partisans of the Right were influenced mainly by the hope of reinstatement in their ancient condition, and cast malevolent glances at the Charter as being the only formal, and apparently the only formidable, obstacle to their success. The active supporters of the Left were enthusiasts

of the Revolution, and proclaimed the slightest appearance of deviation from its principles to be reactionary. Among the mass of the people, the small but significant number who took a practical interest in the proceedings of the Government had been schooled in extreme political views, and were, with rare exceptions, on the side of the fanatics belonging either to the extreme Right or to the extreme Left. With these exceptions, the vast aggregate of the French nation was pacifically inclined, and for the most part disposed to echo the exclamation of M. Royer-Collard—“Nous ne voulons pas d'autre contre-révolution que le Roi, ni d'autre révolution que la Charte.”

The immediate issue of the conflict was less disastrous than might have been anticipated. In December 1821, M. de Villèle, representing the Right in its least obstructive spirit, became the leading member of the Government. Though loyal to his party, conciliation was never absent from his policy. There is no gainsaying his self-appreciation—“Je suis né pour la fin des révolutions.” But he deceived himself in supposing that the era of the Revolution had passed. He began his ministry peaceably: fear on the one hand, and self-interest on the other, checked opposition. In a few months, however, a network of plots, knotted, as it were, in the great centres of population, was spread for his destruction. In less than three years, eight conspiracies shook the Restoration. Such phenomena are startling. Nothing strikes us more forcibly than the absence of even the shadow of a just cause for hostility so implacable. In truth, the spirit of the Revolution had sunk too deeply into the mind of the people to be exorcised by mere conciliation. It was the fate of Authority during the Restoration to be persistently assailed from the very quarters whence it had the most legitimate and reasonable grounds to anticipate either active support, or forbearance based on judicious criticism. Surely if any French Minister of the period deserved exemption from attack,

especially from the Royalists, it was M. de Villèle. Often had he served that party against the clearest dictates of his own interest and the interests of the Monarchy. He was, indeed, the only statesman who could successfully protect it from the ever-threatening dangers evoked by the infatuated ultra-Royalist spirit which it displayed. But the suicidal selfishness of the Right was equalled by its ingratitude; and the dismissal of M. de Villèle was the prelude to its own discomfiture. Short-sighted and ungrateful, like his *soi-disant* friends, Charles X. made no effort to support his Minister. He chafed against the mild degree of prudence to which M. de Villèle subjected him, and, without allowing the present to disturb his equanimity, riveted upon the past the greater portion of the limited perception of which he could boast. “There was nothing energetic in his character, not even his fanaticism; and nothing grand, not even his pride.” When he made known to the Dauphiness his resolution to dismiss M. de Villèle, she observed, “En abandonnant M. de Villèle, vous descendez la première marche de votre trône.”

An attempt was made under M. de Martignac to restore the Government of the Centre; but persons and circumstances had changed. The consternation and disorganization of parties which had existed in 1816 were, in 1828, to a considerable extent, modified and repaired. At the former period, Louis XVIII., a quasi-liberal and sceptic, occupied the throne which, at the latter date, was filled by Charles X., an *emigré* and a bigot. In vain did M. de Martignac remind the Right of his personal connection with it, and attempt to bind himself to the Left by his acts. Conspicuously generous and amiable, in vain did he strive to propitiate opposition: in vain did he exhaust his exceptionally effective powers of persuasion, and prodigally that expend an eloquence so seductive even the stern Liberal, Dupont de l'Eure, was heard on one occasion to mutter, “*Tais-toi, sirène.*” He possessed no permanent hold upon either

party. By both he was acknowledged to represent little more than the extreme limits to which by the spirit of conciliation they could be induced to advance. On such a narrow basis his policy could find no stable resting-place. It made no sufficient appeal to distinctive prejudices and passions, and was therefore deemed by its assailants unworthy either of consideration or forbearance. And yet, under the then susceptible state of parties, it would be difficult to imagine a more politic course for the maintenance of the Restoration.

Among the host of unreasoning enemies against whom M. de Martignac had to contend, the Royalist faction was especially conspicuous for its fatuity. A consciousness of representing the predilections of the King imparted confidence to its opposition,—confessed or concealed,—and soon enabled it to drive from power a Ministry whose conciliatory attitude and action not only promised much which was coveted by all parties, even the most extreme, but which rendered possible the establishment of rational political liberty. After a brief interval, coquetting to all appearance with the Charter, it unfurled the banner of the Counter-revolution, and thus not only ensured its own speedy destruction, but rendered inevitable the overthrow of the Legitimate Monarchy itself. Yet the Polignac Ministry was not formed with any visible, or even perhaps conscious, predisposition, certainly not with any predetermination, to hazard a *coup d'état*. Though Charles X. may have sacrificed M. de Martignac as much to gratify his passion for the past as to appease his present kingly fears, he was probably little indisposed, up to the eve of the fatal July *Ordonnances*, to keep within the limits of the Charter. It may, indeed, be assumed with much plausibility that he was far from regarding the publication of the *Ordonnances* in the light of a *coup d'état*. To an equally self-deceptive extent, M. de Polignac professed the most loyal attachment to the Constitution, and marvelled at the general opposition which he encountered. When,

however, the unfavourable and even hostile character of the Parliamentary elections of 1830 towards the Government was determinately exhibited in the Address of the 221 members of the Chamber of Deputies to the King, no alternative appeared to present itself to the Minister but submission to unpalatable limitations of the royal authority, or a *coup d'état*. A desperate effort, indeed, was made to escape by dissolving the Chamber and appealing again to the country; but the result, as might have been expected, was a decided affirmation of the public opinion expressed by the preceding elections. The contest now rapidly abandoned the broad, multitudinous battle-field of principles, and contracted itself into a duel between the Sovereign and the Nation. The aggressor was the King; the aggressive act, the *Ordonnances*: then came the retaliating attack of the people—the Revolution.

Thus far Constitutional Government in France cannot be considered as presenting a very promising aspect. It would, indeed, have been marvellous if the Restoration—the *régime* founded by the Charter—had possessed sufficient strength, on the one hand, to repel the attacks of its avowed enemies, and, on the other, to guard itself successfully against the systematic hypocrisy of its supporters. It was cursed with a fatal degree of that general weakness of constitution which, more or less pronounced, is inevitable to all compromises between fundamentally antagonistic principles. Liberal from necessity, by nature it was anti-revolutionary: broadly suffused with the spirit of the ancient *régime*, it sought to satisfy a people deeply saturated with extreme democratic passions. It was therefore in a continual state of oscillation between reaction and revolution. This, indeed, apart from any inherent weakness, was peculiarly liable to a Government which had to encounter, not parties possessing a common ground of sympathy, a common centre of divergence, but irreconcilable factions, between whom concessions had

no element of permanency, but were regarded merely in the light of strategic movements, as convenient halts, in the persistent conflict. It was upon such quicksands, such treacherous compromises, that the Restoration foundered: it forsook for a moment the prudential position which, for fifteen years, it had with difficulty maintained, and perished. No doubt that position must be admitted to have been, if not absolutely untenable, at least more or less critical. Compromise is the all-pervading and maintaining spirit of Constitutionalism; but it necessarily implies the existence of some common element in which the conflicting spirits may live and breathe and have their being. Such a healthy and all-embracing element has never existed in France. "C'est notre faiblesse et notre malheur," says Guizot, "que dans les grandes crises les vaincus deviennent des morts."

The hybrid monarchy which issued from the Revolution of 1830 proved more tenacious of existence than the inherent defects of its constitution reasonably warranted. The middle-classes constituted its sole support. They had succeeded in establishing and consolidating their power during the Restoration, and they imagined that now, by the overthrow of the hereditary principle, and by a judicious appeal to the credulity and cupidity of the populace, they would surely perpetuate their supremacy. It must be conceded, indeed, that the new Government presented many admirable phases; and we may perhaps be justified in assuming that, but for the incurable selfishness of the ruling classes,—a nervous, grasping anxiety to maintain their hold upon the totality of power and patronage,—it might have indefinitely prolonged its existence. For eighteen years it maintained peace both at home and abroad. Untroubled by dreams of *coups d'état*, it held on its course, supported and guided by moderate counsels. Surrounded by extreme and eagerly aggressive factions, it eschewed assistance derived either from hereditary traditions, or from any direct appeal to the

sovereignty of the people. We marvel, indeed, at a success achieved under such adverse circumstances, and by such temperate means. To establish a durable Constitutional *régime* in France on so narrow a basis was, however, a feat which no governmental ability, super-eminent though it were, could effect. The longevity of the July Monarchy is mainly attributable to a succession of able ministers who governed France from 1830 to 1848.

M. Casimir Périer was, *par excellence*, the Minister of the *Bourgeoisie*. He was the most energetic and passionate of their guides: more disposed to overthrow enemies, than to conciliate friends: fonder of action and display than of peaceful and unobtrusive counsels. His policy was admirably suited to the exigencies of the momentary crisis: it effected its purpose quickly and amply, and then gave place to less showy but more prudential counsels.

The interval of about four years, from the death of Casimir Périer in 1832 to the advent of Count Molé in 1836, proved a bright epoch in the annals of Parliamentary Government in France,—an epoch which certainly rivals, if it does not excel, a period of about equal duration that followed shortly after the inauguration of the Restoration. MM. de Broglie, Guizot, and Thiers,—representing political purity, brilliant talent, and intellect possessed of boundless resources,—were the most influential ministers who governed France during those few enviable years. Their fall was occasioned, not by conflicts between well-defined political systems, not by the prevalence of any opposing principle,—the ostensible cause of defeat and change rarely presenting even the shadow of the reality,—but by the gradual encroachments of personal ambition and corruption. Peace and prosperity awakened presumptuous thoughts: an overweening confidence in the stability of the new Monarchy begat a host of petty personal claims, which finally reduced the Government to a bureaucracy of graduated individual interests. During the Ministry of M. Molé, corruption

began to intrench itself in the strongholds of the Government, and in 1837 the *Doctrinaires* Guizot, Gasparin, and Duchâtal were driven from power.

Under such inviting conditions, a corruptive virus spread its ravages among the people with wonderful rapidity, and was eminently successful in fastening upon the *personnel* of the Government. So infested was every branch and tendril of the complicated political administration of the country, that when, in 1840, M. Guizot became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and virtually Chief of the Cabinet, he found the sources of power so vitiated by the prevalent epidemic, that he was forced to recognize the impracticability of eradicating, or even very radically diminishing, the festering disease, and was constrained to halt at mere mitigation and control. It was, however, very far from his intention to permit corruption to settle into a system. There may have been a deficiency of discrimination in his concessions, a short-sightedness in much of his prudence; but his ruling principles, and the immediate motives of his actions, when not deflected by very importunate appeals to his morbid anxiety for the interests of the new dynasty, and the preponderance of the *Bourgeoisie*, were pure and even lofty. No doubt, his position as an orator must be regarded as far higher than any rank which he can claim as a statesman. He advocated with unerring persistency the sovereignty of intelligence and capacity,—*torysme bourgeois*, as he was wont to designate it,—a sovereignty which he confidently believed would permanently supplant both that of the people and that of divine right: assuredly an admirable theoretical basis, but one on which he possessed no practical ability to build. Chief of the Conservative Party, he restrained too stringently the legitimate exigencies of that liberty whereon the Government was founded, and allowed his conservatism to degenerate into immobility. Whilst failing to satisfy his own more immediate political supporters, he marshalled in factious and malignant opposition to his Ministry

the reckless spirit which characterized the vast mass of advanced political opinion in France. He took no note, moreover, of a danger which he signalizes in a pamphlet entitled *Des Moyens de Gouvernement*. "No greater peril," he says, "menaces new governments than the temptation to fancy themselves ancient and established; they dream that because they are standing they possess roots, and arrange themselves for repose when, in fact, their existence is no more than a feeble germ." As the official life of M. Guizot advanced, active vigilance became more and more necessary. The increasing virulent opposition to established authority was not less systematic and determined in its character than such opposition had invariably shown itself to be from the very birth of the first Revolution. The large majority of the Ministry in the Chamber of Deputies merely served to augment the malignancy of unscrupulous opponents, and should have inspired a spirit of watchful activity rather than induced the slumber of passivity. M. Guizot distinctly avowed, indeed, that this numerical strength of the Government should have been regarded as "a means, not as an end; as a lever, not as a pillow." But he seems to have causelessly magnified into an insurmountable obstacle the inevitable element of danger, which intermingles with, and underlies, all political movement; and this morbid dread of change in the Minister was often reflected in the ministerial journals, where immobility was not unfrequently travestried in the garb of progress. M. de Montalembert might well exclaim, when, at the end of 1847, he epitomized a review of the parliamentary labours of that year, "Le mot de la session, c'est—rien." It must be admitted, indeed, that the last Prime Minister under the July Monarchy justified, to a lamentable extent, the sarcastic apothegm which his enemies were wont to launch against him for the very wide dissimilarity which was often conspicuous between his theory and his practice: "M. Guizot maxime ses pratiques, mais il ne pratique pas ses maximes."

The nearer the July Monarchy approached its dissolution, the more infatuated became its inactivity. It entertained an inordinate conceit as to its permanence; and it may be conceded that the many apparently successful efforts which it had manœuvred for its consolidation tended somewhat to justify its serene optimism and impassibility. Its incredulity in face of danger paralysed its action, and indisposed it to array a shadow of the energy which it had opposed to Parliamentary Reform towards averting its own downfall. So obvious was its incapacity to realize even the possible contingency of its destruction, that we can hardly credit M. Dupin with much prophetic inspiration when, a few days before the catastrophe of 1848, he exclaimed—"Ce sera, cette fois, la révolution des bras croisés."

Thus disastrously was French Constitutionalism brought to the close of another stage in its chequered career. It had recklessly repudiated the support which the hereditary principle would have imparted to its yet feeble and sorely-assailed position, and yet, under the influence of a narrow conservative spirit, it had obstinately refused to profit by a consistent and powerful element of increase and consolidation which presented itself in a judicious expansion of the basis of political responsibility.

If we look back upon the Restoration, and gather into a summary the chief causes of its collapse, we perceive that its enemies derived continual and inexhaustible aid from the wide-spread repugnance to a Government established through foreign intervention: that the passions and susceptibilities which it inherited from the ancient *régime*, often most wantonly displayed, irritated a generation imbued with the policy of the Revolution, and with the novel customs of modern society: that the absence of great faults was insufficient to shield it from the unpopularity engendered by the absence of great qualities; and that it was precipitately expected, under new and perilous circumstances, to establish the joint reign

of freedom and order over a people who "had never caught a glimpse of political liberty but through revolutions, and never enjoyed order except under a despotism."

If we take a similar glance at the causes of the overthrow of the July Monarchy, we perceive in the immediate foreground, on the one hand, a small but energetic party persistently hostile to the monarchical form of government, and, on the other, the more consistent and well-defined hostility of the Legitimists: we perceive the personal government of the King perpetually striving—sometimes successfully—to overstep the acknowledged limits assigned to it by the true spirit of Constitutionalism: we perceive the vanity of the nation wounded to the quick by a foreign policy which, though yielding to peaceful counsels, was too prone to parade its pacific disposition before the eyes of the people: we perceive the governing and leading portion of the middle classes trembling at every whisper that seemed to threaten their monopoly of power, whilst the rest of the nation were clamouring either for Parliamentary reform, or at least for some animation and a more decided policy on the part of the Government: we perceive that the healthy co-existence and action of Parliamentarism and administrative centralization point to a degree of moral excellence in the *personnel* of a government which had not been reached, and which, to all appearance, is humanly unattainable: we perceive corruption—perhaps to a certain extent inevitable under such a Government—not stealthily, or with a decorous sense of shame, but with undisguised satisfaction and calculated effrontery, spreading over the entire administration of the country; in a word, we perceive that the July Monarchy, forgetting the inevitable logic of its origin, paid far less attention to the principles of the nation than to its material interests, and though thoroughly convinced of its own stability, probably perished from excess of caution.

The Republic of 1848 was improvised



in Paris on the 24th of February, and imposed upon France on the following day. It was the joint production of the Parisian forces of Socialism under impracticable forms, and of Liberty displaying a banner inscribed with various transcendental devices. Under the leadership of regenerated France, it promised the world ineffable and lasting bliss. It was a mad attempt to replace a moderate, well-tryed, and by no means inelastic *régime* by one which was not only antagonistic to law and custom, but inconsistent with the degree of political and moral progress at which the world had arrived. The Republic had no element of stability because it had no claim to be regarded as the legitimate issue of progress; and, after a chaotic career of a few months, was logically extinguished by Despotism. France was disheartened by her numerous abortive attempts to render political liberty compatible with order and progress: "Non aliud discordantis patriæ remedium fuisse censebat quam ut ab uno regetur."

The fever-spasms of the Republic were summarily allayed by the revival of "glorious" memories associated with a name; and the nephew of the First Emperor, with rare facility, inaugurated a despotic *régime*. There was little, however, beyond a "name" which promised permanency to such an extreme reaction. France, intellectually, commercially, and in all her higher social phases, silently revolted at a Government sustained by soldiers on the boulevards, and peasants at the polling booths. "Though France slumbers," observed M. de Montalembert in 1854, "and may slumber on for ten, nay, twenty years in repose, in prosperity, and complete security, she will assuredly one day weary of such ignoble inaction, and become possessed by an imperative longing again to see, to speak, to judge, to criticise. Yes, in spite of the unpropitious aspect of our present situation, I have no fear for Liberty: the cause of Absolutism is a lost cause." The forces of intelligence and independence were indeed irrepresible, and incessantly urged upon the

Imperial Government the duty of developing a healthy state of political action in the nation. But it was not until 1860 that Constitutional Liberty presented any promising symptoms of re-animation. The Right of Address, and the Publicity of Debate, which were then conceded, were followed by a dilatory and tantalizing series of ineagre political reforms which merely served to foment irritation. So unequivocally was this disaffection exhibited in the result of the general election at the close of 1869, that at the beginning of the following year the Imperial Government deemed it prudent to propitiate the restless spirit abroad by presenting it with a cluster of apparently substantial liberal concessions. But the institution of the *Plébiscite* threw a doubt upon the sincerity of this inauguration of Imperial Constitutionalism. There can be no question that the Emperor, by the "plebiscitary" power which he reserved to himself, virtually maintained his supreme influence in the State. He explicitly declared, indeed, that such a power "strengthened the basis of the Empire:" he knew that the *vox populi*, supposed to be epitomized and concentrated in the *Plébiscite*, was a colossal "sham," serving, with an authoritative aspect, to confirm and consolidate his supreme personal domination. He was, nevertheless, haunted by an obtrusive fear of the ordeal to which Imperialism would surely be subjected, if the nation were permitted to indulge in any lengthened gaze upon the beauties of Constitutional Liberty. To avert this peril, and, at the same time,—so it was presumptuously imagined,—further to "strengthen the basis" of the Empire, France was hurried into a causeless conflict with the most powerful of her neighbours. The device was not devoid of many politic phases; but the selfish and inhuman prudence which shut its eyes to the devastation and slaughter it was about to spread over many of the fairest and most civilized parts of Europe was singularly remiss in its estimate of the relative preparedness for war of France and

Germany. This presumptuous negligence proved fatal. True, the pale shadow of an embryo Constitutional Empire vanished; but there disappeared with it what the world had considered the very powerful, if not very deeply founded, Napoleonic Monarchy itself.

Thus, once more, France—not now in a revolutionary mood, not now much influenced by a spirit of political empiricism—is imperatively called upon to reconstruct her political constitution. Since the great Revolution, she has made several gigantic efforts to establish a government in harmony with the social changes then effected, and with the political *ignes fatui* which have since flitted before her imagination. Always experimenting, always beginning, she has constituted herself the great political laboratory of the world. Fascinated and enthralled by the Revolutionary idea, she has plunged into unfathomable speculations, and, in pursuit of some Utopia, has passed with indifference, or wantonly sacrificed, many a propitious means of establishing on a lasting basis a moderate and practicable government. By large and active sections of the French people, indeed, no Government since 1789 has been acknowledged to possess more than a provisional character: its history has seldom presented aught else than a record of a more or less ingeniously prolonged resistance to premeditated and organized attack. Yet, with a confidence not deficient in sincerity, the inauguration of each colossal political change has been accompanied by the emphatic declaration that “the era of the Revolution is closed.” That era is not yet closed, nor are there any signs that its end is near.

The chief difficulty with which France has to contend in the construction and consolidation of her Government, is obviously the extreme and heterogeneous character of the political principles professed by the two great parties into which she is mainly divided. This is the fatal danger that besets her: this is the curse which has weighed upon her since her first plunge into Revolu-

tion. These two vast sections of the French people are, moreover, the exponents of religious sentiments tending in diametrically opposite directions: the one, in nearly its entirety, being bigotedly superstitious, and, for the most part, submitting its political as well as its religious course to priestly guidance; the mass of the other being freethinkers in the most latitudinarian sense—Voltairians, with an especial leaning towards their master's injunction, “*Ecrasez l'infâme*” (the Catholic Church). Then, again, emphatically as these formidable masses differ from one another in their political and religious principles, locally they are yet more obviously separated—the one being broadly represented by the urban, the other by the rural population. Confronted by such elements of opposition, the numerically insignificant party of moderation is apparently powerless. Nor does either town or country present many traces of consistent cohesion. Enthusiastically, nay, fanatically wedded to certain social and political dogmas, neither of them can be said to possess any clearly-defined dominant principle from which, as from a luminous centre, there might emanate rays of light rendering intelligible the details of a compact and determinate policy. Neither party can boast of accredited leaders—of men endowed with the genius of statesmen, or even with exceptional political reputation or experience. Ignorance overshadows—it may be with somewhat unequal density, yet with equally disastrous consequences—the mass of each party, and petrifies its obstinacy. In the great centres of population we perceive crude, transcendental theories which, whilst containing much that for benevolent and philanthropic intention, for elevation and purity of aim, may claim respect, are contaminated by association with projects based on destructive and unbridled passions. In the convictions and tendencies presented by the scattered population of the country, we perceive much that is admirably conservative united to ignorance based on the worst forms of bigotry and superstition, and therefore

of the most inveterate and obstinate character. The higher elements in the principles of each party are, no doubt, admirable, and might, by judicious culture and able handling, effect the salvation of France: but they are kept asunder and rendered hostile by the admixture of wild Utopias and fiery passions, and the obstinacy of stolid, ignorant prejudices, both religious and political.

This conspicuous absence of homogeneity in the French people—this profound moral and intellectual severance between town and country—seems to imply an eternal oscillation between anarchy and despotism. To many it affords conclusive evidence that the only alternative is a return to the autocracy of the Empire or the Old Monarchy, or prostration to the tyranny of a Democratic Republic; that, in fact, national regeneration must precede the institution of a stable moderate government. Specious as this conclusion is, there exists a third course, which promises, with reasonable prospects of fulfilment, present agreement and future unity.

At the present crisis, France is perfectly free from foreign dictation, and even from any appreciable extrinsic pressure of opinion. Both the limited world of political examples, and the illimitable universe of political theories, are before her, where to choose the form and principles of her government. On this freedom of action, there nevertheless obtrude certain very recent influences and recollections that virtually tend to narrow the dangerous regions to which her natural proclivity to political extremes would otherwise surely point. On the one hand, it is not probable that France will attempt to achieve her salvation by adopting political institutions designed from models of abstract perfection—mere beguiling chimeras leading to anarchy; or, on the other hand, that she will be readily induced again to base her governmental edifice on obtrusive material and sensual foundations—propping up society by means of a political quietude reposing on intellec-

tual abnegation. The excesses of the Commune have banished from the arena, at least for some time to come, the champions of a Democratic Republic. Napoleonic Imperialism met its doom at Sedan. Its most seductive fascination—the vital principle of its existence—was military glory; to the Empire, therefore, defeat and extinction were necessarily synonymous. Between these two extremes, the Orleanist party timidly asserts a fitful appearance, with no distinct course of action, no life-inspiring policy, but surrounded by wide-spread clouds of indecision arising from the illegitimacy of its claims, and the indifference of the nation: there it remains suspended, as it were, between heaven and earth, without form and void. In substance more imposing, with claims more definable, and enjoying a wide-spread though lukewarm recognition by the nation, the Legitimist party—that was apparently, for a short time after the suppression of the Commune, master of the political position—has been utterly disheartened, and to all appearance irretrievably compromised, by the impolitic generalship of its chief. The Comte de Chambord has inherited the obstinate deference to effete prejudices, and the wilful blindness to the signs of the times, so characteristic of his immediate ancestors. Upon them, long years of expatriation wrought no change, and obliterated no remembrance. So with the Comte de Chambord. The forty years which he has passed in exile appear to have been devoted exclusively to the contemplation of the defunct formulas of the old *régime*. Truly he is a worthy descendant of Charles X. His latest utterances amply bear out this estimate of his character. In losing three kingdoms for a Mass, James II. may at least plead in extenuation a disinterested adherence to his religious convictions. In sacrificing as bright an inheritance mainly for the mere colour of a flag, the Comte de Chambord may be regarded either as surpassing the English monarch in folly, or as having displayed marvellous magnanimity. If we may credit the *Augsburg Gazette*,

however, these extreme opinions are dissipated by the fact that a mandate from Rome confirmed the Comte de Chambord in his predilection for the white flag. The prospects of Constitutional Monarchy in France do not therefore at the present time afford any very reassuring indications.

The whirl of political and social events has for the moment thrown into favourable prominence the chances of a Conservative Republic. Whether Republicanism under any form be practicable to a people so deficient in self-control as the French, is a question surrounded by grave doubts. It is nevertheless a question which, for the future stability of France, it were well to solve. No former conjuncture of events has afforded the Republic adequate facilities for rendering itself permanent. At present, extreme parties are weakened: prejudices, not active resistances, are now the most formidable hindrances to the triumph of the Republic. Disembarrassed from those arch-enemies to moderation, the Red Republic and the Empire, and depressed by defeat and civil war, the mind of the people is just now in a state peculiarly propitious for acquiescence in reasonable and temperate counsels. What France, needs is the guidance of a statesman pre-eminently endowed with a spirit of impartiality and conciliation—a statesman not only free from political prejudices, but capable of placing a judicious restraint upon his political preferences. Can it be said that M. Thiers is thus endowed? No doubt he is a writer and an orator of eminent ability: his patriotism is unquestionable, often indeed passing into exaggeration, and unwittingly taking courses detrimental both to the glory and interests of France. But throughout his long and chequered public career, can M. Thiers be said to have displayed any of the distinctive attributes of a great statesman? He is great as a politician of compromises: with no wide views of political philanthropy, he chiefly rivets his gaze upon France, whilst the whole scope and tendency of his political

aims are essentially practical. These are the broad political characteristics of the man to whom France has mainly confided the task of building up a habitable and durable political edifice. In glancing at her past history, it must be admitted that she has often confided her destiny to far less commendable keeping; and surely under existing circumstances the qualifications which M. Thiers displays are as reassuring, and probably as useful, as the higher and more brilliant qualities of a great statesman. But then occurs the question—Will the National Assembly so modify and tone its opinions that harmonious co-operation may become possible between itself and the Chief of the State? If the parties into which it is divided were agreed upon any fundamental principle as a starting-point whereon it were possible to construct a system impartially embodying, with more or less amplitude, the cherished principles of all, a prospect of some permanent issue might be anticipated. But this is not the case. The Assembly is divided into parties professing principles and aims that are radically irreconcilable: Republicans split into numerous sections,—each tenacious of its own peculiar conceptions of Republicanism,—Legitimists, Orleansists, and Imperialists. It is true there exists another party presenting credentials rightfully entitling it to possess an overwhelming majority in the Chamber, but which on the contrary is, in number, utterly insignificant—the Party of France. To their country in a state of political convulsion, French politicians rarely vouchsafe a thought unassociated with the all-absorbing intent to impose upon her the yoke of a party or a dynasty. What hope can there be that such an Assembly, composed almost exclusively of politically bigoted, selfish, and warring factions, will ever cordially aid the President of the Republic in the elaboration and enactment of a moderate and conciliatory scheme of government? Truly but a forlorn hope!

“For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced  
so deep.”

Numerous have been the difficulties which have, from the day of its inauguration, assailed the Government of M. Thiers. Of late they have assumed serious and menacing forms. Fear that certain ominous eventualities might follow his resignation has been, in the past, the talisman by which M. Thiers maintained his authority over the majority of the Assembly. A greater fear has now destroyed that talisman. The intimation expressed by the President in his late Message, that the Republic is more than a mere name, and may even lay claim to recognition as the established Government of France, inspired the Right of the Assembly with a phrenzy of resolution and hostility remarkably in contrast with its former indecision. Such an intimation relegated every hope of a Monarchical restoration to a distant and doubtful future. Forthwith a league of Monarchists was formed to withstand the imminent peril. For the present, this fortuitous alliance of heterogeneous factions has triumphed. But the utter absence of any enduring cohesive element in a coalition of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, robs such a triumph of much serious significance. Abhorrence of the Republic is the sole bond of union. Such an agreement of reluctantly associated "hatreds" may obstruct; to construct not only surpasses its capabilities, but is altogether alien to its nature. Each party to the compact trusts to the chapter of accidents for success. Weighed against a mere contingency, however doubtful, what are the unequivocally expressed preferences of France? What are even

the horrors of civil war? Such reckless political gambling is not only factious, not only unpatriotic, it is unmitigated treason to France. A Constitutional Monarchy may be—we think it is—better suited to France than a Republic, but it has failed to snatch past legitimate moments, and should now await some future opportunity: the present is for the Republic.

To the manœuvres of this unholy Alliance, the President of the Republic mainly opposes time, and his own consummate mastery of parliamentary tactics. Though unwilling to yield unconditionally to the exigencies of the Right, he has no wish to render compromise impracticable. That his sympathies are in favour of Constitutional Monarchy there can be no doubt; but he perceives in many significant signs of the time not merely the expediency but the necessity of consolidating the Republic. At present the most promising indication of the establishment of that form of government consists in the consciousness, which obviously pervades and admonishes every party professing extreme political views, that its isolated forces are insufficient to achieve supremacy. Any conjecture, however, as to the special order of political architecture to which the future governmental fabric of France may belong would necessarily be based on the most unstable data, the ever-shifting foundations of French politics leaving no standpoint even for the most hazardous surmise. This only is certain—the era of the Revolution will not be closed.

C. J. WALLIS.

## THE MIGRATIONS OF USEFUL PLANTS.

LITTLE is known of the travels of the first plants of cultivation until at length we trace the fruits and cereals in Egypt, Carthage, Greece, and Italy, spots surrounded with a halo which time has not dimmed, visible landmarks in the history of man and of useful plants.

Noah "planted a vineyard;" and no doubt the vine, with the olive and other fruits, had crossed the fertile "wilderness" from Armenia and the shores of the Caspian, for it was only in the far East that the vine, the peach and the fig, the apricot and the pistachio-nut, sprang unbidden from the fruitful earth. Other countries obtained them second-hand. Osiris presented the vine to the Egyptians, and Bacchus distributed the grape in those warm countries which a nude deity found it agreeable to visit; while other kind gods fetched the orange from the Garden of the Hesperides, and planted it on the shores of the Levant. It seems that the Greeks obtained most of their fruits from the gods. The olive, for instance, was produced by Minerva on some unknown spot, where Hercules found it and carried it to Greece, on returning from one of his expeditions. This may have been about the time that the golden implements of husbandry fell down from heaven on the banks of the Borysthenes.

The practical Romans acquired their vegetables with the sword and spear, as Lucullus did the cherry, which he conquered with Mithridates in Pontus; and whatever the Greeks had gained, supernaturally or otherwise, came to Rome, like the cherry, by gravitation of conquest.

Italy was poor in indigenous fruits, and probably had, at first, only the wild mulberry, the apple, pear, and plum; but she afterwards covered her slopes and plains with olives, oranges,

figs, and vines, by energy and enterprise, such as the following lines display:—

" My wealth is here, the sword, the spear, the breast-defending shield :  
 With this I plough, with this I sow, with this I reap the field ;  
 With this I tread the luscious grape, and drink the blood-red wine ;  
 And slaves around in order wait, and all are counted mine,  
 But he that will not rear the lance upon the battle-field,  
 Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the breast-defending shield,  
 On lowly knee must worship me with servile kiss adored,  
 And peal the cry of honour high, and hail me mighty lord."<sup>1</sup>

We learn little of plants until long after the Greek Rhizotomæ or collectors of medicinal roots, Aristotle the Pharmacoplist, and his pupil Theophrastus. Mago, the Carthaginian general, was an early authority, who wrote the first great work on agriculture, and Mago and Carthage were conquered, and his twenty-eight books carried to Rome, B.C. 146. At the same period stern Cato wrote only of useful plants, while Columella, at a later date, included a little fancy farming in his long discourse, and Dioscorides and Pliny treated of all known plants.

The colonists and civilizers of the earth have been the distributors of its fruits. Even the commercial Phœnicians were among the early carriers, and advanced the mulberry and silkworm from the furthest shores of the Mediterranean along the coasts they visited, by the same route over which so many plants have been conveyed from nature's gardens in the East. The indigenous fruits of Europe were crabs, nuts, berries, masts, and sorbs; the rest she obtained from their Asiatic birthplace, and in most instances *via* Rome, their great ren-

<sup>1</sup> Epigram of Hybrias.

devious in historic times. Of the cherry we have spoken; the apricot arrived there from Epirus; apples, pears, and plums from Armenia; the damson (damascene) from Damascus; the peach and walnut from Persia; the chestnut from Castanea, in Asia Minor, and the pomegranate from Africa. The fig-tree, which sheltered the founders of Rome when they were suckled by the wolf, had crossed with some early travellers from Syria, or from its halting-place in Greece. Honoured in the future city, it was carried next the vine in the processions of Bacchus; and modern abstainers from the worship of that god are no doubt aware that the corpulent deity derived his vigour from the sugared and succulent fig, not from the vine. The jealousy of the Athenians, which vainly forbade the exportation of the fig, produced the economists, or informers, called *sukophantai*, or discoverers of figs, and gave us the word sycphant.

A tree still more revered by Pagan, Jew, and Christian, was the pomegranate, whose fruit was embroidered on the ephod, and carved on the porch of the Temple. Bacchus is said to have first twisted the dry, hard calyx adhering to the fruit into "the likeness of a kingly crown," thereby ambiguously keeping faith with a girl whose confidence he had won by promising her the crown which a diviner had said she was destined to wear. When at last she died from grief and hope delayed, the betrayer metamorphosed her into a pomegranate tree, and affixed the crown to its fruit for ever. The device of Queen Anne of Austria was a pomegranate, with the motto "My worth is not in my crown," and the French had a witticism, "Quelle est la reine qui porte son royaume dans son sein?" The pomegranate migrated to Europe with the first flight of plants, and crossed to the West Indies and South America with the earliest explorers. It reached its furthest limits in high latitudes when monks conveyed it to a distant island in the northern seas, where it still ripens fruit of small size around London

and under the shelter of the South Downs. But in our climate the juice of this famous fruit of the desert has no attractions, except to curious school-boys, and its thousand pips make it, in our estimation, a fit repast for black-birds. It is in Egypt and Syria that its delicious acid can be fully enjoyed.

Man, especially the Roman, has been the distributor of plants, but climate governs their distribution, arranges their divisions, and sets limits to their migrations. The Romans could not borrow from the flora of the south so freely as we have borrowed from them, since the arborescent and evergreen character of vegetation towards the tropics renders it liable to be destroyed by a slight degree of frost at any period of the year, whereas the herbaceous plants and deciduous trees and shrubs of temperate zones escape the winter's cold by retiring from active contention with it. On the other hand, our sun seldom scorches our vegetable visitors, unless they come from a land of mist, like the Sikkim rhododendrons; but Italian summers are too hot for some of the plants from the north.

The Romans collected everything that a splendid sky, without a tropical sun, permitted, and their gardens contained nearly all the vegetables now in use. They had even the cauliflower, a highly artificial modification of the cabbage, which is said to have been originated in Cyprus, where luxury kept a good gardener. In the days of primitive virtue, Cato restricted his account of the horticultural art to the cultivation of culinary plants, and of those used in chaplets; and the same spirit, dictating the laws of the Decemvirs, made *hortus* synonymous with *heredium*, or inheritance (as it was practically to Naboth); and it made the families of the Lactucarii, Valeriani, and Fabii, proud of their names. Taste became less severe under the Empire, and flower-pots were introduced in windows, and even the houses of the poor in Rome had little gardens in front for ornamental plants—equivalent to our window gardens—while the villas had

highly-decorated gardens attached to them, and there were parks and pleasure-grounds in the heart of the city.

The favourite garden trees were the pine, for its refreshing odour, the bay for its beauty and fame, and the box for its shade. Trees were regarded as the temples of the gods. The simple peasants, savouring of antiquity, do still, says Pliny, consecrate to one god or another the fairest trees, and we ourselves worship the same gods in the silent groves with not less devotion than we adore their images of gold and ivory in our stately temples.

We proceed to notice a few of the plants in their passage westwards in different ages, without attempting to fix the exact date of their arrival at different stages, or to settle disputed dates. Cæsar found in Britain the apple, hazel, elder, bullace, sloe, raspberry, and blackberry; and his successors left us the vine, cherry, peach, pear, mulberry, fig, damson, medlar, walnut, &c. In all probability, some of the trees cultivated in the gardens of Roman generals, or governors, in Britain, were afterwards lost, as would necessarily be the case with neglected plants, especially in the case of those whose seeds do not ripen in our climate; and they were re-introduced in the monastic age. The sweet chestnut, for example, had long passed from Sardis to Tarentum and Naples, where it was cultivated with much care and success, and the Romans would bring such a rapid-growing and favourite tree to ornament their English villas, as surely as they brought the rose herself; and the disputants who denied us the chestnut until late in the Middle Ages, are refuted by common sense as well as by Giraldus Cambrensis, who, writing in the twelfth century of the trees of Britain which Ireland wanted, mentioned the chestnut and the beech.

As to the sorbus, or true service tree, there is no dispute; and it is singular that one of the few habitats where it is still found wild in England is in Wyre forest in Worcestershire, near the remains of a Roman villa, and of the orchard attached, in which, perhaps, it

was first planted. The same orchard may have ripened the first of many of our fruits, sheltered perhaps by the first nursery of the narrow-leaved or "English elm;" and in the garden near may have been planted the first rosemary and thyme that had lately blossomed on Mount Hymettus. The plane passed from Asia to Sicily, thence into Italy, and, as Pliny informs us, had reached the northern shores of Gaul before the year A.D. 79. The peach was common in Gaul in the time of Agricola, so that these, with the box and poplar, followed the cherry, which came here within five years of the settlement of the Romans. The apple, though not perhaps native, preceded them by some German route, and had given a name to the British Avalonia, afterwards called Glastonbury; but it profited by the rural industry of the Romans, and soon spread over the whole island to Ultima Thule. Early among the fruits came the walnut, called Juglans, *Jovis glans*, in remembrance of that golden age when the gods ate walnuts and men lived on acorns.

We paused with the wandering fruits and flowers on the shores of the Mediterranean, to note down the names of a few that the Romans acquired, or the Britanni gained from their Imperial visitors. It is time to notice the sudden cessation of migrations when the Empire and its gardens in Rome and Britain were trampled under foot by the Northmen.

The Moors were more civilized conquerors than the wandering nations of the North, and they brought to Western Europe the Persian forage plant, lucern, *Medicago sativa*, still called in Spain by the Moorish name *Al-fafa*, and the sugar-cane, which had then only the Atlantic between it and the West Indies and the future sugar States of America. Some of the flowers which Spain gained from Arabia may have been passed into Holland by Charlemagne, who lived on the banks of the Rhine in a country house with a large garden; but it is not easy to get a glimpse at the horticulture of that dark age, and Holland was trodden down afterwards by such rava-



gers as the "Wild Boar of Ardennes," who must have rooted up many of Charlemagne's flower bulbs; and it was not until after the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire, A.D. 1453, that the ranunculus, anemone, tulip, hyacinth, and narcissus,—which were all Oriental before they became "Dutch bulbs,"—found a permanent home in Holland, having first arrived in the bales of Dutch traffickers from Persia, by way of Constantinople.

England next began to furnish her gardens from abroad. They had been sadly trampled under foot, and their ruin was never more complete than during the comparatively recent Wars of the Roses. In earlier days every abbey and religious house had a carefully cultivated garden, and those south of the Trent had their vineyards; and even crusading barons, with some contempt for rural labour, had not visited the coasts of the Mediterranean without gaining some hints for their English gardens. Quit-rents were frequently paid in fruits and flowers. In 1205, Robert de Evermere held his lordship of Redham in Norfolk, in petty serjeantry, by yearly payment into the Exchequer of two hundred pearmaines and four hogsheads of wine made of pearmaines (perry). The rose must have been extensively cultivated when vassals were bound to deliver them to their lords by the bushel. But the Wars of the Roses trampled down the rose-beds, and in the course of time a single rose came to represent the bushel of roses, just as the single peppercorn did the pound of pepper, when a "peppercorn rent" superseded the original bargain.

A new era of gardening began after the reign of Henry VII., when the Middle Ages came to a close, and the great barons and proprietors were replaced by the English country gentlemen. Hops were introduced in 1523; orchards for the sale of fruit were planted in the Garden of England by Henry the Eighth's fruiterer; great houses were built and surrounded with planted grounds, and their owners began to look abroad for shrubs and trees of

ornament. Henry VIII. built Nonsuch, and encompassed it with parks full of deer, and laid out gardens and groves and walks embowered by trees, doubtless including the famous pippin of that name, so that—

"This which no equal has in art or fame,  
Britons, deservedly, do None-such name."

Hampton Court eclipsed even "None-such;" Hatfield, Holland House, Theobalds, and Greenwich followed, with others too numerous to mention. Eighty-four foreign trees and shrubs were used at this time in the decoration of English gardens, and in the next reign a host of planters were seeking for new material. The tamarisk was among the introductions at Fulham—still famous for its historic trees—where Bishop Grindal so surrounded his palace with foreign and native foliage that his guest, Queen Elizabeth, declared she could not see from her chamber window for trees. Cecil's house at Wimbledon was also famous for trees and shrubs, and Raleigh's at Sherborne for woods. Burrell had the best collection of plants in the kingdom at his mansion in the Strand; and Gerrard, author of the "Herbal," who lived at the Physic Garden in Holborn, superintended the Lord Treasurer's grounds. Bacon, too, now formed his plantations at Gorham-bury, and wrote his essay on "Gardens." Amongst the new plants the "noble laurel," or sweet bay (*Laurus nobilis*), sacred to Apollo and emblem of victory, paid its second visit to England; as did the Portugal laurel, which was introduced into the Oxford Botanic Garden in 1648; and the common laurel, which reached the West from the shores of the Black Sea by an unusual route. It came first to Constantinople, and was then sent by the German Ambassador, in 1576, to Clusius, keeper of the Botanic Garden at Vienna. The "plum of Trebisond," as the laurel was called, arrived with a horse-chestnut and other rare trees and shrubs, having narrowly escaped the dangers of winter weather and rough treatment. It was placed by Clusius in a stove, when nearly dead,

and was saved and propagated and distributed amongst the friends of the botanist. We, however, obtained "this rare tree," as Evelyn called it, from Italy, and our oldest laurel was brought from Civita Vecchia in 1614 by the Countess of Arundel, who planted it at Wardour Castle. "The fig of Spain," as ancient Pistol and others have erroneously called it, was re-introduced by Cardinal Pole, who planted it against the wall of Lambeth Palace when he returned from Rome Archbishop of Canterbury, after the death of Henry VIII. Later still—a century ago—Pocock, the Eastern traveller, and predecessor of Dr. Pusey in the Regius Professorship of Divinity, is said to have brought back a fig plant from Syria, and to have planted one, at least, of the venerable fig-trees which are among the glories of Christ Church, Oxford.

Amongst the most useful plants, which had been long driven from our gardens and were now about to return, were the kitchen vegetables. Henry the Eighth's table was supplied pretty liberally from the royal gardens at Richmond and Greenwich, where melons and cucumbers were now forced as they had been at Rome 1,500 years previously; and grapes, peaches, and apricots were trained to the fourteen-foot wall at Nonsuch. The revival of gardening had commenced; but although Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," mentions 150 fruits and plants cultivated in gardens, including all the common vegetables, "kitchen garden wares" continued to be imported from Holland, and fruits from France, until market gardens were established about the year 1600; "before which," says Fuller, "we fetched most of our cherries from Holland, apples from France, and hardly had a mess of rathripe peas but from Holland, which were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear. Since, gardening hath crept out of Holland to Sandwich in Kent, and thence to Surrey, where, though they have given 6*l.* an acre and upwards, they have made the rent, lived comfortable, and set many people to work."

A new continent gave us at this time the potato, and sent two great travellers, the tobacco plant and maize, to grow in future side by side in many countries of the Old World; while the eastern hemisphere conferred on the west its apples, pears, and peaches, with its bread fruit and bread corns, wheat, rice, and millet. The mango came later still to the far West; and the delicious "No. 11" and the "No. 132," so justly prized in Jamaica, retain as their names the numbers with which the specimens were labelled in the collection captured in a French Indiaman by Rodney, and taken by him into Kingston harbour. America had few indigenous fruits adapted to our gardens. But let us be grateful for the pine. Evelyn, who "first taught gardening to speak proper English," was present at the Banqueting House at Whitehall when his Majesty's gardener, on bended knee, presented Charles II. with the famous queen pine from Barbadoes; and as pines and forced fruits soon began to be grown for sale by the London gardeners, we may conclude that English gardens henceforth supplied English tables without foreign help.

Evelyn describes his brother's house at Wotton as among the most magnificent examples of ornament of wood and water, "till the late universal luxury of the whole nation since abounding in such expenses." Among the recent introductions which were planted at Wotton, when Evelyn himself inherited it, were cedars, larches, silver or Spanish firs, and walnuts. "Sylva" was published in 1664; and, as hospitable hearths and timbered houses had made inroads on the forests, planting for utility soon became popular. "Sylva" recommended indigenous trees for profit; nevertheless, new trees and shrubs continued to arrive. Tradescant, a Dutchman and one of Charles the Second's gardeners, travelled over Europe to collect plants, and visited Barbary, Greece, Egypt, &c., and his son went to Virginia on a similar errand. Among the new trees that the good bishop, Dr. Compton, was able to plant in his garden at Fulham, were the tulip-tree, magnolia, deciduous cypress ("swamp

cedar"), Western plane, and some other North Americans, and the Cedar of Lebanon in 1683.

Among the public and private Botanic Gardens which became rich in plants by the end of the seventeenth century, were the Chelsea Botanic Garden, presented afterwards by Sir Hans Sloane to the Company of Apothecaries, and claiming two Cedars of Lebanon planted in the first year of their introduction; Ray's garden in Essex; Dr. Sherard's at Eltham; Dr. Uvedale's at Enfield, and that of the Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton. Before mentioning the exotic oaks which, with a single exception, arrived at one or other of these gardens after *Sylva Evelyn's* time, we must refer to the two British species, *Quercus pedunculata*, or the common oak, and *Q. sessiliflora*, the sessile-fruited oak, the grandest of a noble family in form and bulk, the longest lived and the strongest timbered. The American cousins of our oaks are more distinguished for their foliage and its rich autumnal tints, than for the durability of their timber; and their proper place is in the pleasure garden rather than in the wood. Three characteristic oaks from the Mediterranean—the cradle of our exotic trees—are the *Quercus cerris*, the Turkey or mossy-cupped oak, with its deeply-lobed leaves and fine tufted foliage; *Q. ilex*, the evergreen, or Holm oak, which has ornamented English shrubberies since Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, and has left its mark in King James's Authorized Version of the Bible, A.D. 1611 (*Susanna*, 58); and *Q. suber*, the cork tree, another evergreen species which grows in Kensington Gardens and many other places, and needs no label, being sufficiently marked by its wrapper, or rind, of cork. Besides our long list of foreign acquisitions, numerous hybrids have appeared, subsequently, on the scene of English gardening and arboriculture; the sub-evergreens known as the Fulham oak and the Lucombe or Exeter oak, having been among the first offspring of our naturalized trees. The first is a round-headed, the second a

pyramidal, rough-barked tree, rapid of growth like the Turkey oak, and bearing a general resemblance to it and to its other parent, the cork tree.

In the eighteenth century the number of patrons and planters of trees greatly increased. The Duke of Argyll stocked his garden at Whitton, near Hounslow, with exotics, and received from Horace Walpole what we regard as the honourable *sobriquet* of "treemonger." At the same period, the first great planter of another ducal house began to clothe the hill and mountain tops at Blair Athol and Dunkeld with a timber tree which Pliny had admired for its durable and incombustible nature, and which was used for the Forum of Augustus, and for many of the buildings and bridges of Rome. The larch had been introduced into England a hundred years before it arrived at Dunkeld with some orange-trees in 1727; but it had not been planted as a timber tree till it found its way from the hot-house to far colder situations on the Duke of Athol's estate, covering at length more than ten thousand acres, and yielding an immense revenue. A native British tree which must have travelled far in the pre-historic period, since it is found on the Apennines and throughout Russia and North Europe, and near the line of perpetual snow in Lapland, is the birch, which we mention because we think it, as Cole-ridge entitled it, the

"Most beautiful

Of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods."

We must pass rapidly through the crowd of migrating plants to a conclusion. The travellers of the last century brought to England innumerable shrubs from India, North America, and the Mediterranean coast; and recent horticultural collectors have added to our shrubberies and flower borders from the uplands of China and Japan, from California and the Cape, and have filled our hot-houses and sub-tropical gardens with beautiful foliage in such immense variety that we are compelled to pass by these modern migrations for want of space to describe them.

H. EVERSLED.

## THE TWO MARYS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

PART LAST.—GROVE HOUSE.

## CHAPTER I.

MISS ROBINSON had established her Young Ladies' Seminary at Grove House twenty years before the date of this history. It had been her own creation, aided by no previous foundation, and she was naturally proud of it. She had been a woman of thirty, somewhat beaten about by winds and waves of evil fortune, when she resolved upon making this effort for herself. There is a great deal to be said about the position of governesses on both sides of the question. They are often badly treated, and they often treat their employers badly. It is dismal to live in the midst of a lively, happy household with no share in its life; and, on the other hand, it is hard upon the household to have a perpetual critic and spectator thrust into their privacy. Miss Robinson had no prospect in life from the very beginning of her career but to occupy this position. She had no money, no beauty, no particular skill in adapting herself to the caprices of others. In her early days she had been like other young women, desirous of a little personal enjoyment, attention, and admiration, as most people are, and had not learned the faculty of self-sacrifice more quickly than most people do. But she had a certain amount of practical sense which does not fall to every young woman's lot; and by the time she came to be thirty, nature made a stand in her and confronted the difficulties of circumstance. She had been in at least half-a-dozen situations during the past ten years. Some of them she did not like, and in some she was not

liked. One lady thought her too independent in her opinions for a governess; and another found her too much disposed to stand on her dignity, and disinclined to make herself generally useful. At the end of her sixth place she retired to country lodgings in the house of a woman whom she had known all her life, and thought the matter over. She was over thirty—she was not handsome; she had got over her romance, a chapter which it is unnecessary here to enter upon. She had a little money in the bank; she had nobody to consult, unless indeed it was certain cousins who had never done anything for her, and whom she kept up friendly relations with only that she might not be entirely alone in the world. She felt as much like a man, having her fate in her own hands, as a woman can ever feel; and stimulated by certain pricks of supposed injustice, slight, and contumely, she made up her mind to act for herself. A great many women are disgusted and angered by the world's treatment of them, who never put it on paper, nor claim "rights" which they don't care for; and for this once in her life the ordinary insolence of human contempt for her thirty years of maiden life and for her want of beauty stung this homely woman, not into outcry and lament, but into independence and the courage of acting for herself. Great was the shame and woe of the cousin Robinsons, who had slurred over the fact that their orphan relative was a governess "in the best families," when it became known that she was living independently in lodgings of her own, not very far from them, and setting up a

small school. Such a proceeding was not to be hid. When they rushed to her in a body to point out that by so doing she was infringing their respectability and making it evident to the world that a woman of their kith and kin had to live by her own exertions, she turned an utterly deaf ear to their remonstrances. When they came abjectly to her with offers of this and that excellent situation which had been heard of, she was equally obdurate. "I am determined to have a house of my own," she answered to them. House of her own! What could she want with a house, a solitary woman, neither young nor good-looking, whose manifest duty it was to be contented with the fate which Providence had allotted to her?

But Miss Robinson would not see her duty in this way. She persevered with her little school; she took even tradesmen's daughters, abandoned and impenitent creature! and gradually fought and struggled her way into independence. The second step is always a great deal easier to take than the first; but still she had a severe struggle after she attained to the honour of Grove House and to "a higher class" of pupils. If I were to tell you how comically her mind veered round from the governess point of view to the point of view held by an employer of governesses, and how in her turn she objected to independence of opinions and the absence of that desire to make themselves generally useful which is so sadly conspicuous in some young women, I should take up too much space in a narrative which is not the history of Miss Robinson, but of Mary Peveril. Sometimes, however, Miss Robinson had herself a half-annoyed, half-humorous consciousness of this difference. The aspect of affairs had changed for her, as it does for all who pass from obedience to rule, and fall naturally into something of those governing ways which once seemed so oppressive to them. She had trouble, too, with her masters, and sometimes with her pupils, into which I need not enter, and found no bed of roses in the old house, which was always wanting repairs, and made up for the

cheapness of its rent by imposing upon her a perpetual conflict with bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, glaziers, and other members of the reigning classes who have our comfort in their hands. Sometimes Miss Robinson would be very mournful over all these miseries, and declare that it was not worth anyone's while to keep a school, and that no one who had not experienced it could tell what the Principal of such an establishment had to go through before ever she entered the schoolroom, where the governesses were often perverse, and the masters unmanageable, and the pupils disobedient. She led the life of a slave, she would sometimes say. But nevertheless she grew stout and prospered, and every year had a richer black silk for her best, and a better balance at her banker's, and mounted upwards from Valenciennes lace to a suit of old point for great occasions, an advance of which the gentle reader will see the immense and weighty meaning. When she came to be the highest ratepayer in the parish, by dint of additions built to Grove House to accommodate the increasing number of pupils, and when it came to be considered an honour and a privilege to get a girl into that establishment, the Robinsons all re-discovered their cousin's existence, and went to see her, and made much of her. This happened some time after Mrs. Peveril became her assistant. You may think perhaps that Miss Robinson should have rejected these interested overtures from her own family, and remembered more clearly of their neglect of her than their blood relationship. But there is a mellowing effect in prosperity which often takes the sting out of old unkindnesses. When you have surmounted the buffetings of Fate, you are apt to smile at the little efforts which were made to keep you down, with a sense of personal superiority to them which is very sweet, and promotes magnanimity. "They thought once that I was going to disgrace them all," Miss Robinson said with a hearty laugh. She bore no malice; for Time had proved her delightfully in the right, and them as foolishly in the wrong.

And as has been seen, Miss Robinson soon became the tried friend as well as benefactor of Mary Peveril. Women are sometimes hard upon each other, and this is a phase of feminine character which the world is fond of dwelling on and making merry over. But there never was a woman yet involved in any honest struggle with the world who had not women for her warmest partisans and supporters. Miss Robinson took Mary and her baby into her heart before they had been in her house six months, and since then had been the best friend of the one and the worshipper of the other, notwithstanding all the opposition to her plans, both scholastic and otherwise, which Mrs. Peveril exhibited, and all the naughtiness of Jack, who presumed much upon the adoration offered to him, and was as mischievous a little Turk as ever was adored by womankind. I cannot quite explain how it was that, having thus collected as it were a family round her, and being still in perfect health and vigour, though over fifty-five, Miss Robinson should have yielded to the representations of her relations and made up her mind to retire, selling the lease and goodwill of Grove House. The motives of the relations are more simple. Not to say that it was more "respectable" for a cousin of theirs to "live on her means" in a district where Grove House might be ignored, it was much safer for the persons who intended to be her heirs to have those means realized and consolidated than to have them all invested in the school which the Robinsons thought their cousin might be so "worked upon" as to allow to fall into the hands of "that Mrs. Peveril." They made a great point accordingly of her retirement. "You have been working all your life," said a married Robinson whose name was now Wentworth Smith, "nobly, my dear Jane. I say nobly, and I mean it. When I look round upon this house, I see what a great work you have done, and feel proud of you. But now that you have attained a competence, you ought to enjoy it. You are comparatively young still, and may look forward to many years of comfort——"

"I am fifty-six," said Miss Robinson, "but I am as well as ever I was in my life, thank God, and as fit for work."

"Yes; but remember all the worries you are subjected to—worries which would wear anyone out. Have you not just told us how Mrs. Peveril, whom you are so fond of, has frightened away your best master, that excellent Monsieur Bonventura, who was such a help and a comfort to you? You don't think how much you will miss his advice."

"His advice!" cried Miss Robinson: "bless your heart! you don't think I ever thought of going to Monsieur for advice! Poor dear man, he came to me for that."

"But he was always a man that you could rely upon," said Mrs. Wentworth Smith. "Even you, though you have shown what a female is capable of, can never get along without some man to back you up."

"She will never want that, Ellen, as long as my husband lives," said the wife of Mr. Robinson the solicitor, who was brother to the previous speaker.

"I got on for a great many years, my dears," said Miss Robinson with spirit, "without ever seeing a man except at church. And though Percival is very kind, I don't really see what need there is to trouble him. Everything, I am happy to say, goes on like clockwork in my house."

"You have got it into such a state of perfection," said Mr. Percival Robinson, coming in just as she made this observation; "and a capital thing too, since you want to dispose of it. It should bring you in a pretty penny, Jane. I've been over all the offices, and they are first-rate—does you credit, the whole place. I'd advertise it well, and not be in too great a hurry to accept the first offer."

"You see, Percival," said Miss Robinson, impressed in spite of herself by the interposition of "a man" and the decided tone in which he spoke—for does it not stand to reason that a man must understand best about a matter of business, whether he has any special understanding of the special subject or not?)—"you see, I should like to

give Mrs. Peveril an advantage if her friends could gather up anything like the money required. It is since she has been with me that the school has increased so much. You can't think how she has helped it on. She has such charming manners, all the parents are enchanted with her—and then, besides the very highest English, she has the advantage of speaking French like a native. I really think that it is my duty to give her an advantage—besides that it is my wish——”

“My dear Jane, sentimental motives have nothing to do with business,” said Mr. Robinson, gloomily. “That is always the way with you ladies—you go off into a line of action that is perfectly unbusinesslike. If Mrs. Peveril has a solicitor, let him come and talk to me about it. I can negotiate with a man who knows what he is talking about; but the moment you bring in feelings and likings and all that stuff——”

“Hush, Percival! Of course it is quite natural that dear Jane should wish to be kind to a person who she thinks has been of use to her,” said his wife; “but I think you are a great deal too humble about your own merits, and think too much of Mrs. Peveril: it is surely your first duty, Jane, not to be unjust to yourself.”

“Oh, I shall have enough—for a single woman—anyhow,” said Miss Robinson; “and I have nobody to come after me—which simplifies my duty to myself very much.”

Miss Robinson's relations looked at each other with conscious gloom. Their impression was that she had only too many to come after her. Four Wentworth Smiths and six Percival Robinsons, not to speak of the descendants of the other brothers and sisters. “Dear Jane,” said Mrs. Wentworth Smith with great sweetness, “it seems almost unkind of you to say that. If Providence has not seen fit to give you a family of your own, it is nobody's fault. You did not marry like the rest of us——”

“I might have married if I had liked,” said Miss Robinson with a flush upon her sober countenance—for there

had been in fact certain love-passages between her and the solicitor, upon whose face her jealous eyes detected a conscious smile. “I might have married both when I was young and since I have been old; and though it is nobody's fault, that does not alter the matter. I have nobody to come after me—and therefore, as I tell you, I mean to please myself.”

“Which you have an excellent good right to do,” said Mrs. Percival Robinson, taking the place of peace-maker. And when the conversation veered back again into details, the schoolmistress was once more cowed by the scorn of the “man,” who laughed at the idea of bringing sentimental notions into a matter of business. She took her relations all over the house—for she had for some time given up personal instruction in the schoolroom, confining herself to general supervision—and showed them all her feather beds, and the heaps of linen, of which she was truly proud. “I began with three girls,” she said with a glow of natural pride, “and now I have twenty-five, and plenty of good bedding for them all, and table-linen for twice the number. I built these new rooms three years ago. They are the best rooms in the house, though some of the young ladies prefer the old-fashioned ones. And this is Mrs. Peveril's little *appartement*, as she always calls it in her pretty French way,” said the good woman, who was fond of Mary's French “acquired abroad.” Mrs. Peveril had two rooms, one opening into the other, and had indulged herself in some pretty articles of furniture, and a few pictures. The ladies nodded their heads, and looked at each other; and the gentleman snorted his disapproval as Miss Robinson got down on the floor beside Jack to give him a kiss. “Isn't he a darling?” she said in her innocence. The three relations looked like three basilisks at Jack with his whip, who was mounted on a footstool and wearing out the carpet, remorselessly riding race round and round the room.

“A nice boy,” said Mrs. Robinson, coldly; “but don't you think he had better have one of your unfurnished rooms to play in? The carpet will be

ruined—and it is spoiling the child to let him do whatever he likes.”

“The less people have, the more wasteful they always are,” said Mrs. Wentworth Smith. Mr. Robinson scowled at Jack, who had paused half frightened to look at his invaders, and went on loudly with his inventory. “A suite of three small rooms opening into each other—perfectly adapted for two or three sisters,” he said—and made a rapid divergence to the linen closet on the landing. But he did not feel less strongly than his wife and his sister. When the survey was over and the relations had taken leave, he expressed his opinion very freely. “By George,” he said, “I’ll put a fancy price on the concern to keep that woman out. I’ll tell King privately he may entertain a lower proposal from anyone else, but keep up the figure for her. If you don’t mind, she and that confounded boy of hers will cut you all out.”

“Nasty, artful, designing creature,” said his sister; “playing upon poor Jane’s weakness.”

“Oh, I have no patience with Jane!” said Mrs. Robinson; “but it is just like an old maid. They are all the same. You never can get any satisfaction out of them. She will favour a creature of her own that toadies her, and turn her back upon all right and justice. It’s just like an old maid.”

“Well, don’t be too hard upon her,” said the solicitor. “In spite of all she told you, perhaps it ain’t her fault she’s an old maid. Poor Jane! But we must put a stop to this woman,” he added, in a voice very different from the complacent roll of words with which he began. That was certain, that it must be put a stop to. Mr. Robinson drew up a very flaming advertisement, and confided the sale, with private instructions, to Mr. King the auctioneer. “She’ll be clever if she gets over King with her confounded French and her manners,” he said to himself with a chuckle; yet felt sure, when all was done and said, that the existence of Jack was a terrible obstacle in the way of the Robinsons. All the family were agreed that there was no saying what foolish

thing old Jane or any other old maid might do, and that it was a shame there was no legal way of keeping such an old fool in order, and preventing her from injuring her relations. Miss Robinson herself felt a little tremor after they left her, and did not feel quite sure that she had done a wise thing in showing them all her possessions. “They never gave me a penny,” she said to Mrs. Peveril: “they would not even countenance me when I might have been the better for it; and now they want to force me to sell it to the first comer, thinking the money will all come to them. I was foolish and weak, and let them see everything, and consented to what they proposed. It is difficult to contradict people when they insist upon their own way. But next time, I promise you, I will not give in—not an inch,” said Miss Robinson bravely. It was much easier, however, to make a stand against them in their absence than when they were on the spot; and Miss Robinson found it doubly difficult to get over the feminine prejudice, that “a man” must know best about a matter of business—even when that business was her own affairs.

## CHAPTER II.

THINGS, however, soon took a different aspect from that intended by Mr. Robinson. Either the market at that moment was glutted with schools, and few speculators turned their thoughts in that direction, or else the high price put upon the lease and goodwill of Grove House discouraged the ladies who in ordinary circumstances would have bid for it. The advertisement appeared a great many times in the newspapers, and many respectable visitors in frys, armed with the card of Mr. King, the auctioneer, came to “view the premises” and satisfy themselves about the character of the place; but with all this the business flagged, and no real purchaser appeared, though a few people coquetted with it, making ridiculous proposals which could not be entertained for a moment. At the end of three months it turned out, to the great dis-



may of Mr. Percival Robinson, the solicitor, that Mrs. Peveril was the only *bond fide* candidate to replace Miss Robinson. Mary's friends had come forward, as Miss Robinson said, nobly. Mrs. Tufnell, who had intended to make Grove House a provision both for the younger Mary Peveril, now Mrs. Durham, and her stepmother, had generously maintained her kind purpose when that younger Mary was provided for in a more happy way. Mrs. Tufnell's respectable old fly, which cost her more than any carriage, drove constantly back and forward at this period to Grove House—sometimes bringing the old lady herself from the Square to another and another consultation, and sometimes conveying the Grove House ladies to her for the same purpose. It was only in the evening that they could be out together—when for an hour or two Mademoiselle Dummkopf (for German and music) had charge of the young ladies—and there would be long consultations at the Square over Mrs. Peveril's prospects, at which the other Mary would assist, asking anxiously always whether she could be of use, and what they would permit her to do in the matter. Mary's husband had come home very well off, and he too, it was said by all the ladies, "took a great interest in Mrs. Peveril." Among them they planned how Grove House could be still further increased in accommodation and popularity; another efficient governess would have to be procured, and some one selected to take the place of Signor Bonventura, who had disappeared a little time before. Upon this point, as soon as she had got over her disquiet and disappointment at the untoward event, Miss Robinson would permit herself a mild little joke at Mrs. Peveril's expense. "He will come back," she said; "he is sure to come back some time or other, and however Mary may feel about it, I shall be glad. We never had such a nice master since I have had a school. He treated the girls as if they were his own children, and brought them on so nicely. I live in hope that he will come back."

"With the old ideas?" said young Mrs. Durham, laughing. She was

young enough to laugh at the notion of such an elderly love-story, and could not quite conceal the amusement it caused her. As for Miss Robinson, she had always taken the deepest interest in the little romance, and had not, nor perhaps would ever quite give up hope. She spoke of it very volubly when Mary was not present. "If ever there was a constant man in the world, it is poor dear Monsieur," she said, "and I cannot but entertain the hope that when he comes back—as I am certain he will, one time or another—she will not be able to resist him. He has a very winning way. Of course one would naturally prefer one's own countryman to anybody else; but I never met any gentleman with just such a way with him. I can't help thinking and hoping that if he would have a little more patience, and not be so dreadfully in earnest, Mary could not resist."

"If I were you, I would not meddle with it," said old Mrs. Tufnell, whose favourite policy this was: "it is wonderful, when things are left alone, how they arrange themselves sometimes far better than we could have done it."

"Oh, you may be sure I shall not interfere," said Miss Robinson, half affronted. Mary Durham was more sympathetic, who was lately married herself, and still strong in the belief that there was no other way of being perfectly happy. But Mrs. Peveril did not like these allusions. They brought an angry colour to her face, and made her draw back silent from the most interesting discussion. Indeed, I do not think that Mrs. Peveril cared for the new revolution that was threatening. To be sure, her position would be mightily improved if Grove House became her own with all its advantages. It would make her capable of many things which now were beyond hoping for. It would clear the way before Jack, and enable her to educate and provide for him. She was not the kind of woman to despise or pretend to despise these advantages, but there were drawbacks along with them. She had found Christian charity and kindness in the house of which she was now to be mistress,

and the friendliest companionship and sympathy. Miss Robinson was not clever in general conversation, but she was very good; and she had her trade at her finger ends, from the most superficial details to the highest, having perfect understanding of the number of pounds of meat which ought to be ordered for the dinner of twenty or twenty-five persons, and how much linen was requisite to keep the house going, and a hundred other details which may be less important to polite education than the use of the globes or astronomy, or even than French acquired abroad—but yet are of great consequence, as everybody will allow. Mary Peveril feared changes, as most people do who have gone through many. It seemed to her that some misfortune must be lurking round the corner when she took a new step in life; and though it was quite necessary that the step should be taken, and it involved the future comfort of her whole existence and her boy's, yet she did not like it. She was the least enthusiastic, almost the least interested, of all, when the change was discussed, as it was so often with feminine fulness; she would miss the simple, kind companionship which had done so much to sweeten her life. She went forward stoutly to take upon herself the new responsibility, but she was not fond of talking of it, nor did she look forward to it with any delight. Miss Robinson had not yet realized the way in which the change would affect her; but Mary did realize it, and anticipated it with no sort of pleasure.

The arrangements, however, went on without much reference to their feelings. When the Robinsons saw that it was destined by fate that Mary should be the possessor of Grove House, they ceased from their unavailing struggle, and took steps to separate their relative from her and her child and her influence in a different kind of way. They declared themselves most anxious that their dear Jane should leave a neighbourhood in which justice had never been done her, and remove into another district within near reach of themselves. They hurried into the

rashness of "securing" a house which was to let, close to Mr. Percival Robinson's, but a day's journey from Grove House. When the entire breadth of London was between her and her old haunts, and no possibility existed of seeing Mrs. Peveril at the cost of less than a day's journey, they calculated that they would have secured their object, and that Mary and Mary's boy need trouble their repose no longer. Miss Robinson herself was so surprised when she found herself the mistress of a spick and span new house, with all the furnishing to do, that the unexpectedness of the situation put other thoughts out of her mind.

Things went on thus during the whole winter, and the deeds were drawn up, the inventories gone over, and the whole business accomplished before the lingering long days of spring came back again, chilly yet hopeful. Mrs. Peveril was like the weather. She was chilled, but yet satisfied when the conclusion of the long business came. That very day Miss Robinson had settled to leave her old home. Half the girls in the school had colds in their heads with crying, while the other half were working so hard to finish a carpet for Miss Robinson that they had not time to cry, which was their salvation. Miss Robinson herself spent a very agitated day. She kept running up and down everywhere, making irruptions into the schoolroom, a thing which was forbidden by all the laws that Grove House held dear, and carrying little presents of valuables, which had turned up in her packing, to her equally agitated pupils. *Mdlle. Dummkopf*, who was in charge for the afternoon, was at her wits' end, not liking absolutely to find fault with the lady who an hour before had been head of the school, and her own employer, but terribly disturbed in her temper by that final down-pour of china ornaments, cardboard baskets, remnants of lace, and other unconsidered trifles, which Miss Robinson distributed to all and sundry. At last the terrible moment arrived when the fly came to the door to carry away her and her possessions. The

bringing down of the trunks was the first step in the funereal solemnity; and as they bumped upon the stairs in their descent, every bump made itself felt on Miss Robinson's heart. She was in the parlour with Mary, looking out for the last time through the deep little windows upon the crocuses which were no longer hers, holding Jack upon her knee, who, to tell the truth, was tired of his perch, and had got over the first tenderness of childish pity which had moved him at the sight of her tears. Mrs. Peveril sat by her, holding her friend's hand. What a friend she had been to Mary! She had taken her in, and given her a home, and made prosperity possible. The absence of her homely tenderness, and of that backing up of sympathy which has so much to do with the comfort of life, would, for a time at least, be like taking the very heart out of her monotonous existence. So that both the women were crying, and Jack sitting looking at them with big round eyes, rather anxious to have it over, when one of the maids knocked solemnly at the door, to announce that the boxes were placed upon the fly, and that the terrible moment had arrived. When Miss Robinson, with her eyes red and streaming, showed herself in the hall, holding a damphandkerchief in one hand and Jack by the other, the girls came all clustering about her. They kissed her, they clung to her—(though Jack, struggling to get away out of the midst of that maze of despair, did all his little possible to moderate the excitement as became his sex)—they called her by a hundred affectionate names. "Oh, dear Miss Robinson, don't go away from us—why should you go away from us?" they cried.

"My dear children! oh, be good!" cried Miss Robinson. "Be good! these are my last words. There is nothing so satisfactory. I am at the end of my career, and you are at the beginning of yours"—(this little speech the good woman had prepared carefully, for she felt it necessary that such an occasion should be improved to the permanent advantage of "the girls")—"but real goodness has always been the thing

that I have wanted most to cultivate in you. Music is most desirable, and French, especially as dear Mrs. Peveril teaches it, is a delightful accomplishment, and there is nothing which advances a young lady like a good knowledge of her own language and of scientific discoveries; but oh, my dear children, goodness is above all! We have tried to give you knowledge, but you must get goodness for yourselves. Be good! and then, though I shall not come back to you"—you will come to me where I am going—Miss Robinson was about to add, feeling herself exalted to a sort of deathbed dignity; but she paused in time, reflecting that Kensington was not Paradise, and that to dwell there had never been supposed a reward for superlative merit. "Oh, Jack, my darling child, don't pull so hard," she cried, as a conclusion, and then rushed into the cab, hiding her tears. The girls did not cheer her, not quite knowing how, but they followed her to the door with tearful good-byes. "But why *should* she go away?" cried the stupid one of the school, rubbing a red nose violently. "Couldn't she stay if she liked—why, why does she go away?"

These were the last words Miss Robinson heard as she drove from the door; and then that door was shut, and Mdlle. Dummkopf invited the young ladies to return into the schoolroom to put aside their books and work, and Mary went back to the parlour which was now hers. It was now all hers—the pretty garden behind, the old trees, the house, the profitable work, the means of making a substantial foundation for her boy's life—everything was hers. This was the lot of one of the Marys, while the other was that which humanity from its earliest time has pronounced to be the happiest—the lot of a life guarded and kept from evil. Mrs. Peveril made no comparisons. She was far better off, she felt, than she had any right to expect or reason to hope. Her heart swelled a little with natural regret, little with natural satisfaction. It is something amid all the shipwrecks of this world to be able to live, to be able to work, to keep one's head above water,

make life easy for one's child ; this supposed, it is true, to be the satisfaction of a man rather than of a woman—which is one of the fallacies so current in the world. Mrs. Peveril had a much stronger sense of the real advantage of having her life thus set clear before her, and made possible to her, than a man would have been likely to have had, who would have taken it as a matter of course. She went out and took her evening walk under the trees with feelings much sobered down from those which moved her a few years before. At the bottom of her heart there might lie that well of sadness which exists in most hearts, even under conditions more evidently happy ; but on the upper surface of her mind, so to speak, there was no room for sadness. If I had full time and space to define such a character, and enter into all the deeper thoughts of middle age, I might be able to make you see that such a woman may have more in her to interest the gentle reader than the prettiest palpitating creature of eighteen, on the brink of a love-story ; but I will not make such a doubtful experiment on my limited canvas. *Vive la jeunesse !* It is, after all, the true subject for romance ; its difficulties are interesting without being too dangerous, its delights open and comprehensible. Therefore I will not endeavour to cheat you into sympathy by telling you that the shadow of Mrs. Peveril's old Italian lover kept flitting out and in about those trees. Poor Mr. Bonventura ! good, tender, unsatisfied soul ! going quietly about a world which contained no individual happiness for him, and no personal love ; a great many of us do this, and take it kindly or take it harshly according to our nature. Mary thought of him with a compunction as she strayed up and down under the brown buds of the chestnuts. It was hard, when he would have been content with so little, that he could not have what he wanted. In youth we grasp at all, and get it sometimes ; in middle age we ask but a little, and we do not get it. And so good a man, kind to everybody, harming no one ! What a pity that he had not set his heart upon some one else ! But

when Mary said this to herself, I am not perfectly certain that she was so sincere as she supposed herself to be. It is dreadfully wicked and cruel to be gratified by what gives pain to another—so I have always been taught, and so, I am sure, dear reader, have you—and *we* have no sympathy, neither you nor I, with those evil beings, be they man or woman, who endeavour to attract a love which they cannot return. But when that love is given in spite of all discouragement, does not every polite letter-writer assure us that it is “flattering” and “gratifying ?” And then one cannot but approve of the good taste (however one may deplore the sufferings) of the individual whose melancholy fate it has been, without return, to love oneself. Therefore Mrs. Peveril's heart turned very sympathetically to poor Mr. Bonventura as she walked along somewhat sadly, knowing that to-night, for the first time, no one waited for her, or wished for her, in the low, old-fashioned parlour which was her very own, and where a lonely table was just now being set out for her. Under such circumstances, the ghosts and spectres among the trees were almost more attractive than the solitary hearth.

To be sure there was Jack—Jack, the happiness of her life and its support—whose name made her eyes brighten and her heart warm, who was everything in the world to this woman, all whose hopes were concentrated in him, and whose strength and inspiration he was;—everything in the world—except a companion. He was mounted on a chair astride, with a train of other chairs behind him, smacking his whip and shouting to his imaginary horses, when his mother went in. She kissed him and drew her fingers through the mass of curly hair which hung about his white, smooth, open forehead. But Mary was not the woman to lift the laughing, shouting little postilion off his horse and trouble him before his time with grown-up talk or confidences ; so she drew her chair to the fire and sat down, and missed her honest, pleasant companion, and felt alone.

She had not been very long in the comfortable chair, gazing into the fire

with no one to speak to, when the most unusual incident in the world at Grove House, a loud summons at the front door, disturbed all the echoes. At six o'clock in the evening no profane visitor ever came within those virginal precincts. "Parents" made their calls in the morning, and Miss Robinson and Mrs. Peveril had their private friends to see them in the afternoon. But "after dark," something wild, dissipated, abandoned, was in the sound. It suggested a man in the house—it suggested going out to dinner, or to the theatre, or some other such extravagant proceeding. Mrs. Peveril rose, wondering and listening, from her chair. Then she thought of her stepdaughter Mary, now generally entitled by her friends "The Durhams," the only person of her immediate belongings who (strong in the protection of a husband, still ready to run about with her wherever she pleased) could be supposed likely to come at so unusual an hour. But a visit from the Durhams would scarcely have occasioned the outeries, the laughter, the bumping as of boxes which followed. Mary, listening with more and more surprise, had just turned from the fire to see what it was, when the door suddenly burst open, and Miss Robinson, with her bonnet pushed awry, with all her wraps hanging about her, her boa twisted twice round her neck, her face glowing red with tears and laughter, rushed into the room. She threw down her bag on the floor as she entered. She let her shawls drop from her one by one as she flew to Mary and hugged her in her arms.

"My dear, why should I go away?" cried the good woman: "that's the question. If you've any good reason to give me, I'll listen to it; but here's the question—Why *should* I go?"

"Sit down and get warm," said Mary, untwisting the boa, which was strangling the runaway. "Why, indeed, but that you wished it—I thought you wished it. I could give you a hundred good reasons why you shouldn't——"

"There, now, that makes me feel happy!" cried Miss Robinson; "I was afraid you would have some view of

duty or something. Bless that girl Milly Lightfoot! We always thought her stupid, and she's a girl of genius. Send for her and let me give her a kiss, Mary, you dear soul—and come here and be hugged this moment, Jack, you little villain! And oh, send my boxes upstairs to my own room and give me a cup of tea! It's all Milly Lightfoot," she ran on, laughing and crying and pushing her bonnet more and more awry. "What does that sweet girl, blowing her nose all the time, and it as red as fire, say—just before the fly went off, when I could not see out of my eyes for crying—but 'Why should she go away? Couldn't she stay, if she wanted to?' Mary! it was what you may call a revelation. She may not be quick at her music, but she has a great deal of sense, has that girl. I thought of it all the way down the London Road and across Oxford Street. 'Why *should* I go?' I said to myself: 'I am fond of the house, and I am fond of Mary, and I have lived there twenty years, and I am as able to pay for my board as anyone need to be. And what are the Robinsons to me?' I said, just as we turned into the Park. 'There's no Mary, and no little Jack, and no girls in Kensington. Why *should* I, I should like to know?' And that very moment, in the middle of the Park, with a policeman looking on and thinking me mad, I pulled the string and let down the window. 'Budd,' said I, 'drive home again directly.' 'Ome!' he said, drawing up his horse so sharp that I thought we should have upset. 'Yes, home, of course, and don't lose one moment, and you shall have a shilling to yourself if you are quick.' He thought I was mad, and so did the policeman. Oh, how dreary it is driving all by yourself about London! When I saw the public-house lights at the end of the lane, my heart began to dance. I said to myself, 'I will never abuse the people at that public-house again.' And so, Mary, here I am, if you will let me stay. I'll be parlour boarder, and if you like I'll help in the housekeeping. Don't tell me you don't want me, for it breaks my heart to go away."

By this time the whole house was roused. The hall was full of cries and laughter; and a deputation of girls stood knocking at the parlour-door. It was a peaceful mutiny over which *Mdlle. Dummkopf* looked on from the stairs, wringing her hands, the representative of authority without power, regarding a revolution which she could not hinder, and vindictively inventing punishments for to-morrow. Never was there such a commotion in a ladies' school. But the issue was that *Miss Robinson* returned that night to her old quarters, heroically sacrificing a year's rent of the house her relatives had taken for her, and the furniture they had bought, and defying them by letter at a safe distance. "I am happy here, and my resolution to stay here is *unalterable*," she wrote, doubly underlining that uncompromising word. "But, *Mary* dear, if any of them call, let the maids say I have gone out for a walk," she added, tremulous, though decided. *Milly Lightfoot* was the heroine of the hour for a whole day—until, presuming on her elevation, she announced her conviction that 150 sheep at 3*l.* each, came to 95*l.* 2*s.*; upon which she subsided to her natural level, and was heard of no more.

### CHAPTER III.

"I AM as happy as the day is long," said *Miss Robinson*; "why should I have gone away? It is very nice to think of having a house of one's own when one is young, and when a house of one's own means everything you know; and if I had had an old *Mr. Durham* like your young one, my dear, I don't deny that I might have taken some pleasure in it. But to set up all in a new place, with everything new—a new maid, and only one, after I had been used to half-a-dozen—new things, spick and span from the upholsterer's, after my old furniture, which I know some of your connoisseurs would give their heads for—and to order two poor chops for dinner, one for my servant and one for myself, when I used to have a butcher's bill of six or seven pounds a week, and

all the tradespeople on their knees to me! I said to myself, why should I? And I didn't. That's the whole story. And *Mary*, I am sure, on the whole, is glad to have me back. I have retired all the same," said *Miss Robinson*, smoothing her black silk apron which was trimmed with lace made by "the girls" as a parting present. "I may amuse myself with a little housekeeping, but I have no responsibilities. *Mary* sees the parents and does everything. I'm parlour-boarder, and governess to *Jack*, and make myself generally useful. But I have no responsibility. I get all the good of it and none of the trouble, and here I shall stay unless *Mary* turns me out."

"I am very glad you have come back," said young *Mrs. Durham*; and then was silent with a young woman's wonder over the different phase of life which made *Miss Robinson* so happy—"As happy as the day is long." *Mary* was inclined to think that this was her own case. Her husband was foolishly in love with her, and she with him. They were always together when he was not at work, roaming about everywhere arm-in-arm. It was like the old days, *Mary* sometimes thought, when she went everywhere by her father's side, holding his arm, thinking her own thoughts and dreaming her dreams—like it, but how much better!—for her present companion had no separate thoughts into which he did not admit her, and her heart and life were too full to admit of dreams. That old life of hers which she had forgotten rose up into her recollection now like a painter's childish study for a great picture to come. Not any longer to the old-book-stands or curious passages about *Southampton Street*, but upon all sorts of expeditions did this pair ramble together. *Mary*, with a young woman's fresh delight in that unaccustomed liberty, felt herself free now to go anywhere or everywhere with her husband's arm. The two moved like one through the streets and across the more distant country, going everywhere together—free to go everywhere because they were together—or, at least, this was

the woman's view of the question, who had never been emancipated before. All her life had been tending to this, Mary felt, and she could have laughed when she thought how unhappy she had been sometimes, and how her friends had made their decisions about her future life, and sentenced her, too, in imagination to Grove House and its cloistered retirement. This seemed to her strangely funny—the most amusing idea. And then her eye fell upon Miss Robinson, who had been all this time chatting on, in her kindly way. Instead of the younger Mary's George, Mrs. Peveril had Miss Robinson—instead of the delicious freedom of that life *à deux*, she had the shut-up propriety of a school. And it was never to change—never to change in all her life! This struck Mary a great deal more forcibly than it did either her stepmother or her present companion. Miss Robinson would not have changed with Mrs. Durham for any consideration. She would not have changed with the Queen, as she herself said. She was "as happy as the day was long." The contrast struck Mary with a pang like a sudden blow. She felt as if somehow she deserved to be punished for being more happy than they—and bowed herself metaphorically to the ground and performed humble homage to the old schoolmistress who was so much less blessed than herself.

"I am so glad you have come back—since you like it," she said, humbly, to conciliate this woman, who was her superior from the mere fact of being less fortunate than she was—"and Mary likes it. It will be good for her to have your company," said the younger Mary, faltering, looking in Miss Robinson's kindly, homely face.

"Yes, she is pleased to have me, bless her; and missed me; I am very thankful," said Miss Robinson, "that I had the spirit to come back, for Mary's sake."

The younger Mary went away full of many thoughts. Why should one woman's life be so different from another's? She felt very humble, half guilty, in her happiness. And Mrs.

Peveril came into the room after seeing her away, and smiled a little over Mrs. Durham's satisfaction with her own lot.

"He was a sad harum-scarum when I used to know him—always a good fellow, but full of whims and fancies—and now he seems to have settled down into a model husband, and to make her thoroughly happy. I am very glad," said Mrs. Peveril, "though I can scarcely help laughing. It is very funny to see that there is some one in the world who takes George Durham for a sort of engineering archangel"—and she did laugh, a merry, silvery, ringing laugh, as merry as Jack's, though not so loud.

"That is one nice thing about being married," said Miss Robinson. "When you *are* happy, you are so *very* satisfied with yourself and your lot. I am afraid she thinks this rather a dull sort of life for you, Mary—not like hers, with her husband and her nice new house."

Mrs. Peveril laughed again softly, and made no answer. Probably she thought—for women have shabby memories sometimes—that this happiness might have been hers had she wished; and felt a little superior to Mary, who had accepted the man whom she rejected. Such feelings, though it is humbling to admit it, do find a place even in the best-regulated minds.

So the gentle reader will perceive that while the one Mary was "happy" in the established and recognized way, and felt herself so to the bottom of her heart, the other Mary was not by any means so far from being happy as she ought, by all rules of conventional blessedness, to have been. Just as pain takes double importance when it becomes personal, and a small matter affecting ourselves is more momentous than a greater matter affecting some one else, so the happier circumstances of our lot take also an additional importance because they are ours and not another's. Little details of life, which are petty enough in themselves, get magnified when they come within that halo of personal consciousness which surrounds each of us. Mary Peveril laughed softly at the idea that Mary Durham's life was more perfect and more important than her own.

On the other hand, Mary Durham did not laugh, but felt its superiority so much that out of pure pity for the other she was like to cry. Thus the two, from their different positions, looked each upon the other with a sense of unexpressed and affectionate superiority—as, for one thing or another, on one ground or another, most people do. We all of us do it, whether our higher ground is made up of more sorrow or more joy, more pain or more prosperity. Anything answers for a pedestal; so wears the world away.

There is but one other incident that I know of which has occurred in the life at Grove House, beyond the building of the new wing and the arrival of Miss Rosa Broadbent, Sir John Broadbent's daughter, from Leicestershire, which event made Miss Robinson very happy and proud, as denoting the advent of the aristocracy to share the advantage of Mrs. Peveril's instructions. I will tell you what this was, and leave you to form such conclusions from it as your knowledge of human nature suggests. It came to pass in the following way:—

A boy is a troublesome being, intended for the delight and affliction, but often more for the affliction than delight, of his anxious parents. This is a fact recognized largely by the parental mind, especially on the advent of the holidays, and will come home, I do not doubt, at the present moment to many; and little Jack Peveril was one of those anxious blessings. He was a bold and daring child, all the bolder and more enterprising, as sometimes happens, from living in an atmosphere which was not favourable to adventure. He knew, the little rogue, better than anyone, that in the narrative of his escapades which Miss Robinson was fond of making, there was always a tone of admiration, and that wonder at his feats changed very easily into pride of them—a fact which was little likely to diminish either the frequency or the boldness of his enterprises. But one winter afternoon during the Christmas holidays a glorious dream took possession of Jack's mind. He was seven

years old, and he had never seen London except when he drove there with his mother to visit the Durhams or old Mrs. Tufnell in the Square, upon which solemn journeys he had seen visions of lights and shows and shop-windows, which had filled his imagination. Just the day before, Miss Robinson had given him an account of the wonders of the Polytechnic, an institution which to her schoolmistressly mind, combining as it did instruction with amusement, continued to hold a high place among what she would have called the attractions of the metropolis. When Jack heard of the diving-bell, his eyes grew rounder and rounder, and danced and shone with excitement. He dreamed of it all night, and when he got up in the morning, nothing but the fact that the great old well at the end of the garden was frozen over would have prevented him from attempting a descent in the bucket, covered with an impromptu lid, and supplied with air by the hose for watering the garden, according to an elaborate plan which he had formed in his own mind, and which, illustrated by diagrams, he confided after breakfast to Miss Robinson. She screamed, good soul, and rushed to the gardener to beg that the well might be instantly closed up, while Mrs. Peveril took her son by her hand and explained to him how such an experiment would necessarily end. "But the man in the diving-bell is not drowned," said Jack, incredulous.

"When you see the diving-bell, you will see that it is very different," said Mary, solemnly.

"Then take me to see the diving-bell, mamma."

"Yes, dear, some time or other," said the mother.

"But I should like to go now—now—to-day; come to-day. What is the good of putting things off? I want to see the diving-bell very much. I want to try it. Why should I be told of it if I am not to see it? Come to-day."

"I wish you would not tell the boy about such things," Mrs. Peveril said afterwards to Miss Robinson, who was humble and confessed her fault, but



asked proudly, "Who could help telling him, a boy just running over with sense and cleverness? Only look at his drawings! He had settled it all, bless him: how to cover up the bucket and breathe through the india-rubber tube." Miss Robinson was not at all sure that he would not have been successful. "Anyhow, it was an excellent idea," she said, "and just shows what I am always telling you, how wonderfully clever that child is. When he has got to be a great engineer, or something, you will confess that I am right."

But Jack went away with his head full of the diving-bell. He had a shilling in his little pocket, and unbounded audacity in his little soul. After their early dinner he went out with his whip into the garden. It was just the sort of exhilarating winter day which brings the temptation to be doing. He could not go and sit indoors "like a girl," and he had nothing particular to play at outside; and the big gate was open. Jack ran over all the pros and cons in his mind, and felt the shilling in his pocket. He thought to himself that he would go a little way and see. If he did not get the length of the diving-bell, at least he might get to some shop and spend his shilling. He propped up his whip against a tree, and, after pausing for some time at the gate, made a rush through. Then the first delight of doing what was absolutely forbidden seized upon him. His eyes lighted up, his heart began to beat—and he plunged forth into the unknown.

When he was missed, I will not attempt to describe the consternation of Grove House. It was holiday time, and the girls were all away; but the whole of the maids, who had little to do and were eager for an excitement, got into "such a way" that there was no subduing them. The house had already gone out of its mind, and was in a frantic condition, raving about the doors and at the windows, when Mrs. Peveril heard first that her boy was missing. By this time Miss Robinson herself, pale and speechless with terror, had set out to look for him, attended by two of the maids—a frightened group. There

was a scout at the gate to report if anyone was seen coming. The gardener had already dragged the well; and they told Mary this to make her cheerful when she came down to tea.

"Dragged the well!" cried poor Mrs. Peveril. She too rushed out, poor soul, with anguish indescribable in her heart; and I should use up all the adjectives in the language did I attempt to describe to you all the miseries, despairs, and horrors that were in Grove House, and on the principal suburban ways all about, till nine o'clock of that dreadful night. The gardener went off in one direction, and two policemen in two others. Mary ran everywhere, distracted, not knowing where to go. Elder runaways have haunts, and they have friends who can be applied to for knowledge of their whereabouts; but a young gentleman of seven has seldom anywhere to go to. The imaginations of the two ladies naturally jumped to the very worst that could happen. He must have been run over, or fallen into the canal, or something equally dreadful; and nobody so much as thought of the Polytechnic and the diving-bell.

At nine o'clock, however, just as Mary had come back despairing, from a useless search, to hear that no trace had been found, and was preparing to set out again, a shout was heard from the gate. The first to perceive the returning runaway was the boy who cleaned the shoes, and who shouted loud enough to be heard a mile off; then all the maids took up the cry; and Mary, who had sunk into a chair in the parlour, half resting, half despairing, before she set out, sprang to her feet at the sound. The doors were all open, the night-air blew the lights about, and would of course have given them all their death of cold, as Miss Robinson remarked afterwards, had it not been for the excitement. She flew out to the dark garden, half wild, and clutched at something which stood very firm upon two small legs, and looked up at her, half-alarmed, half-defiant. "I lost my way," said little Jack, wanting very much to cry, but too proud to

yield to the impulse. He was terribly afraid. I don't know what the child thought would or might be done to him; and this terror froze him, though his little heart was swelling. Some one had led the child in by the hand, to whom nobody gave the least attention. He followed the rest into the parlour without saying a word, when Mary, after devouring the boy with wild kisses, carried him in there, by this time howling freely. Jack put his cold little arms round his mother's neck and roared as soon as he felt that he was safe and nothing was going to be done to him; and Miss Robinson and the maids stood round and bemoaned him. He should have been whipped, and Mary fully intended to do so when occasion served. But with the little newly-found creature nestling against her, and her heart and her frame all trembling with emotion, what could she do but kiss the little villain? The gentleman who had brought him in smiled and looked on. He stood in the shade where no one remarked him. The maids, when they dispersed, were the first to notice this strange figure, and that with a thrill of fright—for it was late to have a strange man in the house; but then the two policemen were in the kitchen, come to receive the reward of their trouble. When Miss Robinson turned round in her turn to go and order supper for these valiant champions, she too perceived with a start the strange man. "Oh, Mary, you have not thanked the gentleman!" she cried, making him a curtsey in her surprise—and then she gave a great cry, and rushed forward with extended hands.

You will ask me by what strange chance it was that poor Mr. Bonventura, come back after many wanderings, thirsting for a sight of the people he had been fond of and the woman whom he loved, should find himself in Jack's way precisely on this very night when he was most wanted. I do not pretend to be able to answer the question. Such things do happen sometimes, as we all know. We dare not make them

happen in books, so very pat to the occasion as they often happen in life; but I cannot disguise this piece of good fortune which happened just at the right moment. Mr. Bonventura was welcomed back into the house as if he had been its guardian angel. He was made to tell all the story of his wanderings, as people are made to do when they arrive at home. They surrounded him with kind and friendly and grateful looks. "Stay with us, oh stay, thou art weary and worn!" they said to him, as the soldier's friends said to him in his dream. To a young lover this eager warmth of affectionate friendship makes (people say) the absence of the love he desires all the more bitter. But Mr. Bonventura was not young, and the wisdom of his country, as well as the wisdom of his age, had taught him, when he could not have all he wanted, to accept as much as he could get. And he did accept it. He came back to his old occupation which he had loved. He spent his evenings in the parlour, where he was always welcome. Many people think—and Miss Robinson, always sanguine and never tired of a little romance, is one of them—that after all Mrs. Peveril will relent and marry this good man. But I do not think so. In the meantime, however, his company is a great addition to her happiness. She believes in him, respects him, is attached to him in a way. It is very pleasant, very strengthening and satisfactory, for men and women to be friends: nor is it necessary that they should be lovers in order to secure this mutual comfort; and I imagine Mr. Bonventura has given in to Mary's view of the subject. At all events the "man in the house" makes a very pleasant addition to their society. Both her companions worship Mrs. Peveril, and think there never was anyone like her. The Durhams make a joke of it between themselves, though always in a kindly way from the height of their superior happiness; but, then, the gentle reader is aware that Mrs. Peveril sometimes smiles at them too.

## FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.

## I.

FAR overhead

An amber heaven fades to faintest gray :  
 Sky stoops to sea, sea rises gray to sky,  
 Wave rolls on wave, for ever, sigh on sigh—  
 The death of day.

## II.

Art thou too dead ?

The sea that rolls between, is that death's sea ?  
 May no hands touch, no solemn echoes fall,  
 None answering cry if one to other call,  
 From land or sea ?

## III.

Canst thou forget ?

Wandering for ever on some unknown shore,  
 Living or dead, oblivious or most blest—  
 Perchance thy feet at last have found a rest  
 For evermore ?

## IV.

Living or dead,

Star-eyed and pale thy face seems ever near :  
 Remembering, Love, in life one hour, one day,  
 Call once from out the dark, then turn away—  
 One heart may hear.

## V.

Hast thou not heard

Passionate moan of waves that break in tears,  
 Break on, and die, and still may not forget  
 The infinite perfection of regret—  
 These weary years ?

E. B.

## MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

AMONG the intellectual phenomena of the present day, one of the most remarkable is certainly the presence among us of a small but able body of literary men, whose repugnance to modern liberal tendencies has led them to opinions on secular policy more fitted for the latitude of Russia than of England, and on religious policy more fitted for the Middle Ages than for the nineteenth century. The two things they hate the most are civil and religious liberty. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, representative government, the rights of nations to determine the form of government under which they will live, the rights of weak minorities to protection, as long as they do not injure their neighbours, the right of every man to profess the religious belief and adopt the religious worship which he considers the best, are in their phraseology mere cant or shams. The two fundamental principles of all constitutional government—that the will of the majority should rule, and that the scruples of the minority should be respected—are equally antipathetic to them. The whole tendency of modern policy in their eyes is a mistake, and history has to them a certain melancholy charm as a record of religious and political despotisms which have been weakly banished from the world.

Opinions such as these, though now rare, and we venture to think, morbid eccentricities, were once supreme in Europe, and were usually based upon theological tenets. The belief in an infallible Church, in the criminality of religious error, and in the divine right of kings, has at different periods led good men to justify some of the most atrocious crimes that ever disgraced our world. The modern school, however, has no sympathy with these doctrines,

and it is a melancholy, and indeed a humiliating fact, that some of the most ardent eulogies of the policy of destroying certain forms of religion by the sword have come from men whose own opinions on these matters are notoriously heterodox or lax.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that there is no distinct principle underlying these views. The leading doctrine of this school is the worship of success as the supreme evidence of goodness. Wherever they find might there also they find right. To decide whether a nation is right in invading, dispossessing, or enslaving another, the one real question is whether she is able to do it. If she is, the pretext she chooses is of little consequence. Her ultimate success is her justification. She is obeying "God's law," and the weaker nation, if unable to resist effectually, is immoral in resisting at all. The supreme law of political ethics is thus

"The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can."

As Mr. Froude expresses it in the present work: "The superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings."<sup>1</sup> "The rights of man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control."<sup>2</sup> "The right to resist depends upon the power of resistance."<sup>3</sup> "There is no disputing against strength, nor happily is there any need to dispute, for the strength which gives a right to freedom implies the presence of those qualities which ensure that it will be rightly used."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 2.    <sup>2</sup> Ibid.    <sup>3</sup> P. 5.    <sup>4</sup> P. 11.

That the leading writers of this school are not only men of great genius, but also of eminently noble and humane dispositions, may be readily conceded. The character of a writer is one thing. The principles he advocates are quite another, and nothing which is here written about the latter is intended to cast the smallest reflection upon the former. Of the doctrine, however, we can speak with no respect. It appears to us not only profoundly false in itself, but also as well fitted as any in the whole range of opinions to pervert the moral judgments of men. No system can strike more directly at the root of all that is noble and generous in human nature than this deification of success, this worship of force as the incarnation of right, this hatred of all that is weak and of all that is unsuccessful. It makes it the function of History to stand by the scaffold and curse the victims as they pass. Its natural fruits have been an enthusiasm for despotism and persecution, a firm belief in the power of ends to justify means, a systematic depreciation or neglect of all the virtues which soften the character and adorn the social or domestic sphere, without fortifying men for the great collisions of life. It has led one great and venerable writer to make Frederick William a hero, and to become the eulogist of the invasion of Silesia, and the partition of Poland, while he speaks with contempt of the philanthropy of Howard, and of all the noble efforts that have been made to break the fetters of the slave. It has made another great writer, the panegyrist of Henry VIII., the apologist for the use of judicial torture, and the author of one of the most uncompromising defences of religious persecution it has ever been our fortune to peruse.

This book belongs to the class of histories which are written, not for the purpose of giving a simple and impartial narrative of events, but clearly and almost avowedly for the purpose of enforcing certain political doctrines. It is written with passion, and apparently

under extreme irritation, and is, for the most part, a bitter invective against the Irish people, against the Catholic religion, and, above all, against the maxims of liberal policy. The Irish Celts, in the opinion of Mr. Froude, are a race hopelessly vitiated and debased, absolutely, incurably, and constitutionally unfitted for self-government, and only to be ruled by a strict and steady despotism. They are a people "who do not understand forbearance, who interpret lenity into fear, and respect only an authority which they dare not trifle with."<sup>1</sup> They are "a people incapable of self-restraint."<sup>2</sup> "The worst means of governing them is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better. They respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one."<sup>3</sup> The main object in ruling them should be to annihilate their social and political power, to prevent them as far as possible from amalgamating with, and thus depressing the ruling race, and, above all, to extirpate their religion. Cromwell, and Cromwell alone, we are told, endeavoured to govern the Irish "by true ideas," or, in other words, "by the laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world."<sup>4</sup> When the capture of Drogheda and Wexford and the deliberate massacre of their entire garrisons had concluded the rebellion, he availed himself of the opportunity to confiscate all the land in the three chief provinces of Ireland. He colonized those provinces with his soldiers. He left indeed the peasantry to till the soil for the new masters, but he banished all the ruling classes, "the chiefs, the leading members of the Irish race—the middle and upper classes, as we should call them,"<sup>5</sup> into Connaught. He absolutely suppressed that religious worship which the whole native population believed to be essential to their eternal salvation. He pronounced by one sweeping judgment, and without any detailed investigation,

<sup>1</sup> P. 65.      <sup>2</sup> P. 571.      <sup>3</sup> P. 138.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 537, 570, 571.      <sup>5</sup> P. 133.

the entire priesthood guilty of high treason; and those who remained to sustain the faith of the wretched peasants, or carry comfort to their desolated homes, were either put on board vessels for Spain, transported as convicts to the Barbadoes, or imprisoned in two small islands in the Atlantic. Having taken these measures with the natives, he endeavoured to encourage the Protestant colony by commercial freedom, by abolishing the separate parliament, and giving the colonists a representation in England.

This scheme of policy in all its parts is the subject of warm, repeated, and unqualified eulogy by an English historian of the nineteenth century. The attempt especially to extirpate by law the religion of an entire nation arouses his most ardent sympathies. He dilates with fervour upon the disloyalty of the Catholics, upon the penalties which in other lands they inflicted upon Protestants, upon the pernicious nature of their opinions. No Moslem conqueror, no Spanish inquisitor, was ever less troubled with scruples of humanity in persecuting the enemies of his faith. "The lines of the two creeds," we are told, "were identical with the lines of loyalty and disloyalty."<sup>1</sup> "The best minds of England really believed that besides its treasonable aspects the Roman Catholic religion was intellectually degrading and spiritually poisonous."<sup>2</sup> "The mass—as a symbol whose supreme pontiff had applauded the insurrection of 1641—it was not legitimate only, but necessary to interdict, till the adherents of it retired from a position which was intolerable in civilized society."<sup>3</sup> Of the efficiency, as well as of the legitimacy of persecution, Mr. Froude has no doubt. "Had the Catholic bishops been compelled in earnest to betake themselves elsewhere, had the importation of priests from abroad been seriously and sternly prohibited, the sacerdotal system must have died a natural death, and the creed have perished along with it."<sup>4</sup> "Ireland, had

Cromwell left a son like himself, must in another generation have been Protestant."<sup>1</sup> "Romanism, sternly repressed, must have died out as Protestantism died in Spain and Italy."<sup>2</sup>

We do not intend—to the great majority of our readers we believe it would be wholly superfluous—to make any comment upon the morality or humanity of those sentiments, or to enter into any general defence of the principles of religious toleration. We shall content ourselves with pointing out what appears to us the gross historical exaggeration involved in the belief that the creed of the Irish was at the root of their rebellions. The struggle between the two races had raged for centuries when their religion was the same, and it was the natural and inevitable consequence of their relative position. It was a question of nationality, and of race, and afterwards of the possession of land, much more than of creed. Ireland had only been very partially conquered by Strongbow. The English remained a small military colony, planted in the midst of a large, hostile, and half-savage population. The Irish followed a multitude of great independent chiefs, each of whom could command the undivided allegiance of a considerable body of followers, each of whom was constantly at war with the English, or with the others. At certain periods, intermarriage with the Irish, and the strange fascination which the freer Irish mode of life appears to have exercised over the colonists, induced the latter in great numbers to adopt the manners of the natives. At others, the line of demarcation was clearly drawn. Intermarriage was forbidden. The Irish were placed beyond the pale of law, and were accustomed themselves to levy black mail upon the English. There was a kind of chronic hostility, accompanied on both sides by great barbarities. On the one side was a compact body of disciplined men of a higher civilization, and often actuated by motives and views of government that were far

<sup>1</sup> P. 210.<sup>2</sup> P. 213.<sup>3</sup> P. 127.<sup>4</sup> P. 213.<sup>1</sup> P. 212.<sup>2</sup> P. 140.

from ignoble ; on the other were a multitude of divided chiefs and undisciplined clans, recoiling from the obligations of feudal law, and struggling to free their country from a foreign invader.

The Reformation came, and it undoubtedly furnished some new pretexts, aggravations, and alliances ; but it did not produce, for some years it hardly influenced, the quarrel. "On the rupture of England with the Papacy," says Mr. Froude, "the Irish, by immediate instinct, threw themselves on the Roman side."<sup>1</sup> It would be more correct to say that the Irish simply remained in the position in which they were. The causes which induced the English suddenly to change their creed did not operate in Ireland, and the main demand of the Irish for a long period was merely to be permitted to worship according to the religion in which they were born. Their creed, however, at this time rested very lightly upon them, and no part of their violence can be ascribed to fanaticism. Under Henry the chiefs were induced with little difficulty to accept large portions of the confiscated Church lands.<sup>2</sup> Under his successor proselytism was more active. Unconsecrated prelates were thrust into Irish sees, but still there was hardly a ripple of religious agitation. Under Mary, when the supreme power passed once more into Catholic hands, and at the very time when a fierce persecution was raging in England, the Protestants in Ireland were absolutely unmolested. A more decisive and, it must be added, a more honourable proof of the absence of religious fanaticism it would be impossible to conceive.

With Elizabeth matters began to change. "At this time," observes Mr. Froude, "in Ireland, 'of the birth of the land' there were no Protestants at all."<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth determined—and Mr. Froude appears warmly to approve of her resolve—to thrust upon this people the new faith. The mass was accordingly forbidden by law. Fines were imposed on those who abstained

from the Anglican service, and the bishops within the pale, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, were deprived of their sees. Yet no serious measures were taken for the conversion of the people. The Bible was not translated into Irish. Proselytism was discouraged. As the Government desired, as far as possible, to suppress the Irish tongue, it was ordered that the Anglican service amid an Irish-speaking population should be read in English, or, if that language was not understood, in Latin. At the same time the extreme difficulty of enforcing a general proscription of the religion of the nation, as well as the natural temperament of the Queen, which inclined to half-measures, placed limits to the persecution. Catholicism was branded by law. The priests were deprived of their churches and revenues, but the mass was celebrated without difficulty in the castles of the chiefs and on the hill-sides. It was inevitable that under these circumstances the people should have continued Catholic. It was equally inevitable that the religious feeling of the country should be driven into rebellion.

Mr. Froude, as we have said, in the present work warmly eulogizes the efforts that were made to extirpate Catholicism. He is full of eloquence about its natural disloyalty ; and if he blames Elizabeth, it is chiefly for the febleness and lenity of her policy. Most persons, we should imagine, in reviewing the rebellions in her reign, would consider that penal laws directed against the religion of the entire nation were sufficiently oppressive and sufficiently irritating to account for them. Mr. Froude, however, has a different theory. He assures us that it is a peculiarity of the Irish race, and especially of the Irish Catholics, that the more they are indulged the more they will rebel, and their rebellion under Elizabeth is his first great proof of this position. He deliberately argues that if they rose against the Queen it was not because she had proscribed their religion and overthrown their altars,

<sup>1</sup> P. 39.<sup>2</sup> P. 40.<sup>3</sup> P. 47.

not because she had driven the priests out of the churches and plundered their revenues, but because "she had forbidden her viceroys to meddle with religion," because she had connived at the secret celebration of their worship. The rebellion was not due to the rigour of the Government. It was an ungrateful return for excessive indulgence.<sup>1</sup> A paradox of this description might fairly be left to the common sense of the reader. It happens, however, that only a few years ago Mr. Froude himself treated this portion of Irish history in his former work, and those who desire to test his weight and consistency as an historian can hardly do better than turn to what he then wrote. The following plain and unsophisticated account from his own pen is a crushing answer to his later book:—

"The suppression of the Catholic services enforced wherever the English had power, and hanging before the people as a calamity sure to follow as the limits of that power were extended, created a weight of animosity which no other measure could have produced, and alone made the problem of Irish administration hopelessly insoluble."<sup>2</sup> "The language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Aleciati shows that, before the Government attempted to force a religion upon them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty. If they were left with their own lands, their own laws, and their own creed, the chiefs were willing to acknowledge the English Sovereign."<sup>3</sup>

But it was not only the worship of the nation that was threatened. We know from the unimpeachable authority of Sir John Davis, that a project had long been entertained of "rooting out" the Irish from the soil. Before the great rebellion had begun, a design had been already formed and already discovered for taking possession of three-fourths of Munster, and exterminating

the native population. "To these intending colonists," writes Mr. Froude, "they were of no more value than their own wolves, and would have been exterminated with equal indifference. Accident only, which betrayed the project prematurely, and gave the chiefs time to combine, prevented the experiment being tried."<sup>1</sup> "The expectation that the attempt would be renewed hung like a standing menace over an excited and agitated race, who believed that England was watching for an opportunity to sweep them out and destroy them."<sup>2</sup>

Our readers have now an opportunity of judging from Mr. Froude's own words the wisdom of his new theory, that the rebellion under Elizabeth was an illustration of the great law that the more Irish Catholics are indulged the more they will rebel. The term rebellion can hardly be applied with strict accuracy to nobles whose subjection to the English crown was never more than nominal. At all events they had the strongest of all conceivable reasons for their revolt. We have no desire to drape them in any colours of fantastic romance, or to represent them as other than semi-barbarous chiefs; but at least they were fighting for the three strongest motives that can actuate men, for their creed, their country, and their property. In the present work it suits Mr. Froude's theory to represent their rebellion as merely religious, and he is very emphatic concerning their ingratitude. "In no Catholic country in the world had so much tolerance been shown for Protestants as had been shown to Catholics in Ireland. Each successive provocation had been repaid with larger indulgence and always with more miserable results. . . . The bloody rebellions of Shan O'Neil, of the Earl of Desmond, and of the Earl of Tyrone . . . were the rewards of forbearance."<sup>3</sup> A few years ago, writing concerning this portion of Irish history, he informed us that "The Irish were not to be blamed if they looked to the Pope, to Spain, to France, to any

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 51, 52, 211, and 364.

<sup>2</sup> History of England (ed. 1870), vol. x. pp. 222, 223.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 298.

<sup>1</sup> History of England, vol. x. p. 233.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 54.

<sup>3</sup> P. 211.



friend in earth or heaven to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe to subjects."<sup>1</sup>

To these causes we must add the atrocities which before the rebellion were practised by English soldiers. "Elizabeth's soldiers, with their pay for ever in arrears, and not choosing to starve, lived almost universally by plunder. Placed in the country to repress banditti, they were little different from banditti. . . . Too few to be able to take prisoners, or hold a mutinous district in compelled quiet, their only resource was to strike terror by cruelty. When sent to recover stolen cattle or punish a night foray, they came at last to regard the Irish peasants as unpossessed of the common rights of human beings, and shot or strangled them like foxes or jackals. More than once in the reports of officers employed in these services we meet . . . English gentlemen describing expeditions into the mountains 'to have some killing,' as if a forest was being driven for a battue."<sup>2</sup> The ferocity of these soldiers extended to the women and children. Sir Peter Carew and Gilbert were accustomed to slaughter women, babies that had scarcely left the breast, "children of three years old," and to glory in the act, and they were absolutely unpunished and uncensured.<sup>3</sup> In his former book, when his main object was not to defame the Irish Catholics, Mr. Froude characterized these acts as they deserved. "The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect."<sup>4</sup>

It is with no pleasure that we revive the memory of these atrocities, but the extreme partiality which in the present work Mr. Froude has displayed in the

management of his facts compels us to do so. The great rebellion, or rather the series of rebellions which followed, were their natural consequence. That of Desmond was in reality little connected with religion. That of O'Neil had a more theological complexion, for one of the chief demands of that great leader was that the Catholic worship should be permitted among Catholics. As might have been expected from its antecedents the war soon became one of extermination. No quarter was given, and in numerous cases women and children and men of the Irish race who had never taken part in the rebellion were deliberately massacred. In the island of Rathlin 600 women and children, who had been sent there as to a safe refuge, were surprised by Norris, and were all slaughtered. Essex accepted the hospitality of Sir Brian O'Neil. After a banquet, when the Irish chief had retired unsuspectingly to sleep, the English general surrounded the house with soldiers, captured his host with his wife and his brother, sent them all to Dublin for execution, and massacred the whole body of his friends and retainers. On another occasion an English officer, a favourite of the Viceroy, invited seventeen Irish gentlemen to supper, and when they rose from table had them all stabbed. For many years the history of Ireland was with little intermission a dreary monotony of carnage. No language can adequately describe the horrors of the scenes that were enacted in Munster. Year after year the harvests were deliberately burnt, everything that could furnish sustenance for man was destroyed, and famine rose to such a pitch that little children were killed for food. "The Irish," said Spenser, "looked like anatomies of death, and spoke like ghosts crying out of the grave; they flocked to a plot of watercresses as to a feast, and ate dead carrion, happy when they could find it; and soon after scraped the very carcasses out of the graves." Women lay in wait for a passing rider, and rushed out like famished wolves to slay and devour his horse. At last a great solitude

<sup>1</sup> History of England, vol. x. pp. 262, 263.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 51.      <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 243—257.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 252.

reigned over the land. "Whoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster," said Holinshed, "would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see any beast." Over whole provinces there was not to be heard the lowing of a cow or the voice of a husbandman, and it is probable that even more perished by starvation than by the sword.

The war at last burnt out, but a new source of trouble began. Large confiscations followed, and a tide of English and Scotch adventurers set in to settle upon the soil. The threat of the wholesale confiscation of their property had been one of the causes that drove the chiefs into rebellion, and Mr. Froude clearly intimates his opinion that on its suppression such a measure should have been universal, and should have been accompanied by stricter laws against Catholicism.<sup>1</sup> The statesmen of Elizabeth were somewhat more merciful and tolerant than their historian, but under James I. six counties in Ulster were appropriated and colonized by the Scotch. Measures of the same nature, but on a smaller scale, had already taken place under Elizabeth, but the plantation under James was far more important. It was planned with much skill—partly by the advice of Bacon. Some regard was paid to the interest of the poorer Irish, and the introduction of a new and energetic element produced a considerable influx of prosperity and laid the foundation of much future good. On the other hand, multitudes of proprietors were driven as beggars from the land. A new and bitter cause of resentment was planted in the minds of the people, and the first great step was taken in producing that insecurity of property and that smothered war between landlord and tenant which was destined for so many generations to be the bane of Irish life. As Mr. Goldwin Smith observes: "No inherent want of respect for property is shown by the Irish people, if a proprietorship which had its origin within historical memory in flagrant wrong is less sacred in their eyes

than it would have been if it had its origin in immemorial right."

The country remained quiet till the civil war under Charles I. An inveterate animosity, however, now rankled in the minds of the Irish, above all in those counties in Ulster where the confiscations had taken place. It soon became evident to all men that the policy of "rooting out" the Irish was not abandoned, and that no Catholic could look forward to a secure possession of his land. To Mr. Froude's great admiration, Wentworth, having as we are told "the eye of a born ruler," undertook to confiscate the greater part of Connaught, and to plant it with English settlers. Ireland was at this time perfectly tranquil, and no provocation whatever had been given. The means employed were a searching inquisition into titles, which in the disturbed condition of Irish society could rarely be satisfactorily established, a revival of old and dormant claims, and a gross and systematic intimidation of juries. "The intention, scarcely concealed," says Mr. Froude, "flung the Irish of the old blood into a frenzy of rage. . . . What to him was King or Parliament, Calvinism or Anglicanism? The one fact to which all else was nothing, was coming home to his heart, that the Englishman, by force or fraud, was filching from him the inheritance of his fathers."<sup>1</sup> The policy of Wentworth, combined with the irritation excited by the confiscations in Ulster, with the extremely threatening attitude the Parliament had assumed towards Catholicism, and with the opportunity furnished by the civil war, produced the great rising of 1641. What can be thought of an historian who, having related these very facts, proceeds to give the following as the explanation and the moral of the rebellion: "The Catholics were indulged to the uttermost, and therefore rebelled"?<sup>2</sup> This is the second of Mr. Froude's proofs of the ingratitude of the Irish.

<sup>1</sup> P. 80.

<sup>2</sup> P. 89. The following is Hallam's plain account of the matter:—"The primary causes of the rebellion are not to be found in the

The massacre of 1641 furnishes Mr. Froude with one of his most effective pictures. It is elaborated with great pains, with great skill, and with great detail. We do not complain of the stern judgment he passes on the atrocities that were committed, but we do complain of the disproportionate place which he gives them in Irish history. That history had long been a succession of massacres, and an historian who gives a detailed and highly-finished picture of all the barbarities that were committed on one side, while he dismisses in the briefest and most general manner those that were committed on the other, is in our opinion not dealing righteously with history. Those who have studied the evidence which is collected by Mr. Prendergast will probably not agree with that author in denying the reality of the massacre: but they will certainly admit that it was not designed by the leaders of the rebellion; that its magnitude has been extravagantly exaggerated, that it was a popular outburst extending only over a comparatively small portion of Ireland, and that, as a general rule at least, women and children were spared. It was confined to Ulster, and to a part of Ulster, and the confederate leaders repudiated all participation in it. Still, when every allowance has been made, it was very ferocious and very sanguinary. Many thousands were massacred, and many scenes of ghastly cruelty were enacted. Even children whetted their tiny swords for vengeance. Even cattle were barbarously mutilated or destroyed. Horrible stories were told of the murder of helpless women and children; of men whose eyes were put out, who were goaded naked along the roads, burnt alive, ripped open with knives, or cast by hundreds into rivers. The pent-up fury of a people brutalized by long oppression broke out at last. They fought as men will fight who had supineness or misconduct of the Lords Justices, but in the two great sins of the English Government: in the penal laws as to religion which pressed on almost the whole people, and in the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions."—*Const. Hist.* iii. p. 390.

been despoiled of their property, whose religion was under the ban of the law, who expected no quarter from their adversaries, whose parents had been hunted down like wild beasts. Reduced to its true proportions, the Irish massacre reads like a page of the suppression of the Desmond rebellion; and, savage and disgraceful as it undoubtedly was, an impartial judge will probably conclude that in the matter of cruelty there was much less difference than has been supposed between the two parties. The atrocities that were practised on the Irish in quarters where no massacre had taken place, and among classes who were simply defending their king or their religion, can hardly be surpassed. English sailors, as Clarendon assures us, rarely gave quarter to Irishmen; but, "as well merchants and passengers as mariners, who fell into their hands, were bound back to back and thrown into the sea."<sup>1</sup> The saying, "nits will be lice," by which the soldiers of Sir Charles Coote justified the murder of Irish infants, became proverbial: and the massacre at Carrickmines Castle, where every man, woman, and child was slaughtered, and a priest "cut into pieces as small as for the pot;" the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford, where the whole garrisons were deliberately put to the sword or thrust back into the flames, while every friar was knocked on the head; the massacre in England and Scotland of all Irish soldiers who were taken in the army of the King, are characteristic incidents of the struggle. Half a million of human beings—a third part of the population of Ireland—perished. Slave-dealers were let loose upon the country, and a great multitude of young women and of boys were torn from their homes and sent as slaves to Barbadoes. Clarendon emphatically declares that, to find a parallel to the scenes of wretchedness that were witnessed, we must turn to the sufferings of the Jews under Titus. Wild beasts multiplied over the desolated land, and fierce packs of wolves ranged among the ruined cabins, and preyed upon the carcases of the slain.

<sup>1</sup> Book xi.

That the Catholic spirit of the country should have thrown itself heartily into this rebellion was inevitable. It did so not because Catholicism had been indulged, nor yet because Catholicism is intolerant, but simply because the Puritan Parliament had openly declared its intention of exterminating it. Tolerance of Popery was described as the most atrocious of crimes. Priests were hung in England merely for celebrating mass, and the popular preachers were perpetually urging the Jewish precedents for the slaughter of idolaters. We accordingly find that some priests were mixed up with the massacre, and that the highest ecclesiastical influence was exerted in favour of the rebellion. It is, however, not the less true that the chief causes of the rebellion were in the first instance secular, that it would have taken place if no difference of religion had existed, and that it never assumed altogether the character of a war of religion. One of our most interesting documents illustrating its character is the *Life of Bishop Bedell*, by his son-in-law Clogh. Bedell, of all Irish bishops, was the most energetic in proselytising, and the very decided type of his Protestantism might have been expected to make him peculiarly obnoxious to the Catholics. Bedell, however, was treated with the utmost consideration and respect. The Bishop of Elphin and many other Protestants were admitted under his roof. Their worship was carried on without the smallest difficulty, and when he died the Catholic bishop and the rebel soldiers paid high honours to his remains. Clogh, who was an eye-witness, and was himself an ardent Protestant, observes that the Irish hatred was rather against the English nation than against their religion; that English and Scotch Papists suffered with the rest, and that the sword made no distinction between Catholic and heretic.<sup>1</sup>

We have already described the measures of proscription that were taken by Cromwell—the absolute suppression of the Catholic worship, the sentence of high treason pronounced upon the whole

Catholic priesthood, the confiscation of all Irish property in three provinces, the exile of the Celtic race to Connaught. The subject has recently been investigated with much skill and learning by Mr. Prendergast,<sup>1</sup> and few pages of modern history have a deeper or a more pathetic interest. The spectacle, however, of the intolerable suffering which was then inflicted has no tendency to diminish the enthusiasm of Mr. Froude. Of all the characteristics of the works of this great and in many respects admirable writer, the most repulsive is certainly the complete absence of all traces of the most ordinary humanity in the relation of the sufferings of those to whom he happens to object. This characteristic had already appeared in his *History of England*—as, for example, in his picture of the torture and the martyrdom of Campion—but in the present work it is far more prominent. Nor is this the coldness which accompanies a rigidly impartial temperament. The calm and austere pages of a Gibbon or a Hallam would be almost disfigured by emotion, but Mr. Froude belongs to a very different type. No historian was ever less judicial. His style quivers with passion. In describing the deeds and characters of men who for centuries have mouldered in the dust, he is as fierce a partisan as the most fiery debater in Westminster. Hatred, however, seems too often the animating principle of his history; and in the present work the objects of that hatred are the Irish Celts and their religion.

It is characteristic of his enthusiasm for brute force, that he has no doubt that the system of Cromwell, if persevered in, would have made Ireland a Protestant country. For our part we cannot share his confidence. We believe the attempt to extirpate the religion of an entire nation to be as fatuous as it is infamous. The success that attended the penal laws of Elizabeth against the English Catholics, the success that on the Continent attended the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the atrocities of the

<sup>1</sup> Clogh's "*Life of Bedell*," pp. 174, 175, 183.

<sup>1</sup> Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.

Spanish Inquisition, is no proof to the contrary. In the first instance the creed that triumphed was that of a large and zealous minority who could appeal to the national sentiment. In the other cases it was the creed of an overwhelming majority. What the effects of the Irish policy of Cromwell actually were may be soon told. The massacres of Drogheda and of Wexford stamped upon the Irish mind an indelible hatred of England and of Protestantism, while 40,000 Irish troops enlisted under the banner of Spain strengthened the forces of Catholicism on the Continent. Of all Irish counties, perhaps the most anti-English is Tipperary, which was chiefly colonized by the soldiers of Cromwell. Of all Irish cities, none is more vehemently Catholic than Drogheda, which was the scene of his greatest triumph. His name is still powerful in dividing the two nations; and as early as the reign of Anne, as Mr. Froude himself assures us, it was equally execrated in Ireland by Catholics and Protestants, by Dissenters and by Churchmen.<sup>1</sup>

We have dwelt so long on the earlier stages of Mr. Froude's book, that we must hurry rapidly over the rest. We pass over the Act of Settlement, which, in violation of the engagements of Charles I., but in obedience to a great State necessity, confirmed the titles of a large proportion of the Cromwellian settlers, and restored to the Irish rather less than half the land that had been confiscated. We pass also the period of religious toleration under Charles II. and the struggle of the Irish in favour of his successor. The strange inversion of parts by which the descendants of the colonists whom the first English Stuart planted in Ulster were the bitterest adversaries of his successor, while the descendants of the Celts who were expelled were his warmest friends, has been often noticed. The scandalous proceedings of the Irish Parliament under James are well known, and they show but too plainly how ulcerated the minds of the Catholics had become, and how little they were disposed to acquiesce in the

<sup>1</sup> P. 285.

condition of property in Ireland. Lord Macaulay has made this subject specially his own, and while fully and justly condemning the Parliament of James, he has dwelt, with that humane and generous wisdom which is rarely absent from his writings, on the causes of its incapacity. The decree establishing liberty of worship in Ireland is the redeeming feature of its legislation; but the repeal of the Act of Settlement, on which Irish property rested since Charles II., and the arbitrary act of attainder condemning between two and three thousand Protestant landlords as guilty of high treason, and confiscating their land, combined in the very highest degree injustice, tyranny, and impolicy. The object was to annul the confiscations of Cromwell and of James I.; but after the period of time which had elapsed, and the purchases, sales, and improvements that had taken place, the object and the means were equally unjust. We have no more desire than Mr. Froude to excuse these acts, but an impartial historian would have remembered that many of the Irish legislators had probably been themselves deprived of their property by Cromwell, and that the deprivation had been confirmed by the Act of Settlement; that the parents of others had been spoliated by James, that the security of property had been shaken to its basis by the violence which had taken place, and that the act of attainder, unjust and barbarous as it was, only copied but too faithfully that of Cromwell against the Catholic priests. Of the impartiality of Mr. Froude, it is sufficient to say that he invariably describes the part which the Irish took in favour of James II. as a revolt, and that in narrating the struggle he does not even bestow a single sentence on the character of Sarsfield. The Irish Bayard is indeed too well known to need any fresh eulogy; but the omission is eminently characteristic of the spirit of this book. The main object of Mr. Froude is to make the Irish Catholics appear odious and contemptible, and therefore, when he finds a man of signal purity and nobleness in their ranks, he passes him by with the barest allusion.

To William, as might be expected, Mr. Froude is very hostile. No instance of popular injustice is indeed more striking than that which, in Ireland at least, has associated with religious bigotry the name of one who far exceeded in enlightened tolerance any other ruler of his time, and whose calm, calculated, and inflexible humanity remained unchanged amid the fiercest convulsions of sectarian and of civil strife. He was determined not to leave in Ireland the memory of another massacre like that of Drogheda. He consistently employed all his influence to secure for the Catholics religious liberty; and before the battle of Aghrim he proposed a policy which, if it could have been carried out, would have done more than any measure since the time of Strongbow to stanch the wounds of the suffering people. "Touched by the fate of a gallant nation that had made itself the victim of French promises," says Sir Charles Wogan, "the Prince of Orange, before the decisive battle of Aghrim, offered the Irish Catholics the free exercise of their religion, half the churches in the kingdom, and the moiety of their ancient possessions."<sup>1</sup> By the articles of the capitulation of Limerick he guaranteed to the Catholics the religious liberty they enjoyed under Charles II., and it was not his fault if the treaty was afterwards broken.

We need hardly say that with such a character Mr. Froude can have no sympathy. He cannot forgive William for not having pushed matters to extremities and terminated them as they were terminated by Cromwell. He is full of scorn for a Calvinist who suffered the mass to be celebrated in Ireland, and for a statesman who "believed that the Irish temperament was capable of being conquered by generosity." He is evidently of opinion that the English policy towards Ireland since the Reformation had been marked by such a sustained and extravagant indulgence, that nothing except the incurable ingratitude of that unhappy nation could account for the

<sup>1</sup> P. 197.

existence of disloyalty. He hints very intelligibly that the better policy would have been to transport them generally to other lands, or steadily decimate them till the unruly spirit had been broken;<sup>1</sup> but he adds, that such "excess of severity" was not absolutely necessary. The line of policy which in his opinion was imperatively required, was substantially that of Cromwell: the complete suppression by law of the Catholic religion, the exile of the whole Catholic hierarchy, the stringent prohibition of the importation of all priests from abroad. Catholicism should have been universally made a penal offence, and at the same time the native or Catholic faction should have been reduced to a state of complete subjugation. This being done, and the Protestants being entirely in the ascendant, every measure should have been taken to encourage material prosperity, to provide for Protestant education and the free development of Protestant churches, and to efface the traces of distinct Irish nationality.<sup>2</sup>

In support of these humane and enlightened views Mr. Froude favours us with a disquisition on the reasons for persecuting Catholics. He is very sarcastic about the modern Liberal, who, in matters of persecution, "finds excuses for the Catholic which he refuses to the Calvinist"—who, in other words, maintains that those whose creed rests avowedly upon the assertion of the right of private judgment are peculiarly criminal if they refuse the exercise of that right to others; and about "the sacred rights of conscience to choose its own religion, and in its own wisdom to believe whatever theories of divine things it happens to prefer." He assures us once more, in direct and flagrant contradiction not only to all other historians but even to his own narrative of facts, that the rebellions under Elizabeth and under Charles I. were due to the partial tolerance of Catholicism. He again represents the conduct of the Irish in taking part with the King in the struggle of the revolu-

<sup>1</sup> P. 208.<sup>2</sup> P. 218.

tion, as a rebellion—as a rebellion which was the consequence of the religious toleration that had followed the Restoration—as a rebellion which constitutes the third great historic proof of their inveterate ingratitude: and he asks, “What was there in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was finding necessary in France?”<sup>1</sup> For our own part, we can readily admit that those in whose eyes the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the dragonnades, and the expulsion of the French Huguenots were wise and righteous measures, may approve of a similar policy in Ireland, though even they may remember that there was one distinction between the cases:—The Protestants were a small minority of the people of France, the Catholics were the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland.

We do not desire to dwell further on this matter, but there is another point to which we must briefly refer. Mr. Froude warmly advocates the policy of depriving the Catholics of ownership in land. Owing to many confiscations, and to the slow operation of the penal code, this end has been in a great degree accomplished. As a rule the Irish landlords are Protestants while their tenants are Catholics, and every practical statesman knows that this very fact is one of the greatest difficulties and dangers he has to encounter. Owing to the events of its history, class divisions in Ireland are naturally peculiarly menacing, and it is one of the gravest misfortunes of the country that they coincide with and are intensified by the difference of creed. To this fact, too—which is the direct consequence of the acts he so warmly extols—may be ascribed, in a great degree, those very features of Irish Catholic policy to which Mr. Froude most strongly objects. If a considerable body of Catholic gentry existed, they would be the natural leaders of their co-religionists. They do not exist,

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 207—213.

and the field is left open to priests and demagogues.

Mr. Froude is not indulgent to modern statesmen. He speaks with much lofty scorn of “constitutional commonplaces,” of “the cant of toleration,” of “the childish prate about Irish ideas.” Echoing the language of the great persecutors of the past, he tells us that “true liberty means the being governed by just laws, laws which are in harmony with the will of the Maker and Master of the world,”<sup>1</sup> and the whole tenor of his book is a sufficient comment upon his meaning. He utterly rejects the notion that the will of the nation should, on political questions, be consulted, or that there is anything unrighteous or criminal in forcing upon a people a form of government which they hate. “So long as the consent of the governed is recognized as essential to the legitimacy of authority, so long and so far Ireland will possess a grievance which only complete separation will remove.”<sup>2</sup> We hope these words are much exaggerated, and should be much qualified. If they are true, we cannot but regard them as the most striking condemnation of the past government of Ireland, and as supplying one of the strongest reasons why English writers in speaking on Irish questions should employ a language of moderation and conciliation. A government of pure despotism has, however, nothing revolting in it to Mr. Froude. His views of the relation of the governed to their rulers are much the same as those of Bishop Horsley, whose famous saying, that “he knew not what subjects had to say to the laws except to obey them,” was long cited as a supreme example of the servility of a certain class of Anglican divines, and of their hatred of the free constitution under which they live. “The consent of man,” says Mr. Froude, “was not asked when he was born into the world; his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. As little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey.”<sup>3</sup> We must acknowledge ourselves

<sup>1</sup> P. 604.    <sup>2</sup> P. 605.    <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

unable to understand why the fact that a man is not consulted at his birth or at his death should preclude him from having any voice in the laws which dispose of his property and regulate his destiny while he lives; but the general meaning of the passage is at least sufficiently manifest. It is the theory of despotism stated in the barest and most emphatic form; and that such a doctrine should be propounded by an English writer of the eminence of Mr. Froude is certainly a fact well worthy of record.

We have been compelled to dwell at such length upon the points on which we differ from Mr. Froude, that we are glad to mention some on which we agree with him. We agree with him that one of the great evils of English government of Ireland has been its perpetual change of system and tendency—the cold fits of rigour and the hot fits of indulgence that have so rapidly succeeded each other. We agree with him also in deploring the extreme fatuity of the policy which, while endeavouring to crush the Catholics by penal laws, took no single step to invigorate or to unite the Protestants. The Established Church was made a great field for jobbery. Its highest positions became the rewards of political services in England, and the system of pluralities was carried to such an extent that, notwithstanding all the emoluments and all the privileges of the Church, multitudes of Protestants lapsed into Catholicism for want of the common ordinances of religion. On the other hand, the Presbyterians were subject to a Test Act, which was first sent over from England, and was afterwards maintained in spite of English influence by the ascendancy of the bishops in the Irish House of Lords. They were perpetually molested and harassed in their worship, and they at last fled in numbers to America, where they contributed their full share to the revolution. Above all, we agree with Mr. Froude in the gross impolicy as well as the gross injustice of the commercial disabilities by which almost every form of Irish industry was deliberately and selfishly crushed. The history of those laws is well worthy of

the attention of all who would study the social condition of Ireland, and it has been written by Mr. Froude with consummate power. Until the time of Charles I. Ireland was placed commercially on all points on a level with England, but Wentworth, imagining that the Irish woollen manufacturers might undersell those of England, took some measures to discourage them. This proceeding appears to have been purely arbitrary, and is, we think, rather exaggerated by Mr. Froude, perhaps in order that he may heighten the merit of Cromwell, who restored matters to their former state. With Charles II., however, legislative prohibitions began. Ireland was a great pasture country, and her chief source of wealth was the importation of her cattle into England. The English landowners complained of the rivalry, and the importation of Irish cattle to England, as well as of salt beef, bacon, butter, and cheese, was absolutely prohibited. By her omission from the amended Navigation Act of 1663, Ireland was at the same time excluded from all direct trade with the British Colonies. Her two chief sources of wealth were thus utterly and wilfully annihilated. One chance, however, still remained. The Irish, when forbidden to export their cattle, turned their land into sheep-walks, and it soon appeared that, in spite of the poverty of the people and the low condition of civilization, a great and flourishing woollen trade was likely to arise. Ireland possessed the advantages of unlimited water-power, of cheap labour and living, and, above all, of the best wool in Europe. Many English and even foreign manufacturers went over, and in the first years that followed the Revolution there was every probability of her becoming a considerable industrial nation. Once more the selfish policy of English manufacturers prevailed. The export of unmanufactured wool to foreign countries had been already forbidden. The Legislature now interposed and forbade the export of Irish manufactured wool, not only to England and the English dominions, but to every other country. The rising in-



dustry was thus completely annihilated. Thousands of manufacturers and of workmen emigrated to the Continent or to America. Whole districts were thrown into a condition of poverty verging upon starvation, and the last chance of developing a great Protestant population was lost. The only resource that remained was a smuggling trade in wool with France, which accordingly assumed vast dimensions. All classes engaged in it—and, under the circumstances, we cannot blame them—and thus one more influence was set at work to educate the people into hostility to law.

Among the consequences of this prohibition were two political movements of great significance. The Irish Parliament, impotent before the Legislature of England, and despairing of the material prosperity of the country, began to long for a legislative union with England, which would at least secure the advantages of free trade. The impending Union with Scotland turned the thoughts of Irishmen to such a measure, and in 1704 the House of Commons petitioned for it. The opportunity was in some respects peculiarly favourable. The Protestants desired the measure; the Catholics were hopelessly crushed, and it was then a settled maxim that they were to have no voice in disposing of the destiny of their country. The English Government, however, actuated chiefly by commercial jealousy, rejected the opportunity and refused the boon. The other movement was that for legislative independence. Raised by Molyneux, and powerfully supported by Swift, the claim of the Irish became louder and louder, and the extreme malevolence with which in commercial matters the English supremacy was exerted powerfully sustained it. The causes of free trade and of an independent Parliament were indissolubly connected, and they at last triumphed through the efforts of the Volunteers.

While the prosperity of the Protestants was being crushed by the commercial laws, the Catholics were suffering under the penal code. The space that is assigned to us will not permit of

our entering at length into the details of this code—a code which Burke described as “well digested and well disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.” In the eyes of Mr. Froude, we need scarcely say, the great objection to this code was its failure and the feebleness with which it was enforced. “The success which would have been the justification of these laws” was wanting. To sum up briefly their provisions, they excluded the Catholics from the Parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the university, from the bench and from the bar, from the right of voting at parliamentary elections or at vestries, of acting as constables, as sheriffs, or as jurymen, of serving in the army or navy, of becoming solicitors, or even holding the position of gamekeeper or watchman. They prohibited them from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors; or from sending their children abroad to receive the Catholic education they were refused at home. They offered an annuity to every priest who would forsake his creed, pronounced a sentence of exile against the whole hierarchy, and restricted the right of celebrating the mass to registered priests, whose number, according to the first intention of the Legislature, was not to be renewed. The Catholics could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. A Catholic, except in the linen trade, could have no more than two apprentices. He could not have a horse of the value of more than 5*l.*, and any Protestant on giving him 5*l.* might take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. In case of war with a Catholic Power, he was obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. To convert a Protestant to

Catholicism was a capital offence. No Catholic might marry a Protestant. Into his own family circle the elements of dissension were ingeniously introduced. A Catholic landowner might not bequeath his land as he pleased. It was divided equally among his children, unless the eldest son became a Protestant, in which case the parent became simply a life tenant, and lost all power either of selling or mortgaging it. If a Catholic's wife abandoned her husband's religion, she was immediately free from his control, and the Chancellor could assign her a certain proportion of her husband's property. If his child, however young, professed itself a Protestant, it was taken from its father's care, and the Chancellor could assign it a portion of its father's property. No Catholic could be guardian either to his own children or to those of another.

We imagine that most of our readers will consider Burke's description of this code not overcharged. It is true that penal laws still more severe were directed against Catholics in England and against Protestants in most Catholic countries; but those of Ireland were peculiarly fitted, by the bribes they held out to apostasy, to debase as well as to crush. They were directed not against a small sect, but against the bulk of the nation, and they were a distinct violation of the Treaty of Limerick. The blame of them may be very equally divided between the English and the Irish Parliaments; and the best that can be said of them is, that that portion which related to the Catholic worship soon became a dead letter, while a crowd of legal evasions and a great and creditable laxness of local tribunals in a great measure defeated the provisions about property. They had, however, abundantly the effect of associating in the minds of the Catholics the idea of law with that of hostility to their religion, of driving out of the country the ablest men, and of destroying all ambition and all energy in those who remained.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Galton's very remarkable work on Hereditary Genius, in which he endeavours

to account for the marvellous efflorescence of genius that adorned the great period of Athenian history, by showing that the institutions of Athens were peculiarly fitted to attract men who were able, while the social life of Athens was peculiarly fitted to repel those who were not, and that by this double process a race was gradually formed far exceeding the average of human capacities. In Ireland, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a directly opposite process appears to have been going on. The most various influences conspired to drive from the country all men of energy, ability, and character. If an able man arose among the Presbyterians, he at once found himself shut out by the test from the path of honour. If he were a Catholic, he was excluded by the penal laws from every field of ambition and from almost every possibility of acquiring influence or wealth. If he belonged to the favoured Church, he was even then compelled to see all the highest positions, both political and ecclesiastical, monopolized by Englishmen. If he was indifferent to theological differences and careless of political honours, he still found himself in a country where industrial and commercial wealth was impossible, and where that impossibility was deliberately and intentionally brought about by the Legislature. It is not surprising that great wretchedness and great inertness prevailed, and that a stream of emigration already flowed from Ireland. From the earliest period there has been something erratic and nomadic in the Irish genius. In the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Irish monasteries had a world-wide reputation, Irish missionaries occupied a place second to that of no other nation in the great work of evangelizing Europe. From Lindisfarne and from Luxeuil, from the banks of the Steinbach in Switzerland, and from the monastery of Bobbio in Italy, they spread the light of Christianity over many lands which were destined in after-days to march in the forefront of civilization. At a later period we find the Irishman Scotus Eri-gena founding a rationalistic philosophy in France, and the Irishman St. Virgilius

teaching the existence of the antipodes at Salzburg. In the eighteenth century Presbyterian talent and industrial energy took refuge in England or America, while most of the ability and ambition of the Catholics found its way to France, to Austria, or to Spain.

Of the condition of affairs at home Mr. Froude gives a vivid but, we think, a somewhat over-coloured picture. He devotes a long chapter to Irish crime, and, with that gratuitous offensiveness which is so painfully prominent in the present work, he entitles his chapter "Irish Ideas." These "ideas" are chiefly the houghing of cattle and the abduction of heiresses. We believe that in some of the least respectable of the Fenian newspapers it is the custom to collect extracts from the English police reports under such titles as "English Civilization" or "English Ideas." We must simply express our astonishment and our deep regret that a great writer in a grave history should condescend to imitate the example.

That there should have been much violent crime was indeed inevitable. By three great confiscations about nine-tenths of the soil of Ireland had recently been wrested violently from its old proprietors. The religion of four-fifths of the people was persecuted, and almost every leading form of industry had been crushed by law. "Tories" and "Rapparees"—the ejected proprietors and their adherents—swarmed over the land and waged a chronic war with their successors. Smuggling, too, called into being by the suppression of the wool-trade, and peculiarly favoured by the configuration of the Irish coast, was universal. Mr. Froude has devoted an admirable chapter to describing the spirit of wild, lawless, and adventurous romance which it engendered. Probably in few countries was the empire of law so feeble; but we must remember that in almost all countries law was then weaker than at present. The period concerning which Mr. Froude writes was that when the streets of London were almost impassable at night through the outrages of the Mohocks; when the country roads of England were infested

with highwaymen; when the horrors of the Fleet Prison and the scandals of Fleet marriages were at their height; when hereditary jurisdiction was still unshaken in Scotland; and when a journey through the Highlands was as perilous as a journey would now be through Central Africa.

Still there was a real and perceptible improvement in the nation. The loyalty of the Catholics to the crown is a striking fact and an eloquent comment upon Mr. Froude's estimate of their character. In the rebellion of 1715, in the rebellion of 1745, they remained absolutely passive. In the first case this may be ascribed to extreme exhaustion, but in the second the Catholic priests took an active part in giving the Government warning of plots for the Pretender. Still later, when the American Colonies had revolted against England, and at a time when the Presbyterians were profoundly disaffected, the Catholics were ardently loyal. To the long night of trial through which they passed, we may probably ascribe a great part of their noblest characteristics: a deep and fervent attachment to their creed, which no threats and no blandishments could shake; a spirit of reverence and simple piety, of cheerful content, and of mutual charity under extreme poverty, such as few nations in Europe can equal. In this period, too, was gradually formed that high tone of female purity which is their distinguishing and transcendent excellence; and which, in the words even of this bitter enemy, is "unparalleled, probably, in the civilized world."<sup>1</sup> To writers who judge the moral excellence of a race by its strength and by its success, all these qualities will rank but low in the scale of virtues. A larger and a wiser philosophy will acknowledge that no others do more to soften and purify the character, to lighten the burden of sorrow, and to throw a consoling lustre upon the darkness of the tomb.

This period was also remarkable for a gradual approximation of classes and creeds. Few things in Irish history are more curious than the manner in

<sup>1</sup> P. 557.

which the atrocious penal laws against the Catholics fell gradually into desuetude. At first, the High Church and Jacobite tendencies of the bishops, who usually formed a majority in the House of Lords, and their antipathy to the Presbyterians, led them to favour the Catholics; and dissensions between the English Government and the Irish Parliament had a similar influence. Gradually, however, and to a degree which is very remarkable and not sufficiently noticed, a spirit of toleration crept over the Irish Protestants. The singular power of the native Irish to assimilate to themselves the extraneous elements planted in their midst had been long noticed. The complaint was older than the Reformation, and it was not arrested by it. The poet Spenser, after the Desmond rebellion, advocated the suppression of Irish insurrections by starvation. His grandson, during the Commonwealth, was exiled and deprived of his estate as an Irish Papist. A large proportion of the rebels in 1641 were of English blood. The Cromwellians themselves who settled on the soil succumbed to the same influence. Ireton, indeed, endeavoured to guard against the danger by stringent regulations against the intermarriage of his soldiers with the Irish; but although there were some few who, like the hero of a Cromwellian poem,

"rather than turne

From English principles would sooner burne,  
And rather than marrie an Irish wife  
Would batchellers remain for terme of life,"

this heroism was not common, and forty years after the settlement had taken place, it was already a complaint that great numbers of the children of Oliver's soldiers were unable to speak a word of English.<sup>1</sup> If the Irish Protestants during the period of the penal laws did not throw off their religion, they at least came gradually to look with a rare tolerance on their Catholic countrymen. The spirit of an age which was peculiarly adverse to religious bigotry; the lowering of the theological temperament which always follows

<sup>1</sup> Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," pp. 261.—266.

when there are many nominal conversions for the sake of entering a profession or retaining a property; the national feeling which gradually drew Catholics and Protestants together in a common cause; and lastly, the effects of social intercourse and of a social temperament, gradually assuaged the bitterness of sect. During the struggle about Wood's half-pence, Primate Boulter noticed that it "had a very unhappy influence on the state of Ireland by bringing on intimacies between Papists and Jacobites and the Whigs." As early as 1725 a clergyman named Syngé preached a very remarkable sermon before the Irish House of Commons in favour of toleration, and received the thanks of the House. During the whole period of the penal laws a large amount of property was preserved to Catholics by being nominally transferred to Protestant friends; and we believe there is no single instance on record of the trust being betrayed. In the latter half of the eighteenth century it is absolutely certain that the Protestant public opinion of Ireland was far more tolerant towards the Catholics than Protestant opinion in England. This very interesting and very important historical fact is established by the most emphatic contemporary testimonies and by the irrefutable evidence of facts. The first attempt to remove some of the most iniquitous of the English penal laws was sufficient to create a fierce agitation throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland. Most of the Provincial Synods in Scotland protested against the toleration of Catholics: Glasgow and Edinburgh were convulsed with riots; Corresponding Societies multiplied over the whole of England; the House of Commons was besieged by a mob of 20,000 men. London, for several days, was in the hands of an infuriated populace: the gaols were broken open; Catholic chapels were destroyed; the houses of the chief advocates of the measure of relief were burned to the ground, and more than 300 persons were shot in the streets. In Ireland, the relaxation of the penal laws had already begun, and in the very year of the Lord George Gordon riots

the Protestant Volunteers unanimously passed a resolution expressing their gratification at that relaxation, and soon after they admitted Catholics to their ranks. A few years later, the Irish Protestant Parliament, without any serious difficulty, without creating the smallest disturbance in the country, carried a series of measures of which it may be truly said that, in the existing condition of English public opinion, they would have been impossible in England without a revolution. It threw open to the Catholics the magistracy, the jury-box, and the degrees in the University. It conferred upon them a substantial amount of real political power by granting them the elective franchise; and it would certainly have completed the work of emancipation but for the opposition of Pitt and the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. To writers of the school of Mr. Froude these facts may be an evidence of the "progress to anarchy." To those who really value religious and political liberty they will appear in a very different light.

It is certain, too, that in the latter half of the eighteenth century the relation of classes improved. Mr. Froude is very bitter against the Irish landlords, and especially the smaller landlords. We do not dispute the general resemblance of the picture he draws, but we imagine it is greatly over-coloured. Such writers as Sir Jonah Barrington are not trustworthy guides to an historian. The Irish landlords no doubt drank, fought duels, exceeded their means, lived recklessly, idle, and sporting lives; but whatever may have been the case with individuals, or even with particular districts, they usually secured the devoted attachment of their tenants. In many ways they were lawless, violent, and arbitrary; but the simple fact that the greater part of the land of Ireland was let on long leases, at rents so low that there were usually several middlemen between the owner and the occupier of the soil, shows that, as a class, they were not grasping or avaricious. Considering how vivid the memory of the confiscations still was, it is surprising to find so deep an

attachment as undoubtedly subsisted between the resident landlord and his dependants. Some really high and commanding qualities must have existed among men who organized such a movement as that of the Volunteers, and who supplied that large amount of brilliant talent which, towards the close of the century, adorned the Parliament of Ireland.

That very considerable exertions were made to improve the material condition of the country Mr. Froude freely admits. Arthur Young declared, on his visit to Ireland, that the roads were, on the whole, decidedly superior to those in England. Bogs were drained, public works of many kinds were encouraged, and an admirable system of inland navigation was established. Country seats grew up, which, if inferior to the historic mansions of the great English nobles, might at least bear a fair comparison with those of the Continent. An edifice which is even now second to no work of Grecian architecture in the kingdom was erected for the Parliament, and Trinity College assumed something of its present imposing proportions. As long as the trade and industry of Ireland were crushed by disabling laws no great prosperity was possible; but the first steps were energetically taken, and when the arms of the Volunteers emancipated the Irish trade, material well-being rapidly and instantaneously increased.

There were, no doubt, dark shadows to the picture, the darkest being the steady appropriation by the Government of the patronage and resources of the country to the purpose of corrupting its representatives. Enough, however, has been said to show that according to all ordinary standards of comparison the movement was steadily upwards. In Mr. Froude's judgment, however, it was a movement of decline. The volume before us is chiefly devoted to three periods of Irish history. The first is the Cromwellian period, when the religion of the Irish was absolutely suppressed, when their land was confiscated, when the greater part of the nation was driven into exile, and when

their priests were treated as felons. This, in Mr. Froude's opinion, is the ideal period, when Ireland was governed according to God's law and to true principles. The second period is that which followed the Revolution. The foolish humanity of William, the vacillation or tolerance of Ministers and Parliament, made it a period incomparably inferior to the other, though even it was not without its distinctive merits. The last period was that when the penal laws were abrogated, when every man was suffered to worship as he pleased, when the division of classes was weakened, and when a national spirit began to show itself in the Irish Protestants. This, in Mr. Froude's judgment, is the period of anarchy, and at the opening stages of this period he draws the present volume to its close.

It is with deep and sincere regret that we have been compelled to write as we have done about this work. It is a work which we believe can hardly fail to injure the reputation of its author. We yield to no one in admiration of the many great and splendid qualities which Mr. Froude has brought to the study of history. It would be mere impertinence to speak at length of his wide research, of his pure, noble, and graceful eloquence, of that consummate artistic skill with which he has portrayed so many subtle characters, and has invested so many of the most barren periods of history with all the colour of romance. We cannot but regard it as a real national calamity that gifts so rare and so transcendent should be allied with an inveterate passion for paradox, and especially for moral paradox, and should be disfigured by so much partiality, intolerance, and

intemperance. In the present condition of public opinion in Ireland, at a time when there is some hope that ancient animosities may slowly subside under the influence of the great legislative measures of the last few years, the most ordinary patriotism should counsel great caution and moderation in treating of the confiscations and of the massacres of the past. No such spirit has been shown by Mr. Froude. With a recklessness of consequences that cannot be too deeply deplored, with a studied offensiveness of language that can only be intended to irritate and insult, he has thrown a new brand of discord into the smouldering embers of Irish discontent. His work will be received with ill-concealed delight by all who desire to maintain disloyalty in Ireland, and by all who envy the position of England in the world. What can be more mischievous than that every rebel newspaper should have the right to circulate among the Irish people whole pages from one of the most popular of English writers in favour of the extirpation of their religion and the destruction of all their liberties? What can be more deplorable than that every foreign critic who declaims upon the selfishness of England should be able to assert, on the authority of one of the foremost names in contemporary literature, that the English government in Ireland can only be rightly maintained and justified by the repudiation of all those principles of civil and religious liberty which it is the glory of England to have first introduced into her constitution, and which for many generations it has been her great mission to sustain and to propagate throughout the world?

W. E. H. LECKY.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE dining-room was a long, low, narrow room, made out of the original farm parlour. But when they had lengthened it, the narrow French window that replaced the old one did not give light enough for its increased size; and a rustic verandah outside made it still darker, giving it a sombre out-of-the-world look, as if it had a secret with the heavy trees that brooded over the garden and this end of the house. These had sheltered an undergrowth of thorn and southern-wood and rosemary—at times, their strong scent filled the room, and made it feel sad. Most people thought it sad—for only a few had seen it when the, low level rays stole into the garden, touching the flowers, and brightening the colours on the parlour wall.

The two girls now standing under the verandah were as indifferent to what it was then as to what it might be. Laura Langdale and Miss Grey were downstairs sooner than the rest of the party. The former wore something pale and silky and blue, very much fringed out; her hair, too, was much fringed out; long streamers of pale blue ribbon hung down from it, as if they were too weak to bind it up as they pretended to do; silver ornaments of a faint pattern completed her dress, which was not chosen without thought to-day. Hers was the "soft feminine style."

Miss Grey did not affect this. She had seen too much of the "soft feminine style" as exemplified in her mother, so much that her notion of comfort was to be rid of it altogether; and, as that was impossible as long as she remained with her, she carried it out the more rigorously in all that concerned herself. She hated to be so frilled over that she could not move freely; and if the total absence of ornament showed she despised conventional taste, the good lines of her rich brown silk proved that she had taste of another kind, and its shadow set off her red hair so that it looked almost grand. Her plainness of speech and of person were eminently displeasing to her mother, who never tired of expatiating on the beauty of the Craddocks—her own family. Often, after levelling her glass at her ill-favoured daughter, she would remind her that she was "a Grey, anybody might see that." But of late Mrs. Grey had accepted this, and furnished herself, as in the present case, with a friend or niece, whose flounces and flirtations supplied her with the interest of which she had been deprived through its legitimate channel. Mildred was generally thought severe—and not unnaturally—for her mother's sentimentalities frequently provoked her to say many things that were no index to her real character. She was not looking very pleasant now, for Laura was never a congenial companion, and she was dis-

pleased and disgusted with her silly behaviour to-day, so she was in no mood for talking. Neither was Laura, who, while she fidgeted with her ribbons, and fluttered about waiting for Claude, was still smarting from the remembrance of his curt dismissal of her. However, when he came in, she received him with as sweet a smile as ever, and the idle chattering was resumed between them quite as unrestrainedly as if Claude had not forgotten his politeness half an hour ago. Mildred looked on quietly, and Claude took no pains to conceal from his cousin whatever amusement Laura's too evident admiration gave him. He liked Mildred better when, as in the present instance, her satire was in sympathy with his feelings; at other times he felt conscious of weakness in her presence, for his aunt would often say he was more like her than her own child, and he felt how Mildred applied such praise. They had not talked long, when Elsie came in to lay the table, and Claude sauntered out into the garden, followed by Laura, who was at once enthusiastic in praise of the flowers, and of the fens generally.

Although Elsie was quick, and anxious to get out of the room for her own sake, she could not help giving one eager, inquiring look after them, and it was so far satisfactory that she felt sure Claude was not "in love" with Miss Langdale. Mildred noticed this, and wondered at it, for she thought "it did not look at all like Elsie," whose beauty had prejudiced her in her favour.

A few minutes after, they all came in, headed by Bordale, who was telling Claude that Dobree would find his way out in the evening; he had sent a note just before they started, saying that they were not to wait for him. They each said something about being very glad, except Claude, who was really so glad that he said nothing, for he depended on Dobree to entertain his aunt, and he was beginning to think what it would be if he had to do that himself.

Mr. Lillingstone joined them now, and asked Claude with formal facetious-

ness if he was not going to give them something to eat.

Claude said, "They were waiting for Aunt Caroline, he believed," and he turned towards Mildred.

Mr. Lillingstone "hoped her dear mother had not been over-tired."

"Yes; she had been very tired, and was then resting in Mrs. Gaithorne's parlour. She would go and tell her they were waiting."

"No, my dear," her uncle said, touching her shoulder lightly with his double eye-glass, "I will fetch your mother myself;" and he went out of the room with quite a juvenile air. Since he had increased in years and in corpulence, he had more than once groaned under the exactions of his sister-in-law, but, yielding to the attractions of opposites, "On the whole he admired her style," and, especially when they had been separated for some time, he would speak warmly in her praise. "She was not like the women of the present day; Caroline might have many fancies, but, at least, she knew what was due to her."

The young men had brightened up at the notion of "fetching Aunt Caroline," for they were hungry, and did not care to settle to any amusement. Bordale talked, in what was an undertone for him, to Miss Grey, and Luard stretched himself in a low chair, and watched Claude and Laura in such a quiet way that no one suspected how observant he was.

Laura looked out of the window, then up into Claude's face. "It is so delicious to be in the country; it seems quite out of place to talk of eating—don't you think so?"

"I must confess to liking a dinner occasionally," said Claude, as he turned away from the window.

Bordale's tone had grown louder, and drew general attention. "A relation of his had bought a place—Devonshire—good fish-ponds, and——"

He stopped so suddenly that they all looked round and saw Mrs. Grey leaning on her brother's arm, followed by Elsie carrying a cushion, a fur cloak, and an enormous fan.



There was a general movement to receive her. Claude offered her a chair. "Should it be opposite the window to show the garden?"

"No, such a shocking glare."

"Then, with her back to it?"

Worse—"Did he think she could bear the draught?"

Then there was a great bustle to find a place, for she looked as if she could not stand a moment longer. Bordale seemed at a loss, for loud talking was out of place. Luard looked ashamed of himself for being so long-legged, and tried his best to get out of everyone's way. Laura began to act tender nurse; but, failing in this, did some mischief with the wraps which Elsie set right in a firm, quiet way. This Mildred acknowledged with a kind look of intelligence, and, at last, a place was found where she could see out of the window, and yet be out of the draught. Mr. Lillingstone had overlooked and guided the arrangement, pointing with his eye-glass.

Mrs. Grey was covered with Indian embroideries, and mixed colours, that allowed but a confused notion of her dress, and suggested the last stage of debility. Her fluffy grey hair was daintily set in curls in the style of the old Empire, and a little French head-dress was fitted into the midst of them in a way that became her fragile features to perfection. After smelling her salts and looking slowly round the circle with half-closed eyes, she said, that, although she had come in, she was not at all sure she would be able to take anything.

This announcement was received with some faint expostulation, but, beyond that, it failed of any effect, for the whole party were too much occupied with themselves for the moment. Mr. Lillingstone had taken the head of the table as a matter of course; and Claude asked his cousin to make tea, without appearing to notice Laura's self-conscious look, meant to recall their previous banter. Seeing that Bordale had already placed a chair for her on the opposite side of the table, he took a seat near Mildred,

thankful that the "quiet" Luard separated him from Aunt Grey:—"Now, perhaps, he might give Elsie a look unseen by the others."

But one glance at her, as she came and stood behind Mildred's chair, showed him he would get no such chance, for she avoided meeting his eyes in a way that was not to be mistaken; so he made up his mind to give up that, and find her out during the evening, as soon as he could get an opportunity.

Elsie, in her turn, had leisure to observe them, for Miss Grey's orders were few, and easily followed, and all—including Mrs. Grey—were so occupied with their knives and forks, that there was not much said to interrupt her thoughts. Busy as she had been till now, she had gained a great insight into herself, for she saw as clearly as if a picture had been put before her, her life of the last few weeks—how she had allowed herself to go on from one interview to another, without thinking of the end—how she had done wrong in keeping all this from her mother, and no longer deserved the trust of which she had always been so proud. She could not yet quite understand *how far* it was wrong; for, though Claude's manner lately had implied that he would marry her, he had not spoken much of any but his own concerns. Yet she felt sure that if nothing had happened to open her eyes, she could have gone on in this way, till at last she would hardly have known right from wrong. She had already decided that as soon as his people left, she would tell him all this: and then, she would never trust him again,—but *that* would be easy, for she would not see more of him than she could help. Gradually, as these thoughts passed through her mind, a few stray sentences dropped out and began a conversation—one of society's conversations; and, as she listened, she grew more and more oppressed by the sense of distance which class difference forced upon her. Not that she heard much, for Miss Grey noticed her forlorn expression, and, attributing it to her ignorance of such service, sent her away as

soon as she could spare her ; but, little as it was, it confirmed her unfavourable opinion of them. The constant forced smile, the secret discontent, the great excitement about trifles, the pampered rapid look that sought only enjoyment in life, the softness of their dainty clothes, the faint perfume that pervaded them, were all sickening to her ; and when she looked at Claude and saw his likeness to them—saw how thoroughly he was one of them—when she knew he could see her suffer and be careless, she felt heartsick and undone.

It was not till the end of the meal that the real talking began. Mrs. Grey had supposed “there could be very little county visiting down there ; they had not passed one nice-looking place during the drive.”

Mr. Lillingstone assured her, “There *were* some very good estates, but very few of the owners cared to live on them—who would ?”

Bordale decided for them all, that “there was nothing worth noticing in the fens.”

Yet, Mrs. Grey “thought she recollected that one of the Craddocks, Reginald’s half-sister ; it was *her* daughter—you must remember her, Mildred—whom Sir Stephen admired so much at the Pavilion ball last year, a lovely blonde, quite a Craddock ; but, no, I don’t think you were there”—and she turned away from her daughter with a dissatisfied air—“*her* mother married some one with property in this neighbourhood, I do not exactly remember his name.”

Mildred never did remember who the Craddocks had married.

Her uncle tried to make up for her indifference. “Ah ! yes—good match, very !” but neither did *he* remember the name.

Claude half closed his eyes as if he was trying to recall it, to the gratification of his aunt,—“such a finished gentleman was dear Claude.”

But Luard soon put an end to his enjoyment of this easy hypocrisy by drawing his attention, in a persistent undertone, to Laura, who for some time

had been doing all she could to gain Claude’s notice, though with difficulty, for he had perceived it.

Now, however, he was obliged to rouse himself, and he sat up with an effort.

“You called this ‘The Hermitage’ the other day, Mr. Lillingstone ; is there one here ?”

“My ‘Hermitage,’ I said ; you know *why* I am here.”

He was vexed about Elsie. Mildred was surprised, and eyed him inquiringly. Luard smiled to himself. As for Aunt Grey, she did not see this flaw in her dear Claude’s behaviour, as she and Mr. Lillingstone had lost themselves in a discussion of pedigrees.

Bordale was more than ready to fill the pause. “Hermitage ! yes, of course there’s one, or something very like one, with a first-rate ghost story attached to it too.”

Laura was discomfited, and her interest had flagged ; but Mildred came to his help : “Now *do* tell it us, Mr. Bordale ; we are all dependent on you, for Claude does not seem inclined to interest us much in the fens.”

“You couldn’t expect him to care for them himself—I daresay he has not forgotten the baptism he had into them the other day,” said Bordale, laughing ; “but the story I spoke of is not known to everybody,” he began with a shrug, and slight wave of his hand : “it is called the ‘ghosts of the covered way.’”

“Bought a guide-book ?” Claude whispered.

“That is ungrateful of you,” Mildred answered, in the same low tone, looking fixedly at him.

“What do you mean ?” he spoke hurriedly, and avoided her scrutiny.

Mildred did not answer, but she smiled satirically, as she turned again to Bordale.

“There are many similar legends in the neighbourhood,” he was saying, and his tone quite justified Claude’s hint about the guide-book, “and that this district was rich in monastic buildings is proved by the remains extant ; also the notion that the inmates commu-

nicated with each other by means of subterranean tunnels has reasonable ground—awkward times they lived in, those old monks! 'Bout the safest thing they could do. One of the most important of these was Spinney Abbey, about a quarter of a mile out of the village; a rich convent with smaller ones dependent on it, and the largest of them stood in the middle of Wicken. The ruins of it were removed quite recently, and the superstition that clings to it must be tolerably strong; for when Dobree was over here a little while ago, he saw some repairs going on at the almshouses, and heard there was a dispute in the parish about the expense; some old stonework close by would have been used for the purpose, but the old women had petitioned against it. Dobree couldn't make it out, he knows nothing of the history of the place; but, of course, I saw at once—it must be part of the old Abbey, which was always thought to be haunted; really those low prejudices are quite astounding.”

As Bordale paused for breath, they overheard a snatch of the graver conversation that was being carried on by their elders. “They had brought her up so carefully,” Mrs. Grey was saying in a plaintive tone, “and introduced her into such a good connection, and then she disgraced them by marrying some common fellow in a marching regiment.”

“I thought he was a cornet in the Greys,” Mr. Lillingstone said reflectively.

“Oh de-ar, no! want of money would have been *no* obstacle. It was some person quite unknown—in the 77th, I believe.”

“Disgusting,” and Mr. Lillingstone ‘looked grave.

“But the ghosts,” broke in Laura.

“You shall hear about them presently; but I had to explain the neighbourhood before you could understand this particular story. One of the smaller convents was not far from here. The nuns had confessors, of course, but they were not allowed to live within the

walls—never were, you know—so they were quartered in cells called”—he shrugged—“in fact—a—see Maitland’s ‘Middle Ages’ for the correct name. Sort of summer-houses on the extreme limits of their grounds; and I’ve been told that Mrs. Gaithorne’s dairy is built on the site of one of these cells, which was connected with the convent by an underground passage.”

“You didn’t show me that,” interrupted Luard.

“No trace of it now,” and he waived off the digression; “but that is where the ghosts are seen, for it is said that one pretty nun, whose piety exceeded the prescribed form of confession, used to wander down here very often through ‘the covered way,’ as this passage was called; and, to be short, the Abbess found it out, and the nun was bricked up not far from the confessor’s cell.”

“Since you are so well up in it,” said Claude, “you ought to tell us what became of the confessor as well.”

“No; that’s beyond *me*. He disappears from the story altogether, only to reappear with much fame as a ghost of the first magnitude. If you don’t believe me, ask these fen people—you won’t get one of them to pass the place at night, for I assure you”—and he assumed a mock sensational tone—“*every* night, *punctually* as the clock strikes twelve, a tall figure wearing a cowl appears at the corner of Mrs. Gaithorne’s dairy. The door opens slowly, and a veiled woman ascends the steps out of the dairy, and stands by his side, and then——”

“Good heavens! that any man with the *blood* of a butcher,” exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, bringing his hand down on the table with a suddenness that made them all start,—“to think that *any* man with the blood of a butcher in him should have any sense of property.” He had been talking to Mrs. Grey till he had worked himself into an excitement about one of his hobbies. “Yes, Claude,” he continued, for he saw the young people were staring at him, “the East Mudshire election is over, and *who* do you think has got in? Why, it’s an

unheard-of thing. *They*, who had always returned good staunch Conservatives, have actually *disgraced* themselves now, by electing John Pike, the son of a retired butcher! His father had a shop in the High Street. I've seen it myself often, and the boy in it, too," he added, almost fiercely, as if that aggravated the case.

"Serving?" asked Mildred, with forced gravity.

"Serving, child! No. Brought up above his position. Brought up to think himself as good as his betters. *Ed-u-câ-ted*, if you please. And what is the result of it? What might be expected, of course. But," and he pursed up his mouth, lest too strong an expression should escape him in the presence of the ladies, "it makes me indignant to see that fine property of the Cradocks and Mortons, and all those good old families down there, represented by the poor little mealy-faced son of a butcher."

Claude was always overdone by the noise and bustle the old man made when he excited himself. Now his father affected to mistake his distressed effeminate look for one of the profoundest sympathy. Claude's want of interest in all manly concerns was a great disappointment to him, but he hoped against his judgment that this would come; in the meantime, he treated him as if he was what he wished him to be.

Bordale thought he must show some interest, or he would be losing ground in his own—the conversational department; so he pulled at his young moustache, and said in a weighty tone, "Bad thing—very!"

Weak as this was, it was enough to fire the old man again. "Yes," he continued as before, "things are coming to a dreadful pass. There's the same levelling spirit everywhere; what with the competitive examinations and radical changes, *even India* is not what it used to be. Service going to the dogs. It was very different when your father and I were out there together; blood was respected then. Talk of putting the right man in place. I should like to

know who *are* the best men, if they are not gentlemen born and bred to their place; men who have a sense of responsibility, able to keep low pushing fellows in *their* place;" and he drew a hard breath.

Mildred bent forward eagerly, as if she was going to speak: but she leaned back again in her chair, as though she had only wanted to reach something on the table. The other two women kept a smiling silence.

"And *if* Government," pursued Mr. Lillingstone, "*is* getting more nice about qualifications—and mind, I don't wholly condemn it for that"—inclining his head with an air of concession, "it need not put aside all proper distinctions. Surely there are *some* fine young fellows to be found in the old families that have been associated with India ever since the Company was established."

Bordale opened out his hands over the table with a slight shrug and a gentle inclination of the head, as if he wished to say a modest thing, and to do it delicately. "For *myself*," and he looked deprecatingly at Mr. Lillingstone; "you know all we Bordales are destined for India, and my father wished *me* in particular—in fact, he set his mind on my representing the name there, but, unfortunately, my health; *you* know what it has been for the last six years,"—looking at Claude.

"The thing's impossible,—thing's impossible," said Mr. Lillingstone; "couldn't be thought of."

"This must be a great disappointment to Mr. Bordale," said Mildred, very quietly, "for I have always heard that great things were expected of you."

Claude looked at her slyly. Bordale expanded. "Yes, it *was* a disappointment. My brothers are not wanting, as you know, but somehow," and he tried to look meek, "I can't tell you why, my parents settled it that *I* was to be *the* Bordale of the generation; so I was never sent to school with the others. I was kept at home, and had tutors, *every* advantage possible. *I* was a prodigy. Yes," he exclaimed, warming

with the subject, "you will hardly believe it, Miss Grey, but at fourteen I was as good a man as I am now."

Mildred's face expressed the fullest belief.

"If you want a man with talent and connections, there is Dobree," said Luard; "but do you get men with prospects like his to go out there and be broiled up in a few years?"

"I don't know that," said Bordale, somewhat piqued; "you make a great mistake there. Dobree is a very clever fellow, no doubt, but not at all fitted for public life;" then, turning to Mr. Lillingstone, "He is no speaker. It is quite astounding to me that so many clever men can't speak. There's my friend Brooks, member for Stretton; no doubt about his brains. Well, if you'll believe me, at his election, when he had to address his constituents, he was quite unmanned. It surprised me, for I didn't know his weak point till then. I mounted the hustings with him, and managed to pull him through. When the din was over, he said, 'I have to thank you for that, old fellow;' and a very good thing it was I *did* go down with him." He looked round and saw they were all listening. "As for me, speaking comes naturally to me; whether I am talking to one or two, or whether I address a thousand, I am never at a loss for a word."

"It is certainly a most delightful gift," said Mrs. Grey, arranging the ruffles on her wrist, while she turned to Mr. Lillingstone for confirmation.

He had been tapping his waistcoat with his eye-glass for some time, his eyes fixed on the tablecloth; his voice was somewhat subdued now as he acquiesced: "Very true, very true; a man who can't speak is not very well fitted for public life."

The rest of the party were glad that Mrs. Grey was so unusually moved to speak at the right time; for they felt in danger of an awkward pause. Mildred looked at Claude, and, accustomed as she was to his languid indifference, she wondered that he was so extremely bored now. He was thinking of Elsie,

and longing for all this to be over; for when he had made up his mind not to speak till the end of the evening, he had not realized that the time would seem so very long, and "if it was long to him, what *must* it be to her?"

Luard had kept in the background, as usual. Now and then an under-current of amusement had surged up into his face, and passed away again without being seen. He took advantage of the slight pause to say in his sleepiest tone, that Scholefield was a very silent man. "*He's* clever, is he not?" Luard's intimacy with Dobree had grown during the month.

"Clever!" Bordale repeated, looking at Luard almost contemptuously; "clever! yes; but he, too, has the same peculiarity that we were talking about. Scientific man, understands his work, but," he shrugged with an expression meant to convey the most thorough incapacity, "when it comes to *speaking* about it, he's nobody; can't enlarge on it a bit."

"Scholefield?" interrupted Mrs. Grey, "surely you are talking of Nathaniel Scholefield. *He* is first cousin to the young Dobree whom we are expecting here to-night. Their mothers were sisters,—Vivians. We were very intimate, and came out about the same time."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Lillingstone, "but when I married and went out to India, I lost sight of them. Some years after I heard they were married, and that Violet—she was better-looking than her sister, and made the best match—was dead."

Laura woke up to this. "Was that Mr. Scholefield the botanist? She had seen him once; he had red hair, and something odd about his eyes, and"—she hesitated, and looked towards Mr. Lillingstone—"she thought she had heard her papa say he was a Radical."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, and he turned to Mrs. Grey for an explanation of this.

Mrs. Grey's nerves could not bear another outburst, so she warded it off with a sympathetic manner. "Yes,

indeed, Cuthbert, it is a very sad thing, but I am afraid it is only too true, and, therefore, I do not so much regret that when I came back to England I did not renew the acquaintance."

"I have always been sorry for that," said Mildred; "if I may judge by what I have heard, he is a clever, unpretentious man, and I should very much like to have known him."

Mrs. Grey tossed her head with a little laugh. "Unpretentious, of course. No personal advantages; positively peculiar. Very possibly he may be clever; for with his delicate health, his study must be a very pleasant resource to him; but his opinions," she added aside to her brother in a lower tone, "I am told are quite outrageous."

Mr. Lillingstone had had time to look at the matter from his own point of view. "You attach too much importance to these little freaks," he said, in an easy tone of patronage, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair; "that will all pass off in good time. We are all more or less liberal when we are young. Now I appeal to your good sense. He is a Vivian: now, *do* you think it likely he would associate himself with a set of low fellows?"

Mrs. Grey had hardly time to acknowledge the truth of this argument, for talking was heard outside. Luard opened the door, and Dobree walked in, followed by a stranger. The stranger was a conspicuously short man, with square face and forehead, and very little hair, which was light. His face, too, was pale and delicate-looking. His thin close lips seldom smiled, but a peculiar twitch in the corner of his mouth answered to other people's smile, and greatly helped them to the notion that he was satirical.

Mrs. Grey was charmed to see Dobree; then he introduced his cousin Scholefield; she was still more charmed. They were *all* charmed to see Mr. Scholefield.

"We are happy in having a former acquaintance of yours here, who I am sure will be pleased to see you," Mr. Lillingstone said, looking about for

Bordale; but Bordale had retired to the background, and Scholefield searched in vain for a familiar face.

Dobree foresaw an awkwardness, and looked at his cousin intelligently. "You remember Mr. Bordale, with whom you travelled in North Wales," he spoke emphatically, without any regard to his cousin's astonishment. "I did not know we were to meet him here to-night, or I should have told you."

Bordale was glad to follow this lead; he came forward rather crestfallen, and muttered something modest about its being quite natural that Mr. Scholefield should not remember their being together so well as he did.

It was plain that Scholefield did not know him, but he held out his hand. "He had such a pleasant remembrance of that walk, he was always glad to meet any of the friends he made then." His manner was pleasant, and he had a quiet incisive voice.

Mr. Lillingstone was disturbed, and half offended, but he quickly resumed his courteous expression, still keeping his eye on Bordale, however. "This was one of Claude's friends."

Claude himself, and Luard, were amused, each in his own way, and left things to take their course; but Mildred created a diversion by asking Bordale to ring the bell; then Mr. Lillingstone set himself to entertain and "find out" Scholefield, and Mrs. Grey took possession of Dobree. "How strange it was they had never met before; she had always wished to see him, and felt an interest in him, because his mother was one of her very dear friends. Such a lovely creature she was. Yes!" and she looked into his eyes with tender scrutiny, "yes, he had *her* eyes." Her manner promised to be quite pathetic, so Dobree was greatly relieved when Mrs. Gaithorne came in, and Mr. Lillingstone made *her* a centre of interest.

"Well, Mrs. Gaithorne," he said, as she set down the tray of refreshments, "it seems quite like old times to have you waiting upon us again; and if these youngsters are to be trusted, it was a bad day for the old inn when you left

it. They say it is not like the same place now."

Mrs. Gaithorne smiled, as if she was conscious she deserved the praise. She took up the corner of her apron, and smoothed down the hem of it over and over again as she spoke. "Like enough there's some ground for what everybody says, but we mustn't be too hard on the Watsons; they're new to their place, and it's not everybody has got that gift that they can turn their hand to anything. Now, *my* Tom, he was born for his place; his beer and his temper was always sound, they *never* soured, and that's the foundation of an inn."

The hearty chorus of praise that answered her allusion to her husband was best music to Mrs. Gaithorne's ears, but she bore her honours quietly. As she was leaving the room she turned to Dobree. "She was sorry she hadn't room for him and his friend, but she knew the Watsons would do their best to make them comfortable; she had sent down at once to let them know they were expected."

Claude interrupted Dobree's acknowledgments by quoting Bordale, "Any number could be made *uncomfortable* at the inn."

The laugh that followed was out of proportion to the joke, but it restored Bordale's spirits, and so satisfied Claude, who was disturbed when things were not going smoothly around him.

Mrs. Grey had felt obliged to smile graciously on this interruption, but as soon as Mrs. Gaithorne had left the room she resumed her former manner to Dobree. "It had been so dull before he came," in a confidential tone; "they had all been looking forward to his coming to bring a little life into the fens."

He did not receive this as it was meant. "He was extremely sorry, but he knew very little of the place, his cousin was a better authority;" he looked towards Scholefield as if he might be the means of an escape, but that observant person had been watching them from a distance, and from that distance he assured Mrs. Grey that "for

those who had no special object in coming there, there was but little attraction in the fens." He would have continued his conversation with Mr. Lillingstone, but seeing she still expected him to talk, he added, "While I was up at Trinity, I came over here several times for butterflies, and I spent many pleasant days in search of them."

Mr. Lillingstone did not like this interruption: he had begun to talk about Wicken, because it was the most obviously correct subject; but Scholefield's deferential manner pleased him, and now he was becoming really interested in Scholefield's account of the recent inquiry about the remains of the Cromwell family.

"Butterflies! how delightful," Mrs. Grey and Laura had exclaimed in one breath. Laura was quite enthusiastic. "Would he catch some now? Where were they to be found?"

"Dear Mildred will enjoy this," said Mrs. Grey, "she is so fond of intellectual pursuits. In fact, before you came, she had just said she would so much like to know you."

Mildred tried to suppress an angry flush, and said, turning to Scholefield, "My mother would make you think I know a great deal more than I do; I understand so little of butterflies, that I cannot always distinguish them from some of the moths."

Scholefield reserved whatever he could have said about such deficiencies, and told her there was a rare kind of butterfly to be found in the sedge fen, but he was afraid the season was getting rather late for it now.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Grey and Laura hoped not. "It would be such a delightful amusement to look for it."

"You would want nets," Dobree put in quietly; but Claude saw this would be a day out for them to-morrow, and promised to borrow or get some in time. "He believed there might be nets in the house even, for some of Mrs. Gaithorne's lodgers had had them. He would go out and see while they made their arrangements for a day's excursion."

Claude closed the door upon them with a great sense of relief. He could see there was no one in the kitchen, for the door was open; he passed through it and stood on the threshold, to listen for some sound of Elsie, but it was all quiet. The ivy-covered out-houses by the side of the meadow sent long slanting shadows across it, and the trees that crowded over them seemed to blend and be one with them, as they heaved up and down in the lowering light. The cool breeze brought with it sounds of rest; low, murmuring voices from the trees mingled with homely sounds of settling down from the straw-yard. This dream-like quiet seemed to belong to Elsie. How was he to keep this rest for himself? The path to it lay through very great unrest. There were those people he had just left, and beyond them—but he had no time to think that out now, as he saw Elsie coming in from the orchard, and at the same time he became aware that he did not exactly know what he was going to say to her. This little difficulty increased as she came near enough for him to see the look of anger and determination on her face, and he felt instinctively that she would listen to no explanation from him just then; just as instinctively he felt he must try the full influence of his good looks, and the manner which had been so useful to him before now. So he assumed his most penitent expression, and stood in her way on the doorstep that she might be forced to look up and see it. But in this he was disappointed. She looked straight beyond him into the kitchen, and asked him to let her pass in a tone that corresponded with her expression. He took no notice of this, and, smothering the vexation he had not time to indulge, he asked where Mrs. Gaithorne was.

"In the orchard; and she expects me back again quickly; so will you let me pass, if you please, or must I go by the front door?"

This reminded him of the hurry for both. He took the basket she was holding from her promptly, and put it on the table. She let it go, and fol-

lowed him two or three steps into the kitchen, smiling contemptuously at this return of pleasantness now they were alone. As he turned he saw this.

"I'm not surprised you are angry with me, Elsie. There was a wretched misunderstanding. I didn't know myself that my people were coming——"

"Indeed," said Elsie, drily. "But I'm thinking Mrs. Gaithorne 'll want to know *who* made the table dirty."

"Table dirty! what table?" he asked, impatiently.

"Where you've put the plums; she won't like that."

"Never mind the table. I've not come to talk about that! I've been wanting to get an opportunity of speaking to you ever since we came."

Elsie sneered. "I've no time now, Mrs. Gaithorne wants me;" taking a dish from the dresser, she began to empty the basket of fruit.

"But you must listen to me. You *must* give me one minute. You are so hard," he said, almost bitterly.

He took the dish from her hands and held them in his, so she could not help hearing, but she still kept her head turned away. He stood looking at her sadly for a minute.

"You think very badly of me, I see. Yet I don't deserve it. If I had been more fortunate, and been able to explain everything to you as soon as we came, you would not have lost faith in me, and I should have been spared some wretched hours."

The curl of Elsie's lip made his heart sink.

"You don't *believe* I tried to find you out. I did. I came round here when they were dressing for dinner; then I went to the dining-room, do you remember? You were there, but not alone. *Now* you say you have no time to hear me." She nodded. "But you will give me a chance of justifying myself before the day is over, unless you wish to make me *quite* miserable."

He paused, hoping Elsie would speak, but she still kept silent. He had thought he understood her by this time, and could easily persuade her. Her imprac-



ticability chafed him now, and yet, he could not tell why, he loved her all the better for it. He would not go on like this much longer. Why should he torment himself, and make Elsie unhappy as well? It would be dishonourable to do so. He would marry her as soon as possible after the others had gone on to Scotland, and they might accommodate themselves to it at their leisure. So he had gained confidence again before he spoke.

"Would you come out here, and speak to me for a few minutes, after the house is quiet? I want to tell you *why* I didn't appear to know you before these people; but more than that, there is something I *must* and *will* say before the day is out. Will you come? I know what I am asking," he added quickly, seeing a new light in Elsie's eye. "I know it is a great thing to ask, but what am I to do? You can't stay now, and I must go back to these people."

He watched her face with an earnestness that made her shake off his hands, and draw back a few steps; then she looked full into his eyes.

"Supposing I *do* go, and Miss Langdale finds it out, what will you say for yourself? what do you think I could say? I don't think we understand each other, Mr. Lillingstone."

She turned away deliberately, and went on with her work as if she had dismissed him.

Claude sat down on a chair near the window. He had not had one thought of Laura since he first spoke to Elsie, and something told him she was not really jealous of her. He was hurt that she should continue so obstinate when he was so much in earnest. He watched her as she moved about piling up the dish of fruit, removing the slight marks the basket had made on the table, and he wondered that anyone so gentle-looking should be so "troublesome" and even "cruel." He would wait and see if she would not say something before going away. But as she was leaving the kitchen without even looking at him, he could bear it no longer.

"Stop, Elsie; surely you are not going without a word?"

She turned round stolidly, but the expression of her face was not quite so determined as before. This was some encouragement. He went up to her quickly, and seized one of her hands.

"Do try to forget this miserable affair, at least until you know more about it. Be generous as you used to be. You *know* I love you; and it's cruel to play with me, for you must have the sense to know I don't care for Miss Langdale. Do you refuse to hear what I have to say; or will you come out as I ask you?"

He waited anxiously for her answer. Elsie turned her face away that he might not see she felt inclined to cry, but her voice was unsteady as she said,—

"I thought that after to-day I could never believe a word you said; but as there is something more than I know of, and I, too, want to speak what is on my mind, I'll go, though it goes hard against me to do it, even now."

He shook her hand warmly, heedless of her reservation; then seeing she glanced uneasily in the direction of the orchard, he said,—

"I must not keep you now even to thank you. I'll go over to the inn with the young men to-night, and stay till I think it is all quiet in the house, then I'll wait outside here, not in the lightest place of course. But don't *you* venture out before you are quite sure it will be safe. In the meantime try to think kindly of me, will you?" and he bent his face down to hers.

"Good-bye," Elsie said hurriedly, and went out. Then, remembering she had been rather hard upon him, she looked back before she turned the corner, nodded kindly, and was out of sight.

Claude was loth to go back to his guests. "He felt so happy; he would explain all this away to-night, and keep her in doubt no longer. He was a fool not to have told her before that he intended to marry her. However, the evening would come to an end some time, and at the most 'they' were not going to stay there more than three days." His

manner was quite buoyant when he returned to the dining-room, and told them, "Though he had been waiting about for some time, he had not seen Mrs. Gaithorne; but even if she had not any nets, he would make it all right."

Then he heard how they had decided on setting off at once to see Spinney Abbey by moonlight. Mr. Scholefield had said he could show them the opening to one of the "covered ways." Mr. Bordale had spoken about "a dark cavernous place with a grating before it!" And they should see the oak-trees under which the monks used to walk; but before that, they were going to explore the scene of Mr. Bordale's ghost story—"even Aunt Grey and Mr. Lillingstone were going to see this."

Claude was in high spirits; nothing could be better—"it was delightful out of doors now;" and later, as Elsie returned the second time from the orchard, she saw the young people going off to the Abbey, and Mrs. Grey and Mr. Lillingstone looking after them from the garden-gate.

They did not return till quite late, and then Mrs. Gaithorne preferred waiting on them herself, in acknowledgment of her former connection with the family; so Elsie saw very little of them until the young men went off to the inn accompanied by Claude. As she was lighting a candle for Mrs. Grey, he gave her a look to remind her of her promise.

Soon after, Elsie went round with Mrs. Gaithorne to shut up the house. As they came to the cellar-door Mrs. Gaithorne said,—

"We must leave this open for Mr. Claude; it's safe enough for the little time he'll be away. I told him to be sure not to forget to turn the key when he comes in."

Elsie said nothing as she passed on, but she felt thankful this was the last deceitful thing she ever intended to do for Claude's asking.

After they separated, Elsie went to her own room, and sat down by the window to watch. She could see the dairy from here quite plainly; for it

stood on the edge of the meadow close to the field, the last of the row of out-houses that reached from the garden along the back of the house. It was covered with ivy like the other buildings, but was separated from the rest by a footpath that crossed the field from the cluster of cottages where the Baileys lived, and made a short cut to the village across the farmyard. This path and the field beyond it were quite bright now, for the moon was in the west. But Elsie could hardly see the dairy door, that opened upon it: wide eaves overhung it, and there were three steps to go down to it. The moonlight fell clear and strong on the heavy masses of ivy that covered the roof. She knew how it caressed the little dimpled faces at home, how it brooded over the stary flowers. "She was very glad that the explanation was to come about so soon, for after that, she would feel right again with her mother, and some day, perhaps, she might tell her about it." As for Claude, she had thought about him all the evening. She believed there was something in the "misunderstanding" which he could make clear; and now, she remembered how surprised these people would have been if they could know the terms they were on, she felt she might have been too quick to get angry with him.

Presently she saw him cross the meadow. He looked up at the house as he passed it, loitered for a minute in the bright little footpath, then went to the back of the dairy, where it was darker and out of sight of his father's window.

Elsie took her shoes in her hand, and went to the door and listened. The house was quite quiet. She crept cautiously past the red room to the top of the oak stairs; she had left the door that opened on them ajar,—she was glad of that now, for it was new to her to go so stealthily, neither was she accustomed to the hollow sounds of a large house. The stairs creaked whenever she moved; and when she held her breath to listen, the house too seemed to hold its breath and listen. Once at the bottom of the stairs, she passed quickly through the cellar,

and when she drew the door after her she was glad to have got so far. As she was stooping down to put on her shoes again, she was surprised to see Claude come quickly round the corner and disappear down the steps of the dairy door—she ran past the end of the house, then quickly across the bit of meadow, and was making her way along the wall of the dairy, under the ivy, when a loud scream made her start: she stood still and leaned back against the wall, as a boy rushed past her, still screaming violently.

When the sound ceased, Claude sprang quickly from his hiding-place to look after him, and found himself close to the immovable figure at his side—a horror seized him in spite of his better sense, and in a moment more his running would have done credit to Cambridge training, if Elsie had not put her hand on his arm, saying with an accent of relief as she pointed in the direction the boy had taken,—

“Don’t be frightened; it’s only a boy.”

“The boy,” whose memory of the legend had just been quickened by the sight of Elsie, turned back as soon as he was within protection of the house, to make sure he had not been deceived. Of course, he saw Claude and Elsie. The ghost story was fulfilled for him; he gave another scream and ran out of the meadow gate as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Poor little fellow,” said Elsie, laughing and withdrawing her hand, “he’s scared enough; but he little knows how he’s frightened us first.”

“It was *you* who frightened me, Elsie, not that fool of a boy.” Claude had now quite recovered. “You ought to have let me know you were here—I might have knocked you down as I jumped up the steps; but look at the light in my father’s window! That cursed boy was enough to wake up the whole neighbourhood. My father will think there are thieves about, and be down upon us in a minute. It’s all up with us now; you must get away somewhere—but not into the house!” for

she was going to make a rush towards it. “The light is leaving the room already. Can’t you find some place about here?”

“Yes, there’s the garden,” Elsie said in a subdued tone, “but how sorry I am I ever came here; I misdoubted it from the beginning.”

“Oh don’t say that, child!” and he stepped in front of her, as she turned away. “Of course you must go back, and there can be no speaking now—but will you promise me that while these people are here you will not condemn me without a hearing, whatever you may see me do, *or hear them say?* You will be my own Elsie, will you not?” She promised readily, for she felt he was in earnest; but he still looked at her, as if she had not spoken; then, bending low, he whispered something that needed no answer. They heard the front door open now, so he was obliged to let her go; but as Elsie disappeared behind the screen of bushes, her doubts and misgivings had disappeared also. The future was bright—the present a moment of excitement, undisturbed by a single anxious thought. Claude decided on staying where he was, till the disturbance had subsided, so he lighted a cigar and walked up and down thinking they would not be likely, to extend their search so far from the house; and if they did, “Why, he was only smoking a cigar!” On the whole, he was not ungrateful for the little incident that made so good an ending to a bad day.

Claude was deceived when he thought that Mr. Lillingstone would suspect thieves. When he was roused by the last scream, he got up and went to the window. The moonlight fell full upon Claude and Elsie. He recognized his son, but was not sure of the other figure, and, thinking something must have happened, he went down to see about it. As he was just unlocking the front door, Mrs. Gaithorne called out from upstairs, “Is that you, sir? Do you know what the noise was about?”

“I am now going to ask Claude about it; he is sure to know, as I see he is not yet come in.”

"Then thank you, sir; since you're going I needn't come down too." She went back to her own room, but remembering that it was Elsie's first night in a strange place, she thought she might be frightened, and went to her room. Great was her surprise when she found the door ajar. She pushed it gently, fearing to wake her, then she saw that Elsie was not there, and that the bed had not been even touched. The shock this gave kept her still for a minute, as she instinctively connected the shriek with Elsie's absence. She hurried back to fetch a shawl, and, wrapping herself in it, she ran downstairs, and followed Mr. Lillingstone into the garden. Hearing talking at the back of the house, she went round just in time to hear Claude say, in a tone of good-humoured satire, "You must have been dreaming of Bordale's ghost stories, and mistaken me for the mysterious monk; and here is Mrs. Gaithorne too," he was going on in the same vein of facetiousness, but she interrupted him in a voice that forbade all jesting, "Have you seen Elsie, Mr. Claude? She's gone from her room, and I'm quite in a way to know what's become of her."

Mr. Lillingstone compressed his lips and looked in a steady lowering way from Mrs. Gaithorne to his son, but he said nothing.

"The screaming is easily accounted for," Claude explained. "A boy came across the field as I was walking up and down here, and I can only suppose he took me for the ghost, for he ran through your place shouting enough to rouse the village. I am sorry I cannot tell you as much about your maid," and he shrugged his shoulders in an off-hand manner; "but, if I can render you any assistance, I will help to look for her," and he moved as if he was ready to begin the search at once.

But his father did *not* move.

"Stop, Claude!" he said, fixing his eyes sternly on his son. "Our good Mrs. Gaithorne is such an old friend that I do not mind speaking plainly before her, for I am afraid I see more in

this ghost story than most people give it credit for." Then, turning to Mrs. Gaithorne, who had been waiting impatiently, "I think you have no occasion to be anxious about the young girl just yet; for when I looked out of the window, I decidedly did see a young woman standing here with our Claude. And now I remember it, the figure *was* like that of your maid, though it did not occur to me at the time. Now, sir"—to his son—"how do you explain this? for I am not so superstitious as you would wish me to be, nor is my sight so confused as you represent it."

Claude felt he was in an ugly position, but, while his father was speaking, he determined on keeping to his first version. So he said, with as little concern as possible, "Well, perhaps the girl may have been out; it's not my business to keep watch over the house. I have only just come back from the inn, and have seen no one but the boy."

Mrs. Gaithorne had looked in amazement from one to the other. Her first vague fear about Elsie had changed to a very definite anxiety as Mr. Lillingstone's words gave a new turn to it. Feeling almost convinced against her will that it *was* Elsie whom the old gentleman had seen, she walked back quickly to the house without waiting for another word. Mr. Lillingstone followed her with his eye till she was out of sight, then he turned to Claude with a satirical smile,—

"You see the airiness of your story seems to convey a solid truth to Mrs. Gaithorne. It is hardly so satisfactory to me. However, since you do not choose to explain away what I believe to be a lie, you may consider yourself under my displeasure till this is cleared up," and the old gentleman returned to the house.

If Claude thought but irreverently of his father in his dressing-gown, and listened with a sneer to the loose flapping of his slippers on the brick path, it might be forgiven him in consideration of the vexatious circumstances in which they had played a part.

Elsie was safe in her room, and the

minutes seemed long since she had been there. Mr. Lillingstone's appearance on the scene had not frightened her, as Claude had prepared her for it; but, when he was followed by Mrs. Gaithorne, she knew the matter must be getting serious; so she made for the house at all risks, and was just congratulating herself on not being seen by anyone, when Miss Grey opened her door quietly, and asked what was the matter. Elsie said, "It was nothing. Only a boy called out as he passed the house and frightened everybody;" and she hurried on, not wishing to answer her more inquiries. She had left her door nearly closed; it was now wide open. That told its own tale. So she went to the window and waited. Her breath came short and quickly as she saw Mrs. Gaithorne coming back again, but she kept as quiet as possible, saying to herself all the time that she had done nothing wrong.

A few minutes more, and the bright moonlight that streamed over Elsie, and photographed lacy patterns of the trees on the door, showed Mrs. Gaithorne's distracted face. One glance satisfied her that she was not angry, but puzzled and distressed. This helped Elsie to keep firm, and to be watchful not to betray anything that would implicate "him" more than possible. Mrs. Gaithorne stood silent on the doorstep for an instant, for she had come here half-mechanically, hardly expecting to see her, so that she was almost startled by the still figure.

"Oh, Elsie!" she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered breath, "how could you give me such a fright! What's all this to-do mean? So it was you, then, who was with Mr. Claude! I'd never ha' believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Do you tell me all about it, child! As for Mr. Claude, he's been shilly-shallying down there for the last half-hour. No one can make any sense out o' him," and, with a deprecating gesture meant for Mr. Claude, she sat up into Elsie's face as confident of her as Elsie was herself.

She looked down steadily into Mrs. Gaithorne's eyes; though her voice was firm, she spoke in short cut sentences.

"I knew you would trust me—and that's why I am so sorry I frightened you—there's nothing at all in it—the truth is, I went down to speak to Mr. Claude—he asked me to," in a lower tone, "and——"

"Asked you to!" Mrs. Gaithorne interrupted angrily; "asked you to! And what ails him that he should ask to see you at this unearthly hour of the night? Isn't there enough Christian hours in the day for him to speak? If he's got anything to say—which I don't believe he has, the idle good-for-nothing young scamp."

Here breath failed her, and Elsie hurried on to explain, but Mrs. Gaithorne's red face and impatient movements showed that it mattered little to her *who* disturbed the house so long as this new trait in her young master remained a mystery.

"Oh! for the matter o' that, I'm glad the boy *did* holler, anything's better than being left to sleep when there's such goings on. But don't take it to heart, child," seeing that Elsie began to look cast down; "sit down here beside me, and see if you can't bring me to some understanding of it. What had he got to say to you? that's what I want to know;" and she crossed her arms tightly over her shawl with an air of judicial authority quite at variance with the effect of her nightgown and flannel petticoat.

Elsie felt she was brought to a stand-point. "She could not tell what Mr. Claude was going to say, she must not let Mrs. Gaithorne know he intended to marry her, yet she must not deceive Mrs. Gaithorne. She would tell a part and leave the rest, for would not that unfold itself in the future?" and the gladness of that future brightened her smile now, and softened the tone of her rich voice, as she said,—

"I can't tell you what Mr. Claude was going to say, because the boy called out before he could speak a word, and then," dropping her eyes, "when I saw

a light in the house, I ran into the garden. I came up here afterwards when I saw you had got up too. But," and she looked again into Mrs. Gaithorne's face, "I've been several times to dig ferns with Mr. Claude, and then he told me more about his books and his college, and what he means to do when he comes away from college, than he would do to many poor girls; perhaps maybe it was because I liked to hear about it, and asked him questions. However, he did tell me a great deal, and he says it helps him that he speaks to me, and——"

But she stopped, for she saw that Mrs. Gaithorne looked inexpressibly pained, and she felt that any addition to the story would only increase her anxiety. Mrs. Gaithorne had let her hands fall helplessly on her lap as soon as she thought she saw the "drift" of the story. A dull sinking at the heart had succeeded the anger with which the mention of Claude's name had at first filled her. As she loved and admired Elsie's beauty, and noted the deep affection that stirred in her voice, she grieved to think this would be wasted, for wasted she felt it must be if it all turned out as she expected. She sat looking at her with an expression of pity in which was a touch of retrospect—deep, womanly pity—for she was looking straight into a gulf, which it was plain Elsie only just perceived in the distance; but *she* was looking towards it with hope and longing, for she mistook it for a height.

The few minutes of silence lent their own impressiveness to Mrs. Gaithorne's words as she broke the stillness.

"God forgive me that I should say anything against my master's son—him that he's so proud of, and that I nursed when he was little; but you are the child of my oldest friend—I feel a'most as if you *was* my own—and I can't see why you make a mistake—a *very* great mistake," she persisted, as she noticed a slight movement in Elsie, "without speaking out. Believe me, Elsie," and she took Elsie's hands in hers, "you you mustn't place no dependence on Mr.

Claude. I know him well, and have always had my own thoughts about him. His father and all his people think a deal of his learning—of that I don't trouble myself, because I don't understand it—but one thing I *do* know, if I know my own name, and that is, Mr. Claude is a bag of selfishness; he loves his own self better than anything in this precious world. *Must* have everything he sets his mind upon, no matter what. He likes to have pretty things about him, too. He sees *you* are pretty—nay, don't fidget, child, I must speak the truth now, if I never do it again—he sees you are pretty, he wants to see you often, by and by he'll want you to be with him altogether; and then? Then, when you would be a hindrance to him, and he wants to be free, like his other young friends, he would part with you as easy, nay, much more easy than you'd part from your little kitten at home. Don't doubt it, for I know it *well*, and my heart aches for you, my poor child."

Mrs. Gaithorne rose, and walked up and down the room. She wished to be firm and quiet for Elsie's sake, but the tears would come, so she wiped them away silently now and then, hoping she did not see. Elsie got up and looked out of the window. There to the left were the ruins; but no longer the faëry light upon them, they were but a heavy mass of blackness. Beyond them dull grey, with patches of black, where clusters of trees rose out of the grey and glowered over the fens. Far beyond all this, almost opposite to her, the moon was setting, red and glowing,—with its own comfort it seemed to her, but obtrusive in showing its want of sympathy. It was hard to believe it was the same that so short a time ago had cast its genial rays so freely all around. "Could she be mistaken in Claude, after all? Could he be quite as bad as Mrs. Gaithorne had said?"

She remembered the evidences she had had of the weakness of his character, and they pained her; but she could not help seeing that his love had grown steadily. He had acknowledged to-day

that she was more to him than the people to whom he belonged, and "her faith in his word must be small indeed if it could not bear a little trial." She looked away from the west to the ruins again. "What if they *were* black? They would be bright again to-morrow; and not only that, everything would be as it had been lately, each day brighter than the other, except the last—but that was nothing." Mrs. Gaithorne put her hands on Elsie's shoulders.

"Would you like to go home to-morrow? Mr. Lillingstone saw you with his son. I know what these people are; they might say something to hurt you without much meaning it, and I'm as proud of you as your own mother could be. Don't mind *me*, child," as Elsie was about to speak; "I'll get on as well as I can: *just* do as you think fit."

Elsie thought a moment; presently she said, as she stroked Mrs. Gaithorne's shoulder gently, "I've decided on staying here, dear Mrs. Gaithorne, since you give me the choice, as I don't feel ashamed at what I've done, and I don't mind what people say so long as my conscience is clear. As for Mr. Claude, I'll remember what you've said about him; and I'll never forget your kindness in trusting me as you've done to-night, for I am more thankful than I can speak: you knew beforehand I wanted to do what is right."

"Well, perhaps you know best, it may be as well for you to stay; but if you don't feel comfortable you've only to tell me and I'll let you go. You could come to me again after the fine folks are gone, if you like; but," and here she took Elsie's face between her hands, "you must promise one thing, little one, and that is, not to have any more to do with Mr. Claude than you can help. Not that I want you to belower yourself by keeping out of his way on purpose, or seem to be afraid of him—the young vagabond—but keep him at a distance; teach him his place if he can't find it for himself. There now, that's enough preaching for to-night; give me a kiss and get to bed. You haven't more than two or three hours' rest before you, poor child!"

"You forgive me having upset you," said Elsie, as she put up her face to be kissed.

Mrs. Gaithorne did not answer, yet Elsie knew she was forgiven.

When the door was closed behind Mrs. Gaithorne, Elsie turned again towards the window. The moon had gone down. She was glad of this; she had a feeling of half-spite against it since the last few minutes. A bright star had taken its place,—"that was better," Elsie thought; but feeling chilly and tired she took Mrs. Gaithorne's advice, and it was not long before she was asleep.

*To be concluded in the next Number.*

## INSTINCT.

## WITH ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON YOUNG ANIMALS.

THE exquisite skill and accurate knowledge observable in the lives of the lower animals, which men generally have regarded as instinctive—born with them—have ever been subjects of wonder. In the hands of the natural theologian, whose armoury has been steadily impoverished in proportion as mystery has given way before science, instinct is still a powerful weapon. When the divine expatiates on the innate wisdom and the marvellous untaught dexterity of beasts, birds, and insects, he is in little danger of being checked by the men of science. His learned enemies are dumb, when in triumph he asks the old question:—

“Who taught the nations of the field and  
 wood  
 To shun their poison and to choose their  
 food?  
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to with-  
 stand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the  
 sand?”

The very little that our psychologists have done for instinct may be told in a few words. The only theory of instinct, of the nature of an explanation, is that put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer as part of his philosophy of evolution; but, as a theory, it is only beginning to be understood and appreciated among scientific men; while some eminent thinkers question the reality of the phenomena to be explained. Professor Bain, our other psychologist, and his able following of trained disciples, simply discredit the alleged facts of instinct. Unfortunately, however, instead of putting the matter to the test of observation and experiment, they have contented themselves with criticising the few accidental observations that have been recorded, and with arguing against the probability of instinctive knowledge.

In defending the Berkeleian Theory of Vision, Professor Bain, in answer to the assertion that the young of the lower animals manifest an instinctive perception of distance by the eye, contends that “there does not exist a body of careful and adequate observations on the early movements of animals.” Writing long ago on the same subject, Mr. Mill also, while admitting that “the facts relating to the young of the lower animals have been long felt to be a real stumbling-block in the way of the theory,” maintains that “our knowledge of the mental operations of animals is too imperfect to enable us to affirm positively that they have this instinct.” Denying the facts, however, was not Mr. Mill’s mode of saving the theory. He was rather of opinion that the “animals have to us an inexplicable facility both of finding and selecting the objects which their wants require.” How very inexplicable, he conceives, their mental operations may possibly be, may be gathered from the fact of his suggesting an experiment to ascertain whether a blind duckling might not find the water as readily as one having sight. The position of psychologists of the too purely analytical school, however, is not that the facts of instinct are inexplicable; but that they are incredible. This view is set out most explicitly in the article on Instinct in “Chambers’s Encyclopædia.” Thus: “It is likewise said that the chick recognizes grains of corn at first sight, and can so direct its movements as to pick them up at once; being thus able to know the meaning of what it sees, to measure the distance of objects instinctively, and to graduate its movements to that knowledge—all which is, in the present state of our acquaintance with the laws of mind, wholly incredible.” And it is held, that



all the supposed examples of instinct may be—for anything that has yet been observed to the contrary—nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction.

Thus it would appear that with regard to instinct we have yet to ascertain the facts. With a view to this end, I have made many observations and experiments, mostly on chickens. The question of instinct, as opposed to acquisition, has been discussed chiefly in connection with the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued, that as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations and feelings of sight and hearing correspond to, must be got at by moving over the ground—by experience. On the other hand, it is alleged that, though as regards man the prolonged helplessness of infancy stands in the way of the observer, we have only to look at the young of the lower animals to see that as a matter of fact they do not require to go through the process of learning the meaning of their sensations in relation to external things; that chickens, for example, run about, pick up crumbs, and follow the call of their mother *immediately* on leaving the shell. For putting this matter to the test of experiment, chickens, therefore, are most suitable and convenient subjects. I have observed and experimented on more than fifty chickens, taking them from under the hen while yet in the eggs. But of these, not one on emerging from the shell was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless; they struggle with their legs, wings, and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavouring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them hold up their heads well, peck at objects, and attempt to

dress their wings when only between four and five hours old. But there is no difficulty in conceiving that, with great spontaneity and a strong power of association, much might be learned in four or five hours. Professor Bain is of opinion, from observations of his own on a newly dropped lamb, that “a power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours.” Accordingly, in the absence of precautions, the time that must elapse before chickens have acquired enough control over their muscles to enable them to give evidence as to their instinctive power of interpreting what they see and hear, would suffice to let in the contention that the eye and the ear may have had opportunities of being educated. To obviate this objection with respect to the eye, I had recourse to the following expedient. Taking eggs just when the little prisoners had begun to break their way out, I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close round their necks. The material of these hoods was in some cases such as to keep the wearers in total darkness; in other instances it was semi-transparent. Some of them were close at the upper end, others had a small aperture bound with an elastic thread, which held tight round the base of the bill. In this state of blindness—the blindness was very manifest—I allowed them to remain from one to three days. The conditions under which these little victims of human curiosity were first permitted to see the light were then carefully prepared. Frequently the interesting little subject was unhooded on the centre of a table covered with a large sheet of white paper, on which a few small insects, dead and alive, had been placed. From that instant every movement, with the date thereof, as shown by the watch, was put on record. Never in the columns of a Court Journal were the doings of the most royal personage noted with such faithful accuracy. This experiment was performed on twenty separate chickens

at different times, with the following results. Almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behaviour, however, was in every case conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often at the end of two minutes they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to judge, to measure distance, with something like infallible accuracy. They did not attempt to seize things beyond their reach, as babies are said to grasp at the moon; and they may be said to have invariably hit the objects at which they struck—they never missed by more than a hair's breadth, and that too, when the specks at which they aimed were no bigger, and less visible, than the smallest dot of an *i*. To seize between the points of the mandibles at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. I have seen a chicken seize and swallow an insect at the first attempt; most frequently, however, they struck five or six times, lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. The unacquired power of following by sight was very plainly exemplified in the case of a chicken that, after being unhooded, sat complaining and motionless for six minutes, when I placed my hand on it for a few seconds. On removing my hand the chicken immediately followed it by sight backward and forward and all round the table. To take, by way of example, the observations in a single case a little in detail:—A chicken that had been made the subject of experiments on hearing, was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its

head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive-bee coming sufficiently near was seized at a dart and thrown some distance, much disabled. For twenty minutes it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since writing this article, I see it stated in Mr. Darwin's new book, "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," that "the wonderful power which a chicken possesses only a few hours after being hatched, of picking up small particles of food, seems to be started into action through the sense of hearing; for, with chickens hatched by artificial heat, a good observer found that 'making a noise with a finger-nail against a board, in imitation of the hen-mother, first taught them to peck at their meat.'" My own observations give no countenance whatever to this view:—(1) I have frequently observed chickens finally hatched in a flannel nest over a jar of hot water and left undisturbed for a few hours, begin, immediately after the covering was removed, and while they still sat nestling together, to pick at each other's beaks and at specks of oatmeal when these were dropped on them, all noise being as far as possible avoided. (2) Each of the twenty chickens made subjects of the experiment described in the text, began to eat without any assistance from the sense of hearing; the greatest possible stillness being maintained and required during the experiment. (3) Chickens picked up food though rendered deaf while yet in the shell. One

It would be out of place here to attempt to indicate the full psychological bearing of these facts. But this much may be affirmed, that they put out of court all those who are prepared only to argue against the instinctive perception by the eye of the primary qualities of the external world. When stripped of all superfluous learning, the argument against this and every other alleged case of instinctive knowledge is simply that it is unscientific to assume an instinct when it is possible that the knowledge in question may have been *acquired* in the ordinary way. But the experiments that have been recounted are evidence that prior to experience chickens behave as if they already possessed an acquaintance with the established order of nature. A hungry chick that never tasted food is able, on seeing a fly or a spider for the first time, to bring into action muscles that were never so exercised before, and to perform a series of delicately adjusted movements that end in the capture of the insect. This I assert as the result of careful observation and experiment; and it cannot be answered but by observation and experiment at least as extensive. It is no doubt common for scientific men to discredit new facts, for no other reason than that they do not fit with theories that have been raised on too narrow foundations; but when they do this they are only geologists, or psychologists—they are not philosophers.

Before passing to the perceptions of the ear, it may be mentioned that, instead of hooding chickens, which had

of these, deprived of both sight and hearing at its birth, was unhooded when three days old, and nine minutes after it vigorously pursued a large blue fly a distance of two feet, pecking at it several times: this bird proved perfectly deaf. Another with its ears similarly closed, was taken from the dark when a day and a half old, and when an experiment was being tried to ascertain whether it was perfectly deaf—which it turned out to be—it began to pick up and swallow small crumbs. What in this case really surprised me was that, the gum employed in closing its ears having also sealed up one of its eyes, it nevertheless picked up crumbs by sight of its one eye almost if not altogether as well as if it had had two.

the advantage of enabling me to make many interesting observations on them when in a state of blindness, I occasionally put a few eggs, when just chipped, into a flannel bag made for the purpose. In this bag the hatching was completed artificially, and the chickens allowed to remain in the dark from one to three days. When placed in the light they deported themselves as regards sight in the manner already described. For the purpose of merely testing the perceptions of the eye or the ear this is by far the easier experiment. The hooding process requires considerable delicacy of manipulation, and the chickens are very liable to be injured.

With respect now to the space perceptions of the ear, which, in man at least, even Mr. Spencer regards as acquired by each individual. Chickens hatched and kept in the said bag for a day or two, when taken out and placed nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen with chicks were concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did, struggling through grass and over rough ground, when not yet able to stand steadily on their legs. Nine chickens were thus experimented upon, and each individual gave the same positive results, running to the box scores of times, and from every possible position. To vary the experiment I tried the effect of the mother's voice on hooded chickens. These, when left to themselves, seldom made a forward step, their movements were round and round, and backward; but when placed within five or six feet of the mother, they, in answer to her call, became much more lively, began to make little forward journeys, and soon followed her by sound alone, though, of course, blindly, keeping their heads close to the ground and knocking against everything that lay in their path. Only three chickens were made subjects of this experiment. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper

before they had escaped from the shell. I tried at different times to stop the ears of a good many in this way, but a number of them got the papers off, others were found not quite deaf, and only three remained perfectly indifferent to the voice of the mother when separated from them by only an inch board. These had their ears opened when between two and three days old, and on being placed within call of the mother hidden in a box, they, after turning round a few times, ran straight to the spot whence came what must have been very nearly, if not actually, the first sound they had ever heard. It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment on these facts. They are conclusive against the theory that, in the history of each life, sounds are at first but meaningless sensations; that the direction of the sounding object, together with all other facts concerning it, must be learned entirely from experience.

If now it be taken as established that in the perceptions of the eye and the ear, chickens at least manifest an instinctive knowledge of the relations and qualities of external things, the popular belief that the special knowledge, the peculiar art and skill, so marked in the various species of animals, come to them mostly without the labour of acquisition, is at once freed from all antecedent improbability. In the way of direct evidence, the little that I have been able to observe in this wide field goes to prove that the current notions are in accordance with fact. We have seen that chickens follow the call of their mother before they have had any opportunity of associating that sound with pleasurable feelings; and one or two observations, which must be taken for what they are worth, support the general opinion that they have an equally instinctive dread of their more deadly enemies. When twelve days old one of my little *protégés*, while running about beside me, gave the peculiar chirr whereby they announce the approach of danger. I looked up, and behold a sparrow-hawk was hovering at a great height over head. Having subsequently

procured a young hawk, able to take only short flights, I made it fly over a hen with her first brood, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. The hen pursued, and scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where she had been sitting, when she fell upon it with such fury that it was with difficulty that I was able to rescue it from immediate death. Equally striking was the effect of the hawk's voice when heard for the first time. A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk, in a cupboard just beside us, gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear. Unfortunately, my hawk coming to an untimely end, I was prevented from proceeding with observations of this class. But these few were so marked and unmistakable in their character that I have thought them worth recording.

There are instincts, however, yet to be mentioned, concerning the reality of which I have thoroughly satisfied myself. The early attention that chickens give to their toilet is a very useful instinct, about which there can be no question. Scores of times I have seen them attempt to dress their wings when only a few hours old—indeed as soon as they could hold up their heads, and even when denied the use of their eyes. The art of scraping in search of food, which, if anything, might be acquired by imitation—for a hen with chickens spends the half of her time in scratching for them—is nevertheless another in-

disputable case of instinct. Without any opportunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally, the condition of the ground was suggestive; but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consists of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table. As an example of unacquired dexterity, I may mention that on placing four ducklings a day old in the open air for the first time, one of them almost immediately snapped at and caught a fly on the wing. More interesting, however, is the deliberate art of catching flies practised by the turkey. When not a day and a half old I observed the young turkey already spoken of slowly pointing its beak at flies and other small insects without actually pecking at them. In doing this, its head could be seen to shake like a hand that is attempted to be held steady by a visible effort. This I observed and recorded when I did not understand its meaning. For it was not until after, that I found it to be the invariable habit of the turkey, when it sees a fly settled on any object, to steal on the unwary insect with slow and measured step until sufficiently near, when it advances its head very slowly and steadily till within an inch or so of its prey, which is then seized by a sudden dart. If all this can be proved to be instinct, few, I think, will care to maintain that *anything* that can be learned from experience *may* not also appear as an intuition. The evidence I have in this case, though not so abundant as could be wished, may yet, perhaps, be held sufficient. I have mentioned that this masterpiece of turkey cleverness when first observed, was in the incipient stage, and, like the nervous dance that precedes the actual scraping, ended in nothing. I noted it simply as an odd performance that I did not understand. The turkey, however, which was never out of my sight except when in its flannel bag, persisted in its whimsical pointing at flies, until before many days I was delighted to discover that there was more in it than my philosophy

had dreamt of. I went at once to the flock of its own age. They were following a common hen, which had brought them out; and as there were no other turkeys about the place, they could not possibly learn by imitation. As the result, however, of their more abundant opportunities, I found them already in the full and perfect exercise of an art—a cunning and skilful adjusting of means to an end—bearing conspicuously the stamp of experience. But the circumstances under which these observations were made left me no room for the opinion that the experience, so visible in their admirable method of catching flies, was original, was the experience, the acquisition of those individual birds. To read what another has observed is not, however, so convincing as to see for oneself, and to establish a case so decisive more observation may reasonably be desired; at the same time, it can scarcely be attempted to set aside the evidence adduced, on the ground of improbability, for the *fact* of instinct: all that is involved in this more striking example, has, we venture to think, been sufficiently attested.

A few manifestations of instinct still remain to be briefly spoken of. Chickens as soon as they are able to walk will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck, or a human being. Unreflecting on-lookers, when they saw chickens a day old running after me, and older ones following me miles and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures, whereas I simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and, as we have seen, their ear prior to experience attaches them to the right object. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. But instincts are not conferred on any principle of supplying animals with arts very essential to them, and which they could not very well learn for themselves. If there is anything that experience would be sure to teach chickens, it would be to

take care when they had got a piece of food not to let their fellows take it from them, and from the very first they may be seen to run off with a worm, pursued by all their companions. But this has been so stamped in their nature that, when they have never seen one of their kind, nor ever been disturbed in the enjoyment of a morsel, they nevertheless, when they get something larger than can be swallowed at once, turn round and run off with it.

Another suggestive class of phenomena that fell under my notice may be described as imperfect instincts. When a week old my turkey came on a bee right in its path—the first, I believe, it had ever seen. It gave the danger chirr, stood for a few seconds with outstretched neck and marked expression of fear, then turned off in another direction. On this hint I made a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees. In the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these sting-bearing insects; but the results were not uniform, and perhaps the most accurate general statement I can give is, that they were uncertain, shy, and suspicious. Of course to be stung once was enough to confirm their misgivings for ever. Pretty much in the same way did they avoid ants, especially when swarming in great numbers.

Probably enough has been said to leave no doubt in minds free from any bias on the subject, that in the more important concerns of their lives the animals are in great part guided by knowledge that they individually have not gathered from experience. But equally certain is it that they do learn a great deal, and exactly in the way that we are generally supposed to acquire all our knowledge. For example, every chicken, as far as my observations go, has to learn not to eat its own excrement. They made this mistake invariably; but they did not repeat it oftener than once or twice. Many times they arrested themselves when in the very act, and went off shaking their heads in disgust, though they had not actually touched the obnoxious matter. It also

appeared that, though thirsty, they did not recognize water by sight, except perhaps in the form of dew-drops on the grass; and they had to some extent to learn to drink. Their first attempts were awkward; instead of dipping in their beaks, they pecked at the water, or rather at specks in the water, or at the edge of the water. All animals have a capacity to learn; each individual must learn the topography of its locality, and numerous other facts. Many dogs, horses, and elephants may be able to learn more than some men. But I have no doubt that observation will bear out the popular belief that what may be called the professional knowledge of the various species—those special manifestations of practical skill, dexterity, and cunning that mark them off from each other, no less clearly than do the physical differences whereon naturalists base their classifications—is instinctive, and not acquired. As we shall see, the creatures have not in a vast multitude of instances the opportunity to acquire these arts. And if they had the opportunity, they have not individually the capacity to do so, even by way of imitation. We have seen as a matter of fact that it is by instinct that the chicken, and, I may now add, the turkey, scratch the surface of the earth in search of insects; also, that the turkey has a method of catching flies so remarkably clever that it cannot be witnessed without astonishment. Now, chickens like flies no less than turkeys, and, though with less success, often try to catch them. But it is a significant fact that they do not copy the superior art. To give every opportunity for imitation, I placed a newly-hatched chicken with my turkey, when the latter was eleven days old. The two followed me about for several weeks, and when I deserted them they remained close companions throughout the summer, neither of them ever associating with the other poultry. But the chicken never caught the knowing trick of its companion—seemed, indeed, wholly blind to the useful art that was for months practised before its eyes.

Before passing to the theory of instinct, it may be worthy of remark that, unlooked for, I met with in the course of my experiments some very suggestive, but not yet sufficiently observed, phenomena; which, however, have led me to the opinion that not only do the animals learn, but they can also forget—and very soon—that which they never practised. Further, it would seem that any early interference with the established course of their lives may completely derange their mental constitution, and give rise to an order of manifestations, perhaps totally and unaccountably different from what would have appeared under normal conditions. Hence I am inclined to think that students of animal psychology should endeavour to observe the unfolding of the powers of their subjects in as nearly as possible the ordinary circumstances of their lives. And perhaps it may be because they have not all been sufficiently on their guard in this matter, that some experiments have seemed to tell against the reality of instinct. Without attempting to prove the above propositions, one or two facts may be mentioned. Untaught, the new-born babe can suck—a reflex action; and Mr. Herbert Spencer describes all instinct as “compound reflex action;” but it seems to be well known that if spoon-fed, and not put to the breast, it soon loses the power of drawing milk. Similarly, a chicken that has not heard the call of the mother until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it, and tried to entice it in every way; still it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times, and indeed cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning. Something more curious, and of a different kind, came to

light in the case of three chickens that I kept hooded until nearly four days old—a longer time than any I have yet spoken of. Each of these on being unhooded evinced the greatest terror of me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the glass like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organization.

The only theory in explanation of the phenomena of instinct that has an air of science about it, is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Inherited Acquisition. The laws of association explain our intellectual operations, and enable us to understand how all our knowledge may be derived from experience. A chicken comes on a bee, and, imagining it has found a dainty morsel, seizes the insect, but is stung, and suffers badly. Henceforth bees are avoided; they can be neither seen nor heard without a shudder of fear. Now, if we can realize how such an association as this—how what one individual learns by experience may, in any degree, be transmitted to the progeny of that individual—we have a key to the mystery of instinct. Instinct in the present generation is the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations. The plausibility of this hypothesis, however, is not appreciated by the majority of even the educated portion of the community. But the reason is not far to seek. Educated men, even materialists—their own positive statements to the contrary notwithstanding—have not yet quite escaped

from the habit of regarding mind as independent of bodily organization. Hence it is, that while familiar with the idea of physical peculiarities passing by inheritance from one generation to another, they find it difficult to conceive how anything so impalpable as fear at the sight of a bee should be transmitted in the same way. Obviously, this difficulty is not consistent with a thorough belief in the intimate and invariable dependence of all kinds of mental facts on nervous organization. Let us, if possible, make this clear. The facts of mind that make up the stream of an individual life differ from material things in this important respect, that whereas the latter can be stored up, volitions, thoughts, and feelings, as such, cannot. Facts of consciousness cannot be thought of as packed away like books in a library. They have to be for ever produced, created, one after another; and when gone they are out of existence. Whatever associations may be formed among these, must depend for their permanence on the corresponding impress given to the nervous organism; and why should not this, which is purely physical, be subject to the law of heredity? Look at a friend as he lies in unconscious sleep. His sovereigns are in his pocket, but where is his stock of ideas? where is all he has learned from experience? You have simply a living machine; but such a machine that it can wake and exhibit all the phenomena of what we call a well-informed and cultivated mind. Suppose, now, that while you stand by, another organism, the same in every particle and fibre, is by some mysterious process formed direct from its elements. Outwardly you cannot tell the one from the other; but wake them and how will it be? Even then, will not the one being recognize you, and be as completely and indistinguishably your friend as the other? Will not the newly created man, by virtue of his identical material organization, possess the mind and character, the knowledge and feelings, the past, in a word, the personal identity of the other? I have made this extreme supposition in

order that no doubt may be entertained as to the shape in which I hold the doctrine that for every fact of mind there is a corresponding fact of matter, and that, given the material fact, whether produced by repeated experiences in the life history of the individual, or inherited from parents, the corresponding mental fact will be the same. If this view be admitted, there can be no difficulty in conceiving how entrance into life on the part of the animals may be a waking up in a world with which they are, in greater or less degree, already acquainted. Instinct, looked at from its physical side, may be conceived to be, like memory, a turning on of the "nerve currents" on already established tracks: for no reason, we presume, can be suggested why those modifications of brain matter that, enduring from hour to hour and from day to day, render acquisition possible, should not, like any other physical peculiarity, be transmitted from parent to offspring. That they are so transmitted is all but proved by the facts of instinct, while these in their turn receive their only rational explanation in this theory of inherited acquisition. But the difficulty of the undisciplined mind lies, as we have said, in an inability to grasp the full significance of the doctrine that, in an individual life, it is the physical part alone that endures from day to day; that, strictly speaking, we cannot feel the same feeling or think the same thought twice over; that only as by pulling the bell-cord to-day we can, in the language of ordinary discourse, produce the sound we heard yesterday, can we, while the established connections among the nerves and nerve-centres hold, live our experiences over again.

This doctrine of inherited acquisition, then, is, to say the least, a good working hypothesis in explanation of all those facts of instinct that may be conceived as built up, compounded out of, the accumulated experiences of innumerable generations. So far good. But it will occur to every reader that the peculiar depths of animal psychology are not yet explored. Two classes of



phenomena still lie in the dark. First, there are the many extraordinary and exceptional feats of dogs and other animals, which seem to be constantly falling under the observation of everybody except the few that are interested in these matters. Second, all the more wonderful instincts, especially those of insects, are such that it is hard, if at all possible, to conceive how they ever could have been derived from experience.

With regard to the first, it is not desirable to say much. Though volumes of marvellous stories have been written, I am not aware that any careful experiments have been tried, and, as the performances in question are of an exceptional character, it is perhaps but scientific caution not as yet to put too much stress on them. For my own part, though I have been very intimate with dogs, I have been singularly unfortunate in having never witnessed any of their more incomprehensible clairvoyant-like achievements. I have known them do many surprising things, but I have always found that they had, or might have had, something to go upon—enough, coupled with quick intelligence, to account for their exploits. What may be said in this connection, if, indeed, it be prudent to say anything, is that, while we certainly cannot have all the data of experience from without of all the vastly different living things which people the earth, the air, and the ocean—while we certainly can have no trace of many feelings that arise from changes in the organisms of the different creatures, and which, instinctively interpreted, start them on lines of action—a host of statements, generally accepted as fact, suggest the opinion that even such animals as dogs, are alive to, conscious, sensible of influences that scarcely affect us, or wholly escape our cognition. If this be so, they have a basis of experience from which to start in their calculations that we want, and, if so, well may their actions seem to us, as Mr. Mill said, hopelessly inexplicable. Take, not the most remarkable, but the best-authenticated example of this class—

the frequently alleged fact of dogs and other animals returning in a straight line, or by the most direct routes, through districts they had never before traversed, to places from which they had been taken by devious tracks, and even shut up in close boxes. To most people this is a phenomenon sufficiently incomprehensible. They are certain they themselves could do nothing at all like it. But there is in some men what may be just a hint of this faculty. Most people that have lived only in cities are very soon lost in a strange and trackless district, and still sooner in a pathless wood; in the one case, after wandering this way and that for a few hours, in the other, after merely turning round a few times, they can tell nothing of the direction whence they came. But all men are not so easily lost; some, without consciously making notes, retain, after long wandering in such situations, a strong and often accurate impression, not of the ground they have gone over, but of the direction in which lies the place whence they started. Without attempting to throw any light on the mental chemistry of this perception, we would submit that in it may perhaps be found a clue to the mystery of those astonishing home-journeys of dogs, sheep, cats, pigeons, bees, &c., of which hundreds are on record.

It is, however, with the other dark enigma that we are more especially concerned. We do not think it necessary to examine the proof of the actuality of such marvellous instincts as those of bees and wasps. But for the too fond love of a theory we venture to think none would doubt the reality, or the instinctive character, of their "far-sighted," or, more correctly, blind provisions for the future. The problem before us is not whether, for example, the male of the fish *Arius* does, and by instinct, hatch the eggs of the female in his mouth, but how such a singular mode of incubation ever had a beginning? Perhaps the most widely known instance of this class of instincts is the provision of the solitary wasp for the worm that will issue from her egg after her own death. She brings grubs

—food that as a wasp she never tasted—and deposits them over the egg, ready for the larva she will never see. The life history of every insect exhibits instincts of this perplexing description. Witness the caterpillar, how at the proper time it selects a suitable situation and spins for itself a silken cocoon. It may be admitted at once that the creatures, *as we behold them*, never could have lived to acquire such instincts by any process of experience and inheritance of which we can conceive. Nor let it be supposed that it is only in the insect world, where all is so strange, that instincts are to be met with so essential to lives of the individuals or their progeny that without them the creatures in their present shape could never have existed. Of this kind are the first movements observable in the life of a bird, and which take place within the shell. I have often observed the self-delivery of the chicken. The prison wall is not burst in pieces by spontaneous, random struggles. By a regular series of strokes the shell is cut in two—chipped right round in a perfect circle, some distance from the great end. Moreover, the bird has a special instrument for this work, a hard, sharp horn on the top of the upper mandible, which being required for no other purpose disappears in a few days. Obviously each individual bird no more acquires the art of breaking its way out than it furnishes itself with the little pick-hammer used in the operation; and it is equally clear that a bird could have never escaped from the egg without this instinct. Again, how were eggs hatched before birds had acquired the instinct to sit upon them? Or who will throw light on the process of such an acquisition? Nor are the subsequent phenomena easier of explanation. A fowl that never before willingly shared a crumb with a companion, will now starve herself to feed her chickens, which she calls by a language she never before used—may have never even heard—but which they are born to understand. Once more, it is clearly because she cannot do otherwise that a she-rabbit,

when with her first young, digs a hole in the earth away from her ordinary habitation, and there builds a nest of soft grass, lined with fur stripped from her own body. But how as to the origin of this habit?

We need not accumulate examples of seemingly unfathomable instincts. And it may be confessed at once, that in the present state of our knowledge it would be hopeless to attempt to guess at the kinds of experiences that may have originally, when the creatures wore different shapes and lived different lives, wrought changes in their nervous systems that, enduring and being modified through many changes of form, have given to the living races the physical organizations of which these wonderful instincts are the corresponding mental facts. Nor, perhaps, can it be confidently asserted that in experience and heredity we have all the terms of the problem. The little we can say is, that though in the dark we need not consider ourselves more in the dark as to the origin of those strange instincts than we are concerning the origin of those wonderful organs of astonishing and exquisite mechanism that, especially among the insects, are the instruments of those instincts. Nay, more, if the view we have put forward concerning the connection between mental manifestations and bodily organization be correct, the question of the origin of these mysterious instincts is not more difficult than, or different from, but is the same with, the problem of the origin of the physical structure of the creatures; for, however they may have come by their bodies, they cannot fail to have the minds that correspond thereto. When, as by a miracle, the lovely butterfly bursts from the chrysalis full-winged and perfect, and flutters off a thing of soft and gorgeous beauty, it but wakes to a higher life, to a new mode of existence, in which, strange though it may sound, it has, for the most part, nothing to learn; *because* its little life flows from its organization like melody from a music box. But we need not enlarge on this a second time.

In seeking to understand the phenomena of instinct we of course get the full benefit of the law of Natural Selection, which, though it throws no light on the origin of anything, mental or physical—for, as Mr. Darwin says, it “has no relation whatever to the primary cause of any modification of structure”—nevertheless helps us to understand the existence of instincts far removed from the circumstances or conditions of life under which they could have been acquired. Suppose a Robinson Crusoe to take, soon after his landing, a couple of parrots, and to teach them to say in very good English, “How do you do, sir?”—that the young of these birds are also taught by Mr. Crusoe and their parents to say, “How do you do, sir?”—and that Mr. Crusoe, having little else to do, sets to work to prove the doctrine of Inherited Association by direct experiment. He continues his teaching, and every year breeds from the birds of the last and previous years that say “How do you do, sir?” most frequently and with the best accent. After a sufficient number of generations his young parrots, continually hearing their parents and a hundred other birds saying “How do you do, sir?” begin to repeat these words so soon that an experiment is needed to decide whether it is by instinct or imitation; and perhaps it is part of both. Eventually, however, the instinct is established. And though now Mr. Crusoe dies, and leaves no record of his work, the instinct will not die, not for a long time at least; and if the parrots themselves have acquired a taste for good English the best speakers will be sexually selected, and the instinct will certainly endure to astonish and perplex mankind, though in truth we may as well wonder at the crowing of the cock or the song of the skylark. Again, turkeys have an instinctive art of catching flies, which, it is manifest, the creatures in their present shape may have acquired by experience. But suppose the circumstances of their life to change; flies

steadily become more abundant, and other kinds of food scarcer: the best fly-catchers are now the fittest to live, and each generation they are naturally selected. This process goes on, experience probably adding to the instinct in ways that we need not attempt to conceive, until a variety or species is produced that feeds on flies alone. To look at, this new bird will differ considerably from its turkey ancestors; for change in food and in habits of life will have affected its physical conformation, and every useful modification of structure will have been preserved by natural selection. My point however is, that thus, by no inconceivable steps, would be produced a race of birds depending for all their food on an instinctive art, which they, as then constituted, could never have acquired, because they never could have existed without it.

No doubt, to the many, who love more to gaze and marvel than to question and reflect, all this will seem miserably inadequate as a clue to one of the greatest mysteries of life. But enough, if I have indicated my view of how the most inexplicable of instincts may have had their origin; or rather, if I have shown how our utter inability to trace them back to their origin tells nothing against the probability that they all came into existence in accordance with those laws of acquisition and heredity that we now see operating before our eyes. We cannot tell how the pupa of the dragon-fly came by the instinct that prompts it to leave the water and hang itself up to dry. But we may be able to explain this quite as soon as to unveil the origin of the hooks by which it hangs itself up. And if ever human intelligence should so trace the evolution of living forms as to be able to say, “Thus was developed the bill-scale wherewith birds now break their way out of the shell,” it will probably be able to add, “and these were the experiences to which we must trace the instinct that makes every little bird its own skilful accoucheur.”

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI,  
POPE PIUS II.

PART II.

IN spite of the tortuous nature of his political actions and the blots upon his private character, Æneas was in no sense a vicious man. It is true that, while he was struggling upwards, he felt it impossible to avoid many false situations in public matters, and he was determined that no false shame should prevent him in his endeavours after success. In private life he made no profession of being better than his neighbours. "Continence might suit a philosopher," he exclaimed, "but was unfit for a poet;" but his conscience had hindered him from taking Orders till advancing years had cooled his passions, and this was in those days a rare concession to morality. The culture which Æneas had gained from his studies gave him a delicacy of mind and sensitiveness of perception, which saved him from coarse and open offences against current social decorum. He had done many things which probably he wished he had been spared the necessity of doing; but poverty sharpened his wits till they regarded strict honesty as clumsy blundering, and his ambition, which had all its own work to do, neglected, in the pressure of business, the sharp distinctions to which more grovelling minds have time to attend. His letters show a delightful *naïveté* in stating his real position and disclosing his intentions. These letters he deliberately allowed to come down to posterity, and in this he certainly is a strong instance of the great power of candour. Every man, however much he had to conceal, however much he might shrink before judgment, would still stand out better in the eyes of posterity if they could see his real motives than if they were only left to guess at them. As we read

Æneas's letters we may laugh sometimes at his vanity, or feel indignant at his effrontery, or despise his self-seeking, while we admire his cleverness; but, as we read on, we tend to feel a greater liking for him personally. How many men who have been so successful dare leave behind them so clear a record of their doings? How many politicians (and it is as a politician that Æneas must be judged) would care that all the correspondence should descend to posterity, in which they hunted for places, or violently upheld opinions which they afterwards renounced? Yet in the case of Æneas these are the materials we possess,—materials which he took no pains to suppress or garble.

Moreover, Æneas lived in an age of tortuous policy and wonderful success. He himself was present at the siege of Milan, when the condottier-general, Francesco Sforza, suddenly turned his arms against the Commonwealth, whose hireling he was, and, after subjecting the people to all the horrors of a protracted siege, still managed so well that he was finally hailed by their acclamations Duke of Milan, and ruled them securely till his death. It was a time in which the policy of which Macchiavelli is the passive analyst was unconsciously developing. In Æneas we see this policy in its most insinuating, most graceful, most spontaneous form. He disarmed opposition by kindness and suavity, by perfect inoffensiveness of character, just as surely as did Cæsar Borja by the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup. Æneas and Cæsar Borja equally had success as their object; but Æneas succeeded by never making a foe, Cæsar Borja hoped to succeed by never leaving one alive.

This is the key to the character of Æneas: he represented the cultivated

and enfranchised spirit of the Renaissance, as guided by a skilful hand through the mazes of politics. He began by having a perfectly open mind. The Renaissance had taught him and all its early disciples a contempt for the ideas of the Middle Ages, and an entire want of sympathy with them. Yet this contempt they dared not too openly express, so they revenged themselves by uncontrolled vagaries, in which they either pulled down or propped up parts of the old structure as their fancy or interest led them. So it was with Æneas. The man of culture, he held, must perform with ability and decorum the duties of any office to which he is called; must use as skilfully as he can the advantages, and even disadvantages, of his position. In this there was no hypocrisy, no consciousness of meanness, no particle of dissimulation. His opinions in his youth were floating, because the world lay before him and he wished to keep an open mind, so as to be able to turn his talents to the best account: as life advanced, the vague possibilities which youth had held before his eyes fell away one by one and were abandoned, the future became year by year more limited and more defined; and so, side by side with the actual facts of life, his convictions formed themselves, and his opinions and life fitted themselves into one another with wondrous suppleness. From looseness of life Æneas passed to moral respectability, when the force of temptations ceased; from indifference to religious forms he passed to a priesthood of unimpeachable orthodoxy, when he saw that orthodoxy was going to prevail; from adherence to the liberal and reforming opinions of Basle he passed to a rigid ecclesiastical conservatism, and as Pope anathematized the opinions which in his youth he had skilfully advocated. He did so because his position had changed; the same opinions did not befit the young adventurer and the man of secure fame; the conditions that surrounded him were different, how could his opinions or desires remain the same?

In this point of view Æneas was

quite consistent: he had succeeded, but that was no reason why he should wish others to succeed. As Cardinal he urged upon the Pope the desirability of settling a disputed election to the bishopric of Regensburg in favour of a nephew of the Duke of Bavaria, although he had only slight claim to a capitial election and was under the canonical age; his election would be more expedient, and would give greater prestige to the Papacy, whose object must be to ally itself with princes. No sentimental reminiscences of his own early days misled Æneas to lend a hand to a struggling brother. He is even very proud of this exploit, as indeed he was of most things in which he had a hand; but to this triumph of his principles he calls special attention, and remarks that it "marvellously increased his reputation among the Cardinals."

This capacity for making the best of circumstances, this genuine and perfectly unconscious power of self-adaptation to any condition, was quite natural in that day. The revival of the learning of the ancients disgusted the student with the notions of his own day, while antiquity gave no real ideas to enable him to reconstruct his life under the circumstances in which it had to be spent. The culture of the Renaissance was consequently merely concerned with form, and very little with contents. The facts of life were given from without; the cultivated mind was not concerned with them; the utmost it could do was to try and make them accord with ancient precedent—to rob them, if possible, of their repulsive, ungraceful, or indecorous aspect. Even in the Council of Basle the pious Cardinal of Arles stirred the assembled Fathers to take courage and depose Eugenius, by quoting the examples of self-devotion given by Curtius, Leonidas, Theramenes, Codrus, and Socrates.

The consideration of this cultivated versatility of disposition, which was the natural result of Æneas's studies and was quickened by his ambition and vanity, is necessary for the consistent understanding of his character. The majority of his biographers wish to draw a distinc-

tion between his early life and his pontificate, and are willing to imagine that his zeal for a Crusade was the means of raising him into a nobler sphere of personal unselfishness; some even go so far as to argue, that one who was so admirable as Pope must have been equally admirable in his younger days, and so wish to read his early writings in the light of his edifying death, and refer all his slippery actions to a sincere desire for the good of Christendom. To me, *Aeneas Sylvius* seems consistent throughout. He is a cultivated man, adapting himself gracefully to his surroundings; his opinions, both moral and religious, develop themselves spontaneously, so as to accord with the position which his talents are winning for him—a position which is day by day rising higher and higher, and so making greater demands upon his better nature, and freeing him more and more from the lower requirements of self-interest.

*Aeneas*, then, when he was made Pope, showed a sincere desire to discharge faithfully and well the duties of that office; to discharge them, moreover, in a becoming way, and, above all things, to earn a title to the remembrance of posterity. His ambition was always saved by his vanity from degenerating into mere selfishness, and the vulgar desire to gain benefits and position for himself was always subordinate to the anxiety to make for himself a name and leave a mark upon his times. The times were, unluckily, such as it was impossible to leave a mark upon. Europe could no longer be regarded as united; it consisted of a number of States struggling to a consciousness of their nationality, and at present confused both in their separate aims and in their mutual relations. It was scarcely possible for a Pope to make any impression on Europe such as Pius found it, but it is always possible to leave a name and found a renown by an appeal to a great idea, even when its time has passed away.

This reason alone, if others had been wanting, would have led a Pope of the ambition of Pius II. to identify himself

closely with the idea of a Crusade. It had been talked of by the last three Popes: Calixtus had made it his chief object: it was the only aim for which a Pope could hope to unite Europe, the only cry which had any chance of meeting with universal recognition. The Papacy was an object of suspicion to the national Churches, whose open rebellion had just been with difficulty subdued; in ecclesiastical matters it had no chance of obtaining general hearing, nor could it hope to interfere successfully in the political complications of Europe. But the fall of Constantinople had given a shock to all; the rapid advance of the Turks might well cause general alarm. Opposition to them from motives of European policy, if not from motives of religion, was the only hope for any undertaking on a large enough scale to afford Pius any chance of distinction. Moreover, his fame was already connected with the Crusade; already his eloquence had been heard in Italy and in Germany calling upon all to join the holy cause; his reputation as an orator rested on this foundation, and happily in this matter his present policy did not require a repudiation of the past.

It is in association with the crusading spirit that Pius is generally judged: he is regarded as the last enthusiast of a noble idea—as one who warred nobly, though unsuccessfully, against the selfishness of his time; and when he found the contest hopeless, died almost a martyr to his mistaken yet generous zeal. Yet if we examine the facts of Pius' pontificate we see no signs of overwhelming haste, no traces of any self-sacrifice in essential points, no abandonment even of small matters of Papal policy, to further the end which he professed to hold supreme. It is true that immediately after his accession Pius announced his intention of holding a Congress at Mantua; but when he tore himself away from Rome, amid the tears of the populace, who regretted the loss of the pecuniary advantages they derived from the presence of the Papal Court, he still made

no haste to reach Mantua, but spent eight months on the way, lingering fondly in his native Siena, and adorning his birth-place, Corsignano, which changed its name to Pienza in his honour. He professed a desire to pacify Italy, that it might aim at nothing but a Crusade, but the extent of his desire may be judged by his views about the reconciliation of Sigismund Malatesta of Rimini and Piccinino: "Not sufficiently understanding whether war or peace between them would conduce more to the welfare of the Church—since it was plain that Piccinino could not rest quiet, and it was probable that, if he were relieved from war with Sigismund, he would turn his arms against the Church—the Pope judged that it was the will of God that peace could not be concluded."

Nor did Pius endeavour to free himself from complications, that he might give himself unreservedly to the great cause he had undertaken. At his accession he found the kingdom of Naples claimed by René of Anjou, in opposition to Ferdinand, an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, who had just died. Calixtus had pronounced against Ferdinand, wishing to hand over Naples to one of the Borjas, his nephews. Pius, partly to avoid difficulties, partly with the Italian antipathy to the French, at once recognized Ferdinand. So far he had acted wisely, and had done nothing inconsistent with his great aim. The claim of Ferdinand was a good one, and the Pope might recognize whom he thought fit. But Pius did much more: he entered into a treaty with Ferdinand, and identified himself and the Papal policy with Ferdinand's party; and this he did from no higher motive than nepotism, from which all the culture which Pius possessed did not succeed in saving him. He wished to get a hold on Ferdinand, and secure a principality in the kingdom of Naples for Antonio Todeschini, son of his sister Laodamia—a young man in no way remarkable, and who in his early days had caused his uncle trouble, and wrung from him a letter of good advice:—  
"Everything in which you now delight

—youth, health, beauty, pleasures—will pass away. Wisdom alone, if once we receive her, accompanies us to our death, and after death makes another life blessed." From the care which Pius now takes of Antonio, we are bound to conclude that he profited by these admonitions. Pius raised troops and money to help Ferdinand and to gain a principedom for Antonio as a dowry of Ferdinand's daughter. No doubt there were motives of Papal and of Italian policy also which made the idea of an Angevin King of Naples distasteful to the Pope; but the leading motive of his strong partisanship of Ferdinand seems to have been this amiable concern for his relations. From the point of view of his crusading projects it was most impolitic, for it alienated France from the Papacy, and gave an additional reason for the refusal to take part in the expedition, or to allow the Pope to collect revenues within the French territories. True, the French had another reason to give; they were at war with England, and could not afford to detach any of their forces. Pius answered, that he was making a similar demand from the English, and if both sides sent an equal contingent the decrease of strength would be proportional, and they might continue their war with undiminished forces. Surely this *naïveté* must be ironical.

Similarly, if we look at the other European powers, we see that Pius did not take steps towards their pacification, and did not behave towards them in a way to encourage them to enter upon a crusade. In Germany he quarrels with the Archbishop Diether of Mainz, because he has not paid the enormous sum of 20,500 ducats, due to the Papal treasury as fees on installation. When Diether tried to evade the payment, the Pope set up a rival, who maintained his claims by force of arms. The dispute widened into civil war, which for four years devastated the Rhine provinces. Equally unhappy was Pius in his dealings with Eastern Germany, where, during the whole of his pontificate, he was engaged in a bitter con-

flict with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, for whom, as a young man, Aeneas had written love-letters and some educational treatises. England, engaged in the Wars of the Roses, Pius regarded as almost beneath his notice. He mentions that Henry VI. had sent some lords of rank and dignity on an embassy to the Congress at Mantua, but they had refused to come, and only two priests appeared before him. Pius adds, with a strange ignorance of English forms, that their credentials bore the subscription of no witnesses—the King was so deserted that he had to witness his letters himself, writing “*Teste rege,*” and appending the great seal. It seems strange that the Papal Curia did not know the ordinary form of an English state paper. But Pius “despised so poor an embassy from so great a King, and did not admit them to a second audience.”

We do not see in the papal eloquence, any more than in the papal policy, any burning enthusiasm for a Crusade. His speech at Mantua is polished and laboured, yet not of the kind to thrill an excited multitude with wild zeal or fill the air with shouts of “*Deos lo volt!*” Life, he says, is short after all, and troublesome; death comes from small causes, as we see in the case of the poet Anacreon: let us earn in war against the Turks a glorious immortality, “where the soul, freed from the chain of the body, will not recover, as Plato thought, universal knowledge, but will rather, as Aristotle and our doctors hold, attain it.” His speech, however, was much admired; but it was followed by a long address from the Greek Cardinal Bessarion, which showed, as Pius remarked with some complacency, how inferior was Greek eloquence to Latin. The whole Congress at Mantua was a failure: no one except Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who promised to lead 6,000 men, made a genuine offer of aid to the Pope.

The Crusades were looked upon by the European nations in general as means for raising money, which the Papacy spent on its own purposes; and the conduct of Pius in the war of the

Neapolitan succession did not tend to allay their suspicions. The war continued for five years, in the course of which the papal revenues were almost entirely exhausted, and Pius did not even hesitate to summon to his aid the brave Scanderbeg, whose presence was so sorely needed in Greece to hinder the northward progress of the Turks. We grieve to find the Albanian hero leading for a few months 800 of his troops to help the Pope in Naples; a useless aid, because the hardy mountaineers were unused to warfare in the open field, and in the luxury of Italy degenerated into a disorderly rabble. Scanderbeg retired without having effected anything; but his presence in Italy is an instance of the mischief done by the empty talk about Crusades in which Europe at this period indulged. The gallant bands, who were inspired by strong national feeling to resist the Turks, were being deluded by false hopes, and prevented by the promise of a large expedition from carrying out, so sturdily as they would otherwise have done, their own little efforts of resistance and defence.

Europe, in fact, did not believe in a Crusade, although it had an uneasy feeling that a Crusade was both right and wise: the various nations recognized the duty and expedience of it, but deferred the performance till a more convenient season. Pope Pius talked more than anyone else, as befitted a Pope, but did not show any greater desire than any other prince to sacrifice his own interests, however trifling, to the great end which he eloquently advocated. In speaking, it is true, he was not sparing of himself—miracles almost were wrought to enable him to harangue more conveniently. On one occasion he spoke for three hours, he says, and was listened to with breathless attention; and “although he laboured under a very severe cough, yet he was aided during his speech by Divine help, and never coughed at all or showed the least difficulty.” Another time, though suffering from the gout, “though languid, overcome by pain, pale, and



anxious, he could at first scarcely speak at all—when he warmed with eloquence his pain departed, words rushed to his lips, and he delivered a speech of three hours' length, which was listened to with the greatest attention by all." But this speaking availed little when contrasted with the acts of Pius. He spent his energies and money in the Neapolitan war, thereby openly quarrelling with France; while in Germany he fomented dissension instead of promoting peace. The glory of his death has thrown these considerations into the background, but they were present to the eyes, and influenced the judgments, of his contemporaries.

Pius was, at the same time, quite in earnest about the Crusade; but not with the earnestness of deep conviction or self-devotion. He wished it might come about under his presidency, but he could not sacrifice his nephew's prospects to a shadowy hope. He had urged the duty on others,—till they showed signs of fulfilling it, he need not sacrifice the interests of the Holy See. So Pius sounded the note for a Crusade, and waited for six years to see what would happen. He had conducted with credit the Mantua congress, and this was some gain meanwhile.

We cannot follow Pius through all the acts of his Pontificate, but all of them were guided by the same care for scrupulous external decorum, and the same dexterous balancing of the claims and advantages of present profit and future renown. The attention which Pius pays to decorum, as befitted a man of culture, is seen in his long description of the festival which he celebrated on the occasion of receiving from Greece the head of the Apostle St. Andrew; he met the sacred relic outside the city and conducted it within the walls, amid a crowd which was edified by his behaviour. "The wondrous order and dignity of the procession of priests riveted the attention of all—chanting with palms in their hands, they advanced through the throng an escort to the Pope, with slow steps and serious counte-

nance." Tears are shed at the moving discourse of Pius; a Latin hymn in Sapphic stanzas composed by Campanus is sung in honour of the Apostle and the Pope. Then the relic was deposited in the Church of S. Luca, where the Pope also spent the night; the next day it was to be carried to St. Peter's: he tells us his anxiety about the weather, lest the rain should spoil the procession; and when the sun shone out in the morning, then rushed into his grateful mind the lines—

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:  
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

He tells us how, to improve the spectacle, he remorselessly ordered that the Cardinals should go on foot. "It was a great sight, and full of devotion, to see these venerable men walking through the slippery streets, palms in their hands, their grey hairs covered by white mitres, clad in priestly robes, their eyes fixed on the ground in silent prayer; and many, who before could never advance more than a hundred yards without their horses, accomplished, on this day, two miles, and that in the mud and laden with their priestly garments."

Again, on the festival of Corpus Domini, celebrated at Viterbo, the Cardinals vied with one another in the grandeur of their shows, knowing that the Pope was a man of taste, and wishing to please him. One device of the Cardinal of Teano was especially praised: a great square through which the procession was to pass was covered over with blue and white drapery, and adorned with arches wreathed with ivy and flowers, and with eighteen columns, on which sat eighteen boys dressed like angels, who formed a quire to sing a greeting to the Pope. In the middle of the square was a representation of the Holy Sepulchre with the soldiers asleep around it; as the Pope drew near an angel was let down by a rope through the curtain, saluted the Pope "with heavenly voice and gesture," and sang a hymn announcing the Resurrection. Then a small cannon was fired, the soldiers awoke and rubbed their eyes; the tomb opened,

a figure stepped out "carrying in his hand the Banner of the Cross adorned with a diadem, and announcing to the people, in Italian verse, the accomplishment of their salvation." Further on, in the square before the Cathedral was acted the Assumption of the Virgin; heaven was represented on the house-tops, where the Cardinal of Santi Quattro Coronati had not shrunk from the extreme realism: "God sitting in majesty, and bands of holy angels, and blazing stars, and the joys of the glory above, were wondrously represented." All this, to its minutest details, Pius tells us: he was pleased with a successful appearance in public. Like a man of taste, he wished that everything should be well done, and that a proper decorum should distinguish everything that surrounded him.

Sometimes, indeed, this decorum was sadly interfered with; and Pius was keenly sensitive to its breach. Much as he might wish, in the splendour of the Papacy, to forget his antecedents and behave with that propriety which only the untoward circumstances of his early days had made him ever lay aside, still there were some who were not so ready to forget; especially one Gregory Heimberg, an honest German, who had no belief in the Italian refinements of Æneas, and who had sturdily upheld the independence of the German Church against Æneas's machinations so long as he could. Gregory could not forgive his old foe, though he had become Pope; he was determined to show him that even a blunt German was not altogether defenceless, but could use his opportunity when it came. Æneas has left us an amusing account of Gregory's rude German manners in Rome, where he had gone on an embassy for the German electors to Eugenius, and Æneas had managed to get in advance of him. "Gregory used to walk after sunset, sweltering in the heat, in a manner disrespectful both to the Romans and his own office—with his boots loose about his heels, his hat in his hand, his breast uncovered, waving his arms, cursing Eugenius and the Romans and

the Curia, heaping imprecations on the stifling heat." Æneas had laughed at him then, but practice had taught Gregory something better than mere rage, and he came to Mantua to pay Pope Pius off for the tricks that Æneas had played. As ambassador of Albert of Austria, he made a speech before the assembly. He need not, he said, praise his master, as the renowned Æneas had frequently done so himself,—Æneas, who had so often gone as ambassador, and had gained by his speeches the highest glory; he who was no orator could only do his duty, and that with dry words and harsh speech, without any windy sentences or rhetorical finery. Pius winced, but Gregory went on, speaking no word in praise of the Pope, and quoting Terence, who was not regarded as a proper author for the Papal ear. Not long after, Gregory, in another speech which he made as Sigismund's ambassador, reminded Pius of his intimacy with Sigismund as a boy, and his kindness in writing love-letters for him, "which your Holiness was good enough to translate from Italian into German." Gregory was remorseless; and Pius was painfully aware that he was being laughed at. It must have given him some satisfaction afterwards to pronounce sentence of excommunication on both Sigismund and Gregory for their resistance to Nicolas of Cusa, bishop of Brixen.

But it was not often that Pius met with such treatment; his affability disarmed hostility, and he delighted, as Pope, to ramble about Italy and enjoy the simple homage of the rustics. He could not stay at Rome and lead an uneventful life surrounded by all the equipments of Papal etiquette; he liked to travel and see new places, and learn the history of the various towns he saw; he liked the country, and he enjoyed change of air; his life had been too adventurous, hitherto, to allow him to sink into an old age of mere ceremonial decorum. So in spite of the murmurs of the people of Rome, Pius used to wander forth attended by a few Cardinals, with whom he might transact the necessary Papal business, and would enjoy

the cool breezes of the hills, or refresh his aching frame by sailing up the Tiber, or would settle at the baths of Viterbo, or draw towards the neighbourhood of his native Siena. He would delight in eating a simple meal by the side of a fountain, or would rest while his servants, with much shouting and bustle, would beat the stream for fish; and great was his satisfaction when the peasants of the neighbourhood, hearing of his presence, flocked to beg his blessing and bring gifts of fruit and bread; nor did he, when the rude herdsman offered him milk in the wooden bowl well dirtied by continual use, refuse the gift, but drank it with a smile of kindness, and handed it on to the nearest Cardinal.

In his delight in a holiday, and his appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, Pius is far in advance of the ordinary sentiment of his time; and in fact is purely modern. He describes the view out of his bedroom window, and the places at which he used to halt for food, in the same way as a modern traveller writing to his friends at home. Here is an extract from his journal: "The Pope advanced from Fabrica to Soriano through roads which were most delightful; for the greater part of the fields were yellow with the flowers of the broom, the rest, covered with shrubs and flowers of every kind, shone with purple, white, or a thousand other hues. It was the month of May, and everything was green; the woods were smiling and ringing with the songs of birds. . . . In Viterbo, the Pope used every day to go out before daybreak into the fields, to enjoy the pleasant air before the day grew hot, and look at the green crops and the flowering flax which, in its colour, imitated the heavens." Passages like this meet us at every page, showing the keen pleasure that Pius took in change of place, his ready observation of the picturesque, and his delight in the beauties of nature.

His diligence was indeed inexhaustible; although he possessed this relish for a holiday, and although he was so broken down in health that he had always to be carried in a litter, he never neglected

either the duties of his office or his devotion to literary pursuits. It is indeed wonderful how persistently he retained his freshness, how easily his mind could receive an impulse, and how laboriously he would follow out a line of study even in the midst of pressing business. The most learned of his works is a Treatise on the Geography of Asia, which shows great research, as well as accuracy of knowledge, and truthfulness of conception of the general bearings of geography, and the utility of its study. This work was commenced in 1461, in the height of his Neapolitan war; it arose from a chance conversation between Pius and his general, Frederic of Urbino, who was escorting him from Rome to Tivoli. "The Pope was pleased with the flashing of the arms and the trappings of the horses and men; for what is more beautiful than the ordered line of a camp? The sun was shining on the shields; the breast-plates and crests reflected a wondrous splendour; each band of soldiers showed like a forest of spears. Frédéric, who was a man of great reading, began to ask the Pope if the heroes of antiquity were armed like men of the present day. The Pope said that all our present arms, and many others as well, were mentioned by Homer and Virgil." The talk then turned to the Trojan war, which Frederic disparaged, while the Pope maintained its importance; then they discussed the extent and boundaries of Asia Minor, about which they could not agree. "So the Pope, finding a little leisure at Tivoli, wrote a description of Asia drawn from Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, Quintus Curtius, Julius Solinus, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient authors, choosing such points as seemed requisite for the full understanding of the matter." Nor was this all: for in the preface to the "Asia," Pius tells us his intention (it was partially fulfilled) of writing a geography of the world, with a sketch of the previous history of every country, and a full account of the important events which had occurred in each in his own time. He knows that this literary work will not escape a malignant interpretation.

"How comes it, many will say, that the Pope has so much leisure as to spend, in writing books, the time which belongs to the Christian people?" To this Pius answers, what authors since his time have not ceased to answer to their critics: "Let him who despises our writings, read them before he condemn. They contain much from which he may learn; nor is the time spent in their production taken away from public business; but we have deprived our old age of the rest which is its due, that we might record the events of our time which deserve remembrance. Our labours are carried on by night, and we consume in writing the greater part of the hours that are due to sleep. It may be urged that the time would be better spent in vigils and prayers, as it had been by many of his predecessors;" but Pius honestly owns that his culture has outlived the gloomy rites of mediæval ascetism. "We confess that others might have spent their vigils better, but we must give some indulgence to our mind, whose delight lies in midnight studies."

In all other points we are similarly struck with the capacity which Pius shows for taking an interest in everything he sees: twice in his commentaries does he describe with great relish some athletic sports, of which he had been a spectator. It is true he feels it beneath the Papal dignity to acknowledge the interest he felt, and on both occasions, after most graphic descriptions of the races, he adds that the Pope was not present, but was engaged with the Cardinals on business at the time. He describes, however, in exactly similar language, a theological controversy held in his presence; a strife had broken out between the Minorites and the Dominicans on the tremendous question whether the Blood of Christ shed on the ground during the Passion, were worthy of reverence and worship. The strife had waxed high between the two rival Orders, till at last the question was referred to the Pope. For three days the disputants argued before the Consistory. Pius may be pardoned for looking upon

the proceedings as a kind of mental and even bodily gymnastic. "It was beautiful and delightful to hear the eminent talents of these most learned men contend in argument, and to see now one and now another press to the front. They strove, as became the majesty of their judges, with moderation and eagerness; but so severe and sharp was the conflict, that, though it was the depth of winter, and everything was stiff with frost, the sweat dropped from them—such was their ardour for victory." Pius does not profess any interest for the question itself, but he details at length the arguments on each side, and watched its alternations with the same delight as he had seen the foot-races at Pienza.

Thus in his Neapolitan war, in discharging the duties of his office, and in mental relaxation by wanderings in search of new interests, Pius passed the years 1460-64. His health had at first been bad, and grew worse; he could not use his feet, and had always to be carried in a litter; he was a martyr to gout, and suffered dreadfully from stone; he was old before his years; his face showed the marks of the perpetual pains he endured, but he had learned self-control, and would contrive to talk or speak even when suffering most acute agony, and his suffering was known only by the contortion of the muscles of his face, or the twitching of his lips, "although oftentimes he suffered such agonies that there was nothing, except his voice, which could show that he remained alive."<sup>1</sup> Life, he saw, could not last long, and the question grew more pressing every year,—with what fame would his name go down to posterity?

This was a thought always present with him; he was keenly sensitive to public opinion, and showed himself always most anxious to leave a worthy remembrance of himself to after ages. But Pius was too acute to mistake the shouts of his own generation for fame, or to think that a reputation could be conferred by the literary panegyrics so common in his days; he had written too many him-

<sup>1</sup> Campanus, "Vita Pii."

self, and knew their real value. Hence he never showed himself a patron of literary men; the acclamations of needy men of letters, which hailed his accession to the Papacy, very soon calmed down when their elaborate eulogiums were but coldly received, and the gifts which they expected failed to appear. Greater still was the consternation when it was rumoured that the Pope actually set up for being a critic, and laughed at the bombastic productions that poured in on every side; it was known that he had said that orators and poets ought to be supreme, or they ought not to exist. He pulled in pieces the epigrams which were sent him; and an impromptu of his was commonly quoted<sup>1</sup>—

“Take, poets, for your verses verse again:

My purpose stands to mend, not buy your strain.”

Even Francesco Filelfo, in spite of his great reputation and his early connection with the Pope, found that his offer to be a new Homer, and write the *Odyssey* of Pius' Crusade, was not accepted with the fervour, or rewarded with the liberality, which he conceived to be his due; after begging in the most abject manner from Pius, he changed his tactics, and wrote the most scurrilous and disgusting libels against him.

Pius knew that his fame could be established only by his exploits; and so, as he saw his life wane, he recurred with greater zeal to his project of a Crusade. He wrote a remarkable letter to Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, in which he set before him the advantages of Christianity, and explained at length its doctrines; he urged the Sultan to be converted; he proved to him, historically, that he had no right to the possessions which he had lately conquered; but, if he would only be baptized, this flaw in his title might be remedied, the Pope would acknowledge him Emperor of the Greeks and of the East, and would establish him in one of the highest positions in Christendom. The letter has been often quoted, but

<sup>1</sup> “Discite, pro numeris, numeros sperare  
poetæ;  
Mutare est animus carmina, non emere.”

its real significance seems to me to have been strangely overlooked; it is not mere rhetorical bombast or empty verbiage—it is a genuine, though, perhaps, not very hopeful appeal to the old Imperial principle which Pius hoped might still be lingering in the East. He had seen the Greek Emperor reconcile himself with Eugenius to gain help against the advancing Turks. Now the Turks had conquered; but by gaining a place in Europe they might become amenable to European ideas. Pius did not understand Islam and its strength; he did not appreciate—how could he?—the difference between the fiery Turks who had captured Constantinople, and the Teutons who of old had broken up the Empire of the West. He still thought there was a chance that the Papacy might repeat its bloodless triumphs of the eighth century, and that the barbarians of the East might be persuaded, or overawed, to bow before the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The hope was vain, and perhaps was not very seriously entertained; but the hope of combining Europe against the Turks Pius soon learned to be equally vain.

The expedition so long deferred was at length undertaken. Europe heard with incredulous wonder that the Pope intended to accompany the Crusaders in person; the various powers of Europe gave answers more or less plausible to his proposals, but none of them sent any troops. Pius waited, and became more impatient and more hopeless of any help. At length he determined to allay all doubts of his good faith (for the word of the Pope was now, alas! by no means accepted as true); the princes of Europe should see that he was in earnest—“perchance when they see their master and father, the Vicar of Christ, an old man and sick, advancing to the war, they will feel shame to linger at home; they will take arms and embrace with brave hearts the defence of holy religion. If this does not arouse Christians to battle, we know not what will—this means, at all events, we will try.” So the infirm old Pope, though his sufferings were aggravated by symptoms of

an approaching fever, set out from Rome, June 14, 1464, to go to Ancona and wait till Christendom gathered enthusiastically round his banner. It was a dangerous experiment, and most unwise; neither Pius himself nor his predecessors had established any hold upon the affections of Europe. This appeal to the personal influence of the Papacy was an entire failure—only a few, and they a mere disorderly rabble, assembled at Ancona to await the Pope; and they, when the Pope was delayed on his journey by the increase of his fever, began to disband; and as Pius neared Ancona, his doctors drew the curtains round his litter, that he might not have his pain increased by seeing the crowds with their faces set from the city. Pius reached Ancona on the 18th of July, and lived just long enough to realize how entirely his plan had failed. His death has shed a halo almost of martyrdom over the entire attempt. There is something very touching, to us who review the facts in an after age, in the spectacle of the Pope being carried on his death-bed to attempt an undertaking of vital importance for European civilization, and to attempt it single-handed with chivalrous zeal, because all the princes of Europe were absorbed in petty jealousies and selfish schemes, and had no thought for the common good. Yet it was fortunate for Pius that he died when he did; had he lived long enough to retire unsuccessfully, his proceedings would have been greeted with a shout of laughter, and the Papacy would have lost its prestige even more than it did under Clement VII. It was reserved for a later time, that the Papacy should make itself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe; but Pius brought it perilously near such a position.

As it was, however, the bedridden Pope lived three weeks at Ancona sinking gradually, and preparing for his end; his last hours show us the same strange confusion of littleness and grandeur, of simplicity and affectation, of selfishness and goodness which marks his entire life. After crying like a child over the thought that when he was gone there

would be no one to look after his nephews—for he knew too well the fate of Papal favourites—he died with his arm round the neck of his friend, the Cardinal of Pavia, and his last words were, “Do good, my son, and pray God for me.”

The briefest record of Pope Pius's career is the clearest summary of his character. He was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of his times, whose excellences and whose failures he mirrors accurately, both in his life and writings. They were times when a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge was widely spread; but the knowledge of antiquity, when obtained, was remote from the common interests of daily life, and was opposed, both in its principles and conclusions, to the Christian basis on which mediæval life had been built. Hence the learning of the Renaissance could not become a source of national thought, and so of national life, but only of individual culture. This culture Pius II. possessed in a remarkable degree, and was susceptible of its slightest warnings, without being rendered by it over-sensitive and unfit for the coarser struggles of practical life. On the contrary, his culture was to him a source of strength in action, giving him a keen insight into human character, freeing him from ordinary scruples, enabling him to reconstruct his plans of life, when necessary, with such promptitude that there was no waste of energy and no place for remorse: teaching him to make the best of himself, and adapt himself to circumstances as they occurred; to aim at self-gratification not merely in the lower, but in the higher sense of obtaining power, influence, position, dignity; to form opinions not from internal necessity or conviction, but as a convenient padding to lessen the wear and tear of daily life; to gratify refined literary tastes and intellectual interests by a dainty use of the actual facts and surroundings of his position; to mix refinement with morality so that self-respect was never injured, but rather grew with every new success.

M. CREIGHTON.

## THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE INTERCOMMUNICATION OF PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS.

THIS is a subject of great importance, but not, I fear, of great attractiveness.

The right thing would be that all departments should look upon themselves as having one end and aim—as constituted solely for the purpose of ensuring more efficiency by the division of labour. The idea of being part of the general government, of caring for good government generally, and not merely existing as an isolated office, should always be present to them.

There are three dangers incident to this division of labour:—

1. That which arises from an inclination to push off business to another office.

2. That which must attend the arrangement of business in such a way that it cannot be settled, except by a concurrence of several offices.

3. That which must result from over-control and interference on the part of a superior office, which over-control and interference could only be justified by a complete knowledge in the controlling department of the business of all the other offices.

The danger to which I have given the first place, is one that is well known. All that need be said about it is, that ruling persons should beware, both on their own part, and on that of their subordinates, of giving way to the temptation to make an apparent clearance of work by dexterously referring it, rather than by giving any decision upon it.

With regard to the second danger, there should be frequent efforts made to disengage business from the requirement of needless concurrence. It often happens that what was in the first instance a wise requirement for conjoint action, becomes even in a short time useless. And in such matters the uselessness is not merely a negative thing, but is sure to become a positive hindrance.

Previously to discussing the third danger, it may be remarked that there is hardly anything which is more sure to increase, with an increase of what is called civilization, than an aversion to incur moral responsibility. In the ruder ages men were more willing than they are now, to take responsibility, because there was neither such a nice perception of consequences, nor such an almost morbid fear of consequences, as that which prevails in the present day. Moreover, physical danger and suffering being more common, moral suffering was less apprehended and less felt. If this be so, the danger to which I have given the third place, is considerably extended.

Frequent and unnecessary interference on the part of the controlling department, adds greatly to the fear of responsibility on the part of the controlled department. The habit of avoiding responsibility gains ground; and, on some critical occasion, when the controlled department ought to act with great dispatch and vigour, it will be found to have lost the power of doing so.

Disputes between departments, another result of over-control, should be carefully avoided; and, with this object in view, care should be taken by them not

to get into a "paper war." When it is doubtful whether the views of departments, which have to act together, are in accord, correspondence should be avoided until it has been ascertained by conference, whether some common course of action cannot be agreed upon. There is perhaps no occasion in modern life in which the words of the Scripture—"A house divided against itself cannot stand"—are more applicable than when different departments of the State feel and act in hostility to one another.

I began by admitting that this subject is not likely to be of general interest; but, perhaps, the indifference to it would be lessened if people perceived that in ordinary life the same difficulties occur as in official life, and the same precautions are needful in order to avert or lessen these difficulties. The truth of this statement may be seen, when considering the management of a household, or the conduct of a commercial business, or indeed the transaction of any private affairs in which division of labour is necessary. Here also it is most desirable so to manage that the work shall not be hindered by the frequent use of that ill-conditioned saying, "It is not my business," and by action in accordance with that saying; also by the division of the business being such that it cannot be settled without the needless consent of too many persons; and, finally, by the general control being of that nature which incapacitates an individual department, or person, from taking action swiftly, resolutely, and effectively when it is necessary so to do.

In order that departments may work well together for the one common end of good government, there should be a certain elasticity in each department. If we look minutely into some of the great disasters which have occurred in the official government of the world, I think it will be found that these disasters have proceeded more from rigidity of movement in the several departments, than even in looseness of general control. And here I would specially draw attention to the fact that strictness in audit may be so conducted as not to interfere

with efficiency of action in an independent department, provided that within certain limits full power is given to the department as regards both management and expenditure in minor matters. When swiftness of action is imperatively needed, and when a department fails to act swiftly, the failure is seldom due to a feeling on the part of the officers of the department that they will not be able to justify themselves ultimately as regards any expenditure they may have to incur, or any other means that they may have to take. The failure results from a feeling that they shall have to battle at once with another office respecting this expenditure and these means; and that meanwhile the opportunity will be lost. And so they gradually accustom themselves to a course of inactivity, and justify themselves for adopting it.

I have been obliged to state my views on this important subject in a very abstract manner; and, from motives of reticence, have denied myself the power of illustrating, by numerous individual instances, the truth of the statements I have made. I may, however, add that the evils I have pointed out are increasing evils. Every man as he grows older ought to exercise constant watchfulness over his judgments when he is comparing the present with the past, for fear he should allow the recollections coloured by the joyous temperament of youth to prejudice the truth of the comparison. He should be aware that he is apt to say that there are now no singers, no actors, no orators worthy to be compared with those whom he heard in his youth. Making careful allowance for this feeling in the older men connected with the public offices, I still cannot but think that they are right in saying that there has been much disimprovement in the matters I have referred to, since their first tenure of office. They say that they remember, for instance, a time when the heads of great departments, and the parliamentary chiefs of great departments, insisted upon their work being well done by themselves, and would not brook unreasonable control



from other departments—when, in fact, great men were much more ready to resign their offices than to conduct them with any inefficiency that could be avoided. The late Sir James Graham, than whom a better administrator has not held office in our generation, would ask, when attempted to be subjected to any unreasonable control, whether he was to conduct the business of his department, or whether the department that assumed to control it, were to do so. And I have heard that he generally succeeded in having his own way, and would not have held office otherwise.

Of course, moderation and good sense should enter into this matter, as into everything else; but the real danger in the present day is that there should be an absence of individual force and energy in the separate departments, rather than that sufficient check, supervision, and control should not be exercised. It is to be remarked that when any evil occurs to the community, or threatens the community, the department to which the dealing with that evil naturally belongs, is expected to deal with it effectively. The bricks must be made, whether any straw has been provided or not. That the evil may be dealt with effectively, there should be that elasticity of movement, and that power of individual action habitually allowed to the department, which alone will enable it to act with the requisite vigour on any emergency.

It is not improbable that a great error will permeate Europe from a consideration of the result of the war between France and Germany. It will be stated that the German conquest was mainly owing to a skill in organization, which showed itself in the management of the smallest matters. A story has been told of how, after the war, the hide of a single animal has had to be accounted for by the regiment to which the animal was delivered by way of rations, that regiment having been suddenly summoned to battle, and the said skin having been left behind. Now, if anybody believes that this minute trouble about such small matters is likely

to be very serviceable on great occasions he is liable to make a great mistake, and to contradict the experience of the world. Armies have been very successful and great conquests have been made when minutiae of this sort have been especially neglected for the purpose of ensuring rapidity of movement. The kind of organization which ends in such minute supervision as that indicated above, is for the most part unwise organization. The causes of victory in this particular case are not far to seek. Want of preparation, want of generalship, divided counsels, civic turbulence, dynastic discords are amply sufficient to account for the defeat of the French. If any cause specially relating to our present subject requires to be mentioned it is this: that in the conquered nation, there was over-control at the centre, and that the various departments did not act with sufficient independence, did not seek so much to render those departments efficient as to make a fair appearance to the Central Controlling Department. It is also probable that this central department was very often deceived as to the statement of facts; that it was ignorant as regards the extent of stores, and other important information. But it must be recollected that there may be a great lack of real supervision combined with a great proneness to interfere needlessly in small matters, which interference almost invariably leads to concealment. I venture to maintain that the Germans succeeded, not by means of a minute attention to details, which when carried to extremes is sure to be mischievous, but in spite of it, and by reason of certain great personal qualities, and of certain felicitous circumstances which were not to be found amongst their opponents.

When I have spoken of the danger arising from several departments having to act in concert for the management of any particular business, it must be recollected that, to obviate this danger, two forms of remedy are required. One is, that a not unfrequent reconstruction of offices is required—sometimes to be effected by creating a new department,

and sometimes by the transfer wholly of a branch of business from one great office to another. The second is, that much more care should be taken than is now taken in the framing of Acts of Parliament with reference to this particular object—namely, that one kind of business should be transacted by one office. As matters are now generally managed, a new kind of business, arising perhaps from some emergency, is sure to be entrusted to an old office, generally unfitted to receive it. The business is transacted incompletely by this office; and, eventually, it is found desirable to create a new department for the management of this business. But, meanwhile, there has been a growth of legislation applying only to the management of the business by the office to which it has originally been assigned. In any change, an alteration in this legislation has to be made. It is seldom perfectly made;

and the new department is hampered by certain links of connection with the old department. All these troubles and difficulties would be avoided, if from the first it were clearly seen that the business in question is one of a novel character, requiring to be dealt with by a new department, or by a distinctly separated branch of an old department. The cause of this error is not far to seek, and it is, to a certain extent, a good cause. We are such an intensely conservative nation, that when we introduce any new thing we must bring it into connection with something which has the claims of antiquity and prescription to reconcile us to it. But it would be wiser to acknowledge at once that the thing is new; and that the best plan would be not to bind it up in Mezentian fashion with that which is old, and which has its well-worn grooves to run upon.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR.

## CHAPTER I.

“ I dream of a red-rose tree :  
And which of its roses three  
Is the dearest rose to me ? ”

I AM a rising barrister, with good connections, and some vague expectations ; in other words, I am a fine young fellow with a rich old uncle in the background. When I mention this said uncle, I have observed that people generally brighten and look interested ; but I have the wit not to be always talking of him, and I take my amusement out of life, and am by no means a fool. In fact I am a popular man about London. I have rooms in the Albany, a stall at both operahouses, a fourth of a forest and moor in Sutherlandshire, a rod on the best salmon river in Ireland, and the run of my uncle's stables. I had not long been practising at the Bar, when I received an invitation to dine at the Trevelyans'—old family friends, whom I had not seen for some years. When I was a boy, I generally spent the summer vacations at their house, because my uncle could not be troubled with me for so long a time ; he housed me only during the short holidays. The Trevelyan girls and I used to spend the long July days in climbing trees, running races, fly-fishing, walking on stilts, and quarrelling ; when at peace, we entrapped small birds, which we killed, cooked, and ate with entire satisfaction to ourselves. They are now grown-up young ladies, and have, no doubt, forgotten this wild-oat period of their lives.

“ Come in a friendly way,” said Judge Trevelyan to me, as he met me in court one day, as if my habitual proclivities were unfriendly. The family consists of the Judge, his wife, and three daughters. They have left the old Manor-house (the scene of our youthful escapades)

and have settled conveniently near the Kensington Gardens, living the same life, I suppose, as at Nos. 6, 7, and 8, in the same square—breakfast at nine, lunch for the ladies, and dinner at eight, when papa brings home, perhaps, a young gentleman for the ladies' entertainment. This simple domestic existence is, perhaps, varied by outings to balls, dinners, and concerts. There is a great deal of family affection, innocence, and sincerity, but the programme is apt to be slightly monotonous to the visitor, who would fain have the ease of a little flirtation, *qui n'engage à rien*, without the surveillance of papas and mmmas.

And then for a wife—well, why should I think of a wife, when I have made up my mind not to contemplate matrimony for the next dozen years at least ? My wife, however, is to wear no false hair, no crinoline, no high-heeled boots, and yet she is to be—well, not like anyone I have yet seen. Thinking on these things, I found myself at Kensington. “ Lady Trevelyan at home ? ” I asked the solemn man in black. “ Yes, sir.” Then a blaze of light, a faint perfume of hothouse flowers, a door opened, and I found myself in one of the regular London drawing-rooms, the general sombreness of which was relieved by touches of artistic taste. There were no grand books set at right angles on the table ; it was heaped with newspapers, magazines, and Mudie's novels ; on the writing-table there was a confusion of letters opened and unopened, a medley of papers, pens, and inkstains. I felt apprehensive that the girls might come in and pelt me with pillows, as in the old days. They ought at least to have made things look tidy, when they knew I was coming ; surely they cannot have forgotten that I have an uncle !

Enter mother and hostess—a grand, bland woman, who somehow puts me off my ease, perhaps because she is not like the typical London mamma. I admit frankly I am not generally shy, though I am a very modest man. I dine out, on an average, five times a week; and can break a dull pause by talking gracefully across the dinner-table. I have never found myself at a loss for saying something pleasant and placid to my young lady while descending with her to the dining-room; and am generally ready with some happy opening phrase at first greeting: not always, however, for on the present occasion I bow in a silent solemn way, which seems to amuse Lady Trevelyan.

“Dear me,” she said, laughing low, and drawing me into the light of the fire, “you are not at all the grand young man I was led to expect; and so like your mother—she used to give herself great airs at school, but was most loveable in her rare shy fits.”

I was still tightly holding the lady’s hand in mine (such a dear, firm, liberal hand it was) when someone else entered the room.

“Come here, Cissy; this is your old playmate, now the able Mr. Vincent, who so eloquently argued for the culprit the other day by weeping and saying he was his only friend.”

And Mamma laughed, and so did Cissy, and so did I. And then I looked at Miss Trevelyan, and noticed that she was not so pretty as she had promised to be. She is the eldest, and used to be my favourite. She always gave up to me in everything; and if I hurt her she did not cry out as the others did. Like her mother, she was wholly unembarrassed, looking me full in the face with her mild, steady eyes. If she had asked me how long ago it was since I had left school, I should neither have been astonished nor angry. A young lady of about ten years next entered the room, all legs and arms; she appeared as if she were visibly growing out of a rather scanty dress.

“Shake hands with Mr. Vincent, Dunsey,” said Mamma, looking pro-

volingly satisfied with her unfledged offspring. Whereupon Dunsey lifted up a pair of beautiful blue eyes to mine, and reaching out her hand, gave me a most friendly shake.

“And this is Lady Anne—I suppose you remember her,” added Mamma, as another slight, radiant figure appeared in the doorway.

“She is very much changed,” I said, dazzled by the beauty of a half-forgotten face. She seemed no more the wild, wayward little thing I used to know, though with a shy grace peculiar to herself she met my glance with an amused scrutiny. Papa had evidently drawn for the benefit of the family a fancy sketch of me, which was too bad of him. I observed in her face the sensitive sudden changes as before, the same sweet uncertain curves of the coral lips, the open spaces between the rounded pearly teeth, but about the eyes there was a depth and tenderness of expression that was new to me. She looked all too delicate for life’s rough ways, she was so slight, such a mere child—helpless, and yet there was about her helplessness a subdued tender triumph. Perhaps, however, the chief charm lay in an entire unconsciousness of self. As I resumed my seat, the room seemed suddenly to turn round, the fire came gradually nearer to me, and the ceiling threatened to press down upon my head, and then I went off into a helpless reverie—thinking of the evenings we used to have long ago at home, when I *had* a home, before my sister married, and was able to talk on subjects other than her baby’s teething; when we used to tease Tom about his numerous flames. Tom is my scapegrace brother, whose name we do not mention now, because, being of an indolent and affectionate nature, he firstly could not find work in England, and, secondly, married an innkeeper’s daughter, and went out with her to Australia. I often have letters from Polly, my sister-in-law, the gist of them being—“Tom and me are very well and happy, in which state I hope this will find you.” These old remembrances came upon me when Sir

John and Lady Trevelyan, Cissy, Lady Anne, and Dunsey were placidly discussing the latest news from the "Pall Mall," London cab fares, and a parcel that Papa had left behind in a railway carriage.

"So now, Papa, you must never scold me about forgetting things. I get all my bad qualities from you," said Dunsey, perching herself upon the elbow of Papa's arm-chair. Lady Anne had turned her profile to me; I wanted to see her full face—should I ask her to move? How she would have laughed at me—she seemed so ready to laugh; and how aggravatingly happy and comfortable and independent they all were, and so indifferent to me, except perhaps the good, wise mother. Was it the heat of the fire, combined with a general sense of emptiness, that had so utterly damped my social charms, or had I really fallen suddenly in love with a beautiful face?

"For you, Miss Cissy," whispered a little old woman, slipping noiselessly into the room bearing a letter on a salver. Cissy seized it, patted the hand that held the tray, and looked gratefully up into the dim old eyes.

"I hope I see you well, Master Vincent."

"Quite well, thank you, Nurse," I answered, opening the door for her, as I recognized in her an old ally—one who had deftly patched my infantine trousers.

"I am famishing with hunger," whispered Dunsey, clutching at Nurse's dress; "when do you think dinner will be ready?"

"It is just coming up, dear."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the child devoutly.

Cissy's letter was crushed fast between two little hands, and surreptitiously deposited unopened in her pocket. A bright colour had come into her face, and her eyes looked deep and lustrous; I lost sight of the anxious lines about her brow, and saw only the rippling brown hair gleaming in the firelight. I expected Mamma to have made some inquiry about that letter—

it was clearly her duty to do so; I felt inclined to insist upon it; but they were all too many for me, and Mamma, instead, contentedly turned her wedding-ring round and round her fair finger, like a self-absorbed bride.

At the dinner-table I found myself next to Dunsey. "Why do you call your sister Lady Anne?" I asked, suddenly turning upon her, and making her blush—which left me more at my ease.

"Because," replied she, wriggling uneasily on her chair, "when Papa was knighted long ago, she insisted upon the whole household calling her Lady Anne, and we forget now to call her anything else."

"And I suppose you are named Dunsey because you are a dunce?"

"Yes,—how did you guess that?" she faltered, her big eyes brimming with tears.

"It is self-evident, but I like dunces."

"Do you really?" she asked, making a dash at her eyelashes; "and do you like people whose writing resembles the mad scratchings of flies' legs? That is what Papa says mine is like."

"Very much," I answered fervently, trying in vain to intercept the sweet glances of Lady Anne as they fell lovingly upon the little sister's eager, upturned face.

"Sit straight, child," said Mamma severely; and Dunsey spoke no more.

After the ladies left the room, Judge Trevelyan and I discussed the need of ventilation in the law-courts. "The air is positively stifling," said the Judge, growing eloquent in the cause. I think he proceeded to explain a new plan of ventilation discovered in India, but I cannot give it *in extenso*, as I was at the time mentally purchasing for Dunsey a Mordant's gold pencase, and a grand commonplace-book with lock and key.

I found, in the drawing-room, Lady Anne and her weird little sister sitting on the sofa, with a chessboard resting on their knees.

"Don't you think," I said, going up to Dunsey, "it is quite time for little girls to go to bed?"

"Oh dear, no," replied she, galloping up to look at the clock; "it is hardly nine, and I never go to bed till half-past—do I, Mamma?"

"No, dear," said Mamma; "come and sit here, Mr. Vincent. I have been thinking if you would like to have some of your mother's letters; I would give you all I possess—such bright, clever letters they are; I have kept them for many a long year," she continued, taking out from her work-table drawer a little packet of them tied up with faded pink ribbon.

I should have made an effort to read them then and there, but it was impossible with that terrible child, Dunsey, keeping up such a continual chatter.

"It is quite hopeless teaching you chess," she exclaimed to Lady Anne, laughing with happy triumph; "you don't remember the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. Now why did you move your king there?" Cissy was writing, in a far corner, some diplomatic despatch.

"Is it ready?" asked the old nurse, putting her head in at the door.

"Yes, here it is; and you will be quite sure to give the letter your own very self, and see if he is really better, and ask what is the doctor's last opinion, and if he liked the jelly, and what he thinks of the third volume, and——"

"Yes, yes, that will do—how am I to remember all that?" grumbled the old woman, as she got herself away, with Dunsey gambolling before her.

"Perhaps your ladyship will have more success with me," I said, darting to the vacated seat on the sofa.

"I am afraid not, I am so slow," said Lady Anne, beginning to rearrange the board a little despondingly.

"When it rains at Burton Reach we play chess all day."

"And where is Burton Reach, and who are 'we'?" asked her ladyship.

"Don't you remember my uncle?"

"Ah, to be sure; a cross old man, who never would allow you sufficient pocket-money, and used to complain about your tailor's bills, though Papa always assured him you were a most

careful little boy with your clothes. Now let us begin."

Our hands touched across the board, but she did not look up—she was intent upon the game, which she did not in the least understand. I edged myself nearer, and predetermined that she should win, but not too quickly; I wanted her to pay attention not only to the chessmen but to me. In the end she won, but did not triumph like Dunsey.

"And now for another game," I urged.

"No, no," said Mamma, looking up from her work, a little clouded and troubled; "Lady Anne has played enough."

"Very well, Mamma," said her ladyship, giving up the board good-humouredly; "we will all sit round the fire and talk of the good, the true, and the beautiful."

"That's a rich idea," exclaimed Papa, throwing aside his newspaper and taking off his spectacles. And so we all drew in.

How seldom it is one gets a long, uninterrupted talk, and how pleasant and how soul-satisfying it is! And when one is in love—in love for the first time, in love at first sight—how all-important it seems to get at once to her thoughts, tastes, and expressions of opinion. Lady Anne never directly addressed me, and yet, somehow, all she said I took to myself, and interpreted in my own way. Her family laughed at her and contradicted her, but still they turned to her as we turn to the bright, warm rays of the sun, and I basked in those rays like one who has been long in shadow. I took up a volume of poetry, and searched for some verses I knew of bearing upon our subject. I read them as an aside to Cissy; but I knew that Lady Anne was listening, and listening smiled.

## CHAPTER II.

"Dis quel est l'amour véritable ?

Celui qui respire en autrui.

Et l'amour le plus indomptable ?

Celui qui fait le moins de bruit."

I DREAMED that night of Cissy and Dunsey; I awoke in the morning say-

ing to myself "Lady Anne, Lady Anne." I tried to recall Cissy's and Dunsey's faces, but could not succeed; Lady Anne's always came before me—her voice, her looks, her manner of moving like some slowly-flitting cloud. I thought about her over my dismal breakfast; the rain poured in torrents, the streets looked gloomy and damp, the opposite windows blank, but I imagined myself in the country, breathing the perfume of roses, and I determined to write a novel, and the name of it should be "Lady Anne."

I arrived at my chambers earlier than my clerk had looked for me. He was, as usual, pale and melancholy. I felt inclined to apologize to him for disturbing him before his time.

"I have to leave early to-day," I said, hesitatingly.

He looked as if he had the whole law work of England on his shoulders, and treated me rather as his junior partner. As I looked at his straight sandy hair I wondered if he were in love with some suburban beauty; if so "that not impossible she" should tell him to anchor his collar securely below his cravat. But then, does she love him, and does he love her? and if then, what then? Dogged, gloomy youth, do you not know that all this—paper, pens, ink, dust, and parchment—is but a discordant accompaniment to "a melody rare and sweet"? If you want to take a holiday to Brixton you have only to ask for it, and I should shut up shop and wait—oh, so patiently!—for your return.

I worked hard for three hours; then, when my overseer was not looking, took my hat and slipped away. I walked for some time as a man does who is too late for an engagement, made a purchase at the stationer's, and gained my lodgings a little out of breath. After a biscuit and a glass of sherry, I found myself whirling away in a hansom towards the Trevelyan's house.

"Ladies just going out," said solemn man in black.

"Perhaps they will see me," said I, pressing his hand.

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"I will see, sir," said Solemnity, brightening.

"Dunsey, come here!" this to two legs disappearing up the stairs.

Bang came Dunsey, bounding down the flight of steps in two grand leaps.

"See!" said I, opening a parcel, "here is a pen, and book to write in; and I do hope," I continued, severely, "that this may be an inducement to you to improve your handwriting."

I was agitated, but Dunsey was not in the least.

"And a lock and key to the book!" she cried, making a pirouette on one foot; "that is *too* delightful. I shall copy out all my valentines into it."

"Who sends you valentines?" I asked, testily.

"Oh, lots of people. Charlie Blake sends me one from Rugby, and I always have a beauty from Lady Anne—only, you know, I don't know it," she continued, winking and nodding her head; "it comes through the post, and has real dirty marks upon it, just like the others, and as it is scented deliciously I keep it all the year round among my handkerchiefs. And then, you know, there is Cissy's—ahem!" Expressive pantomimic grimaces follow, explaining the case more clearly than words. "But it is only his own poetry, with no pictures. I think the verses very weak, though Cissy thinks them beautiful. She always reminds him when St. Valentine's Day occurs, or he would never remember it. He is so absent-minded and horrid, he never can recollect whether he has seen me or not, and generally shakes hands with me twice."

"And is Charlie Blake a master at Rugby?"

Dunsey burst out laughing. "Oh, dear no! he is just gone, and is only in the lower fourth. Talk of my handwriting! you should see his! All blots, and no full stops, and he uses slangy expressions that I don't understand, so as to make me think he is clever; but, as I tell him, I shall never believe in that till he is head of the sixth."

"I would not write to him if I were you."

"Oh, I would sooner do it than not."

"Well, now, dear, I think you had better go."

"Where?" asked Dunsey, raising her eyebrows.

"Why, to your lessons," I replied.

"I've done them long ago, and Mamma said I wasn't to practise because Lady Anne has a headache; but I will go and feed my birds if you like."

"Very well, and don't leave paper and string lying about," said I, crushing the wrapper of the book into her little brown palm.

I had hardly seated myself, with my back to the light, when Lady Trevelyan entered, arrayed in her bonnet and shawl. I rose, and she seated herself directly in my chair, motioning me to one opposite.

"I am sorry to hear," said I precipitately, "that Lady Anne has a headache."

"My daughter is not very well today," said Mamma, a little stiffly.

Of course I should have said "Miss Trevelyan" instead of "Lady Anne." The sun blazed in upon me from the window, and Lady Trevelyan's eyes gazed pitilessly upon me from her dark corner. Here was a totally different woman from the easy, happy mamma of last night. It was to be war to the knife. Well, I too could fight. Who would not fight for Lady Anne? You poor weak mother, deeming yourself so strong, do you not know that if I don't win her some one else will? Do you think men have not eyes in their heads? They may start in life with a preconceived plan of celibacy, but it is always permitted them to alter their ideas when and where they will. If I could have brought in Burton Reach it might, perhaps, have gone easier with me, but I felt myself unable to lead up gradually to the subject.

"She is not out, I suppose?"

"No, she has not gone out."

And then Mamma allowed a pause. I had come so full of hopeful love, and had been altogether too abrupt, and now I felt stranded, out of tune, and imbecile. I had better take my hat,

and make my escape. I was thinking what I should say next, when I walked Lady Anne.

"I am so glad to see you," said I, starting up as she entered.

"I felt so much better, Mamma, that I thought I would come down," said her ladyship, looking, as I thought, recklessly into her mother's troubled face.

What was poor Mamma to do? I was sorry for her, which was good-natured on my part, for she had not sympathised with me. She began to talk in a vague way on politics, and asked my opinion on the great Tichborne trial. I said at first I really believed the Claimant was the right man, and then that I thought him an arrant impostor, and again I was quite willing to be converted either way. In fact, I was absorbed and perplexed at the changes in Lady Anne's fair face. How she flushed and paled by turns! A soothing sense of complacency began to steal over me. I sat further into my chair, and played with a paper-knife, which provokingly snapt in two. I put the ends of it in my pocket, meaning, not to have it mended, but to keep it as a memento, and present Lady Anne with a magnificent new one. Should I—or should I not, rather—punish Lady Trevelyan, and not look near them for a month? Lady Anne with a headache is not so beautiful as Lady Anne without one, though her looks touched me with a strange thrill. There are dark circles round her eyes, and the roses on her lips have vanished. I see how it is: Mamma thinks her swan can do better, but her ladyship remembers our childhood together, or has perhaps thought over Burton Reach; or no doubt Dunsey has told her about the commonplace-book, for a sure way of touching a girl's heart is to make love to the baby of the house. After our first greeting was over she sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa. All her ease of manner had deserted her; when she spoke she addressed herself to her mother in a soft, anxious, conciliatory manner.

"It is four o'clock, Mamma," she said once, in an apologetic way.



I thought of adding that "there were milestones on the Dover road," but as Lady Trevelyan was looking severely at me I refrained.

Two minutes after four another visitor was announced—Mr. Dobinson, an old chum of mine; that is to say, we were at college together, and, if I remember rightly, I rather avoided a very close acquaintance with him, which, I must own, he never thrust upon me. It was not because I did not like the man, but simply that he was poor, plodding, and provincial. We shook hands warmly, however, and I asked him (as I always do) if he had seen Leslie lately, and he replied, as usual, "Not very lately." He looked surprised, amused, and—pitiful.

"I am glad to see you have taken up the Education Question," said Lady Trevelyan, pointing to a magazine on the table. "Your article greatly interested me; you come down with 'such prompt cheery thud of glove on ground.'"

"I am very glad you like it; you rarely give me praise."

"Nonsense," returned she, "praise is the last thing you care about."

"Not from you," he answered, giving her a quick, grateful look.

And then in the most objectionably deliberate manner the monster set to poking the fire. I seized the coal-box, and he gave way instantly, leaving the stoking to me.

"How is the head?" he asked, abruptly, turning to Lady Anne, as if he had only then noticed her presence.

"Better," she answered, smilingly, and then began to talk in her low treble to me.

He turned again to the fire, with a patient, complacent air that irritated me. He is one of those men who never speak unless they have something to say, an idiosyncrasy which, in general society, is embarrassing, to say the least of it. I, on the contrary, am valiant in throwing myself headlong into all breaches; to me a silence is oppressive, to him it is a pleasant breathing space, a restful, dreamy interim.

"My paper-knife," said Lady Anne, holding out her hand for it, pleadingly.

"It is broken," I said.

"Never mind, it is all the same to me," still holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," I said, taking it tenderly in mine. She looked unhappy. "I will bring the knife back to-morrow." Still she looked dissatisfied. "Are you very angry with me for breaking it?"

"Very angry," she answered, blushing and smiling.

"*A demain*," I said, looking into her eyes.

"*Au revoir*," she replied, a little impatiently.

Lady Trevelyan came with me into the hall, and then went upstairs. I found I had forgotten my glove, so went back for it into the drawing-room. In the firelight stood George Dobinson and Lady Anne. Her head was resting on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist. "My own darling Annie," he was saying, in a low, caressing voice. He turned round as I entered, shielding her from my view, with a sunny smile illuminating the plain features of his face. So great was the transfiguration that I hardly recognized him as the same man who had stirred the fire in such a dull, business-like way. I could have borne my disappointment better, I think, if my sudden appearance had startled or frightened him.

"I beg pardon," I said, "I came for my glove," and drew back without looking for it.

"Found it, sir?" asked the man, with a simper, as he opened the door for me.

"All right," I said, trying to look unconcerned.

So that bright ray of sunshine is all for him—for George Dobinson! To think of such a beautiful creature throwing herself away on a quixotic Radical, an embryo revolutionist, a Jack-of-all-trades! He writes scrap articles, goes in for new railroads in far countries, for future sea-tunnellings, is in the tea trade, and is always losing money in the barque *Betsy Jane*, or the wheal Mary Anne. Oh, Lady Anne! Lady Anne! how you have thrown away your cards! You had the game all in your own hands, and you have crowned

Dobinson and checkmated me! Why, it is like your chess-playing—you don't know the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. With your beauty and your grace, and that tender, humorous flashing of your blue-grey eyes, you might have married anyone—you might have married *me*. Well, thank heaven, I am a modest man, and Dobinson is decidedly pushing—though I must admit that the few who know him intimately would entirely refute such an insinuation, and would enlarge upon his simple, self-forgetful life. He is one of those who will stop in the race for wealth to lend a hand to a friend in need—who will pour in oil and wine to those lying fallen and wounded by the roadside, silently, as one who does not let his right hand know what his left hand doeth. Of course, if I were in distress, I should go at once to George Dobinson; but then I am not in distress, and have a sensitive horror of being waylaid by a man who walks about town in a wideawake and a worn coat.

On returning home from my club, I found my lost glove, and a note of invitation to dinner from my rival. As I wound up my watch at night, I remembered the paper-cutter in my waistcoat pocket—a tortoiseshell one, with a raised monogram on it: wound about in white and blue were the letters A. T. and G. D. I had the two ends riveted together, and sent, with a bouquet of white roses, to Lady Anne.

### CHAPTER III.

“I choose her for myself;  
If she and I are pleased,  
What's that to you?”

“Comment, disait-il,  
Sans philtre subtil  
Enchantez les belles?  
Aimez, disait-elle.”

A GREAT grief has fallen upon the Trevelyan family: Cissy's betrothed has died. He was recovering from fever, and getting on well, when a sudden relapse came, from which he rallied for a time, then lost strength, and

sank slowly out of life, with Cissy's hand in his, and her name upon his lips.

“She makes no complaint,” said Lady Trevelyan to me, when I called to inquire; “she sheds no tears, but her life seems to have ebbed with his life; she is but a shadow of her former self.”

I met Dunsey in the Gardens, rolling her hoop as if for dear life, round and round the blackened elm-tree boles. Nurse was vainly endeavouring to keep pace with her.

“How are you, Dunsey?” I asked, through the railings.

“I'm quite well, but Cissy—Cissy!”—and the child pulled out a damp ball of a handkerchief to apply to her tear-stained little face, and then attacked her hoop again, seemingly bent on accomplishing some self-imposed penance.

“We are but sadly, Master Vincent,” said Nurse, covering Dunsey's retreat. “It was a great shock to us; he had been going on so well, and the wedding-day was fixed. She feels stunned now and dazed; the worst is yet to come.”

“Let us hope, Nurse, she will bear up.”

“Bear up, indeed! what I want is for her to break down—it would be more natural like. She is one of those who bear up a great deal too much.”

I had not known Cissy's *fiancé*, but this sorrow which had come to the Trevelyans seemed to bridge over the chasm of years, and the old feeling of loyal affection that I had for them all as a boy, came back again in full force. I forgot my private vexations, and recovered, as other men recover, from my first disappointment in love, determining not to singe my wings again in a hurry.

In fact there is now no temptation for such self-martyrdom. Lady Anne has flown from the nest, Dunsey is at school, and Cissy never appears to recognize me as a distinct fact, though I am her mother's right hand, used and abused by her as a petted eldest son. Silver hairs have mixed themselves among Cissy's brown curls, and her form and face seem to have shrunk in size. She

spends a great deal of her time among the poor. I, who would fain avoid the poor, find it very easy and convenient to do my charity through her. She gives me a written account of what she spends, and is very business-like and clear-headed—admirable qualities in woman, otherwise it might become a dangerous pastime, this balancing of accounts.

I have heard to-day that Dunsey is coming home from her school in Germany. She and I have kept up a regular correspondence; her writing is still scratchy, and her spelling at times original, but notwithstanding these grave faults her letters are charming. She treats me like "an old religious uncle." I am not sure whether I like it, or not; but at present perhaps it is best to keep her to it. Begin by making her respect me, and then work up gently. Yes, in every way it is safest, for a charming letter-writer may turn out disappointing in other respects.

To-night I am to dine at the Trevelyans'; the Dobinsons are to be there, and Charlie Blake and I are asked to meet the young lady.

Of course Charlie left Rugby before attaining the sixth form, and, as a sequence, was ignominiously plucked at Oxford. He has, unfortunately for him, no rich uncle in the background, and is now eating his slow dinners at the Temple with what appetite he may.

I have returned after a very pleasant evening, and am duly fascinated. Dunsey has grown into a fine young woman, with a frank face, a soft voice, a winning manner, and a thrilling laugh. She has a slight lisp, of which she is uncomfortably conscious. (I shall tell her some day that she would be nothing without it.) There is an eager, graceful awkwardness about her that is strangely attractive. She took my two hands in hers, and thanked me for all I had done for her—for my admonitions, instructions, and good advice.

"It was so good of you," she said, lifting up her soft blue eyes gratefully to mine.

"You have a great deal to learn yet," I said, bewitched.

"Indeed, I have," she echoed, in a melancholy way.

As I held her hand in mine, I pondered within myself whether it would not be well to drop at once the character of "religious uncle." Since I have returned home I have arrived at the calm conclusion that in a year or two Dunsey will be perfect; there is too much of the school-girl about her at present—her health is perhaps a little too rude. I wonder if I should recommend Lady Trevelyan to send her for a year to Paris. Let me see—Dunsey in Paris—ah, no, how completely it would tarnish her freshness. Who knows, some day I may take her there myself, and show her all the wonders of it for the first time.

She and Charlie had evidently very little to say to one another. I noticed that he got bullied more or less by the whole family; even the kind-hearted Dobinson snubbed him, but at the same time has succeeded in obtaining for him some pretty stiff work to occupy his leisure hours, for which the poor boy seems astonishingly grateful.

Some days after this family gathering, I wrote to Dunsey, inviting them all to the opera.

"May Charlie come too?" she asked, in her shaky, shocking handwriting.

"No room," I answered, laconically, on a postal card.

Charlie called at my club an hour afterwards. "Look here, old fellow," he said, taking me by the button-hole, in an eager, enthusiastic way; "I want you to come after the opera to supper at my rooms."

"I can't possibly do that."

"The Trevelyans are to be there."

"In that case, of course I shall come," I said, as if I were an inevitable brother, whose duty was to be ever on guard.

"That's right," cried he, giving me a little tap on the back. "I shall be in the pit," he went on, "where I can see you, and I shall have a brougham waiting for Dunsey at the corner of the

street, and will leave you the care of the rest of the party."

"Thank you; is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked, laughing sarcastically.

"Dunsey and I are engaged, you know," said he, in a grave, explanatory tone.

I looked aghast.

"I did the deed in Germany—went over on purpose; it has been a long affair on my side. All my schoolbooks are marked with her initials."

My first impulse was to box his ears soundly for him; but as I looked into his good young face, I changed my mind, and ended by congratulating him, asking, in the usual way, how it all happened.

"Well," he began, delighted at the prospect of talking uninterruptedly, "it was not all plain sailing, as you may believe."

"Of course not," said I; "the course of true love never did, &c."

"It was not exactly that—we have never had a quarrel; but, you know, when I arrived at her school we sat on two chairs opposite each other, with a governess dividing us, and conversed about the weather, and the wealth of the German language. Imagine such a position! I asked if I might take her out for a walk. Of course not—unheard-of proposition. I said I was a friend of the family, a near relation, an inspector of schools, a Government official, a person of importance—all to no purpose. I telegraphed to Lady Trevelyan, 'May I take her for a walk?' Permission granted. The next day I again besieged the convent walls, armed with my telegram, and we sallied forth triumphantly. Ah, what a day it was, all sunshine and breeze, with the bluest of skies, and the greenest of grass. Dunsey's first thought, however, was to make for a *speise haus*, and I can tell you I was proud of the amount she ate.

"I awake so hungry," she said, filling her pockets with the remnants of our repast. And then we sat under the trees, and listened to the band, and

afterwards set off running down a hill, into a pine wood, where we shouted and laughed at the pitch of our voices. When she was completely exhausted, I made my proposal, and we returned to the convent in the twilight.

"You have been a preposterously long walk," exclaimed the lady of the establishment; but Dunsey fell upon her neck, and kissing her, asked her if it was not the very first time she had ever been naughty. The good lady relented, but expressed a hope that my visit would not be repeated."

As Charlie stopped speaking, I became conscious that my mind had wandered a little during the latter part of his narrative. In fact, I was wishing I too had gone to visit Dunsey's school, while making a summer tour through Germany; I was close to the place, and did think of her, but decided in favour of a young Russian bride, whose luggage was booked for a more picturesque and convenient resting-place.

"I proposed in a most original manner," finished Charlie, turning knowingly on his heel.

Men in love are certainly very ridiculous. Of course he meant me to ask him how he did it, but I was feeling depressed, and did not in the least care to hear. Why should I be listening, like a family lawyer, to this young fellow's love story? And why should I remark that I thought Dunsey far too young to know her own mind?

Charlie fired up at once: "I don't at all agree with you; a girl is never too young to know that."

"Well, well," I said, good-naturedly, "the upshot of it all is, I suppose, that I am to take care of the old people, while you look after the young one?"

"If you would not mind," said Charlie, looking up as if he would like to kiss me.

"I am only sorry my opera-box is so small. But I can change places with you part of the time," I added, as I bade him adieu, feeling that I was indeed a religious uncle, and worthy to be canonized as a saint. Lady Trevelyan thinks differently however, for when I asked

her how it is I am not, as other men are, lucky in love, she laughed a little scornfully, and said I had a great deal to learn yet.

"You must begin by loving, you know."

"But surely I am ready."

"You must be more than that," she said, with bland decision.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing of it,—  
Stood unexpecting, unconscious."

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

As I pondered over Lady Trevelyan's words, I wondered if she meant anything particular—if, in fact, she was thinking of her daughter Cissy. Now I confess I have never for a moment thought of Cissy. We are very good friends, simply that, and nothing more. I would do anything for Lady Trevelyan; I would do a great deal for Miss Trevelyan, for I like and reverence her, only I cannot imagine her the lady of Burton Reach. However, it is, I know, an immense thing to be mated to a thoroughly good woman, for in this world a good woman is as difficult to find as a good man. Most of us want to be good, and some of us try to be good, "but hard, hard, hard is it only not to tumble." Weighted with these reflections, I was making my way home to my dreary, dusty, musty lodgings, taking a short cut through a by-street, in the gloom of the evening, when I came upon the subject of my meditations. Cissy Trevelyan was walking alone, dressed in sombre grey, with a little basket on her arm, and her skirt tucked up over her delicate little ankles. She had paused before an open coach-house door, where a ragged little urchin was sitting on the edge of a barrow, with a baby on his knee; the boy's curly head was bent over the little one, kissing its rosy cheeks with all a child's passionate lovingness. Cissy stood still to watch them for a moment; her

pale cheeks had flushed. I saw that her eyes were full of tears; they were not speaking eyes, like Lady Anne's, nor were they the azure blue of Dunsey's, but as they met mine, a little startled, there came upon me a profound and tender compassion for this young girl, the strong current of whose love had been so suddenly checked. I felt it would be good for me even to be second in her affections. I was ready at that moment to give up all my brightest dreams of life, all my worldly aspirations, all my selfish ways and moods, if by so doing I could lighten the burden of her life.

"Don't you get very tired of this sort of thing?" I asked, drawing her hand within my arm.

"Tired of what sort of thing?" she asked.

"Tired of being with low, vulgar people, and seeing nothing but want and wretchedness."

"Because they are poor, they need not necessarily be low and vulgar; it seems to me that they lead much more unselfish lives than the rich do—lives dedicated to others. We cumber ourselves with artificial duties, and waste the strength and the sympathy that might be more practically given to help our fellow-beings."

"You surely would not have us all turn district visitors?" I asked, in a tragic tone.

Cissy laughed low and musically.

"Don't be frightened; I certainly should not elect you one; it is not only those who live in crowded courts, or back alleys, that need sympathy, help, and encouragement. We are far too apt to overlook the 'poor in spirit,' and occupy ourselves with more tangible, more interesting difficulties."

"Yes, that is true; I always feel as if it would be easier to me to plunge into deep water to save a person from drowning, or lead victoriously a charge of cavalry on to certain death, than to perform the monotonous round of little daily self-sacrifices that don't seem to tell either in this world or the world to come."

"Hush," said Cissy, "don't talk nonsense; you are now doing yourself injustice."

"I will take you a new way home," I said, meaning to make a little circuit. I was feeling wonderfully happy and light-hearted; it was the first time Cissy had ever told me that I had done myself injustice. I had momentary flashing visions—not of walking with her through the exhausted evening atmosphere of the London streets, but of riding with her through the wash of air on the Roman Campagna, or sitting by her side under the canopy of a Venetian gondola, while gliding through a straight streak of moonlight; or, more comfortable and convenient still, getting my uncle to lend us Burton Reach for a month, with the option of staying on two months if—if we did not get very tired of it.

"I am quite convinced that you are working too hard—that you are wearing yourself out, Cissy," I said, feeling that we were nearing home, and that I was wasting the time in dreaming.

"No, I am not; people only wear out when they have nothing to do."

"Nonsense, my dear; men drop down daily from overwork."

"Well, we can only die once, and surely it is good to die in harness."

"But does this work make you happy?"

"Happiness is not what I expect, though it comes sometimes when one least looks for it, that is to say, peace comes; the only true happiness is to utilize oneself, and not to save oneself for the life to come."

"But you have known other happiness?"

"Yes, and I have had to pay very dearly for it, as one does for great joys. When our own hearts have been rent it is then we can fully realize all the unalleviated, unspoken misery there is in the world: I mean, how many there are who have to work out the long days in shadow instead of sunshine."

There was a long pause, and then I said—

"Cissy, I would like to make you

happy; I could forget all that has gone before, if you could love me and be my wife."

"Your wife!" she said, turning pale.

"Yes, my wife."

"How can you," she cried, in a low, unsteady voice, "forget the past? Do you not know that I am his—his—his; that he is constantly near to me; that he is dearer, far dearer to me than ever; that all that I attempt to do, or dream of doing, is through the might of my love for him?"

"Forgive me, Cissy," I said, looking down with kindling admiration into her sweet, sorrowful little face.

"Ah, forgive me," she went on, once more placing her tremulous little hand within my arm; "you have been such a good friend to me, do not let us quarrel. We will forget all this, and let it be as though we had not spoken; I shall never leave Mamma and Papa."

"But you would have left them for him?"

"Yes, I would have left mother and father, all and everything, for his sake. A woman can do that for one, and for one only, once in a lifetime, but it is too difficult a thing for me to do twice; it is impossible when one has loved once, as I have loved, ever to do so again—it would be mere imitation of the reality that is no more."

We were at her door—she did not ask me in; but as she went upstairs I passed into the drawing-room. I found Lady Trevelyan sitting idly in the fire-light, waiting for her husband. As I came in she turned round quickly, letting her fire-screen fall from her hands, with the happy expectant smile of a young girl. "Ah, is it you?" she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I thought it was Papa!"

"I walked home with Cissy," I said.

"That was very good of your lordship."

"Don't laugh at me, Lady Trevelyan, I am miserable; I made a fool of myself, and Cissy has refused me."

"Now, Vincent, how could you do such a silly, senseless thing?"

"I don't see why it should be such a silly, senseless thing."

"Why, you neither of you are the least in love."

"I reverence her more than any woman I know."

"L'amitié est une froide compagne pour aider à supporter les maux immenses que l'amour a fait accepter."

"Don't quote French to me," I said, in an irritated tone.

Lady Trevelyan rose up, and, laying her fair soft hands soothingly on my shoulders, kissed me, as a mother kisses her spoilt child.

"I wish I had another daughter for you," she said.

"If you had she would not take me."

"She certainly would not take you if she did not care for you."

"But why should she not care for me?"

"Why *should* she care for you?"

"Because—because—well, I am not a bad man; I should be very good to her."

"You are certainly not a bad man, and would, no doubt, be very good to your wife; but these not uncommon qualifications will never alone obtain for you the love of a woman who would make life a blessing to you."

"You are very hard upon me."

"And yet it is true what I say of you—take as example your love for Cissy."

"Yes," I eagerly interrupted, "take that as an example. Am I not willing to lay all my worldly goods at her feet, look over what has passed, and dedicate myself to her happiness?"

"That was not the way the Judge wooed and won me."

"I don't pretend to know what the bygone ways of wooing and winning were."

"I can remember, because they were so simple. A man in love did not express himself *willing* to lay his worldly goods at the feet of his chosen lady; nor did he enlarge upon the self-sacrifice of his personal dedication to her future happiness—he asked only the rich reward of her love in return for his own."

"Cissy and I might have grown into all that in time; why should you throw me over before testing me—trying me, at any rate?"

"We have known you all your life, Vincent——"

"That means to say that you *have* tested me," I interrupted in a sombre tone.

"Love—true love—does not come easily," went on Lady Trevelyan, unheeding my interruption; "there is always suffering, but the suffering is easy to bear, if the love that lightens it is real and not imaginary."

My reply was checked by the entrance of the Judge.

"You are the very man I want," he said, as he gave me a hearty handshake. "Stay and dine with us, and then give me your help with these papers."

"Not this evening," I objected, looking from the papers towards Lady Trevelyan with unhappy eyes.

"Stay and help the Judge," said her ladyship, in her low, mild tone of authority. And so, of course, I obeyed. Cissy did not seem in the least surprised to see me again. She behaved perfectly; and I was far happier beside her than I would have been brooding by myself over my unlucky star. The Judge and I remained up until the small hours.

"I am quite ashamed of myself for making use of you in this way," said he, yawning wearily when our work was finished.

"I am so glad to be of use to you," I replied, sorry that my part of it was over, for with it everything seemed over for me.

"Cissy said we should find some refreshments in the other room," he went on, rising and stretching himself; "come, let us see what is prepared for us."

A bright cheering fire blazed in the dining-room, and a shaded lamp stood in the centre of the dinner-table, upon which were placed various dishes of delicate meats, and bottles of the choicest wines. "We deserve this, don't we?" said the Judge, rubbing his hands. And then he went on to tell his best

stories, his varied experiences, his youthful struggles and successes. "Ay, ay! youth is *the* time, if we only knew it," he said. "You have it all before you—everything to come—how I envy you!"

"I suppose in old age we forget all our disappointments," I said, a little drearily.

"It is perhaps the disappointments of youth that make the ripeness of old age," were the last words of the Judge, as he shut me out into the misty morning air.

So I am still a bachelor, and likely to remain one, unless Cissy relents. Lady Anne has taught her children to call me Uncle; and although I have entirely ceased to take the same interest as formerly in Dunsey's intellectual development, she has nevertheless made me godfather to her son and heir. The godmother is Cissy. My uncle has died, and, in a sudden freak of old age, has made Tom his sole inheritor; he and Polly have accordingly left Australia, and are established at Burton Reach, where they have made themselves very popular in the neighbourhood. I often go and stay there from Saturday to Monday, and am received by Polly as if I were the Prince of Wales.

"I don't think any other man but yourself would have borne such a disappointment in so sweet a way," said Polly to me one day.

"What do you mean?" I asked, wondering how she could have heard of Cissy.

"Why, Tom and me coming into all the money!"

"I am rather glad than otherwise," I answered, indifferently.

"I daresay you have had worse troubles," went on Polly, looking up at me sympathisingly with her kind, shrewd eyes; "I hope you are not fretting about a woman."

"Yes, I am, Polly."

"And she won't take you because you've lost the money!—if that is the case, you are well rid of her," said my little sister, flushing in her quick way.

"That is not the case, however; I proposed to her long ago."

"Did you now?" said Polly, calming down. "Well, if I were you I would ask her again—women are so queer. I should not wonder if she took you, now that you have no expectations."

"I have given up all hope."

"Never give up hope!—try again," said Polly.

M. C.



## LA ROQUETTE, 24TH MAY, 1871.

It would have been difficult to have imagined a scene more suggestive of gaiety and pleasure and light-hearted *insouciance*, than that which surrounded me on a certain afternoon in last September, as I drove through the crowded streets of beautiful Paris.

There was a deep blue sky, stainless and serene, with glorious sunshine flooding the broad Boulevards, glittering on the golden dome of the Invalides, and transmuted the sparkling Seine into a river of light. As yet untinged by autumn, the luxuriant trees in the now open garden hid the scorched windows of the Tuileries, and gathered beneath their shade many a merry group, who had assembled to hear the bands of music stationed there,—thousands more strolling in the Champs Elysées enjoyed the manifold amusements offered to them on every side, as if life had not a care or a regret, while the crowds in the streets seemed to have no weightier occupation than to admire the treasures of art and luxury displayed behind the flashing plate glass of the shop windows. It was hard to believe that this was the city which, but a year and a half before, had been steeped in blood and wrapped in flame, or these the people who had passed through the wasting horrors of the siege and the darker terrors of the Commune: yet through the midst of this gay and pleasant scene, I was hastening on to that which may be considered as the representative centre of all the woes that marked France's *année douloureuse*, the ghastly spot where her bleeding tortured capital endured the very heart-pang of her long agony. One could but imagine that her strange light-hearted children had altogether forgotten what that building was, which I soon saw rising up grim and menacing before me, or remembered it

only with the uneasy shame of wounded vanity which made them seek to ignore and repudiate the terrible past.

Some indication of this feeling there was in the look and bearing of our coachman, when the gentleman who accompanied me gave him the order to drive us to our destination: there was no alert response, polite and smiling after the manner of Frenchmen, but in silence he stared straight before him, with so impassible a look that my friend imagined that he had not understood his direction.

"Did you hear where I wished you to go?" he asked.

"I heard you well enough," the man answered; and while we still waited, uncertain if he really comprehended, he muttered with a dark frown, "You told me to go to La Roquette;" and then did not speak another word throughout the whole long distance to and fro.

The prison of La Roquette is divided by the street of the same name into two distinct portions: that on the left, leading from the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise, is entirely given up to the "*jeunes détenus*," great numbers of whom are incarcerated there; while the part on the other side, at the gate of which we alighted, bears the sinister name of the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

It has, in truth, always been the receptacle of those condemned to death, and criminals are guillotined in the open space in front of the great entrance,—Troppman, who murdered the family at Pantin, having been the last to undergo the sentence; but it is also the place of punishment for those who are convicted of the gravest crimes, even if they have escaped the extreme penalty.

It is not now by any means an easy matter to obtain leave to visit the *Dépôt des Condamnés*. The event which has

for ever branded the name of La Roquette with infamy, has so powerful an influence in a thousand different ways on the passions of the people, that it is with great reluctance the authorities ever allow the fatal recollection of the 24th of May, 1871, to be aroused by visitors to the scene of that day's terrible tragedy. An order of admission can only be given by the Minister of the Interior, but at the request of one of the foreign ambassadors I obtained one, which, however, though asked in my name, was made out in his, so that he was obliged to accompany me himself to the prison. Notwithstanding that we were furnished with this important-looking official document, my friend felt somewhat doubtful whether I should succeed in my object, which was to visit the scenes of the last sufferings of the Archbishop of Paris—for unless the officers of the gaol discovered my purpose of their own accord, he did not see how it would be possible for us to allude in the presence of Frenchmen to that which must always be so bitter and shameful a memory for France.

The coachman stopped at some little distance from the gate, and we did not ask him to draw nearer, but walked on to the *conciergerie* which divided the outer from the inner entrance. The porter looked at our order of admission in grim silence, and opening a side door in his own lodge, he pointed across a large courtyard paved with stone, and told us we should find Monsieur le Directeur at the door of the prison itself, which was placed at the end of it.

A flight of steps led to a wide portico, and there in the shade sat a tall stout man talking to several of the officials who were standing round him. One of them at once named him as the Director. He, too, read the order in silence, and then, rising, asked us to follow him. We passed through a room apparently intended for the use of the *gardiens* or turnkeys, beyond which was a passage leading into the interior of the building, but separated from it by a huge door in which was a *guichet*. Here an official stood, who appeared to be only

second in importance to the Director himself, for he showed him the order, and then said, pointing to my companion—

“You will take Son Excellence wherever he wishes to go through the prison, but Madame, you are aware, cannot be allowed to see the convicts.”

“It was precisely to accompany the lady that I came,” said my friend; “can she not visit some part of the prison at least?”

“What is it she wishes to see?” asked the Director abruptly—which question produced the unusual sight of a diplomatist at fault. Son Excellence hesitated, smiled benignly, and looked at me.

“I do not in the least care to see the prisoners,” I said.

“What, then?” said the Director.

“If, perhaps,” said my companion, in a very insinuating tone, “the cell where the Archbishop——”

The Director interrupted him: “I understand—that is possible. If Madame will wait in the *gardiens'* room while you visit the prisoners, we will see what can be done when you return.”

Son Excellence had not the smallest desire to see the prisoners, but expressed the highest satisfaction in the prospect, and departed with the head *gardien* while I went back into the turnkeys' room with one of the officials, who brought forward the only easy-chair the place contained for my accommodation. He was a middle-aged man, with keen black eyes, and a rather fine face. He remarked civilly, as I sat down, that he was sorry on my account that ladies were not allowed to visit the prisoners.

“What harm are we supposed to do them?” I asked.

“You would not hurt them,” he said, with a smile, “but the convicts here are the very lowest of criminals, and they are so utterly brutish, that they could not be trusted to conduct themselves properly in your presence. *Tenez*,” he added, “you can judge for yourself;” and opening the *guichet* in the door, he made me a sign to look through it. I

did so, and saw a large open courtyard with a fountain in the middle, where at least a hundred convicts were passing their brief time of recreation; and I must own that I never in my life before saw such an assemblage of villanous-looking men, whose whole appearance indicated that they belonged to the lowest type of humanity. Unaware as they were that they were being observed, the men's gestures and language were so revolting that I hurried away at once, and the turnkey closed the *guichet* and followed me back into the room.

He seemed well disposed to converse, and I asked him if he had been at La Roquette during the siege.

"Through the whole of it," he answered, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And during the Commune also?"

He turned round and said quickly, "Madame est Française?"

"No, I am English, but I am *Française de cœur*—you understand?"

"Perfectly," he answered, nodding his head. "Well, then, Madame, I was indeed here during the Commune, and I remained—yes, I remained till——"

"Until the end?" I said.

"Till seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May," he answered, turning vehemently towards me; "and then, when I saw them loading their rifles to shoot that good, that defenceless old man, I could bear it no longer—*je me suis sauvé*. I fled out of La Roquette at the risk of my life. If they had caught me, they would have shot me too; but I was within these walls all the time Monseigneur was here. I saw how they treated him and the unfortunate men who were with him. I could not help him, of course—*mais c'était infame!* I never thought to the last they would kill him, but when I did actually hear the order given—ah! it was too much!" The turnkey said all this with the greatest rapidity, as if with a sense of relief in telling what he had felt; but just at that moment the Director came into the room, whereupon in an instant my friend was standing up erect, with his back to me, looking as if

he were not aware that I was present at all, whilst a quick glance towards me, as he turned away, showed me that he wished me to look equally unconscious of his vicinity. The Director glanced round, and then went out again, apparently having had no other purpose but to see what I was doing. As soon as he had gone well out of sight and hearing, the turnkey came back, and, standing before me, began to pour out a history of all he had done and said during that fatal week of May, with a vehemence of voice and gesture which no words can reproduce. I asked him when he returned to La Roquette after his flight, and he answered, not till the Sunday following the Wednesday on which the Archbishop was murdered; not till all was over, and the Versailles in full possession of the city, with all its prisons and palaces. In the interval he had gone to Montmartre, and had witnessed the last desperate resistance of the Communists there, and afterwards in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"It was like hell upon earth," he said, "as the shot and shell rained down upon the people whose frenzy of excitement made them court death in the streets. They were *broyés*, Madame, and men and women alike used the last energies of life, even as they expired, in hurling back destruction on their foes—their foes! who were children of France like themselves, their countrymen, their brothers!" As he spoke, the very vigour and earnestness of his description made it impossible to note all he said, but at the moment he brought before my eyes such a picture of the horrors of the Commune, as I could not even have imagined before.

"May Paris never know such a time again!" I said.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, "*La France est malade*, ill with a chronic malady; and, like a sick person, she requires to be bled from time to time, every twenty years or so, but they bleed her at the heart, they bleed Paris, and she will require it again—*Dieu veuille!* that I do not live to see it!"

He was all quivering with excitement

as he spoke—but suddenly he subsided into his official stiffness and composure when he saw the head *gardien* appear along with my friend. They had come to take me to that portion of the prison which had been inhabited by Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in death, and which, it seemed, was under the exclusive care of this superior officer. He was a tall, grey-haired old man, with a thoughtful, rather melancholy expression of face; and a few words which he casually dropped as he led the way, showed me that it would depend entirely on his will how much or how little we saw, and also that to him the murdered Archbishop had been an object of the deepest veneration and respect.

During my rather lengthened stay in Paris I had become aware, that amid the chaos of conflicting ideas which makes up the sum of public opinion at the present juncture, the one subject on which popular feeling differs most widely is the fate of Monseigneur Darboy. There is a deeply-rooted impression amongst the lower classes that the Archbishop concealed immense stores of provisions during the whole of the siege, on purpose that the poor might be starved. It is hardly necessary to say how utterly false is this accusation against a charitable and gentle old man; but the assertion has been repeatedly made to myself, by persons of humble station, with a vehemence which brooked no contradiction, and its almost universal acceptance amongst them is perfectly well known: the obvious inference drawn by them is, that his dreadful death is a just and right retribution; while on the other hand, all the more respectable classes who adhere to the Church believe, that living, he was a true father to his people, and in death a martyr and a saint.

I soon saw that the head *gardien* was one of these last, and that any reluctance he might feel in showing us the scenes of the massacre, would be from the fear that these “lieux saints,” as he called them, might be profaned by indifferent or hostile spectators. It was not diffi-

cult, therefore, to satisfy him completely on this score as regarded ourselves; and in answer to my petition that he would not exclude me from any part of the prison connected with the terrible tragedy, he turned towards me and said emphatically, “Madame, to you I will gladly show everything without the smallest reserve, for I see that you will respect the memory of the holy dead; you shall go over every inch of ground where Monseigneur trod, from the moment he entered the prison till he departed from this world altogether; and I will tell you every circumstance of the forty-eight hours he passed within those walls:” and he did so, with a minuteness of detail which, joined to the sight of the actual localities, made me almost feel as if I had myself followed the steps of the victims and their murderers, even to the end. The *gardien* took us first into a room on the ground-floor, where, he said, ordinary criminals condemned to the guillotine made their “*toilette de mort*,” interpreting the ghastly term by saying that their hair had to be cut, and their upper clothes removed, and he instanced Troppman as the last who had been so “dressed” in this room; but when I asked if Monseigneur had been brought here, he shook his head, and said they gave *him* no time for preparation of any kind. Then we went up a wide stone staircase, at the top of which was an immense dormitory for the prisoners at present under sentence. The beds were placed close together, with arrangements for a complete system of surveillance, by means of *guichets* in the partitions which divided them from the officers’ rooms.

“I wish you to look at these beds,” said the *gardien*, “used by the worst *canaille* of Paris, that you may note the difference when you see what was provided for Monseigneur.”

They were excellent beds, far more comfortable than those given to our prisoners in England—consisting of a high spring mattress over which was one of flock, with good sheets, blankets, and pillows; they were perfectly clean,

and the *gardien* said the linen was constantly changed.

"The convicts are better lodged than our soldiers," he added, "but now, Madame, will you pass into this corridor? It was here that Monseigneur was brought at once on his arrival from the prison of Mazas on the 22nd of May, 1871."

The near approach of the army of Versailles on the evening of that day had decided the authorities of the Commune to proceed to the murder of the hostages, and the whole number, most of whom were priests, were conveyed for that purpose from the Mazas, where they had been confined for some weeks, to the Dépôt des Condamnés.

Although the entire period of their imprisonment had been spent under the same roof, the hostages had never met till the moment when, on this evening, they were thrust, in parties of twenty and thirty, into the great open waggons belonging to the Lyons Railway, which had been brought to convey them to La Roquette, and in which they were exposed to the full view of the crowd. Some of them belonged to the same religious house—that of the Jesuits, Rue de Sèvres; many had been friends, and to all at least the Archbishop was known: but although they pressed each other's hands with mournful significance, it is said that no word was spoken amongst them during their course through the insurgent quarters of the Faubourg St. Antoine and La Bastille, where the frenzied populace followed them with the coarsest insults and menaces, excepting once, when one of the priests bent forward to the Archbishop, and pointing to the crowd said, "*Hélas! Monseigneur, voilà donc votre peuple!*"

Night had fallen when they arrived at La Roquette, and a brigadier carrying a lantern conducted them into the part of the prison where we now stood. It was a wide corridor, with long rows of cells on either side, and on the left hand a space in the centre was left vacant to admit of a window giving light to the whole; at the end was a corkscrew stair leading down to the

outer court. The prisoners were immediately thrust into the cells, one by one, and left there for the night in pitch darkness, so that they did not know till next morning what sort of a place they were in.

"This was the cell occupied by Monseigneur on that night," said the *gardien*; and he opened the first door to the right and told me to go in. There was literally scarcely room for more than one person in the small narrow den into which I entered, and it contained nothing whatever but one wretched little bed, infinitely less comfortable in every way than those we had seen in the large dormitory. "But," I was told, "none who ever entered here had need of furniture, or would be likely to find rest on even the most luxurious couch, for those only passed this threshold who knew that the executioner was awaiting them, and that their grave was already dug."

This cell was separated from the one next to it by a partition, which divided in two the small window that gave light to both. The *gardien* told me to go up close to that part of the window which was in the Archbishop's cell, and, going into the next himself, he showed me that it was possible for the prisoners respectively occupying them to converse together, and even to touch each other's hands—as there was a space of a few inches left between the end of the partition and the panes of glass. The *gardien* then told me that Monsieur Bonjean, President de la Cour de Cassation, had been imprisoned in the second, and when it was discovered that Monseigneur and he were holding communication together, the Archbishop was at once removed to a place of stricter confinement, which should be shown to me at the other end of the corridor. He remained four-and-twenty hours in the cell where I stood—from the evening of the 22nd to that of the 23rd. On the morning of this latter day the prisoners had been allowed to go down for half an hour into what is called the "*premier chemin de ronde*"—that is, the first of two narrow stone-paved court-

yards which surround La Roquette on three sides, and are separated from each other and from the outer world by very high walls. The Archbishop, however, felt too weak and ill to avail himself of the permission, and spent the greater part of the day lying in a half fainting state on his miserable bed. In addition to his other sufferings, he was starving of hunger, for the Commune had been driven back by the army of Versailles into the eleventh arrondissement, where alone therefore they were in power; and the supply of food being very scanty, the hostages were, of course, the last for whom they cared to provide. One of the Jesuit priests, Père Olivaint, who, four days later, was massacred in the terrible carnage of the Rue Haxo, had, however, secretly brought into the prison a little food, which had been conveyed to him by his friends while imprisoned at Mazas.

During the brief time of recreation, he was able to obtain access to the Archbishop, and, kneeling on the ground beside him, he fed him with a small piece of cake and a tablet of chocolate; and this was all the nourishment the poor old man received during the forty-eight hours he passed at La Roquette. Père Olivaint comforted him also with the promise of the highest consolation he could have in the hour of death, as he knew that he would have it in his power to give him the holy Viaticum at the last supreme moment. Four portions of the reserved Sacrament had been conveyed to the priest, when in Mazas, in a little common card-box, which I saw at the Jesuits' house in the Rue de Sèvres, where it is preserved as a precious relic, and this he had succeeded in bringing concealed on his breast to La Roquette.

It had been intended that this day, the 23rd, should witness the murder of the hostages, and the order was, in fact, given for the immediate execution of the whole of the prisoners who had been brought in the evening before; but the Director, shrinking in horror from the task, succeeded in evading it, at least for a time, by pretending that there was an in-

formality in the order. This day passed over, therefore, leaving them all still alive, but without the smallest hope of ultimate rescue.

In the course of the afternoon the Archbishop's intercourse with Monsieur Bonjean having been discovered, he was moved into cell No. 23, which we now went on to see. On our way towards it, the *gardien* took us down a side passage, and, opening a door, introduced us into a gallery, which we found formed part of the chapel, and was the place from which the prisoners of this corridor heard mass. Just opposite to us, on the same side with the High Altar, was a sort of balcony, enclosed by boards painted black and white, and surmounted by a cross, in which the *gardien* told us criminals condemned to death were placed to hear the mass offered for them just before their execution.

"Was the Archbishop allowed to come here for any service?" I asked.

"Monseigneur! no, indeed! to perform any religious duty was the last thing they would have allowed him to do. He was never out of his cell but once, and that was on the morning of the day he died. I will show you afterwards where he went then. *Voilà notre brave aumônier*," continued the *gardien*, pointing to an old priest who was sitting at a table in the body of the church, with two of the convicts seated beside him; "he is such a kind friend to all those wretches, but, unfortunately, he was at Mazas when Monseigneur was here."

He now took us back to the Archbishop's last abode. The door of cell No. 23, unlike those of all the others which stood open, was not only closed, but heavily barred and bolted.

"This cell," said the *gardien*, "has never been used or touched in any way since Monseigneur occupied it—it has been kept in precisely the same state as that in which he left it—the bed has not even been made; you will see it exactly as it was when he rose from it at the call of those who summoned him out to die."

It seemed at first rather doubtful

whether we should see it, for the *gardien* had taken a key from his pocket while he was speaking, and was now trying to unlock the door and open the many bolts, which were stiff and rusty from long disuse. With the exertion of his utmost strength, he could not for a long time move them all, and I thought, as the harsh grating noise of the slowly turning key echoed through the corridor, how terrible that sound must have been to the unfortunate Archbishop, when he last heard it, accompanied by coarse and cruel menaces shouted through the door, which told him it was opening to bring him out to a bitter death. The *gardien* made so many ineffectual efforts before he succeeded, that I felt quite afraid it would not be possible for him to admit us, and I said so to him, with an exclamation of satisfaction, when I saw the heavy bolts at last give way. He had by this time quite discovered the interest I took in the object of his own almost passionate veneration and love, and, turning to me, he said, "Madame, I would have opened this door for you if I had been obliged to send for a locksmith to do it, for I see how you feel for our martyred father; but you may well be content to gain admission to this cell, for thousands have asked to see it and have been refused. I am sole guardian of it, and I keep the key by my side all day, and under my pillow at night, and those only enter here who have some strong claim for admission."

He threw open the door as he spoke, standing back to let me pass, and I went in. I stood for a few minutes within that miserable cell, unable to speak, so great was the shock I received from the conviction of the absolute malignity which must have dictated the arrangements of the poor Archbishop's last resting-place on earth. Having seen the other cells, and the comparatively comfortable beds provided for even the worst criminals amongst the convicts, I saw that it must have been a studied purpose which had prepared so squalid and revolting a couch for the aged and dying "father of his people." A low,

rude framework of wood, totally different from the iron bedsteads in the other rooms, was spread with a palliasse of the coarsest description, torn open down the centre, so that the straw—far from clean—with which it was scantily filled was all exposed to view; over this was thrown one ragged woollen covering, stained and black, as if it had been left unwashed after long use in some low locality, and one very small, hard bolster, which, apparently from similar usage, had lost all appearance of having ever been white: in so many words, the whole furniture of the bed looked as if it had been extracted from the lowest and darkest den in the worst quarters of Paris, for the express purpose of making such a couch as one would shrink from touching with the tip of one's fingers. I need not enter into the details which made me with justice call it revolting, but I am sure that no English gentleman would have bid his dog lie down upon it. Such as it was, however, the Archbishop, faint and failing in the long death-agony which began for him when he entered La Roquette, had been faint to stretch upon it his worn-out frame and aching limbs—but not to sleep, for the *gardien* believed he never closed his eyes in that his last night on earth. It was strictly true that everything had been religiously preserved in the precise state in which he left it—we could see that the bed had not been touched; the pillow was still displaced, as it had been by the uneasy movements of the poor grey head that assuredly had found no rest thereon, and the woollen cover was still thrown back, just as the Archbishop's own hand had flung it off when he rose at the call of his murderers, to look for the last time on the face of God's fair sun.

"Et il faisait un si beau temps," as an eye-witness said of that day. "Mon Dieu! quelle belle journée de printemps nous avions ce maudit vingt-quatre Mai!" One happy recollection alone relieves the atmosphere of cruelty and hate which seems to hang round the stone walls of this death chamber—for it was here on that last morning

that the Archbishop received from the hands of Père Olivaint the Sacred Food, in the strength of which he was to go that same day even to the Mount of God.

From here, too, in the early morning of the 24th, he went to gain the only breath of fresh air which he was allowed to breathe at La Roquette. During the usual half-hour's recreation permitted to the convicts, he descended with the rest into the first courtyard, and there one other moment of consolation came to him, which brightened the Via Dolorosa he was treading, with a last gleam of joy. Monsieur Bonjean, who shared with him his prison and his death, had been in the days of his life and liberty a determined unbeliever; but since he came into the Dépôt des Condamnés he had been seen on every possible occasion in close conversation with the Père Clerc, one of the doomed priests; and on this morning, as the Archbishop, unable from weakness to walk about, leant for support against the railing of a stair, Monsieur Bonjean came up, and, stretching out his hands to him with a smile, prayed Monseigneur to bless him, for, he said, he had seen the Truth standing, as it were, at the right hand of Death, and he, too, was about to depart in the faith of Christ.

It was a relief to remember that these last rays of sunshine had gleamed for the old man through the very shadow of death, amid the terribly painful associations of the place in which I stood, and the *gardien* waited patiently while I lingered, thinking of it all; at last, however, as he was stooping over the bed, showing me where the outline of the weary form that had lain on it could still be traced, he said, in a very aggrieved tone—

“Look what an Englishman did, who was allowed to enter here: when I had turned my head away just for one moment, he robbed me of this;” and he showed me that a little morsel of the woollen cover had been torn off, no doubt to be kept as a sacred relic.

“I was just going to ask you if I

might take a little piece of the straw on which Monseigneur lay,” I said.

“By all means,” answered the *gardien*; “you are most welcome.”

I took a very small quantity, and was turning to go away, when he said—

“Would you not like some more?”

“Why have you taken so little?”

“Because, as you spoke of an Englishman's depredations, I did not want to make you complain of an Englishwoman too.”

“I did not know you were English,” he said, looking sharply round at me; and I felt afraid I should have cause to regret the admission, for I had discovered, during my residence in Paris, that the children of “perfidious Albion” are not by any means in the good graces of Frenchmen, at the present juncture. In the commencement of the war it was the popular belief amongst them that their ally of the old Crimean days would certainly come forward to succour France in her terrible strait, and they have not yet forgiven us, if they ever do, for our strict maintenance of neutrality.

The *gardien*, however, after the first moment of evident annoyance, seemed to make up his mind to overlook my nationality, and gave me a generous handful of straw, before he once more locked up the cell, telling me that no one would ever be allowed to occupy it again. An open door, a few steps farther on, led into that which had been appropriated to Monsieur Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine, and as I glanced into it I saw a fairly comfortable bed, with good sheets and blankets.

“How much better Monsieur Deguerry was lodged than the Archbishop,” I said to the *gardien*.

“Everyone was better lodged than Monseigneur,” he answered: “*cette canaille de Commune* did all they could to make him suffer from first to last.”

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, the rapid successes of the Versaillais showed the authorities of the Commune that the term of their power might almost be numbered by hours, and these hours they determined should be devoted



to revenge for their recognized defeat. At six o'clock in the evening an order came to the Director of La Roquette for the instant execution of the whole body of prisoners who had been brought from Mazas, to the number of sixty.

Once more the Director remonstrated, not as on the previous day, on the ground of informality, but because of the wholesale nature of the intended massacre. Messages on this subject went to and fro between the prison and the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the leading Communists were assembled, for the space of about an hour, and, finally, a compromise was effected—they agreed only to decimate the sixty condemned, on condition that they themselves chose the victims. It was known to all concerned that their rancour was chiefly directed against the priests—"those men who," as one of the sufferers remarked, "had inconvenienced this wicked world for eighteen hundred years"—but there were many of that detested class at La Roquette, and to the last moment none knew who would be chosen for death.

At seven o'clock the executioners arrived, headed by Ferré, Lolive, and others—it was a confused assemblage of National Guards, Garibaldians, and "vengeurs de la République," and they were accompanied by women of the pétroleuse stamp, and by numbers of the "gamins de Paris," who were, throughout the whole reign of the Commune, more than any others absolutely insatiable for blood.

Up the prison stairs they swarmed, this dreadful mob, shouting threats and curses, with every opprobrious epithet they could apply to the prisoners, and especially to the Archbishop. Ferré and the other ringleaders advanced into the corridor, and the *gardien* showed me where they stood in the vacant space, on the left side facing the row of cells which contained their victims. Then, in a loud voice, the list of doomed men was read out:—

"Georges Darbois—se disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu"—and the door of the cell I had just seen was thrown open,

and the Archbishop of Paris came out, wearing the purple *soutane* which now, stained with blood and riddled with balls, is preserved in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He walked forward, stood before his executioners, and meekly bowed his head in silence, as the sentence of death was read to him. "Gaspard Deguerry" was next called, with the same blasphemous formula; and the Curé of the Madeleine, whose eighty years of blameless life might well have gained him the right to pass by gentler means to the grave which must in any case have been so near, responded to the summons. "Léon Ducoudray, of the Company of Jesus," a tall, fine-looking man, passed from his cell, and stood looking with a smile of quiet contempt on his murderers. He had been rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and had done much for the cause of education.

"Alexis Clerc, of the same Company." It was with a light step and a bright look of joy that this priest answered the ominous call, for his one ambition all his life had been to attain to the glory of martyrdom, and he saw that the consummation of his longing desires was close at hand.

"Michel Allard, ambulance chaplain," and a gentle, kindly-looking man stepped forward, whose last days had been spent in assuaging the pangs of those who were yet to suffer less than himself.

"Louis Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation." Some private spite probably dictated the addition of this one layman to the list of the condemned, but with his name the fatal number was filled up, and the order was given to the prisoners to march at once to execution. They were left free to walk side by side as they pleased on that last path of pain, and with touching consideration the Archbishop chose Monsieur Bonjean as his companion, claiming from him the support his own physical weakness so sorely needed, while he strengthened the soul of the new-made convert with noble words of faith and courage. The Curé of the Madeleine followed, sup-

ported on either side by the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, for he alone of the six doomed men showed any sign of fear; but it was a mere passing tremor, pardonable, indeed, in one so aged and feeble. Monsieur Allard came next, walking alone, and reciting prayers in a low voice.

Determined as the Communists were to consummate their cruel deed, they were, it seemed, not only ashamed of it, but afraid of the consequences, for they did not dare to take their victims out by the principal entrance, but made them go down a small turning staircase in one of the side turrets.

Père Ducoudray had his breviary in his hand, and as they passed through a room where the concierge was standing, he gave it to him, in order that it might not fall into the hands of any of the profane rabble around, and told him to keep it for himself. The porter took it, glad to have some remembrance of so good a man, but the captain of the firing party had seen what had passed, and with an oath he snatched the book from the man's hand and flung it on the fire. When they had all gone out, the concierge rescued it from the flames, in which it was only partly consumed, and I saw it, where it is still religiously preserved, in the house of the Rue de Sèvres, with its half-burned pages and scorched binding.

The condemned were led down three or four steps into the first of the two narrow courtyards which, as I said, surround three sides of the prison, and it was originally intended that they should on this spot suffer death.

While the firing-party made ready, the Archbishop placed himself on the lowest step, in order to say a few words of pity and pardon to his executioners. As the *gardien* showed me, with much minute detail, where and how Monseigneur stood, I inquired if it was true that two of his assassins had knelt at his feet to ask his blessing?

"Yes," he answered, "it was perfectly true, but they were not allowed to remain many instants on their knees. Monseigneur had time to say that he

forgave them, but not to bless them, as he wished, before with blows and threats they were made to start to their feet, and the Archbishop was ordered to go and place himself against the wall, that he might die."

But at the moment when the condemned were about to range themselves in line, the Communists perceived that they were just below the windows of the Infirmary, and that the sick prisoners were looking out upon the scene. Even before the eyes of these poor convicts they did not dare to complete their deed of darkness, and the prisoners were ordered to retrace their steps down the long courtyard that they might be taken into the outer one, and there at last meet their fate.

I could measure what a long weary way they had thus to go, in those awful moments, when they had believed the bitterness of death was almost already past; for we walked slowly down the stone-paved path they trod, while the *gardien* detailed to me every little incident of the mournful journey—how on one spot Père Ducoudray saw a prisoner, whom he knew well, making signs of passionate anguish at his fate, from an upper window, and, smiling, waved his hand to him, like one who sends back a gay farewell to holiday friends upon the shore, when he is launching out on a summer sea, to take a voyage of pleasure—and how, a little farther on, the Archbishop had cast such a gentle look of pity on a man who was uttering blasphemies in his ear, that it awoke enough compunction in the heart of the leading Communist to make him say with sternness to the rabble, "We are here to shoot these men, and not to insult them,"—and how at last, as they came in sight of the place of execution, Père Clerc tore open his *soutane*, that his generous heart might receive uncovered the fiery messengers which brought him the martyr's death he had wooed so long and won at last.

They had to pass through a gate leading to the outer enclosure, and here there was another painful delay, while the key was procured from the interior of the

prison, to unlock it; and as soon as we, too, had crossed this barrier, and come to the entrance of the second *chemin de ronde* on the right side, we knew that the last scene of the tragedy was before us, for on the dark stone wall at the end there stood out in strong relief a white marble slab surmounted by a cross.

We walked towards it over the stones which paved the centre, while against the wall on either side were borders of flowers which had evidently been cultivated with great care. I asked the *gardien* if these blooming plants had been growing there when the victims and their executioners passed along. "No," he said, "there was nothing of what you see now. I planted these myself afterwards, and I tend them daily—it is a little mark of honour to this holy place." And holy, in truth, it seemed, for it was like walking up the nave of a cathedral towards an altar of sacrifice as we advanced nearer and nearer to the goal. When we were within about twenty paces of the end, the *gardien* put his hand on my arm and stopped me, pointing downwards. I saw at my feet a stone gutter which—how or why I knew not—was stained dark and red. "Here the firing-party took up their position," he said; "you see how close they were to the victims." He went a little aside, and placing himself against the angle of the prison wall, "Here Ferré stood," he continued, "as with a loud voice he gave the order to the National Guards to fire." Finally the *gardien* walked a few steps farther on, and taking off his hat, he held it in his hand, and made the sign of the cross, while he said, "And here——." Then he was silent, and there was no need that he should finish his sentence; the gentleman who was with me uncovered also, and not a word was spoken by any of us for some minutes. What we saw was this—a very high wall of dark stone which, at a distance of about five feet from the ground, was deeply marked with the traces of balls which must have struck it in vast numbers within the space of a few yards from right to left, and in the centre of

the portion thus indelibly scored was the white marble slab we had seen from the other end. I could now read the inscription engraved upon it, which was as follows:—

Respect à ce lieu,  
Témoin de la mort des nobles et saintes  
victimes

du xxiv. Mai, M<sup>CCCLXXXI</sup>.

Monseigneur Darbois, Georges, Archevêque de Paris.

Monsieur Bonjean, Louis, Président de la Cour de Cassation.

Monsieur Deguerry, Gaspard, Curé de la Madeleine.

Le Père Ducoudray, Léon, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Le Père Clerc, Alexis, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Monsieur Allard, Michel, aumônier d'ambulance.

Below, four cypresses had been planted, enclosing the oblong space where the victims stood; the two nearest to the wall had completely withered away, as though they refused to live and flourish on the very spot where the innocent blood had been shed, but the other two were fresh and vigorous, and had sent out many a strong green shoot, seeming to symbolize, as it were, those lives transplanted to that other clime where they might yet revive in the free airs of Paradise, to die no more.

When we had stood some time in the midst of the peculiar stillness which seemed all around this solemn place, the *gardien* gave me a few details of the final moments. He said that the condemned men were placed in a line with their backs to the wall where the bullet marks now were: Monsieur Bonjean stood first on the right, Père Clerc next to him, Monsieur Deguerry followed, on whose other side was Père Ducoudray, then the Archbishop, and, last, Monsieur Allard. At the moment when Ferré gave the order to fire, Monseigneur raised his right hand, in order with his last breath to give the blessing to his executioners; as he did so, Lolive, who stood with the firing-party, though not one of the appointed assassins, exclaimed, "That is your benediction, is it? then here is mine!" and fired his revolver straight at the old man's heart. Then

came the volley, twice repeated. The two Jesuit priests were the first to fall. Monsieur Deguerry sunk on his knees, and from thence lifeless to the ground. Monsieur Allard did the same, but supported himself in a kneeling position against the wall for an instant before he expired. Monsieur Bonjean had a moment of terrible convulsion, which left him a distorted heap on the earth; the Archbishop was the last to remain upright. I asked the *gardien* if he had lingered at all in his agony, and he answered, "Not an instant—he was already dead when he fell—as they all were." *Requiescant in pace!*

In the dead of night the six mangled bodies were thrown upon a hurdle and conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they arrived at three in the morning; and there, without coffins, or ceremony of any kind, they were thrown one on the top of another into a trench which had been opened at the south-east angle of the burial-place, close to the wall. There they were found, four days later, by the troops of Versailles when they came to occupy the cemetery, and they at once removed the bodies. Monseigneur Darboy and Monsieur Deguerry were taken with a guard of honour to the Archevêché in the Rue de Grenelle, in order to be buried at Notre Dame; the two Jesuit priests were sent to their own home, Rue de Sèvres; and Monsieur Bonjean and Monsieur Allard were left in the chapel of Père la Chaise.

Lolive, the Communist, to whose name is attached so terrible a memory, was

still alive in the prison of Versailles at the moment when I stood on the spot where he uttered that last cruel insult to the defenceless Archbishop; but only a few days later, on the 18th of last September, he expiated his crime at the butts of Satory, and drank of that same bitter cup of death which he had held so roughly to those aged lips.

There was nothing to detain us any longer amid those mournful scenes: as we turned to go away, the *gardien* gathered a little sprig of heliotrope and some pansies from the spot where the Archbishop died, and gave them to me; and when I thanked him for the minuteness of detail by which he had enabled me to realize so vividly the whole great tragedy, he answered, "Madame, I have shown you everything I possibly could, for I honour those who know how to revere the memory of our murdered father." He took leave of us, and walked away. Then we went back the long distance to the gate, receiving silent salutations from the Director, the turnkey with whom I had first conversed, and the concierge—none of whom seemed to wish to hold any communication with us after we had been on that sad spot. One after another the great doors closed behind us, and we drove away. In another moment the dark frowning walls of La Roquette disappeared from our sight, and we went on into the gay bright world of Paris, where still the sun was shining on the broad Boulevards, and merry children were playing in the gardens, and songs and laughter filled the air.

F. M. F. SKENE.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

THOUGH England has been spared any violent revolution during the last fifty years, it may be doubted whether there is any corresponding period in her history when the actual condition of her people has changed so entirely in so short a time. From stage-coaches to railways; from formal letters to half-penny post-cards; from an occasional messenger to a frequent telegram—these are external alterations which affect every detail of individual life, and the relations of all classes to each other. From these and other concurrent causes have arisen a more intimate knowledge of each other's circumstances, and an increased desire amongst the wealthy to assist the poorer members of the community. But whilst by this sympathy with the poor the duty of assisting them has been called into greater activity than formerly, a change has passed over the public mind as to the best mode of fulfilling it. It is felt that real charity involves an amount of thought and time which should make it a labour of love, and not a mere gift of money. It is also felt that to make such charity effectual it is further required that it should be well organized, and that the different workers should be in harmony with each other. The practical recognition of these truths has led, among many other results, to the formation of two associations, in which the Lady Bountiful of the past is happily changed into the working friend of the present day. The associations alluded to are the Parochial Mission Women Society, and the Supplemental Ladies' Association. An account of the former society having been written by its President, the Honourable Mrs. J. C. Talbot, and a notice of the latter brought out under the editorship of the Countess Spencer, it is only necessary here to

state very briefly their history and distinctive principles.<sup>1</sup>

The Parochial Mission Women Society was founded in 1860 by four ladies,<sup>2</sup> who still take a leading part in its councils, though the growth and success of their work have obliged them to ask others to assist them in its present management. The chief principles on which these ladies based their operations, and from which they have never deviated, are as follows:—

1. That the work of each district should be in entire subordination to the parochial clergy.

2. That the selection of both the female agents employed there should rest with the incumbent.

3. That the details and organization of the work should be under the direction of the managers of the Parochial Mission Women Fund.

4. That, the object of the Association being merely to help the poor to help themselves, all distribution of gifts be forbidden to their agents.

Lady Spencer has herself described her visit to the East of London some six years ago, the impression then made on her mind by the poverty of the inhabitants, increased by the absence of any superior classes, and her consequent desire to mitigate somewhat the vast distress by enlisting helpers from the West. She has further stated her reasons for desiring co-operation with an association that had at its command a large number of resident and experienced agents, and a well-tested organization. The Supplemental Ladies'

<sup>1</sup> "Parochial Mission Women," by the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Talbot: Rivingtons.

"East and West," edited by Countess Spencer: Longmans.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Mrs. J. C. Talbot (President), Lady Henry Scott, Lady Hatherley, and Lady Selborne.

whom she has banded together, aim less at the mere relief of distress than at the diminution of its causes. They desire to help the poor, but they dread increasing pauperism; a feeling entirely shared by the founders of the Parochial Mission Women Association. Some years ago, a lady who had been hearing with great interest of its early efforts, asked Lord Hatherley what in his opinion would be the best proof of the successful working of a Mission after ten years' continuance in a parish? "A steady diminution of the poor-rates," was his reply. The public has been recently cheered by the authoritative statement of a decrease of pauperism and increase of work among the inhabitants of the metropolis. How far these two results follow each other, and are dependent on the same causes, are questions beyond the province of this paper to determine. Nor is it intended to claim for the two Associations here referred to credit wholly beyond their deserts. But it is hardly too much to hope that the 150 Parochial Mission Women employed in various parts of London under their respective superintendents, have, in teaching the poor to save, while themselves forbidden to give, contributed in some degree to the improved state of the metropolis. While rejoicing over the little that has been accomplished, let us rouse ourselves to fresh exertions for the much that remains to be attempted, more especially in rescuing the children of our poor from some of the avoidable miseries that darken and degrade the lives of their parents.

Good food, clothing, and education are necessary to the healthy development of young life. But these three blessings are seldom enjoyed by city children, not because they do not exist, but because their parents either do not know how, or do not care, to obtain them. To begin with food: regular meals are seldom provided, excepting on Sundays, when this Christian festival is kept by eating as much as possible; but during the week "they pick as they go," as much as they can find, and frequently contract as infants that terrible habit of drinking

which has been the ruin of their parents. The utter ignorance of cooking shown by the women, and the absence of tidy places in which to keep, or of stoves on which to prepare, food, have often suggested the idea of providing dinners at a rate within the means of the poorest.

With this idea, one of the Supplemental Ladies arranged with the admirable superintendent of the Mission which had been assigned to her, that twice a week cheap hot dinners should be sold to the children and adults connected with the Mission. Lady S. was willing to provide fuel, labour, and cooking utensils. She made it, however, a condition that the price paid by the consumer should cover the entire cost of the food, and allow a small margin for such accidents as we are proverbially told to look for, even in the best-regulated families. This was done for three following winters, and with perfect success. During three months 887 adults and 954 children purchased their dinners at this kitchen, paying one farthing, one half-penny, three-farthings, or a penny per plate, the prices varying with the articles provided. The dinners consisted of stew and vegetables, or of broth with pieces of meat floating in it, or of rice puddings and sweet sauce; or mince and fruit pies, or of roly-polly puddings rich with raisins and treacle. As a rule the women took their dinners away with them, and the children—chiefly boys—ate it on the spot. The locality was more remarkable than the viands. The little room could not contain the numbers who came to buy a good cheap dinner, and a table was laid under a railway arch, where a merry party would enjoy themselves. The civilizing process was much furthered by these dinners. At first when a plateful of meat or pudding was handed to one of our street Arabs, he would look up and grin, empty the contents into one hollowed palm, return the plate to the cook, and proceed to eat out of his own hand. To sit down to a regular meal spread on a table covered with a white cloth, was an entirely new life to the children; and when Lady S. added knives, forks,

and spoons to her *ménage*, without charging anything for their use, the wonder grew! At first these implementers were looked at, and grinned over, as a sort of practical joke, with which the lads had nothing to do. Great care was taken not to interfere with the liberty of the subjects, by forbidding the use of fingers instead of forks. But after a time art conquered nature. Little refinements were added one by one, and at intervals of weeks or even months, while the boys were wisely left to teach each other as much as possible. For instance, at first a large plate of salt occupied the middle of the table, into which each dipped his fingers. This was succeeded by four salt-cellars (a wonderful display of grandeur in the children's eyes), but the addition of salt-spoons proved for a long time a failure, as each boy not only helped himself, but stirred his soup with the salt-spoon before returning it to the cellar. Though the purchasers were members of the lowest and poorest classes, and though the small kitchen was crowded with hungry lads of all ages, the Lady Superintendent, to whose ability and patience the whole success of the plan is owing, not only maintained order, but inspired her rough customers with a chivalrous respect that was in itself an entire protection. Only once did a new boy venture to "give sauce," and the treatment he instantly received from his companions was so summary, that Miss S. was obliged to interfere to secure the safety of the offender. Some of the children bought their dinners with wages gained in singular ways. On one occasion a small fellow burst into tears at his own inability to buy a slice of pudding. His elder brother desired him to "bide a bit," and shortly after returned with a penny he had earned by "turning hisself a wheel," and generously spent it in feeding the little one, regardless of his own hunger. Nor was the popularity of these dinners confined to children. The women who belonged to that Mission gladly availed themselves of the permission to purchase wholesome food at a cheap rate, and

expressed great regret when at the end of the winter the kitchen was closed. Our old friend,<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Law (the pickle-maker), dictated a letter on the subject, in which, after mentioning that her dress "was as good as new, and has never been mended, as it don't no ways need it," and strongly recommending the Digestive Pickle, as an excellent relish for the tea-table, she proceeds to say,—

"The soup was very useful to me all the winter, and I am very sorry there is none now, for I misses it very much, having no time to cook, and if I buy a pudding as they sell next door to where I lives it costs fourpence, and a penny for potatoes, which is dear, and then the meat is often so hard that I can't eat it, only the paste; and rice you can't buy so nice; so no more at present from

"Your obedient Servant,

"MRS. LAW."

Another kitchen on the same principles is at work in a still poorer part of London, and with equal success. Every article is sold at a trifle over cost price, and paid for before it is eaten. The Superintendent, in this case, can get fish as well as other viands at a low rate; but soups, stews, and puddings are the most popular because the cheapest dishes. Here, too, the whole credit of the success is due to the skill and devotion of the Lady Superintendent, who not only makes most of the purchases, and keeps all the accounts, but herself presides over the cooking, carving, and measuring, and eats her own luncheon with her customers—thus teaching them the use of table-cloths and forks. It was found that 2,025 hot dinners were sold during four months, at an average cost of five farthings per head. Experience here and elsewhere shows that kitchens of the kind described above might be made self-supporting, if only once started on a humble level, and conducted from the first on the principle of *bonâ fide* sale without profit of cheap food. If a ground-floor of some house as near as possible

<sup>1</sup> See "East and West," page 40.

to the schools be taken, with a good back-kitchen or outhouse, it will be easy to provide dinners for forty or fifty twice or thrice a week. And once well started, the scheme would soon grow. Much difficulty exists as to the management; for it is not easy to find anyone who combines capacity with the industry requisite for the hard work. In the instances given, the Supplemental Ladies had the rare advantage of free educated labour, in the superintendents of the Parochial Mission Women's Association—whose thorough knowledge of the inhabitants, as well as of the shops and markets of each locality, gives them a power of service which is invaluable.

Not only in the instances referred to, but in those of Sick Kitchens, which we are about to relate, the Superintendent has been teacher and mistress to the temporary cook; and where the services of such a lady can be secured the thing is easy, as a clean, active woman can generally be found glad to work under direction for one shilling a day and her dinner. It is common enough to hear Englishwomen blamed for their ignorant and extravagant cooking; here is an easy way of teaching them better. Let any educated person with health, leisure, and patience, first do the thing herself, and then teach the simple art to some one of the many unemployed women desirous of earning their livelihood by their industry. The expense and risk of starting such a kitchen are so small, that there are few localities where some benevolent person would not undertake this for the first six months; at the end of which time the business could be carried on upon the ordinary trade principles, the previous limitations as to the frequency of the cooking and the position of the purchasers, which greatly diminish profits, being removed, as unnecessary when the work is no longer managed by volunteers. The selection of the food sold requires experience and good sense. Charitable persons sometimes imagine that the kindest thing to be done for the poor is to provide them with food similar to what they order for their own tables, whereas

their tastes and appetites are very different, and may be gratified at a cheaper rate and more within their means.

The kitchens hitherto referred to are intended only for the healthy, who should be required to purchase their food. But sickness is an exception to all general rules; and the Supplemental Ladies whose work is here related, gladly give to those who are incapacitated from earning. During the first month after confinements, three dinners a week at fourpence apiece can be bought at an eating-house in most parts of London, and carried by the Mission Woman to the patient—a plan which secures their being eaten by her and not by her family. These dinners consist of slices from a joint and vegetables, and are far more nourishing than the perpetual mutton chops which form many people's only idea of a dinner to a sick person—an idea which Miss Nightingale, in her "Notes upon Nursing," has shown to be a fallacy. During the late outbreak of small-pox, even more than this was done in some of the missions where that terrible malady was rife. Want of space prevents our describing more than one arrangement, which was mainly intended for children. Three days a week a good hot dinner was cooked, served, and eaten in the Mission House by convalescent small-pox patients. The meal consisted of beef, mutton, veal, or fish, with plenty of garden stuff and half-a-pint of beer per head. The room and the passage were cleaned after each meal with disinfectants; and the entire expense of food, fuel, and labour, for 287 dinners, was only 5*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*, being rather under 4¼*d.* per head. Many of the children were too small to sit on an ordinary bench, and used, therefore, to be placed on the floor in a row behind a form borrowed from the Infant School, which served the double purpose of a boundary and a table; while the daughter of the Mission Woman fed them in turn from a large bason, in which meat, bread, vegetables, and gravy were mixed together in that happy confusion so beloved by the young. Poor little things! Many of them were scarred, maimed, and injured by this terrible



disease; and the wisest form of kindness was this plan of Lady C.'s for providing them with an excellent meal in a clean, bright, airy room, away from their own wretched homes. It is needless to say that this Invalid Kitchen was popular, and that even the dread of infection could not keep off a crowd of applicants. One day, two young girls had resisted all orders to leave the threshold, whence they watched with hungry eyes the distribution among the sickly and suffering party. The Mission Woman who always assisted on these occasions, went to the door and desired them to go away, when one of the girls said, "Please, I've had the small-pox—please give me a dinner." On inquiry it was found seven years had elapsed since that happy illness. As the girl turned to go, her companion said, cheerily, "Mother says she thinks I'll soon ketch it, for three of us is down, and I always sleeps with Billy, who's got it thick as thick."

From good food to decent clothing is a natural transition; and the first work of a Parochial Mission Woman is to induce the most destitute to save pence, and even farthings, for the gradual purchase of clothes. Several thousand pounds are annually collected by them for this purpose from the London poor. Not only is complete payment required for every article before its removal from the custody of the Lady Superintendent; but the Managers do not allow any bonus to be added to the sum collected by the Mission Women. The goods, of whatever kind, are sold at their real value; the object of the Association being to teach the poor, by the example of one of their own class, the possibility of thrift, comfort, and respectability, by the right use of the small means within their reach. Many have been unaccustomed to the luxury of clean linen until thus taught it. A former Superintendent gives the following illustration:—

"A widow told me she was a laundress, and 'had been in that walk of life the best part of her days.' Since the Mission had been established, she had been persuaded 'to take a card,' and now it 'comed as reg'lar as the rent' to put

by sixpence or threepence a-week for clothes. She'd 'been at it four or five years, and had quite turned herself round, so to speak.' Then there was her 'gal' who was in the waistcut work; she never had but one shimmy till she took a card, and now, bless ye, she's quite the lady, she's three nice white shimmeys.' Mistaking my remark, she went on. 'Where be they? Un's on 'er, un's koff, and un's in the tub. I soaped it well.'"

But as large numbers of households own but one vessel in which both they and their clothes are washed, and their food is cooked, it might be thought scarcely possible for them to secure to themselves a change of clean linen. Here the Discharged Female Prisoners' Aid Society has stepped in. They undertake to fetch, wash, and return the clothing for sixpence per dozen. Through their instrumentality the cotton gowns which are worn by the cooks in some of the above-described kitchens are washed once a week.

Clean clothes lead to a desire for good boots, and a great many pairs are sold to the depositors every year, some of the superintendents making special arrangements with a shoemaker for the purpose. Others deal in humbler articles. One lady expressed in a letter her delight at receiving from her Supplemental friend, among other things, what she drolly calls "that boon of boons, old boots and shoes." This Mission is in one of the lowest suburbs, and contains many "translators," *i.e.* persons whose trade is to patch old shoes with each other so cleverly as to make them fit for the secondhand trade. Some idea may be gained of the poverty of the people among whom this Mission is carried on, by the fact that they generally deposit for the purchase of a single boot or shoe after its translation, finding a whole pair at a time too costly for their small savings.

How to educate the masses may be called the question of the day. The Supplemental Ladies reply—by dealing with them as individuals; and few parts of their work are fuller of interest and promise than those which relate to

children rescued from bad air or evil influences. The streets and lanes of our city abound with rude boys and naughty girls, capable of being made blessings, but certain to become pests if left to themselves. A good, motherly, Mission Woman often comes in contact with such children, and if she possesses tact and kindness, obtains great influence over the little folks, until they implore her "to take them away and make good children of them." Special cases of this kind are referred by the superintendent to her Supplemental Lady—thanks to whose assistance many a wild Arab is being raised into a Christian citizen. Of course care and judgment are needed in fitting the child to the school for which he or she is best suited; but in this the Lady is aided by the knowledge of the case furnished to her by the Superintendent of the Mission to which the child belongs. One rule is invariably observed, viz. that the parents, if living, must contribute towards the maintenance of their own offspring. To make a child independent of its parents is to weaken a sacred tie, and therefore to inflict a moral injury on each of them. The amount paid may be determined by circumstances; but it must be distinctly understood by both parties as a solemn and mutual engagement that the contribution of the Supplemental Lady is dependent for its continuance on the regularity of the payment by the parents of their portion of the guaranteed total. This principle is felt to be so essential that the following is the only instance in which it was combated.

Mrs. Trotter, as she may be called, is a widow with several children. Her eldest boy has been truly described as "being as bad a piece of goods as you could find if you was to look far and wide." Through the kindness of Lady M. C., Bill was taken into the Newport Market Industrial School, the mother agreeing to pay eighteenpence a week to meet a shilling from Lady M. Three weeks after the happy entry of Bill at Soho, Mrs. Trotter suddenly disappeared from the parish where she had lived for years. She was traced to another, some distance off, but still in the East of

London, and the Mission Woman of the new locality was sent to call upon her. But when asked for her weekly payment she utterly refused to continue it, stating that she had ascertained that many boys were educated free at that school, and therefore she should not pay for her son. It was in vain that her written agreement was shown, and her own promise put before her. Mrs. Trotter stuck to it that she "weren't agoing to pay, and had moved sooner nor do it." She was given to the end of the quarter to think better of the case; and then, after due warning, Bill was returned to his mother, and the letter from the Committee of the Newport Market School duly read to the assembled mothers at the old and the new Mission, while Mrs. Trotter's faithlessness was explained, and its consequences related. To the credit of the parents be it said, that out of forty cases where this arrangement has been made, this is the only one where the promised payment has been deliberately withdrawn.

Several other boys rescued by the Parochial Mission Women Association have been placed at Newport Market School with the happiest results. O. B. is a labourer in the gas factory, and works alternate weeks by day or night. His wife died, leaving a number of children, of whom Pat, aged thirteen, was worthy of the bush. Neither kicks nor halfpence, bribes nor blows, could induce him to attend school; and he also objected on principle to sleeping in a house. The roof, gutter, or the empty water-butts were his favourite resort at night, but a railway arch or a doorstep have also furnished him with a couch. O. B. came to the Mission Woman one evening in despair; she consulted with her Superintendent, and the result was that the father went to Soho, attended the committee, made the needful arrangements, and settled to bring Pat the following Tuesday and hand him over to the Newport Market authorities. Unluckily, the boy heard of the plan, and having no wish to lose his freedom, left home entirely. What was to be done? O. B. had no leisure to hunt

him up, and no power when found to keep the wild creature from bolting afresh. So he went to a set of young roughs and told them he wanted "his own kid fetched" to him on a certain day and hour, promising to reward them for the capture with sixpence! The plan succeeded, and Pat was dragged by his father from the remotest East to Soho by "the scruff of his neck," O. B. assuring the committee that he dared not lift a finger or the lad would have been off. So dirty, ragged, bare-footed, shock-headed was he, that even the Gentlemen's Committee were startled at this specimen of a London heathen. A few months afterwards Pat was admitted to the band of the regiment where he now is, doing credit to himself and still more to the admirable school from which he had derived so much benefit in such a short time.

Instances might be multiplied of the work done among naughty boys; but enough has been said to show the united action of the two associations in this interesting and fruitful field. Nor must we linger over similar efforts for reclaiming wild girls, which have resulted in placing several in Homes and Reformatories suited to the needs of their special cases. We hasten on to relate what has been attempted for the good children of decent parents, on what may be called the preventive side of the educational question.

The work contemplated by the Managers of the Parochial Mission Women Association is twofold. They desire to help those who are capable of helping themselves out of the social gutter on to the pavement; and (which is equally desirable) to succour those whom exceptional ill-fortune is threatening to cast into the gulf of hopeless pauperism. A large number of poor people, who only earn just enough to maintain themselves and their families, desire to give their children the advantage of that state in life which is best obtained by a certain education. The occupation of the parents may oblige them to live in confined and low neighbourhoods, and they shrink from the necessary contamination for their chil-

dren of "those dreadful streets." We know that the fear of bad companions for their little ones is a feeling shared by members of all ranks in all places, for the danger is recognized even in the country. Witness the following lines which may be heard in a lonely part of Surrey:—

"My mother told me that I should  
Not play with the children in the wood;  
My mother told me if I did  
She'd break my head with the tea-pot lid."

Gutter-children are certainly as objectionable to respectable town parents as the natives of the wood are to respectable peasants. Many of the Parochial Mission Women are widows with families, and most thankful for help to send a child of special delicacy or precocity to receive a good education in the country. Considering that the Mission Women are bound to be "*bonâ fide* poor women," are selected as models to their own class, and only receive from the Fund an allowance calculated according to their individual needs, as members of that class; they are surely specially entitled to share the benefits of plans which are intended for the hard-working, industrious poor. For instance, a Mission Woman, who had worked for some years in the East of London, lost her husband and her sons of consumption. Her second daughter, a steady, industrious girl of fifteen, worked thirteen hours a day in a small shop at a distance, but slept at home. The long walk, early and late, had to be performed at all seasons, and in all weathers, and a troublesome cough, with loss of flesh and appetite, suggested the fear that the hereditary disease would appear in Jane. The Supplemental Lady of this favoured Mission kindly arranged to send the delicate girl for two years to Lady Robartes' delightful Orphanage at Lanhydrock, where, in addition to good teaching, training, and feeding, she had the benefit of the mild Cornish climate. She behaved well at the Orphanage, and is now third housemaid in a gentleman's family in Kent, where she promises to reward the well-bestowed care that has done so much for her and her mother.

There can be no fear of pauperizing a.

widow who (as in the instance given above), earns a few shillings a week, by paying half or even two-thirds of the expenses of her child, if sent to a good school, away from the scenes, the influences, and the inhabitants of the Mission districts. Several of the Supplemental Ladies have accordingly helped to send girls to be trained for service in some of the many Industrial Schools now scattered through the country. Through the kindness of Lady Agnes Wood, six such children have been received at the Kenton Home, founded by the late Countess of Devon. Three are the daughters of Mission Women, the others those of poor persons in similar circumstances. All make regular weekly payments for their own children, which are supplemented by the ladies attached to their several Missions. It is much to be wished that homes modelled after the same wise plan could be multiplied. Those who enjoyed the privilege of seeing Lady Devon in her work, will recall the kind, firm, individual dealing which distinguished her rule over the children committed to her care. They will remember the strong, bright spirit no suffering could cloud or disappointment embitter, that gave to every poor girl so much of an affection, too wise to spoil, too gentle to be stern. Such memories quicken the desire for such industrial schools, small enough for the exercise of direct personal influence over the inmates, but large enough to escape the dangers of petting. The object of education is to prepare the young for the right fulfilment of the probable duties of their future life, and as man is to be fitted chiefly for the world and woman for home, so public schools are admirable training for boys, while that which is the best imitation of family life is the best preparation for girls. A preference has therefore been given by Lady Spencer's friends to Homes containing only a dozen or twenty girls of various ages, over those large Institutions, where individual training and domestic duties are apt to be lost sight of in the mechanical routine necessary to feed, wash, and clothe a hundred children.

The great difficulty of finding industrial schools for good boys, combined with the strong impression made by Mr. Goschen's minute, induced the Lady Managers to try the system of "boarding out" children, which has been working in Scotland for nearly thirty years with the happiest results. Certain alterations were necessary to fit the Scotch scheme for English use. The former was planned for "pauper children," who have no home, and either no parents or bad ones; while the boys the Supplemental Ladies desired to benefit were the children of respectable persons, who sought help for the fulfilment of a recognized duty—not relief from a distasteful burden. The feeling of dependence on the parent has been therefore deliberately cultivated, by the requirement from her of a weekly payment, and care has been taken that boarding-house and foster-parents should never supplant the home and mother.

The payments are considerably higher than those made in Scotland, where the average cost of 347 children boarded out during the year ending 14th May, 1870, was for each child as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For board . . . . .	6	10	0
For clothing . . . . .	1	11	7
For education . . . . .	0	10	9½
	8	12	4½

In Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, the account for the year 1871 is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For board and clothing . . . . .	10	8	0
For education . . . . .	1	10	0
	11	18	0

In comparing these statements two things should be borne in mind, viz., first, that the scale of living is higher in England than in Scotland; and second, that, the entire expense of the northern children being defrayed by the poor-rates, it is the duty of the Scotch Guardians to enforce economy to a degree which would not be justified with children whose parents are not paupers.

Minchin Hampton stands on a high table-land, overlooking the "Golden

Valley" of Gloucester, 800 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is dry, and the air bracing. The poor are partly agricultural, but chiefly employed in the cloth mills dotted about in the adjoining valleys. The school-buildings are new, and the excellence of the teaching is best proved by the fact that at the examination in March, the Government Inspector passed 92 per cent. of the boys, and 98 per cent. of the girls. The Diocesan Inspector also reported well of the religious teaching, and the schools are in connection with the National Society. It is curious that the London lads, who are generally from five to twelve years of age, are decidedly backward in acquirements, as compared with their country school-fellows, but are otherwise more intelligent and better mannered. These London boys are placed under the charge of the Rector, and he alone is responsible for their management. Each child brings with him a copy of his baptismal register, and a small outfit. The Rector selects the foster-parents with whom the boy resides, and pays them four shillings per head every Saturday, which sum covers the entire cost of bed and board, clothing and washing of each boy under their care. The children attend the National School at the Rector's expense. On the arrival of a fresh boy, Miss C. B., a lady residing in the parish, has kindly undertaken to examine his outfit with the foster-mother of the child, and to see that the articles specified in the lists have been brought by him. If they are all right the foster-mother signs two copies of the list, one of which Miss C. B. retains. Every three months she again examines the clothes of each boy with the foster-mother, and sees that her promise of keeping them in order is faithfully observed. A memorandum of the weekly payments, showing the portion to be paid by the parents and that to be given by the Supplemental Lady, is sent to the Rector with each boy. In acknowledging this to the Superintendent every quarter, the Rector, through her, informs the parent of the condition and progress of her boy. It is further arranged with the National School-

master and Mistress, that they should furnish the Managers every Christmas with a full report in writing of each child, and should also send them a copy of the formal report made by H.M.'s and the Diocesan Inspectors after their annual inspection of the schools. By these means, both the parents and the Supplemental Ladies are kept well acquainted with the gradual progress or failure of each boy.

The first Londoner arrived in Minchin Hampton, December 1870, and the eighteenth followed in July 1872. Of these fifteen are orphans, four being the sons of Mission Women, one of an hospital nurse, and four more having mothers in domestic service. The writer of this paper was present at a tea recently given to the boys and their foster-mothers, and was much struck with their well-fed, well-clad, well-mannered appearance. It was evident that the lads were part and parcel of the different families into which they have been adopted; in fact, the only disturbance arose from the continual call for "Bobby" from the two-year-old child of a young foster-mother, who could not be induced to eat his cake until his foster-brother was by his side. Bobby's father was a very respectable painter, who died of consumption, leaving a widow, aged twenty-four, with two children. A third was born five months after his father's death, but only lived a few days. The mother is now in service, and sends part of her wages towards the support of Bobby and his sister Becky, the latter being at St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Want of space prevents a description of each boy, though much might be said of Dick, whose widowed mother descended from a first floor to a cellar to secure the steady payment of her weekly contribution; of "Fidgety Phil," whose mother and three sisters share their one room with the sewing-machine on which their bread depends; of little Bill, whose regular Sunday walk is to a farm-gate through which he can gaze at living sheep and poultry; of Jack, who hopes next year to enter life as a page; and Sam, whose studious habits make the schoolmaster hope that he will "take to

teaching as a profession," &c. &c. Each boy has his history, and often a sad one. Their fathers were chiefly mechanics, *i.e.* working jewellers, cabinet-makers, tailors, ship carpenters, shoemakers, &c. Their foster-parents are of the same class, gardeners, mechanics, and petty tradespeople. Consequently the objections so strongly urged by Mr. Fawcett do not apply to this modification of the Scotch system. For it neither relieves parents from the support of their offspring, nor places pauper children on a higher level than those of the respectable poor. The Minchin Hampton plan is only a humble effort to help the poor to procure for their sons what we most desire for our own, *viz.* such a bringing up, physical and moral, as shall make them healthy, manly, Christian boys. If it were not admitted on all hands to be far more difficult to attain this object in London than in the country, why should England have consented to move the Charterhouse School to Godalming; to exchange the associations of centuries for green fields, wooded slopes, pure air, and unadulterated water?

The attentive reader of "East and West" will have been struck by the simplicity and elasticity of the system described; by the variety of the workers engaged in its operations, and by the fact that the failure or success of the whole depends on the personal influence brought to bear on individual cases. As it is believed that more good is done to the poor by teaching them the right use of means within their power, than by the bestowal of fresh, so none of the plans suggested involve new buildings or expensive agents. Instead of starting fresh societies, the Supplemental Ladies endeavour to avail themselves of those already at work. In this they have been on the whole very successful, but it would be tedious to give the names of all the Hospitals, Homes, and Reformatories from which they have obtained help for various poor persons connected with different London Missions. It would be impossible to give the names of four hundred women who work together as Managers, Supplemental Ladies,

Superintendents, and Mission Women, each contributing some portion of her own special gifts, and gaining greatly by its combination with those of her fellow-workers. But however varied the plans, however numerous the agents, direct personal influence is the mainspring of the two associations. They may be said to be putting in practice the theory of the Society for Organizing Charitable Relief, whose manual contains some "general conclusions" which express so admirably the principles which guide both societies, that a portion of them may be well quoted here:—

"To benefit the poor of London permanently, thought and personal exertion are, above all things, required. The Committees desire to bring *all* who are interested in the condition of their poorer neighbours into council. They desire in every way to promote personal intercourse between different classes, as they believe the absence of this to be one of the greatest evils of city life."

More than 70,000*l.* has been saved by the lowest poor through the Parochial Mission Women Association. Can any one doubt that this large sum is the result of the influence of those poor women who day by day and hour by hour are devoting their lives to teaching thrift, cleanliness, and providence to their neighbours, and collect their farthings before their wretched owners have had time to waste them on drink? In the same way with the forty children recently placed in different schools, could these little ones have been rescued from pauperism and fitted to their several niches without "thought and personal exertion" on the part of the Supplemental Ladies and Superintendents of several Missions?

Much has been attempted, and something effected; but far more remains to be done. Are none of our readers willing to give some portion of their time, labour, and money towards furthering some of these efforts to improve the condition of the children of the poor?

L. O.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1873.

## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"LOCHABER NO MORE."

ON a small headland of the distant island of Lewis, an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west, fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of cloud, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapour—as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set, powerfully-built man who stood on this solitary point, paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap, or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy grey beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the grey mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky showed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he

could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before, it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbour. As the sound of the engines came nearer, and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face—except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm, and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said—almost as though he were addressing some one there—

"My good little girl!"

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind, how could any such message be delivered?—and already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunication could never be broken—were now trying, through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The grey mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel, and all the beating hearts it contained; and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained

was the sea whitened by the rushing of the wind, and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand, towards a road that ran near by. There was a large waggonette, of varnished oak, and a pair of small, powerful horses waiting for him there; and, having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him; and he turned once more as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye.

"My poor little Sheila!"—that was all he said; and then he turned to the horses, and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway, the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors, called to each other in a whisper, and said—

"That is the King of Borva."

But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head—

"It iss a bad day, this day, for Mr. Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila iss gone away, and there iss nobody—not anybody at all—left in the island to tek the side o' the poor folk."

He looked neither to the right nor to the left—though he was known to many of the people—as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened; but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was this which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a

fence to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland, which, in the distance, rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from those mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now, in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier-drift—great grey boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss, or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass, was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether; but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker; and, to the fisherman passing by the coast, it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the lowering clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along the lonely route sometimes cast a glance down towards this threatening of a storm; but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses; and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of something like surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woollen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

"Mr. Mackenzie," she said, with that



peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools, "it wass Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house."

The girl was crying, although the blue eyes looked bravely through the tears as if to disprove the fact.

"Ay, my good lass," he said, putting his hand gently on her head, "and it wass Sheila wrote to you?"

"Yes, sir, and I hef come down from Suainabost."

"It is a lonely house you will be going to," he said, absently.

"But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to—"—but here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely. The elderly man in the waggonette seemed scarcely to notice that she was crying; he bade her come up beside him; and when he had got her into the waggonette, he left some message with the innkeeper, who had come to the door, and drove off again.

They drove along the high land that overlooks a portion of Loch Roag, with its wonderful network of islands and straits; and then they stopped on the lofty plateau of Callernish, where there was a man waiting to take the waggonette and horses.

"And you would be seeing Miss Sheila away, sir?" said the man, "and it wass Duncan Macdonald will say that she will not come back no more to Borva."

The old man with the big grey beard only frowned and passed on. He and the girl made their way down the side of the rocky hill to the shore; and here there was an open boat awaiting them. When they approached, a man considerably over six feet in height, keen-faced, grey-eyed, straight-limbed, and sinewy in frame, jumped into the big and rough boat, and began to get ready for their departure. There was just enough wind to catch the brown mainsail; and the King of Borva took the tiller, his hench-

man sitting down by the mast. And no sooner had they left the shore and stood out towards one of the channels of this arm of the sea, than the tall, spare keeper began to talk of that which made his master's eye grow dark.

"Ah, well," he said, in the plaintive drawling of his race, "and it iss an empty house you will be going to, Mr. Mackenzie, and it iss a bad thing for us all that Miss Sheila hass gone away—and it iss many's ta time she will hef been wis me in this very boat——"

"— — —you, Duncan Macdonald!" cried Mackenzie, in an access of fury, "what will you talk of like that? It iss every man, woman, and child on the island will talk of nothing but Sheila! I will drive my foot through the bottom of the boat, if you do not hold your peace!"

The tall gillie patiently waited until his master had exhausted his passion, and then he said, as if nothing had occurred—

"And it will not do much good, Mr. Mackenzie, to tek ta name o' Kott in vain—and there will be ferry much more of that now since Miss Sheila iss gone away, and there will be much more of trinking in ta island, and it will be a great difference, mirover. And she will be so far away that no one will see her no more—far away beyond ta Sound of Sleat, and far away beyond Oban, as I hef heard people say. And what will she do in London, when she has no boat at all, and she will never go out to ta fishing, and I will hear people say that you will walk a whole day and never come to ta sea, and what will Miss Sheila do for that? And she will tame no more o' ta wild ducks' young things, and she will find out no more o' ta nests in the rocks, and she will hef no more horns when the deer is killed, and she will go out no more to see ta cattle swim across Loch Roag when they go to ta sheilings. It will be all different, all different now; and she will never see us no more—and it iss as bad as if you wass a poor man, Mr. Mackenzie, and had to let your sons and your daughters go away to America, and never come back no more. And she

ta only one in your house, and it wass the son o' Mr. Macintyre of Sutherland he would hef married her, and come to live on ta island; and not hef Miss Sheila go away among strangers that doesna ken her family, and will put no store by her, no more than if she wass a fisherman's lass. It wass Miss Sheila herself had a sore heart tis morning when she went away—and she turned and she looked at Borva as the boat came away—and I said tis is the last time Miss Sheila will be in her boat, and she will not come no more again to Borva."

Mr. Mackenzie heard not one word or syllable of all this. The dead, passionless look had fallen over the powerful features; and the deep-set eyes were gazing, not on the actual Loch Roag before them, but on the stormy sea that lies between Lewis and Skye, and on a vessel disappearing in the mist of the rain. It was by a sort of instinct that he guided this open boat through the channels, which were now getting broader as they neared the sea; and the tall and grave-faced keeper might have kept up his garrulous talk for hours, without attracting a look or a word.

It was now the dusk of the evening, and wild and strange, indeed, was the scene around the solitary boat as it slowly moved along. Large islands—so large that any one of them might have been mistaken for the mainland—lay over the dark waters of the sea, remote, untenanted, and silent. There were no white cottages along these rocky shores—only a succession of rugged cliffs and sandy bays but half mirrored in the sombre water below. Down in the south the mighty shoulders and peaks of Suainabhal and his brother mountains were still darker than the darkening sky; and when, at length, the boat had got well out from the network of islands, and fronted the broad waters of the Atlantic, the great plain of the western sea seemed already to have drawn around it the solemn mantle of the night.

"Will ye go to Borvabost, Mr. Mackenzie, or will we run her in to your own house?" asked Duncan—Borvabost

being the name of the chief village on the island.

"I will not go on to Borvabost," said the old man, peevishly. "Will they not have plenty to talk about at Borvabost?"

"And it iss no harm tat ta folk will speak of Miss Sheila," said the gillie, with some show of resentment, "it iss no harm, tey will be sorry she is gone away—no harm at all—for it wass many things tey had to thank Miss Sheila for—and now it will be all ferry different——"

"I tell you, Duncan Macdonald, to hold your peace!" said the old man, with a savage glare of the deep-set eyes; and then Duncan relapsed into a sulky silence, and the boat held on its way.

In the gathering twilight a long grey curve of sand became visible, and into the bay thus indicated, Mackenzie turned his small craft. This indentation of the island seemed as blank of human occupation as the various points and bays they had passed; but as they neared the shore a house came into sight, about half-way up the slope rising from the sea to the pasture-land above. There was a small stone pier jutting out at one portion of the bay, where a mass of rocks was imbedded in the white sand; and here at length the boat was run in, and Mackenzie helped the young girl ashore.

The two of them—leaving the gillie to moor the little vessel that had brought them from Callernish—went silently towards the shore, and up the narrow road leading to the house. It was a square, two-storeyed substantial building of stone; but the stone had been liberally oiled to keep out the wet, and the blackness thus produced had not a very cheerful look. Then, on this particular evening, the scant bushes surrounding the house hung limp and dark in the rain; and amid the prevailing hues of purple, blue-green, and blue, the bit of scarlet coping running round the black house was wholly ineffective in relieving the general impression of dreariness and desolation.

The King of Borva walked into a

large room, which was but partially lit by two candles on the table, and by the blaze of a mass of peats in the stone fireplace, and threw himself into a big easy-chair. Then he suddenly seemed to recollect his companion, who was timidly standing near the door, with her shawl still round her head.

"Mairi," he said, "go and ask them to give you some dry clothes. Your box it will not be here for half-an-hour yet."

Then he turned to the fire.

"But you yourself, Mr. Mackenzie, you will be ferry wet——"

"Never mind me, my lass—go and get yourself dried."

"But it wass Miss Sheila," began the girl, diffidently, "it wass Miss Sheila asked me—she asked me to look after you, sir——"

With that he rose abruptly, and advanced to her, and caught her by the wrist. He spoke quite quietly to her, but the girl's eyes, looking up at the stern face, were a trifle frightened.

"You are a ferry good little girl, Mairi," he said, slowly, "and you will mind what I say to you. You will do what you like in the house—you will take Sheila's place as much as you like—but you will mind this, not to mention her name, not once. Now go away, Mairi, and find Scarlett Macdonald, and she will give you some dry clothes; and you will tell her to send Duncan down to Borvabost, and bring up John the Piper, and Alister-nan-Each, and the lads of the *Nighean dubh*, if they are not gone home to Habost yet. But it iss John the Piper must come directly."

The girl went away to seek counsel of Scarlett Macdonald, Duncan's wife; and Mr. Mackenzie proceeded to walk up and down the big and half-lit chamber. Then he went to a cupboard, and put out on the table a number of tumblers and glasses, with two or three odd-looking bottles of Norwegian make—consisting of four semicircular tubes of glass meeting at top and bottom, leaving the centre of the vessel thus formed open. He stirred up the blazing peats in the fireplace. He brought down from a shelf a tin box filled with

coarse tobacco, and put it on the table. But he was evidently growing impatient; and at last he put on his cap again and went out into the night.

The air blew cold in from the sea, and whistled through the bushes that Sheila had trained about the porch. There was no rain now, but a great and heavy darkness brooded overhead; and in the silence he could hear the breaking of the waves along the hard coast. But what was this other sound he heard—wild and strange in the stillness of the night—a shrill and plaintive cry that the distance softened until it almost seemed to be the calling of a human voice? Surely those were words that he heard, or was it only that the old, sad air spoke to him?—

*"For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more"*

—that was the message that came to him out of the darkness, and it seemed to him as if the sea, and the night, and the sky were wailing over the loss of his Sheila. He walked away from the house, and up the hill behind. Led by the sound of the pipes, that grew louder and more unearthly as he approached, he found himself at length on a bit of high table-land overlooking the sea, where Sheila had had a rude bench of iron and wood fixed into the rock. On this bench sat a little old man, hump-backed and bent, and with long white hair falling down to his shoulders. He was playing the pipes—not wildly and fiercely as if he were at a drinking-bout of the lads come home from the Caithness fishing, nor yet gaily and proudly as if he were marching at the head of a bridal procession, but slowly, mournfully, monotonously, as though he were having the pipes talk to him.

Mackenzie touched him on the shoulder, and the old man started.

"Is it you, Mr. Mackenzie?" he said, in Gaelic, "it is a great fright you have given me."

"Come down to the house, John. The lads from Habost, and Alister, and some more will be coming; and you will get a ferry good dram, John, to put wind in the pipes."

"It is no dram I am thinking of, Mr. Mackenzie," said the old man. "And you will have plenty of company without me. But I will come down to the house, Mr. Mackenzie—oh, yes. I will come down to the house—but *in a little while* I will come down to the house."

Mackenzie turned from him with a petulant exclamation, and went along and down the hill rapidly, as he could hear voices in the darkness. He had just got into the house, when his visitors arrived. The door of the room was opened, and there appeared some six or eight tall and stalwart men, mostly with profuse brown beards and weather-beaten faces, who advanced into the chamber with some show of shyness. Mackenzie offered them a rough and hearty welcome; and, as soon as their eyes had got accustomed to the light, bade them help themselves to the whisky on the table. With a certain solemnity each poured out a glass, and drank "*Shlainte!*" to his host as if it were some funeral rite. But when he bade them replenish their glasses, and got them seated with their faces to the blaze of the peats, then the flood of Gaelic broke loose. Had the wise little girl from Suainabost warned those big men? There was not a word about Sheila uttered. All their talk was of the reports that had come from Caithness, and of the improvements of the small harbour near the Butt, and of the black sea-horse that had been seen in Loch Suainabhal, and of some more sheep having been found dead on the Pladda Isles, shot by the men of the English smacks. Pipes were lit, the peats stirred up anew, another glass or two of whisky drunk, and then, through the haze of the smoke, the browned faces of the men could be seen in eager controversy, each talking faster than the other, and comparing facts and fancies that had been brooded over through solitary nights of waiting on the sea. Mackenzie did not sit down with them—he did not even join them in their attention to the curious whisky-flasks. He paced up and down the opposite side of the room, occasionally being

appealed to with a story or a question, and showing by his answers that he was but vaguely hearing the vociferous talk of his companions. At last he said—

"Why the teflle does not John the Piper come? Here, you men—you sing a song—quick! None of your funeral songs, but a good brisk one of trinking and fighting!"

But were not nearly all their songs—like those of most dwellers on a rocky and dangerous coast—of a sad and sombre hue, telling of maidens whose lovers were drowned, and of wives bidding farewell to husbands they were never to see again? Slow and mournful are the songs that the northern fishermen sing as they set out in the evening, with the creaking of their long oars keeping time to the music, until they get out beyond the shore to hoist the red mainsail and catch the breeze blowing over from the regions of the sunset. Not one of these Habost fishermen could sing a brisk song; but the nearest approach to it was a ballad in praise of a dark-haired girl, which they, owning the *Nighean dubh*, were bound to know. And so one young fellow began to sing, "Mo Nighean dubh d'fhas boidheach dubh, mo Nighean dubh na treig mi," in a slow and doleful fashion, and the others joined in the chorus with a like solemnity. In order to keep time, four of the men followed the common custom of taking a pocket handkerchief (in this case, an immense piece of brilliant red silk, which was evidently the pride of its owner), and holding it by the four corners, letting it slowly rise and fall as they sang. The other three men laid hold of a bit of rope, which they used for the same purpose. "*Mo Nighean dubh*," unlike most of the Gaelic songs, has but a few verses; and as soon as they were finished, the young fellow, who seemed pleased with his performances, started another ballad. Perhaps he had forgotten his host's injunction; perhaps he knew no merrier song; but, at any rate, he began to sing the

<sup>1</sup> "My black-haired girl, my pretty girl, my black-haired girl, don't leave me."—*Nighean dubh* is pronounced *Nyean du*.

"Lament of Monaltrie." It was one of Sheila's songs. She had sung it the night before in this very room; and her father had listened to her describing the fate of young Monaltrie as if she had been foretelling her own, and scarcely dared to ask himself if ever again he should hear the voice that he loved so well. He could not listen to the song. He abruptly left the room, and went out once more into the cool night air and the darkness. But even here he was not allowed to forget the sorrow he had been vainly endeavouring to banish; for in the far distance the pipes still played the melancholy wail of Lochaber. "*Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!*" that was the only solace brought him by the winds from the sea; and there were tears running down the hard grey face as he said to himself, in a broken voice—

"Sheila, my little girl, why did you go away from Borva?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FAIR-HAIRED STRANGER.

"WHY, you must be in love with her yourself!"

"I in love with her? Sheila and I are too old friends for that!"

The speakers were two young men, seated in the stern of the steamer *Clansman*, as she ploughed her way across the blue and rushing waters of the Minch. One of them was a tall young fellow of three-and-twenty, with fair hair, and light blue eyes, whose delicate and mobile features were handsome enough in their way, and gave evidence of a nature at once sensitive, nervous, and impulsive. He was clad in light grey from head to heel—a colour that suited his fair complexion and yellow hair; and he lounged about the white deck in the glare of the sunlight, steadying himself from time to time, as an unusually big wave carried the *Clansman* aloft for a second or two, and then sent her staggering and groaning into a hissing trough of foam. Now and again he would pause in front of his companion, and talk in a rapid, playful, and

even eloquent fashion for a minute or two; and then, apparently a trifle annoyed by the slow and patient attention which greeted his oratorical efforts, would start off once more on his unsteady journey up and down the white planks.

The other was a man of thirty-eight, of middle height, sallow complexion, and generally insignificant appearance. His hair was becoming prematurely grey. He rarely spoke. He was dressed in a suit of rough blue cloth; and, indeed, looked somewhat like a pilot who had gone ashore, taken to study, and never recovered himself. A stranger would have noticed the tall and fair young man, who walked up and down the gleaming deck, evidently enjoying the brisk breeze that blew about his yellow hair, and the sunlight that touched his pale and fine face, or sparkled on his teeth when he laughed, but would have paid little attention to the smaller, brown-faced, grey-haired man, who lay back on the bench with his two hands clasped round his knee, and with his eyes fixed on the southern heavens, while he murmured to himself the lines of some ridiculous old Devonshire ballad, or replied in monosyllables to the rapid and eager talk of his friend.

Both men were good sailors, and they had need to be, for, although the sky above them was as blue and clear as the heart of a sapphire, and although the sunlight shone on the decks and the rigging, a strong north-easter had been blowing all the morning, and there was a considerable sea on. The far blue plain was whitened with the tumbling crests of the waves, that shone and sparkled in the sun; and ever and anon a volume of water would strike the *Clansman's* bow, rise high in the air with the shock, and fall in heavy showers over the forward decks. Sometimes, too, a wave caught her broadside, and sent a handful of spray over the two or three passengers who were safe in the stern; but the decks here remained silvery and white, for the sun and wind speedily dried up the traces of the sea-showers.

At length the taller of the young

men came and sat down by his companion.

"How far to Stornoway, yet?"

"An hour."

"By Jove, what a distance! All day yesterday getting up from Oban to Skye, all last night churning our way up to Loch Gair, all to-day crossing to this outlandish island, that seems as far away as Iceland—and for what?"

"But don't you remember the moon-light last night, as we sailed by the Cuchullins? And the sunrise this morning as we lay in Loch Gair? Were not these worth coming for?"

"But that was not what you came for, my dear friend. No. You came to carry off this wonderful Miss Sheila of yours, and of course you wanted somebody to look on, and here I am, ready to carry the ladder, and the dark lantern, and the marriage-licence. I will saddle your steeds for you, and row you over lakes, and generally do anything to help you in so romantic an enterprise."

"It is very kind of you, Lavender," said the other, with a smile; "but such adventures are not for old fogies like me. They are the exclusive right of young fellows like you, who are tall and well-favoured, have plenty of money and good spirits, and have a way with you that all the world admires. Of course the bride will tread a measure with you. Of course all the bridesmaids would like to see you marry her. And of course she will taste the cup you offer her. Then a word in her ear—and away you go as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and as if the bridegroom was a despicable creature merely because God had only given him five feet six inches. But you couldn't have a Lochinvar five feet six."

The younger man blushed like a girl, and laughed a little, and was evidently greatly pleased. Nay, in the height of his generosity he began to protest. He would not have his friend imagine that women cared only for stature and good looks. There were other qualities. He himself had observed the most singular conquests made by men who were not good-looking, but

who had a certain fascination about them. His own experience of women was considerable, and he was quite certain that the best women, now—the sort of women whom a man would respect—the women who had brains—

And so forth, and so forth. The other listened quite gravely to these well-meant, kindly, blundering explanations; and only one who watched his face narrowly could have detected, in the brown eyes, a sort of amused consciousness of the intentions of the amiable and ingenuous youth.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Ingram," continued Lavender, in his rapid and impetuous way, "do you mean to tell me that you are not in love with this Highland princess? For ages back you have talked of nothing but Sheila. How many an hour have I spent in clubs, up the river, down at the coast, everywhere, listening to your stories of Sheila, and your praises of Sheila, and your descriptions of Sheila. It was always Sheila, and again Sheila, and still again Sheila. But, do you know, either you exaggerated, or I failed to understand your descriptions; for the Sheila I came to construct out of your talk is a most incongruous and incomprehensible creature. First, Sheila knows about stone and lime and building; and then I suppose her to be a practical young woman, who is a sort of overseer to her father. But Sheila, again, is romantic, and mysterious, and believes in visions and dreams; and then I take her to be an affected school-miss. But then Sheila can throw a fly and play her sixteen-pounder, and Sheila can adventure upon the lochs in an open boat, managing the sail herself; and then I find her to be a tom-boy. But, again, Sheila is shy, and rarely speaks, but looks unutterable things with her soft and magnificent eyes; and what does that mean, but that she is an ordinary young lady, who has not been in society, and who is a little interesting, if a little stupid, while she is unmarried, and who, after marriage, calmly and complacently sinks into the dull domestic hind, whose only thought is of butcher's bills and perambulators."

This was a fairly long speech ; but it was no longer than many which Frank Lavender was accustomed to utter when in the vein for talking. His friend and companion did not pay much heed. His hands were still clasped round his knee, his head leaning back ; and all the answer he made was to repeat—apparently to himself—these not very pertinent lines—

*“ In Ockington, in Devonsheer,  
My vather he lived vor many a year ;  
And I his son, with him did dwell,  
To tend his sheep : ’twas doleful well.  
Diddle-diddle ! ”*

“ You know, Ingram, it must be precious hard for a man who has to knock about in society, and take his wife with him, to have to explain to everybody that she is in reality a most unusual and gifted young person, and that she must not be expected to talk. It is all very well for him in his own house—that is to say, if he can preserve all the sentiment that made her shyness fine and wonderful before their marriage ; but a man owes a little to society, even in choosing a wife.”

Another pause—

*“ It happened on a zartin day,  
Four score o’ the sheep they rinned astray,  
Says vather to I, ‘ Jack, rin arler ’m, du ! ’  
Sez I to vather, ‘ I’m darned if I du ! ’  
Diddle-diddle ! ”*

“ Now you are the sort of man, I should think, who would never get careless about your wife. You would always believe about her what you believed at first ; and I daresay you would live very happily in your own house if she was a decent sort of woman. But you would have to go out into society sometimes ; and the very fact that you had not got careless—as many men would, leaving their wives to produce any sort of impression they might—would make you vexed that the world could not off-hand value your wife as you fancy she ought to be valued. Don’t you see ? ”

This was the answer—

*“ Purvoket much at my rude tongue,  
A dish o’ brath at me he thung,  
Which so incensed me to wrath,  
That I up an’ knack un instantly to arth.  
Diddle-diddle ! ”*

“ As for your Princess Sheila, I firmly believe you have some romantic notion of marrying her, and taking her up to London with you. If you seriously intend such a thing, I shall not argue with you. I shall praise her by the hour together ; for I may have to depend on Mrs. Edward Ingram for my admission to your house. But if you only have the fancy as a fancy, consider what the result would be. You say she has never been to a school—that she has never had the companionship of a girl of her own age—that she has never read a newspaper—that she has never been out of this island—and that almost her sole society has been that of her mother, who educated her, and tended her, and left her as ignorant of the real world as if she had lived all her life in a light-house. Goodness gracious ! what a figure such a girl would cut in South Kensington—”

“ My dear fellow,” said Ingram, at last, “ don’t be absurd. You will soon see what are the relations between Sheila Mackenzie and me, and you will be satisfied. I marry her ? Do you think I would take the child to London to show her its extravagance and shallow society, and break her heart with thinking of the sea, and of the rude islanders she knew, and of their hard and bitter struggle for life ? No. I should not like to see my wild Highland doe shut up in one of your southern parks, among your tame fallow deer. She would look at them askance. She would separate herself from them ; and by-and-by she would make one wild effort to escape—and kill herself. That is not the fate in store for our good little Sheila ; so you need not make yourself unhappy about her or me.

*“ Now all ye young men, of every persuasion,  
Never quarl wi’ your vather upon any  
occasion ;  
For instead o’ being better, you’ll vind you’ll  
be wuss,  
For he’ll kick you out o’ doors, without a  
varden in your puss !  
Diddle-diddle ! ”*

Talking of Devonshire, how is that young American lady you met at Torquay in the spring ? ”

"There, now, is the sort of woman a man would be safe in marrying."

"And how?"

"Oh, well, you know," said Frank Lavender, "I mean the sort of woman who would do you credit—hold her own in society, and that sort of thing. You must meet her some day. I tell you, Ingram, you will be delighted and charmed with her manners, and her grace, and the clever things she says—at least, everybody else is."

"Ah, well."

"You don't seem to care much for brilliant women," remarked the other, rather disappointed that his companion showed so little interest.

"Oh, yes, I like brilliant women very well. A clever woman is always a pleasanter companion than a clever man. But you were talking of the choice of a wife; and pertness in a girl, although it may be amusing at the time, may possibly become something else by-and-by. Indeed, I shouldn't advise a young man to marry an epigrammatist: for you see her shrewdness and smartness are generally the result of experiences in which *he* has had no share."

"There may be something in that," said Lavender, carelessly; "but of course, you know, with a widow it is different—and Mrs. Lorraine never does go in for the *ingénue*."

The pale blue cloud that had for some time been lying faintly along the horizon now came nearer and more near, until they could pick out something like the configuration of the island, its bays, and promontories, and mountains. The day seemed to become warmer as they got out of the driving wind of the Channel, and the heavy roll of the sea had so far subsided. Through comparatively calm water the great *Clansman* drove her way, until, on getting near the land, and under shelter of the Peninsula of Eye, the voyagers found themselves on a beautiful blue plain, with the spacious harbour of Stornoway opening out before them. There, on the one side, lay a white and cleanly town, with its shops, and quays, and shipping. Above the bay in front stood a great

grey castle, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, and terraces, and gardens; while, on the southern side, the harbour was overlooked by a semicircle of hills, planted with every variety of tree. The white houses, the blue bay, and the large grey building set amid green terraces and overlooked by wooded hills, formed a bright and lively little picture on this fresh and brilliant forenoon; and young Lavender, who had a quick eye for compositions, which he was always about to undertake, but which never appeared on canvas, declared enthusiastically that he would spend a day or two in Stornoway on his return from Borva, and take home with him some sketch of the place.

"And is Miss Sheila on the quay yonder?" he asked.

"Not likely," said Ingram. "It is a long drive across the island; and I suppose she would remain at home to look after our dinner in the evening."

"What? The wonderful Sheila look after our dinner? Has she visions among the pots and pans, and does she look unutterable things when she is peeling potatoes?"

Ingram laughed.

"There will be a pretty alteration in your tune, in a couple of days. You are sure to fall in love with her, and sigh desperately, for a week or two. You always do, when you meet a woman anywhere. But it won't hurt you much, and she won't know anything about it."

"I should rather like to fall in love with her, to see how furiously jealous you would become—However, here we are."

"And there is Mackenzie—the man with the big grey beard and the peaked cap—and he is talking to the Chamberlain of the Island."

"What does he get up on his waggonette for, instead of coming on board to meet you?"

"Oh, that is one of his little tricks," said Ingram, with a good-humoured smile. "He means to receive us in state, and impress you, a stranger, with his dignity. The good old fellow has a hundred harmless ways like that; and



you must humour him. He has been accustomed to be treated *en roi*, you know."

"Then the papa of the mysterious princess is not perfect?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you now that Mackenzie's oddest notion is that he has a wonderful skill in managing men, and in concealing the manner of his doing it. I tell you this that you mayn't laugh, and hurt him, when he is attempting something that he considers particularly crafty, and that a child could see through."

"But what is the aim of it all?"

"Oh, nothing."

"He does not do a little bet occasionally?"

"Oh, dear, no. He is the best and honestest fellow in the world; but it pleases him to fancy that he is profoundly astute, and that other people don't see the artfulness with which he reaches some little result that is not of the least consequence to anybody."

"It seems to me," remarked Mr. Lavender, with a coolness and a shrewdness that rather surprised his companion, "that it would not be difficult to get the King of Borva to assume the honours of a papa-in-law."

The steamer was moored at last; the crowd of fishermen and loungers drew near to meet their friends who had come up from Glasgow—for there are few strangers, as a rule, arriving at Stornoway to whet the curiosity of the islanders—and the tall gillie who had been standing by Mackenzie's horses came on board to get the luggage of the young men.

"Well, Duncan," said the elder of them, "and how are you, and how is Mr. Mackenzie, and how is Miss Sheila? You haven't brought her with you, I see."

"But Miss Sheila is ferry well, whatever, Mr. Ingram, and it is a great day, this day, for her, tat you will be coming to the Lewis, and it wass tis morning she wass up at ta break o' day, and up ta hills to get some bits o' green things for ta rooms you will hef, Mr. Ingram. Ay, it iss a great day, tis day, for Miss Sheila."

"By Jove, they all rave about Sheila

up in this quarter," said Lavender, giving Duncan a fishing-rod and a bag he had brought from the cabin. "I suppose in a week's time I shall begin and rave about her too. Look sharp, Ingram, and let us have audience of his Majesty."

The King of Borva fixed his eye on young Lavender, and scanned him narrowly, as he was being introduced. His welcome of Ingram had been most gracious and friendly; but he received his companion with something of a severe politeness. He requested him to take a seat beside him, so that he might see the country as they went across to Borva; and Lavender having done so, Ingram and Duncan got into the body of the waggonette, and the party drove off.

Passing through the clean and bright little town, Mackenzie suddenly pulled up his horses in front of a small shop, in the window of which some cheap bits of jewellery were visible. The man came out; and Mr. Mackenzie explained, with some care and precision, that he wanted a silver brooch of a particular sort. While the jeweller had returned to seek the article in question, Frank Lavender was gazing around him in some wonder at the appearance of so much civilization on this remote and rarely-visited island. Here were no haggard savages, unkempt and scantily clad, coming forth from their dens in the rocks to stare wildly at the strangers. On the contrary, there was a prevailing air of comfort and "bieness" about the people and their houses. He saw handsome girls, with coal-black hair, and fresh complexions, who wore short and thick blue petticoats, with a scarlet tartan shawl wrapped round their bosom and fastened at the waist; stalwart, thick-set men, in loose blue jacket and trowsers, and scarlet cap, many of them with bushy red beards; and women of extraordinary breadth of shoulder, who carried enormous loads in a creel strapped on their back, while they employed their hands in contentedly knitting stockings as they passed along. But what was the purpose of these mighty loads of fish-bones they carried—burdens that

would have appalled a railway porter of the South?

"You will see, sir," observed the King of Borva, in reply to Lavender's question, "there iss not much of the phosphates in the grass of this island; and the cows they are mad to get the fish-bones to lick, and it iss many of them you cannot milk, unless you put the bones before them."

"But why do the lazy fellows lounging about there let the women carry those enormous loads?"

Mr. Mackenzie stared.

"Lazy fellows? They hef harder work than any you will know of in your country; and, besides the fishing, they will do the ploughing, and much of the farm-work. And iss the women to do none at all? That iss the nonsense that my daughter talks; but she has got it out of books, and what do they know how the poor people hef to live?"

At this moment the jeweller returned, with some half-dozen brooches displayed on a plate, and shining with all the brilliancy of cairn-gorm stones, polished silver, and variously-coloured pebbles.

"Now, John Mackintyre, this is a gentleman from London," said Mackenzie, regarding the jeweller sternly, "and he will know all apout such fine things, and you will not put a big price on them."

It was now Lavender's turn to stare; but he good-naturedly accepted the duties of referee, and eventually a brooch was selected and paid for, the price being six shillings. Then they drove on again.

"Sheila will know nothing of this—it will be a great surprise for her," said Mackenzie, almost to himself, as he opened the white box, and saw the glaring piece of jewellery lying on the white cotton.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Frank Lavender, "you don't mean to say you bought that brooch for your daughter?"

"And why not?" said the King of Borva, in great surprise.

The young man perceived his mistake, grew considerably confused, and only said—

"Well, I should have thought that—that some small piece of gold jewellery, now, would be better suited for a young lady."

Mackenzie smiled shrewdly.

"I had something to go on. It wass Sheila herself was in Stornoway three weeks ago, and she wass wanting to buy a brooch for a young girl who has come down to us from Suainabost, and is very useful in the kitchen, and it wass a brooch just like this one she gave to her."

"Yes, to a kitchenmaid," said the young man, meekly.

"But Mairi is Sheila's cousin," said Mackenzie, with continued surprise.

"Lavender does not understand Highland ways yet, Mr. Mackenzie," said Ingram, from behind. "You know we in the South have different fashions. Our servants are nearly always strangers to us—not relations and companions."

"Oh, I hef peen in London myself," said Mackenzie, in somewhat of an injured tone; and then he added, with a touch of self-satisfaction, "and I hef been in Paris too."

"And Miss Sheila, has she been in London?" asked Lavender, feigning ignorance.

"She has never been out of the Lewis."

"But don't you think the education of a young lady should include some little experience of travelling?"

"Sheila, she will be educated quite enough; and is she going to London or Paris without me?"

"You might take her."

"I have too much to do on the island now, and Sheila has much to do; I do not think she will ever see any of those places, and she will not be much the worse."

Two young men off for their holidays—a brilliant day shining all around them—the sweet air of the sea and the moorland blowing about them: this little party that now drove away from Stornoway ought to have been in the best of spirits. And, indeed, the young fellow who sat beside Mackenzie was bent on pleasing his host, by praising everything he saw. He praised the

gallant little horses that whirled them past the plantations and out into the open country. He praised the rich black peat that was visible in long lines and heaps, where the townspeople were slowly eating into the moorland. Then all these traces of occupation were left behind, and the travellers were alone in the untenanted heart of the island, where the only sounds audible were the humming of insects in the sunlight, and the falling of streams. Away in the south the mountains were of a silvery and transparent blue. Nearer at hand the rich reds and browns of the moorland softened into a tender and beautiful green on nearing the margins of the lakes; and these stretches of water were now as fair and bright as the sky above them, and were scarcely ruffled by the moor-fowl moving out from the green rushes. Still nearer at hand, great masses of white rock lay embedded in the soft soil; and what could have harmonized better with the rough and silver-grey surface than the patches of rose-red bell-heather that grew up in their clefts, or hung over their summits? The various and beautiful colours around seemed to tingle with light and warmth as the clear sun shone on them, and the keen mountain air blew over them; and the King of Borva was so far thawed by the enthusiasm of his companions, that he regarded the far country with a pleased smile, as if the enchanted land belonged to him, and as if the wonderful colours, and the exhilarating air, and the sweet perfumes, were of his own creation.

Mr. Mackenzie did not know much about tints and hues; but he believed what he heard; and it was perhaps, after all, not very surprising that a gentleman from London, who had skill of pictures and other delicate matters, should find strange marvels in a common stretch of moor, with a few lakes here and there, and some lines of mountain only good for shielings. It was not for him to check the raptures of his guest. He began to be friendly with the young man; and could not help regarding him as a more cheerful companion than his neighbour Ingram, who

would sit by your side for an hour at a time, without breaking the monotony of the horses' tramp with a single remark. He had formed a poor opinion of Lavender's physique, from the first glimpse he had of his white fingers and girl-like complexion; but surely a man who had such a vast amount of good spirits, and such a rapidity of utterance, must have something corresponding to these qualities in substantial bone and muscle. There was something pleasing and ingenuous, too, about this flow of talk. Men who had arrived at years of wisdom, and knew how to study and use their fellows, were not to be led into these betrayals of their secret opinions; but for a young man—what could be more pleasing than to see him lay open his soul to the observant eye of a master of men? Mackenzie began to take a great fancy to young Lavender.

"Why," said Lavender, with a fine colour mantling in his cheeks, as the wind caught them on a higher portion of the road, "I had heard of Lewis as a most bleak and desolate island—flat moorland and lake—without a hill to be seen. And everywhere I see hills; and yonder are great mountains, which I hope to get nearer before we leave."

"We have mountains in this island," remarked Mackenzie, slowly, as he kept his eye on his companion, "we have mountains in this island sixteen thousand feet high."

Lavender looked sufficiently astonished; and the old man was pleased. He paused for a moment or two, and said—

"But this iss the way of it: you will see that the middle of the mountains it has all been washed away by the weather, and you will only have the sides now dipping one way and the other at each side o' the island. But it iss a very clever man in Stornoway will tell me that you can make out what wass the height o' the mountain, by watching the dipping of the rocks on each side; and it iss an older country, this island, than any you will know of, and there were the mountains sixteen thousand feet high long before all this country, and

all Scotland and England, was covered with ice."

The young man was very desirous to show his interest in this matter; but did not know very well how. At last, he ventured to ask whether there were any fossils in the blocks of gneiss that were scattered over the moorland.

"Fossils?" said Mackenzie. "Oh, I will not care much about such small things. If you will ask Sheila, she will tell you all about it, and about the small things she finds growing on the hills. That iss not of much consequence to me; but I will tell you what is the best thing the island grows—it is good girls and strong men—men that can go to the fishing, and come back to plough the fields, and cut the peat, and build the houses, and leave the women to look after the fields and the gardens when they go back again to the fisheries. But it is the old people—they are ferry cunning, and they will not put their money in the bank at Stornoway, but will hide it away about the house, and then they will come to Sheila and ask for money to put a pane of glass in their house. And she has promised that to everyone who will make a window in the wall of their house; and she is very simple with them, and does not understand the old people that tell lies. But when I hear of it, I say nothing to Sheila—she will know nothing about it—but I hef a watch put upon the people, and it was only yesterday I will take back two shillings she gave to an old woman of Borvabost, that told many lies. What does a young thing know of these old people? She will know nothing at all, and it iss better for some one else to look after them, but not to speak one word of it to her."

"It must require great astuteness to manage a primitive people like that," said young Lavender, with an air of conviction; and the old man eagerly and proudly assented, and went on to tell of the manifold diplomatic arts he used in reigning over his small kingdom, and how his subjects lived in blissful ignorance that this controlling power was being exercised.

They were startled by an exclamation from Ingram, who called to Mackenzie to pull up the horses, just as they were passing over a small bridge.

"Look there, Lavender, did you ever see salmon jumping like that? Look at the size of them!"

"Oh, it iss nothing," said Mackenzie, driving on again; "where you will see the salmon, it is in the Narrows of Loch Roag, where they come into the rivers, and the tide is low. Then you will see them jumping; and if the water was too low for a long time, they will die in hundreds and hundreds."

"But what makes them jump before they get into the rivers?"

Old Mackenzie smiled a crafty smile, as if he had found out all the ways and the secrets of the salmon.

"They will jump to look about them—that iss all."

"Do you think a salmon can see where he is going?"

"And maybe you will explain this to me, then," said the King, with a compassionate air, "how iss it the salmon will try to jump over some stones in the river, and he will see he cannot go over them; but does he fall straight down on the stones and kill himself? Neffer—no, neffer. He will get back to the pool he left by turning in the air—that is what I hef seen hundreds of times myself."

"Then they must be able to fly as well as see in the air."

"You may say about it what you will please; but that is what I know—that is what I know ferry well myself."

"And I should think there were not many people in the country who knew more about salmon than you," said Frank Lavender. "And I hear, too, that your daughter is a great fisher."

But this was a blunder. The old man frowned.

"Who will tell you such nonsense? Sheila has gone out many times with Duncan, and he will put a rod in her hands—yes—and she will have caught a fish or two—but it iss not a story to tell. My daughter she will have plenty to do about the house, without any of such nonsense. You will expect to find

us all savages, with such stories of nonsense."

"I am sure not," said Lavender, warmly; "I have been very much struck with the civilization of the island, so far as I have seen it; and I can assure you I have always heard of Miss Sheila as a singularly accomplished young lady."

"Yes," said Mackenzie, somewhat mollified, "Sheila has been well brought up—she is not a fisherman's lass, running about wild, and catching the salmon. I cannot listen to such nonsense—and it is Duncan will tell it."

"I can assure you, no. I have never spoken to Duncan. The fact is, Ingram mentioned that your daughter had caught a salmon or two as a tribute to her skill, you know."

"Oh, I know it was Duncan," said Mackenzie, with a deeper frown coming over his face. "I will hef some means taken to stop Duncan from talking such nonsense."

The young man—knowing nothing as yet of the child-like obedience paid to the King of Borva by his islanders—thought to himself—

*"Well, you are a very strong and self-willed old gentleman, but if I were you, I should not meddle much with that tall keeper with the eagle beak and the grey eyes. I should not like to be a stag, and know that that fellow was watching me somewhere, with a rifle in his hands."*

At length they came upon the brow of the hill overlooking Garra-na-hina<sup>1</sup> and the panorama of the western lochs and mountains. Down there on the side of the hill was the small inn, with its little patch of garden; then a few moist meadows leading over to the estuary of the Black River; and beyond that an illimitable prospect of heathy undulations rising into the mighty peaks of Craabhal, Mealasabhal, and Suainabhal. Then on the right, leading away out to the as yet invisible Atlantic, lay the blue plain of Loch Roag, with a margin of yellow sea-weed along its shores, where the rocks revealed themselves at low water, and with a multitude of

<sup>1</sup> Literally *Gearaidh-na'h-Aimhne*—"the cutting of the river."

large, variegated, and verdant islands which hid from sight the still greater Borva beyond.

They stopped to have a glass of whisky at Garra-na-hina, and Mackenzie got down from the waggonette and went into the inn.

"And this is a Highland loch!" said Lavender, turning to his companion from the south. "It is an enchanted sea—you could fancy yourself in the Pacific, if only there were some palm-trees on the shores of the islands. No wonder you took for an Eve any sort of woman you met in such a paradise."

"You seem to be thinking a good deal about that young lady."

"Well, who would not wish to make the acquaintance of a pretty girl—especially when you have plenty of time on your hands, and nothing to do but pay her little attentions, you know, and so forth, as being the daughter of your host?"

There was no particular answer to such an incoherent question; but Ingram did not seem so well pleased as he had been with the prospect of introducing his friend to the young Highland girl whose praises he had been reciting for many a day.

However, they drank their whisky, drove on to Callemish, and here paused for a minute or two to show the stranger a series of large so-called Druidical stones which occupy a small station overlooking the loch. Could anything have been more impressive than the sight of these solitary grey pillars placed on this bit of table-land high over the sea, and telling of a race that vanished ages ago and left the surrounding plains, and hills, and shores a wild and untenanted solitude? But somehow Lavender did not care to remain among those voiceless monuments of a forgotten past. He said he would come and sketch them some other day. He praised the picture all around; and then came back to the stretch of ruffled blue water lying at the base of the hill. "Where was Mr. Mackenzie's boat?" he asked.

They left the high plain, with its

*Tuirsachan*,<sup>1</sup> or Stones of Mourning, and descended to the side of the loch. In a few moments, Duncan, who had been disposing of the horses and the waggonette, overtook them, got ready the boat, and presently they were cutting asunder the bright blue plain of summer waves.

At last they were nearing the King of Borva's home; and Ingram began to study the appearance of the neighbouring shores, as if he could pick out some feature of the island he remembered. The white foam hissed down the side of the open boat. The sun burned hot on the brown sail. Far away over the shining plain the salmon were leaping into the air, catching a quick glint of silver on their scales before they splashed again into the water. Half-a-dozen sea-pyees, with their beautiful black and white plumage, and scarlet beaks and feet, flew screaming out from the rocks, and swept in rapid circles above the boat. A long flight of solan-geese could just be seen slowly sailing along the western horizon. As the small craft got out towards the sea, the breeze freshened slightly, and she lay over somewhat, as the brine-laden winds caught her, and tingled on the cheeks of her passengers from the softer South. Finally, as the great channel widened out, and the various smaller islands disappeared behind, Ingram touched his companion on the shoulder, looked over to a long and low line of rock and hill, and said—

“Borva!”

And this was Borva!—nothing visible but an indefinite extent of rocky shore, with here and there a bay of white sand, and over that a table-land of green pasture, apparently uninhabited.

“There are not many people on the island,” said Lavender, who seemed rather disappointed with the look of the place.

“There are three hundred,” said Mackenzie, with the air of one who had

experienced the difficulties of ruling over three hundred islanders.

He had scarcely spoken, when his attention was called by Duncan to some object that the gillie had been regarding for some minutes back.

“Yes, it iss Miss Sheila,” said Duncan.

A sort of flash of expectation passed over Lavender's face, and he sprang to his feet. Ingram laughed. Did the foolish youth fancy he could see half as far as this grey-eyed, eagle-faced man, who had now sunk into his accustomed seat by the mast? There was nothing visible to ordinary eyes but a speck of a boat, with a single sail up, which was apparently, in the distance, running in for Borva.

“Ay, ay, ay,” said Mackenzie, in a vexed way, “it is Sheila, true enough; and what will she do out in the boat at this time, when she wass to be at home to receive the gentlemen that hef come all the way from London.”

“Well, Mr. Mackenzie,” said Lavender, “I should be sorry to think that our coming had interfered in any way whatever with your daughter's amusements.”

“Amusements!” said the old man, with a look of surprise. “It iss not amusements she will go for—that is no amusements for her. It is for some teflle of a purpose she will go, when it iss the-house that is the proper place for her, with friends coming from so great a journey.”

Presently it became clear that a race between the two boats was inevitable, both of them making for the same point. Mackenzie would take no notice of such a thing; but there was a grave smile on Duncan's face, and something like a look of pride in his keen eyes.

“There iss no one, not one,” he said, almost to himself, “will take her in better than Miss Sheila—not one in ta island. And it wass me tat learnt her every bit o' ta steering about Borva.”

The strangers could now make out that in the other boat there were two girls, one seated in the stern, the other by the mast. Ingram took out his handkerchief and waved it; a similar token of recognition was floated out from

<sup>1</sup> Another name given by the islanders to those stones is *Fir-ùhreige*, “false men.” Both names, “False Men” and “the Mourners,” should be of some interest to antiquarians, for they will suit pretty nearly any theory.

the other vessel. But Mackenzie's boat presently had the better of the wind, and slowly drew on ahead; until, when her passengers landed on the rude stone quay they found the other and smaller craft still some little distance off.

Lavender paid little attention to his luggage. He let Duncan do with it what he liked. He was watching the small boat coming in, and getting a little impatient, and perhaps a little nervous, in waiting for a glimpse of the young lady in the stern. He could vaguely make out that she had an abundance of dark hair looped up; that she wore a small straw hat with a short white feather in it; and that for the rest, she seemed to be habited entirely in some rough and close-fitting costume of dark blue. Or was there a glimmer of a band of rose-red round her neck?

The small boat was cleverly run alongside the jetty; Duncan caught her bow and held her fast, and Miss Sheila, with a heavy string of lythe in her right hand, stepped, laughing and blushing, on to the quay. Ingram was there. She dropped the fish on the stones, and took his two hands in hers, and, without uttering a word, looked a glad welcome into his face. It was a face capable of saying unwritten things—fine and delicate in form, and yet full of an abundance of health and good spirits that shone in the deep grey-blue eyes. Lavender's first emotion was one of surprise that he should have heard this handsome, well-knit, and proud-featured girl called "little Sheila," and spoken of in a pretty and caressing way. He thought there was something almost majestic in her figure, in the poising of her head, and the outline of her face. But presently he began to perceive some singular suggestions of sensitiveness and meekness in the low, sweet brow, in the short and exquisitely-curved upper-lip, and in the look of the tender blue eyes, which had long black eye-lashes to give them a peculiar and indefinable charm. All this he noticed hastily and timidly as he heard Ingram, who still held the girl's hands in his, saying—

"Well, Sheila, and you haven't quite forgotten me? And you are grown such

a woman now—why, I mustn't call you Sheila any more, I think—but let me introduce to you my friend, who has come all the way from London to see all the wonderful things of Borva."

If there was any embarrassment or blushing during that simple ceremony, it was not on the side of the Highland girl; for she frankly shook hands with him, and said—

"And are you very well?"

The second impression which Lavender gathered from her was, that nowhere in the world was English pronounced so beautifully as in the island of Lewis. The gentle intonation with which she spoke was so tender and touching—the slight dwelling on the *e* in "very," and "well" seemed to have such a sound of sincerity about it, that he could have fancied he had been a friend of hers for a lifetime. And if she said "ferry" for "very," what then? It was the most beautiful English he had ever heard.

The party now moved off towards the shore, above the long white curve of which Mackenzie's house was visible. The old man himself led the way, and had, by his silence, apparently not quite forgiven his daughter for having been absent from home when his guests arrived.

"Now, Sheila," said Ingram, "tell me all about yourself; what have you been doing?"

"This morning?" said the girl, walking beside him with her hand laid on his arm, and with the happiest look on her face.

"This morning, to begin with. Did you catch those fish yourself?"

"Oh, no, there was no time for that. And it was Mairi and I saw a boat coming in, and it was going to Mevaig, but we overtook it, and got some of the fish, and we thought we should be back before you came. However, it is no matter since you are here. And you have been very well? And did you see any difference in Stornoway when you came over?"

Lavender began to think that Stornoway sounded ever so much more pleasant than mere Stornoway.

"We had not a minute to wait in

Stornoway. But tell me, Sheila, all about Borva and yourself—that is better than Stornoway. How are your schools getting on? And have you bribed or frightened all the children into giving up Gaelic yet? How is John the Piper—and does the Free Church minister still complain of him? And have you caught any more wild ducks and tamed them? And are there any grey geese up at Loch-an-Eilean?"

"Oh, that is too many at once," said Sheila, laughing. "But I am afraid your friend will find Borva very lonely and dull. There is not much there at all—for all the lads are away at the Caithness fishing. And you should have shown him all about Stornoway, and taken him up to the Castle, and the beautiful gardens."

"He has seen all sorts of castles, Sheila, and all sorts of gardens in every part of the world. He has seen everything to be seen in the great cities and countries that are only names to you. He has travelled in France, Italy, Russia, Germany, and seen all the big towns that you hear of in history."

"That is what I should like to do, if I were a man;" said Sheila. "and many and many a time I wish I had been a man, that I could go to the fishing, and work in the fields, and then, when I had enough money, go away and see other countries and strange people."

"But if you were a man, I should not have come all the way from London to see you," said Ingram, patting the hand that lay on his arm.

"But if I were a man," said the girl, quite frankly, "I should go up to London to see you."

Mackenzie smiled grimly, and said—

"Sheila, it is nonsense you will talk."

At this moment Sheila turned round, and said—

"Oh, we have forgotten poor Mairi. Mairi, why did you not leave the fish for Duncan—they are too heavy for you. I will carry them to the house."

But Lavender sprang forward, and insisted on taking possession of the thick cord with its considerable weight of lythe.

"This is my cousin Mairi," said Sheila; and forthwith the young, fair-faced, timid-eyed girl shook hands with the gentlemen, and said—just as if she had been watching Sheila—

"And are you ferry well, sir?"

For the rest of the way up to the house, Lavender walked by the side of Sheila; and as the string of lythe had formed the introduction to their talk, it ran pretty much upon natural history. In about five minutes she had told him more about sea-birds and fish than ever he knew in his life; and she wound up this information by offering to take him out on the following morning, that he might himself catch some lythe.

"But I am a wretchedly bad fisherman, Miss Mackenzie," he said. "It is some years since I tried to throw a fly."

"Oh, there is no need for good fishing, when you catch lythe," she said, earnestly. "You will see Mr. Ingram catch them. It is only a big white fly you will need, and a long line, and when the fish takes the fly, down he goes—a great depth. Then when you have got him, and he is killed, you must cut the sides, as you see that is done, and string him to a rope and trail him behind the boat all the way home. If you do not do that, it is no use at all to eat. But if you like the salmon-fishing, my papa will teach you that. There is no one," she added, proudly, "can catch salmon like my papa—not even Duncan—and the gentlemen who come in the autumn to Stornoway, they are quite surprised when my papa goes to fish with them."

"I suppose he is a good shot, too," said the young man, amused to notice the proud way in which the girl spoke of her father.

"Oh, he can shoot anything. He will shoot a seal, if he comes up but for one moment above the water; and all the birds—he will get you all the birds, if you will wish to take any away with you. We have no deer on the island—it is too small for that; but in the Lewis and in Harris there are many, many thousands of deer, and my papa has many invitations when the gentlemen come up in the autumn, and if you look in the game-book of the lodges, you



will see there is not anyone who has shot so many deer as my papa—not any one whatever.”

At length they reached the building of dark and rude stone-work, with its red coping, its spacious porch, and its small enclosure of garden in front. Lavender praised the flowers in this enclosure—he guessed they were Sheila’s particular care; but, in truth, there was nothing rare or delicate among the plants growing in this exposed situation. There were a few clusters of large yellow pansies, a *calceolaria* or two, plenty of wallflower, some clove pinks, and an abundance of sweet-William in all manner of colours. But the chief beauty of the small garden was a magnificent tree-fuchsia which grew in front of one of the windows, and was covered with deep rose-red flowers set amid its small and deep-green leaves. For the rest, a bit of honeysuckle was trained up one side of the porch; and at the small wooden gate there were two bushes of sweet-brier, that filled the warm air with fragrance.

Just before entering the house, the two strangers turned to have a look at the spacious landscape lying all around, in the perfect calm of a summer day. And lo! before them there was but a blinding mass of white that glared upon their eyes, and caused them to see the far sea, and the shores, and the hills as but faint shadows appearing through a silvery haze. A thin fleece of cloud lay across the sun, but the light was, nevertheless, so intense that the objects near at hand—a disused boat lying bottom upwards, an immense anchor of foreign make, and some such things—seemed to be as black as night, as they lay on the warm road. But when the eye got beyond the house and the garden, and the rough hillside leading down to Loch Roag, all the world appeared to be a blaze of calm, silent, and luminous heat. Suain-abhal and his brother mountains were only as clouds in the south. Along the western horizon, the portion of the Atlantic that could be seen, lay like a silent lake under a white sky. To get any touch of colour, they had to turn eastward, and there the sunlight faintly

fell on the green shores of Borva, on the Narrows of Loch Roag, and the loose red sail of a solitary smack that was slowly coming round a headland. They could hear the sound of the long oars. A pale line of shadow lay in the wake of the boat; but otherwise the black hull and the red sail seemed to be coming through a plain of molten silver. When the young men turned to go into the house, the hall seemed a cavern of impenetrable darkness, and there was a flush of crimson light dancing before their eyes.

When Ingram had had his room pointed out, Lavender followed him into it, and shut the door.

“By Jove, Ingram,” he said, with a singular light of enthusiasm on his handsome face, “what a beautiful voice that girl has—I have never heard anything so soft and musical in all my life—and then, when she smiles, what perfect teeth she has—and then, you know, there is an appearance, a style, a grace, about her figure—. But, I say, do you seriously mean to tell me you are not in love with her?”

“Of course I am not,” said the other, impatiently, as he was busily engaged with his portmanteau.

“Then let me give you a word of information,” said the younger man, with an air of profound shrewdness: “she is in love with you.”

Ingram rose, with some little touch of vexation on his face.

“Look here, Lavender. I am going to talk to you seriously. I wish you wouldn’t fancy that everyone is in that condition of simmering love-making you delight in. You never were in love, I believe; I doubt whether you ever will be; but you are always fancying yourself in love, and writing very pretty verses about it, and painting very pretty heads. I like the verses and the paintings well enough, however they are come by; but don’t mislead yourself into believing that you know anything whatever of a real and serious passion by having engaged in all sorts of imaginative and semi-poetical dreams. It is a much more serious thing than that, mind you, when it comes to a man.

And, for heaven's sake, don't attribute any of that sort of sentimental make-believe to either Sheila Mackenzie or myself. We are not romantic folks. We have no imaginative gifts whatever; but we are very glad, you know, to be attentive and grateful to those who have. The fact is, I don't think it quite fair——."

"Let us suppose I am lectured enough," said the other, somewhat stiffly. "I suppose I am as good a judge of the character of a woman as most other men, although I am no great student, and have no hard and dried rules of philosophy at my fingers' ends. Perhaps, however, one may learn more by mixing with other people, and going out into the world, than by sitting in a room with a dozen books and persuading oneself that men and women are to be studied in that fashion."

"Go away, you stupid boy, and unpack your portmanteau, and don't quarrel with me," said Ingram, putting out on the table some things he had brought for Sheila; "and if you are friendly with Sheila, and treat her like a human being, instead of trying to put a lot of romance and sentiment about her, she will teach you more than you could learn in a hundred drawing-rooms in a thousand years."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THERE WAS A KING IN THULE.

HE never took that advice. He had already transformed Sheila into a heroine during the half-hour of their stroll from the beach and around the house. Not that he fell in love with her at first sight, or anything even approaching to that. He merely made her the central figure of a little speculative romance, as he had made many another woman before. Of course, in these little fanciful dramas, written along the sky-line, as it were, of his life, he invariably pictured himself as the fitting companion of the fair creature he saw there. Who but himself could understand the sentiment of her eyes, and teach her little love-ways, and ex-

press unbounded admiration of her? More than one practical young woman, indeed, in certain circles of London society, had been informed by her friends that Mr. Lavender was dreadfully in love with her; and had been much surprised, after this confirmation of her suspicions, that he sought no means of bringing the affair to a reasonable and sensible issue. He did not even amuse himself by flirting with her, as men would willingly do who could not be charged with any serious purpose whatever. His devotion was more mysterious and remote. A rumour would get about that Mr. Lavender had finished another of those charming heads in pastel, which, at a distance, reminded one of Greuze, and that Lady So-and-so, who had bought it forthwith, had declared that it was the image of this young lady, who was partly puzzled and partly vexed by the incomprehensible conduct of her reputed admirer. It was the fashion, in these social circles, to buy those heads of Lavender, when he chose to paint them. He had achieved a great reputation by them. The good people liked to have a genius in their own set, whom they had discovered, and who was only to be appreciated by persons of exceptional taste and penetration. Lavender, the uninitiated were assured, was a most cultivated and brilliant young man. He had composed some charming songs. He had written, from time to time, some quite delightful little poems, over which fair eyes had grown full and liquid. Who had not heard of the face that he painted for a certain young lady, whom everyone expected him to marry?

The young man escaped a great deal of the ordinary consequences of this petting; but not all. He was at bottom really true-hearted, frank, and generous—generous even to an extreme; but he had acquired a habit of producing striking impressions which dogged and perverted his every action and speech. He disliked losing a few shillings at billiards, but he did not mind losing a few pounds: the latter was good for a story. Had he possessed any money to invest in shares, he would have been irritated

by small rises or small falls; but he would have been vain of a big rise, and he would have regarded a big fall with equanimity, as placing him in a dramatic light. The exaggerations produced by this habit of his, fostered strange delusions in the minds of people who did not know him very well; and sometimes the practical results—in the way of expected charities or what not—amazed him. He could not understand why people should have made such mistakes, and resented them as an injustice.

And as they sat at dinner on this still, brilliant evening in summer, it was Sheila's turn to be clothed in the garments of romance. Her father, with his great grey beard and heavy brow, became the King of Thule, living in this solitary house overlooking the sea, and having memories of a dead sweetheart. His daughter, the princess, had the glamour of a thousand legends dwelling in her beautiful eyes; and when she walked by the shores of the Atlantic, that were now getting yellow under the sunset, what strange and unutterable thoughts must appear in the wonder of her face? He remembered no more how he had pulled to pieces Ingram's praises of Sheila. What had become of the "ordinary young lady, who would be a little interesting, if a little stupid, before marriage, and, after marriage, sink into the dull, domestic hind"? There could be no doubt that Sheila often sat silent for a considerable time, with her eyes fixed on her father's face when he spoke, or turning to look at some other speaker. Had Lavender now been asked if this silence had not a trifle of dulness in it, he would have replied by asking if there were dulness in the stillness and the silence of the sea. He grew to regard her calm and thoughtful look as a sort of spell; and if you had asked him what Sheila was like, he would have answered by saying that there was moonlight in her face.

The room, too, in which this mystic princess sat, was strange and wonderful. There were no doors visible; for the four walls were throughout covered by a paper of foreign manufacture, representing spacious Tyrolese land-

scapes, and incidents of the chase. When Lavender had at first entered this chamber, his eye had been shocked by these coarse and prominent pictures—by the green rivers, the blue lakes, and the snow peaks that rose above certain ruddy chalets. There a chamois was stumbling down a ravine, and there an operatic peasant, some eight or ten inches in actual length, was pointing a gun. The large figures, the coarse colours, the impossible scenes—all this looked, at first sight, to be in the worst possible taste; and Lavender was convinced that Sheila had nothing to do with the introduction of this abominable decoration. But somehow, when he turned to the line of ocean that was visible from the window, to the lonely shores of the island, and the monotony of colours showing in the still picture without, he began to fancy that there might be a craving up in these latitudes for some presentation, however rude and glaring, of the richer and more variegated life of the South. The figures and mountains on the walls became less prominent. He saw no incongruity in a whole chalet giving way, and allowing Duncan, who waited at table, to bring forth from this aperture to the kitchen, a steaming dish of salmon, while he spoke some words in Gaelic to the servants at the other end of the tube. He even forgot to be surprised at the appearance of little Mairi, with whom he had shaken hands a little while before, coming round the table with potatoes. He did not, as a rule, shake hands with servant-maids, but was not this fair-haired, wistful-eyed girl some relative, friend or companion of Sheila's; and had he not already begun to lose all perception of the incongruous or the absurd in the strange pervading charm with which Sheila's presence filled the place?

He suddenly found Mackenzie's deep-set eyes fixed upon him, and became aware that the old man had been mysteriously announcing to Ingram that there were more political movements abroad than people fancied. Sheila sat still and listened to her father as he expounded these things, and showed

that, although at a distance, he could perceive the signs of the times. Was it not incumbent, moreover, on a man who had to look after a number of poor and simple folks, that he should be on the alert?

"It iss not bekaas you will live in London you will know everything," said the King of Borva, with a certain significance in his tone. "There iss many things a man does not see at his feet, that another man will see who is a good way off. The International, now——"

He glanced furtively at Lavender.

"—I hef been told there will be agents going out every day to all parts of this country and other countries, and they will hef plenty of money to live like gentlemen, and get among the poor people, and fill their minds with foolish nonsense about a revolution. Oh, yes, I hear about it all, and there iss many members of Parliament in it, and it iss every day they will get farther and farther, all working hard, though no one sees them who does not understand to be on the watch."

Here, again, the young man received a quiet, scrutinizing glance; and it began to dawn upon him, to his infinite astonishment, that Mackenzie half suspected him of being an emissary of the International. In the case of any other man, he would have laughed, and paid no heed; but how could he permit Sheila's father to regard him with any such suspicion?

"Don't you think, sir," he said, boldly, "that those Internationalists are a lot of incorrigible idiots?"

As if a shrewd observer of men and motives were to be deceived by such a protest! Mackenzie regarded him with increased suspicion, although he endeavoured to conceal the fact that he was watching the young man from time to time. Lavender saw all the favour he had won during the day disappearing; and moodily wondered when he should have a chance of explanation.

After dinner, they went outside and sat down on a bench in the garden, and the men lit their cigars. It was a cool and pleasant evening. The sun

had gone down in red fire behind the Atlantic, and there was still left a rich glow of crimson in the west, while overhead, in the pale yellow of the sky, some filmy clouds of rose-colour lay motionless. How calm was the sea out there, and the whiter stretch of water coming into Loch Roag! The cool air of the twilight was scented with sweet-brier. The wash of the ripples along the coast could be heard in the stillness. It was a time for lovers to sit by the sea, careless of the future or the past.

But why would this old man keep prating of his political prophecies, Lavender asked of himself. Sheila had spoken scarcely a word all the evening; and of what interest could it be to her to listen to theories of revolution, and the dangers besetting our hot-headed youth? She merely stood by the side of her father, with her hand on his shoulder. He noticed, however, that she paid particular attention whenever Ingram spoke; and he wondered whether she perceived that Ingram was partly humouring the old man, at the same time that he was pleasing himself with a series of monologues, interrupted only by his cigar.

"That is true enough, Mr. Mackenzie," Ingram would say, lying back with his two hands clasped round his knee, as usual; "you've got to be careful of the opinions that are spread abroad, even in Borva, where not much danger is to be expected. But I don't suppose our young men are more destructive in their notions than young men always have been. You know, every young fellow starts in life by knocking down all the beliefs he finds before him, and then he spends the rest of his life in setting them up again. It is only after some years he gets to know that all the wisdom of the world lies in the old commonplaces he once despised. He finds that the old familiar ways are the best, and he sinks into being a commonplace person, with much satisfaction to himself. My friend Lavender, now, is continually charging me with being commonplace. I admit the charge. I have drifted back into all the old ways and beliefs—about religion, and mar-

riage, and patriotism, and what not—that ten years ago I should have treated with ridicule.”

“Suppose the process continues,” suggested Lavender, with some evidence of pique.

“Suppose it does,” continued Ingram, carelessly. “Ten years hence I may be proud to become a vestryman, and have the most anxious care about the administration of the rates. I shall be looking after the drainage of houses, and the treatment of paupers, and the management of Sunday schools—But all this is an invasion of your province, Sheila,” he suddenly added, looking up to her.

The girl laughed, and said—

“Then I have been commonplace from the beginning?”

Ingram was about to make all manner of protests and apologies, when Mackenzie said—

“Sheila, it was time you will go indoors, if you have nothing about your head. Go in and sing a song to us, and we will listen to you; and not a sad song, but a good merry song. These teffles of the fishermen, it is always drownings they will sing about, from the morning till the night.”

Was Sheila about to sing—in this clear, strange twilight, while they sat there and watched the yellow moon come up behind the southern hills? Lavender had heard so much of her singing of those fishermen’s ballads, that he could think of nothing more to add to the enchantment of this wonderful night. But he was disappointed. The girl put her hand on her father’s head, and reminded him that she had had her big greyhound Bras imprisoned all the afternoon, that she had to go down to Borvabost with a message for some people who were leaving by the boat in the morning, and would the gentlemen therefore excuse her not singing to them for this one evening?

“But you cannot go away down to Borvabost by yourself, Sheila,” said Ingram. “It will be dark before you return.”

“It will not be darker than this all the night through,” said the girl.

“But I hope you will let us go with

you,” said Lavender, rather anxiously; and she assented with a gracious smile, and went to fetch the great deerhound that was her constant companion.

And lo! he found himself walking with a princess in this wonder-land, through that magic twilight that prevails in northern latitudes. Mackenzie and Ingram had gone on in front. The large deerhound, after regarding him attentively, had gone to its mistress’s side, and remained closely there. Lavender could scarcely believe his ears that the girl was talking to him lightly and frankly, as though she had known him for years, and was telling him of all her troubles with the folks at Borvabost, and of those poor people whom she was now going to see. No sooner did he understand that they were emigrants, and that they were going to Glasgow before leaving finally for America, than in quite an honest and enthusiastic fashion he began to bewail the sad fate of such poor wretches as have to forsake their native land, and to accuse the aristocracy of the country of every act of selfishness, and to charge the Government with a shameful indifference. But Sheila brought him up suddenly. In the gentlest fashion she told him what she knew of these poor people, and how emigration affected them, and so forth, until he was ready to curse the hour in which he had blundered into taking a side on a question about which he cared nothing and knew less.

“But some other time,” continued Sheila, “I will tell you what we do here, and I will show you a great many letters I have from friends of mine who have gone to Greenock, and to New York, and Canada. Oh yes, it is very bad for the old people—they never get reconciled to the change—never; but it is very good for the young people, and they are glad of it, and are much better off than they were here. You will see how proud they are of the better clothes they have, and of good food, and money to put in the bank; and how could they get that in the Highlands, where the land is so poor that a small piece is of no use, and they have not money to rent the large sheep-farms. It is very bad

to have people go away—it is very hard on many of them—but what can they do? The piece of ground that was very good for the one family, that is expected to keep the daughters when they marry, and the sons when they marry, and then there are five or six families to live on it. And hard work—that will not do much, with very bad land, and the bad weather we have here. The people get down-hearted when they have their crops spoiled by the long rain, and they cannot get their peats dried; and very often the fishing turns out bad, and they have no money at all to carry on the farm. But now you will see Borvabost.”

Lavender had to confess that this wonderful princess would persist in talking in a very matter-of-fact way. All the afternoon, while he was weaving a luminous web of imagination around her, she was continually cutting it asunder, and stepping forth as an authority on the growing of some wretched plants, or the means by which rain was to be excluded from window-sills. And now, in this strange twilight, when she ought to have been singing of the cruelties of the sea, or listening to half-forgotten legends of mermaids—she was engaged with the petty fortunes of men and girls who were pleased to find themselves prospering in the Glasgow police-force, or educating themselves in a milliner's shop in Edinburgh. She did not appear conscious that she was a princess. Indeed, she seemed to have no consciousness of herself at all; and was altogether occupied in giving him information about practical subjects in which he professed a profound interest he certainly did not feel.

But even Sheila, when they had reached the loftiest part of their route, and could see beneath them the island and the water surrounding it, was struck by the exceeding beauty of the twilight; and as for her companion, he remembered it many a time thereafter, as if it were a dream of the sea. Before them lay the Atlantic—a pale line of blue, still, silent, and remote. Overhead, the sky was of a clear, thin gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as

they got near to the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of huts and houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat-smoke that did not move in the still air. Then they saw the bay into which the White Water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away towards the east, lay the bulk of the island—dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the south-east, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in colour, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag, and touched the black hull and spars of the boat in which Sheila had been sailing in the morning. That bay down there, with its white sands and massive rocks, its still expanse of water, and its background of mountain-peaks palely coloured by the yellow moonlight, seemed really a home for a magic princess who was shut off from all the world. But here, in front of them, was another sort of sea, and another sort of life—a small fishing-village hidden under a cloud of pale peat smoke, and fronting the great waters of the Atlantic itself, which lay under a gloom of violet clouds.

“Now,” said Sheila, with a smile, “we have not always weather as good as this in the island. Will you not sit on the bench over there with Mr. Ingram, and wait until my papa and I come up from the village again?”

“May not I go down with you?”

“No. The dogs would learn you were a stranger, and there would be a great deal of noise, and there will be many of the poor people asleep.”

So Sheila had her way; and she and her father went down the hill-side into the gloom of the village, while Lavender

went to join his friend Ingram, who was sitting on the wooden bench, silently smoking a clay pipe.

"Well, I have never seen the like of this," said Lavender, in his impetuous way, "it is worth going a thousand miles to see! Such colours and such clearness—and then the splendid outlines of those mountains, and the grand sweep of this loch—this is the sort of thing that drives me to despair, and might make one vow never to touch a brush again. And Sheila says it will be like this all the night through."

He was unaware that he had spoken of her in a very familiar way; but Ingram noticed it.

"Ingram," he said, suddenly, "that is the first girl I have ever seen whom I should like to marry."

"Stuff."

"But it is true. I have never seen anyone like her—so handsome, so gentle, and yet so very frank in setting you right. And then she is so sensible, you know, and not too proud to have much interest in all sorts of common affairs——"

There was a smile on Ingram's face; and his companion stopped, in some vexation.

"You are not a very sympathetic confidant."

"Because I know the story of old. You have told it me about twenty women; and it is always the same. I tell you, you don't know anything at all about Sheila Mackenzie yet; perhaps you never may. I suppose you will make a heroine of her, and fall in love with her for a fortnight, and then go back to London and get cured by listening to the witticisms of Mrs. Lorraine."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you. Some day, no doubt, you will love a woman for what she is, not for what you fancy her to be; but that is a piece of good fortune that seldom occurs to a youth of your age. To marry in a dream, and wake up six months after-

wards—that is the fate of ingenuous twenty-three. But don't you let Mackenzie hear you talk of marrying Sheila, or he'll have some of his fishermen throw you into Loch Roag."

"There, now, that *is* one point I can't understand about her," said Lavender, eagerly. "How can a girl of her shrewdness and good sense have such a belief in that humbugging old idiot of a father of hers, who fancies me a political emissary, and plays small tricks to look like diplomacy? It is always 'My papa can do this,' and 'My papa can do that,' and 'There is no one at all like my papa.' And she is continually fondling him, and giving little demonstrations of affection, of which he takes no more notice than if he were an Arctic bear."

Ingram looked up, with some surprise in his face.

"You don't mean to say, Lavender," he said, slowly, "that you are already jealous of the girl's own father?"

He could not answer, for at this moment Sheila, her father, and the big greyhound came up the hill. And again it was Lavender's good fortune to walk with Sheila across the moorland path they had traversed some little time before. And now the moon was still higher in the heavens, and the yellow lane of light that crossed the violet waters of Loch Roag quivered in a deeper gold. The night air was scented with the Dutch clover growing down by the shore. They could hear the curlew whistling, and the plover calling, amid that monotonous splash of the waves that murmured all around the coast. When they returned to the house, the darker waters of the Atlantic, and the purple clouds of the west, were shut out from sight; and before them there was only the liquid plain of Loch Roag, with its pathway of yellow fire, and far away on the other side the shoulders and peaks of the southern mountains, that had grown grey, and clear, and sharp in the beautiful twilight. And this was Sheila's home.

*To be continued.*

## SOUTH SEA SLAVERY: KIDNAPPING AND MURDER.

As far back as 1868 the deportation of the South Sea Islanders had challenged the attention of the British Government. It was known that one of our Australian colonies, Queensland, was regularly importing labour from the Pacific for plantation work; and though there were few instances—we believe only one well authenticated—of these natives being treated with neglect on a Queensland station, it was notorious that they were not all there voluntarily, but that many had been enticed on board the vessels and forcibly deported. In fact, so far as the actual procuring of labour, the trade was kidnapping. The Queensland Legislature, to their credit, stepped in and passed an act to regulate Polynesian labour. Since then the traffic has been carried on as free from abuses as may be. We use the qualification advisedly; for though we rise from a perusal of the voluminous blue-books on the subject with a conviction that Queensland has purged herself from the odium of a slave state, we maintain that no regulations can control the procuring of coolie labour. No one who considers the hundreds of islands scattered about the Pacific, the various dialects and languages, the powers of the chiefs over the tribes, and the possibilities of agents treating with the chiefs, will imagine that the Kanaka always comes on board *suâ sponte*, or understands the nature of the agreement he signs.

With the Queensland legal labour traffic, however, we are not at present concerned. But in drawing the picture we propose of the murder, fraud, outrages, and piracy of the South Pacific slave trade, we are anxious to do Queensland the justice she is entitled to. Her Government places a paid agent on board each vessel employed between the islands and the colony, as a check upon decoying and kidnapping, and has met

the overtures of the Home Government by undertaking the cost of prosecutions brought by imperial cruisers before their Supreme Court. Apart and distinct from Queensland, another community, in the heart of the Pacific, was crying out for the importation of labour.

In 1859, Mr. Pritchard, H.M. Consul in Fiji, came to England to communicate the cession by the King Cacoban (Thakomban, Thakoban) to her Majesty of the Fiji Islands. What he offered was the actual sovereignty over the whole group, ratified by all the chiefs assembled in council. The Government thereupon despatched Col. Smythe, R.A., and Dr. Berthold Seemann, a name well known to botanists, to investigate on the spot. Colonel Smythe reported, in opposition to the views of several naval officers who had served in those waters, that annexation was not to the interest of Great Britain, asserting that it was not in the power of the King to carry out his engagements—an assertion which we can find nothing in the records of the mission to warrant. The Government acted upon this report, and Capt. Jenkins, in H.M.S. *Miranda*, was ordered to Fiji to communicate the decision. Fiji was left to follow its own devices, and work out its own salvation, with, we may well add, fear and trembling. Meanwhile it was gradually attracting to its shores a population, mixed indeed, but mainly drawn from the Australian continent. Some were undoubtedly men of genuine enterprise, drawn by the promise of successful cotton-planting; but the majority were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians of Australia, many of them bankrupt in name and fortune. On December 31st, 1871, the number of white residents had reached 2,040, scattered over several islands, while the native population was rated 146,000. There has been a steady increase since.



In 1864 the Europeans in Fiji, in need of labour for their cotton-growing, turned their attention to the New Hebrides as a source of supply. In 1867 the New Hebrides missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnished a statement to the Synod in Scotland, which very circumstantially sought to prove the native traffic was simply a slave-trade. Readers will, according to their bias, attach more or less credence to the assertions of missionaries. Where these latter encounter traders and settlers on the same semi-barbarous soil, jealousies will exist and counter-accusations be bandied: and the Pacific has proved no exception. Admiral Guillain, the Governor of New Caledonia, stated to Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. *Rosario*, that the missionaries at the Loyalty Islands connived at the kidnapping, and engaged in trade with the natives. Be that as it may, Captain Palmer ascertained that between May 1865 and June 1868, a brisk trade in natives had been carried on by British vessels.

By August 1869 Lord Clarendon had grounds to write: "A slave-trade with the South Sea Islands is gradually being established by British speculators for the benefit of British settlers. . . . Reports of entry are evaded, fictitious sales of vessels are made, kidnapping is audaciously practised. . . . An intolerable responsibility will be thrown upon her Majesty's Government if the present state of things as regards the introduction of immigrants into the Fiji islands is allowed."

Bishop Patteson, in a letter to the Bishop of Sydney, writes (1868): "I am very anxious as to what I may find going on, for I have conclusive moral (though, perhaps, not legal) proof of very disgraceful and cruel proceedings on the part of traders kidnapping natives and selling them to the French in New Caledonia and in Fiji, and, I am informed, in Queensland. Whatever excuses may be (and have been) made as to the treatment they receive at the hand of the planters, and the protection they may have from a consul when landed, it is quite certain that no

supervision is exercised over the traders at the islands. All statements of 'contracts' made with wild native men are simply false. The parties don't know how to speak to each other, and no native could comprehend the (civilized) idea of a 'contract.' One or two friendly men, who have been on board these vessels (not in command), and were horrified at what they saw, have kindly warned me to be on my guard, as they may retaliate (who can say unjustly or unreasonably, from their point of view?) upon the first white men they see, connecting them naturally with the perpetrators of the crime."

The existence of a systematic slave-trade was established beyond a doubt. The rapid increase of white settlers, and the demand for black labour, were alike favourable to the "blackbird-catching," as the term goes, in the South Seas. The market was expanding, and the article rising in value. It was not to be expected that the men who were engaged in this nefarious traffic would be very scrupulous as to the means employed for catching the natives, or squeamish as to their treatment on ship-board. Murder was added to man-stealing. The horrors of the trade were increased by native reprisals. Massacre was the only return these savages could make for the blessings of contact with the European trader: and on Sept. 28, 1871, at the island of Nukapu, Swallow group, John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, paid the debt his countrymen had incurred, and won the crown of martyrdom.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the memory of that noble man and his noble work. Neither the one nor the other are to be introduced *εὐπαρέργου*. But no record of the South Sea slavery would be complete if it did not mention, however briefly, the story of its greatest victim.

Great as was the shock caused by the news of the Bishop's murder, and irreparable as seemed the loss, a more fitting end could not have been found to close such a life. We doubt if his life, if prolonged, could have wrought so much good as his death.

No one in the Australian and Pacific Seas affects to question that it was the result of the kidnapping and murdering which had been going on unchecked in the Melanesian group. Those who know the Pacific, know that revenge is a religious duty binding upon the whole tribe, and threatening every member of the wrongdoer's tribe. All the circumstances of the Bishop's murder prove it to have been a premeditated, pre-arranged act, executed for tribal reasons, without *personal* animosity against the victim. The body was unmutilated save by the death-stroke, and it was placed in a canoe that it might float back to his own people.

It now remains to sketch the practices of the traders in procuring labour, and the atrocities perpetrated on the voyage. Unfortunately for the credit of our countrymen in Australia, fortunately for the case we desire to state, we have no need to cite "missionary yarns," nor quote from a volume which contains such unwarranted aspersions of the New South Wales authorities as Captain Palmer's "Kidnapping in the South Seas."<sup>1</sup> Nor have we very far back to travel in point of time. On the 19th of November, 1872, at the Central Criminal Court at Sydney, Joseph Armstrong, James Clancy, S. M'Carthy, William Turner, George Woods, John Bennett, Thomas Shields, and Augustus Shiegott were charged with having, on the 20th February, 1872, on board a British vessel called the *Carl*, unlawfully assaulted, beaten, wounded, and ill-treated

<sup>1</sup> Lord Kimberley, in a despatch to Lord Belmore of 8th January, 1872, writes: "I request that your lordship will inform Mr. Robertson that, in my opinion, his statement completely exonerates the Government of the Colony from the charges brought against them by Captain Palmer in the work in question." Captain Palmer, in a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 27th January, 1872, withdraws all the expressions complained of, "and I have only to add that the paragraphs alluded to shall be expunged if my book should go through another edition." But the book may not reach a second edition, and many who have taken their impressions from the first will not see the Parliamentary correspondence from which we quote. The best cause is damaged by such intemperate zeal.

a man named Jage, the said prisoners being master and part of the crew of the said vessel. On the following day Armstrong (the captain) and Dowden were tried for murder on the high seas. Clancy, M'Carthy, Turner, Woods, and Shiegott were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, Armstrong and Dowden to death. When the news reached Melbourne, the Victorian Government at once put their police in motion to arrest any persons in Victoria who might be implicated. Two men, Messrs. H. C. Mount and Morris, were arrested, brought before the Police-court on December 5th, and committed for trial on the capital charge. On the 19th and 20th they stood their trial in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice, a verdict of manslaughter being returned. From the evidence given in the respective courts, we shall construct a narrative of the case.

On June 8th, 1871, the brig *Carl* left Melbourne for Leonka, Fiji. Her owner, Dr. James Patrick Murray, sailed as supercargo. On arrival, having changed her captain and crew, she started on her first kidnapping expedition in Western Polynesia, returning to Fiji to dispose of her labour. On a second voyage Dr. Murray was attacked by serious illness, and brought to death's door. Whether from genuine repentance, remorse, or sheer fright at the prospect of death, on the return of the *Carl* to Leonka, Dr. Murray, the instigator and principal of the bloody deeds we have to relate, disclosed the secrets of the voyage to Mr. Marsh, British consul, who admitted him Queen's evidence, and gave him a certificate to that effect, to be his protection in Sydney. The New South Wales Government felt bound to abide by this action of the consul, and Dr. Murray was admitted "approver," and formed the principal witness in the case. In Victoria, Matthias Devescote, one of the crew, who was arrested on the same charge as Mount and Morris, was accepted as Queen's evidence. We have no need to add to the horrors of the picture by any heightening of the colours. No descriptive language based upon the evidence could leave half such

an impression as the plain, unvarnished disclosures of the agents who told the tale of their own deeds.

James Patrick Murray deposed: "I am a medical man. I was part owner of the British ship *Carl*, sailing under British colours. I was first residing at Melbourne. We left Melbourne for Leonka, with passengers, on a cotton-plantation speculation. . . . We tried to get labour in a legitimate way, but without success. The next island we went to was Palma, and there we tried to get labour by that again; we were, however, not able to capture the natives at that island. *One of the passengers (Mr. Mount), dressed as a missionary, attempted to lure the natives on board, but it failed. . . . We went on to several islands, and captured the natives, generally by breaking or upsetting their canoes and by getting the natives out of the water into which they were plunged. We broke up the canoes by throwing pig iron into them.* The passengers used to pick up the natives, and used *sometimes to hit them on the head, in the water, with clubs, or with sling-shot when they dived to get out of the way.* And so on from island to island. In a short time we had about eighty natives on board. . . . On the 12th or 13th September there was a disturbance during the night. . . . On the following night it commenced again, and the man on the watch fired a pistol over the hatchway, and shouted, to frighten them, as on the previous night. Other methods were tried to quiet them, but all the methods failed; the men below (natives) appeared to be breaking down the bunks, and with the poles so obtained they armed themselves, as with spears, and fiercely attacked the main hatchway. They endeavoured to force up the main hatchway with their poles. The row now appeared to have started in a fight between the quiet natives and the wild ones. Most of the wild ones were battering at the hatch. The attempts to pacify the men below having failed, the crew commenced to fire on them. The firing was kept up most of the night. I think everyone on board was more or less engaged in firing down the

hold. . . . During the night, by way of directing aim, Mr. Wilson, one of the passengers, threw lights down into the hold." At daylight it appeared "there were about sixteen badly wounded and above eight or nine slightly. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard. *The sixteen badly wounded were also thrown overboard. . . . I saw that the men so thrown overboard were alive.* We were out of sight of the land. *Some were tied by the legs and by the hands."*

R. Wilson, a passenger, corroborated Murray's witness in the main.

George Heath, a seaman, gave evidence not so favourable to Murray, as that miscreant had suppressed certain facts. On the night of the disturbance "saw Dr. Murray with a musket in his hand singing the song 'Marching through Georgia.' At daylight a party went into the forehatch and fired in amongst the natives. Believed it was Murray and another man now in Leonka."

We must not omit that the poor wretches who were not butchered, were, on their way to Leonka, taught to hold up their fingers and to say "three yam," meaning three years, as though they had agreed to give three years' service.

On one of the prisoners, a warder in the Sydney gaol found a log of the cruise. We give some specimens.

"*Monday, 15th January (1872). Got five men down in the fore-castle threading beads, and hauled the ladder up. Five more were laid hold of on deck and shoved down in the hold. The ship was then got under way for Santo.—January 22. At night, in the first watch, one of the stolen blacks slipped over the rail: whether he fetched the land or was drowned, I don't know.—February 4. Got under way, and went closer in shore. This day stole twelve natives—four women and eight men. One woman came off to give them warning and she got nailed.—February 9. Stole four men. Three swam for the reef. Lowered boats and picked them up. Kept one. The other two were old men. Took them on shore, and three came on board to take canoe on*

shore, and were kept on board. However they got two women for the old man.—*February 27.* Mem. of Malgrave Islanders jumping overboard and fired at.—*March 5.* Cook going to clear out, but brought up quick with a pistol, after which he went to sleep." But we need not multiply these revelations.

The evidence given on the trial of Mount and Morris in Melbourne supplies some particulars not elicited in the Sydney trial, and we shall give such extracts as appear to us to throw additional light on the incidents of this iniquitous slave-trade.

Matthias Devescote deposed: "We fitted up the hold with saplings. When I saw that the poles were taken in, I thought that the pearl-fishing expedition was cooked then, but it was too late to back out. . . . I heard Dr. Murray say (this was off Palma), 'This is a big ship, and we can make it pass for a missionary ship. If we disguise ourselves we can get some of the natives to come on board, and can then put them down below.'" Another witness will supplement this:—

James Fallon deposed: "The captain and Wilson went ashore. The former turned a coat inside out and put it on. Wilson dressed himself in an unusual way. Mick, a sailor, put on a blue coat, and old Bob, one of the Kanakas, put something round his cap. Mount was dressed in a long red shirt and smoking-cap, but he did not go ashore. They said they would dress like missionaries. Mount got up on top of the house on deck and walked about. He held a book in his hand. The ship was anchored about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. . . . Wilson commenced singing 'Marching through Georgia' and 'Wait for the Tide.' *Wilson tore out some of the leaves of a book he had with him and gave them to the natives, who fell upon their knees before he commenced to sing. They were kneeling down all round him.*"

Devescote relates when the canoes were alongside: "I had heard Murray say to the captain to get all ready, and he would give the word of command. Murray said, 'Are you ready, Captain?'

and he said 'Yes,' and Murray said 'When I say one—two—three, let the men jump on the canoes.' This was done. . . . Dr. Murray would say, 'Are you ready? Look out! one—two—three,' and then the crew would be lowered down, the canoes swamped, and the men thrown into the water. . . . The natives were very bruised when they came on board, and the bilge-water of the two boats was mixed with blood. . . . Canoes were smashed again, as usual." On the night of the row in the hold he saw "Scott, Dr. Murray, Captain Armstrong and others firing down into the hold. . . . At one o'clock in the morning the mate raised a cry that the natives had charge of the deck, and Dr. Murray called out, 'Shoot them, shoot them; shoot every one of them.' At four o'clock everything was quiet. . . . One of the crew said, 'Why, there is not a man dead in the hold,' and Mount said 'That is well.' Dr. Murray put down his coffee and went forward. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned and fetched his revolver. *The second mate got an inch auger, and bored some holes in the bulkheads of the fore-cabin, through which Dr. Murray fired. . . . The first and second mates fired as well. After a bit Dr. Murray came aft. Lewis, the second mate, said, 'What would people say to my killing twelve niggers before breakfast?' Dr. Murray replied, 'My word, that's the proper way to pop them off.' Lewis said, 'That's a fine plan to get at them,' meaning the holes bored in the bulkhead.*" The throwing over of the wounded is told—the first, a boy, wounded in the wrist, being pushed overboard by Murray. The dead were hauled up by a bowline, and thrown overboard—thirty-five. The hold was washed, scrubbed, and cleaned up, and ultimately whitewashed. The vessel was boarded subsequently by an officer from H.M.S. *Rosario*, but he seems to have left satisfied. Murray wanted to procure more labour, but after this last butchery passengers and crew alike refused to have any more of such work.

The consular inspection was as perfunctory as the man-of-war's. "We

had about fifty natives when we reached Leonka. Consul March then came on board and passed these natives. He asked Lewis, the supercargo, who was also second mate, how he got the natives. Of course Lewis swore he got them in a proper manner. The consul asked Lewis if the natives could answer to their names, and Lewis said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the consul, 'will you swear you got these men by right means?' 'Yes,' said Lewis. 'How long were they engaged for?' 'Three years,' said Lewis. One of the niggers was then called, and asked by the supercargo 'How long? How many yams?' The poor innocent nigger held up three fingers and said, 'Three fellow yams.' The consul then said the men were passed, and that was all the inquiry he had made. Lewis was the interpreter. There was no other." This is one of the heroes of the auger-hole butchery. Could this farce be exceeded?

We have selected the latest and best-authenticated case of slavery in the South Seas. But these atrocities have been paralleled within the last few years, and the *Carl* brig is no singular offender. Two points, however, are prominently brought out by this case—the uselessness of our war-ships for the purpose of regulating the traffic by overhauling and examining the labour-vessels, and the farce of consular inspection. The *Carl* was boarded from H.M.S. *Rosario*, not long after the massacre, and no suspicion excited. The survivors of the massacre were examined by Consul March. If the examination was as superficial as stated in evidence, we need not wonder that such a humbug and sham left the natives where it found them. The regulation of this traffic is a myth. Consul March has swelled the blue-books with the exhaustive and comprehensive system he has planned for preventing the abuses of the trade; and he has shown us his practical working of them.

The only satisfactory regulation is total suppression. Total suppression is the duty of Great Britain, and there is only one way to do it—viz. to convert

the Fiji Islands into a British colony. The situation at present is full of difficulties awaiting solution. King Cacoban has blessed his subjects with a Constitution, and a responsible Ministry of seven—five of whom are whites—a Legislature, and a Chief Justice. A large number of British subjects have protested against the establishment of the Government there, and have announced their determination to resist it, on the ground that British subjects, who constitute the majority of the white population, cannot form themselves into a separate nation. Lord Kimberley has directed Colonial Governors to deal with it as a *de facto* Government. The Law Officers of the Crown have advised that her Majesty's Government may interfere with the acts of British subjects within Fiji, and that British subjects beyond the limits of the new state, not yet duly recognized, should not be accepted as citizens of the new state. Meanwhile, the British consul declines to give any official recognition to this Government, and according to the complaint of the leading member of Cacoban's Cabinet, opposes it in every way, thwarts and impedes its every action, and encourages resistance to its authority.

If England would boldly assume the sovereignty of the Fijis, we should very shortly witness the extinction of the slave-trade, and the cessation of the native feuds, the civilization and settlement of the islands, the spread of the Christian religion, and the protection and welfare of the British subject. Had she accepted the offer made her in 1859, the South Seas might have been spared the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by British man-stealers. The bulk of the white population would now gladly see her assume the sovereignty. Neither Cacoban nor his natives can feel very strongly about their Constitution or the Ministry of the day; and the Pacific Islanders would find established in their midst a power which would protect right by might.

EDWIN GORDON BLACKMORE.

*House of Assembly, Adelaide.*

## BALLIOL SCHOLARS

1840-43.

## A REMEMBRANCE.

## I.

WITHIN the ancient College-gate I passed,  
 Looked round once more upon the well-known square:  
 Change had been busy since I saw it last,  
 Replacing crumbled walls by new and fair;  
 The old chapel gone—a roof of statelier show  
 Soared high—I wondered if it sees below  
 As pure heart-worship, as confiding prayer.

## II.

But though walls, chapel, garden, all are changed,  
 And through these courts quick generations fleet,  
 There are whom still I see round table ranged,  
 In chapel snowy-stoled for matins meet;  
 Though many faces since have come and gone,  
 Changeless in memory these still live on,  
 A Scholar brotherhood, high-souled and complete.

## III.

From old foundations where the nation rears  
 Her darlings, came that flower of England's youth,  
 And here in latest teens, or riper years,  
 Stood drinking in all nobleness and truth.  
 By streams of Isis 'twas a fervid time,  
 When zeal and young devotion held their prime,  
 Whereof not unreceptive these in sooth.

## IV.

*J. H. Newman.* The voice that weekly from St. Mary's spake,  
 As from the unseen world oracular,  
 Strong as another Wesley, to re-wake  
 The sluggish heart of England, near and far,  
 Voice so intense to win men, or repel,  
 Piercing yet tender, on these spirits fell,  
 Making them other, higher than they were.

## v.

Foremost one stood, with forehead high and broad,—  
 Sculptor ne'er moulded grander dome of thought,—  
 Beneath it, eyes dark-lustred rolled and glowed,  
 Deep wells of feeling where the full soul wrought ;  
 Yet lithe of limb, and strong as shepherd boy,  
 He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy,  
 To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

*Arthur Clough*

## vi.

The voice that from St. Mary's thrilled the hour,  
 He could not choose but let it in, though loath ;  
 Yet a far other voice with earlier power  
 Had touched his soul and won his first heart-troth,  
 In school-days heard, not far from Avon's stream :  
 Anon there dawned on him a wilder dream,  
 Opening strange tracts of thought remote from both.

## vii.

All travail pangs of thought too soon he knew,  
 All currents felt, that shake these anxious years,  
 Striving to walk to tender conscience true,  
 And bear his load alone, nor vex his peers.  
 From these, alas ! too soon he moved apart ;  
 Sorrowing they saw him go, with loyal heart,  
 Such heart as greatly loves, but more reveres.

## viii.

Away o'er Highland Bens and glens, away  
 He roamed, rejoicing without let or bound.  
 And, yearning still to vast America,  
 A simpler life, more freedom, sought, not found.  
 Now the world listens to his lone soul-songs ;  
 But he, for all its miseries and wrongs  
 Sad no more, sleeps beneath Italian ground.

## ix.

Beside that elder scholar one there stood,  
 On Sunday mornings 'mid the band white-stoled,  
 As deep of thought, but chastened more of mood,  
 Devout, affectionate, and humble-souled.  
 There, as he stood in chapel, week by week,  
 Lines of deep feeling furrowed down his cheek  
 Lent him, even then, an aspect strangely old.

*Constantine Pritchard.*

## X.

Not from the great foundations of the land,  
 But from a wise and learned father's roof,  
 His place he won amid that scholar band,  
 Where finest gifts of mind were put to proof;  
 And if some things he missed which great schools teach,  
 More precious traits he kept, beyond their reach,—  
 Shy traits that rougher world had scared aloof.

## XI.

Him early prophet souls of Oriel  
 A boy-companion to their converse drew,  
 And yet his thought was free, and pondered well  
 All sides of truth, and gave to each its due.  
 O pure wise heart, and guileless as a child!  
 In thee, all jarring discords reconciled,  
 Knowledge and reverence undivided grew.

## XII.

Ah me! we dreamed it had been his to lead  
 The world by power of deeply-pondered books,  
 And lure a rash and hasty age to heed  
 Old truths set forth with fresh and winsome looks;  
 But he those heights forsook for the low vale  
 And sober shades, where dwells misfortune pale,  
 And sorrow pines in unremembered nooks.

## XIII.

Where'er a lone one lay and had no friend,  
 A son of consolation there was he;  
 And all life long there was no pain to tend,  
 No grief to solace, but his heart was free;  
 And then, his years of pastoral service done,  
 And his long suffering meekly borne, he won  
 A grave of peace by England's southern sea.

## XIV.

More than all arguments in deep books stored,  
 Than any preacher's penetrative tone,  
 More than all music by rapt poet poured,  
 To have seen thy life, thy converse to have known,  
 Was witness for thy Lord—that thus to be  
 Humble, and true, and loving, like to thee—  
 This was worth living for, and this alone.



## XV.

Fair-haired and tall, slim, but of stately mien, *J. D. Colvidge.*  
 Inheritor of a high poetic name,  
 Another, in the bright bloom of nineteen,  
 Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came :  
 Whate'er of beautiful or poet sung,  
 Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung ;  
 Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

## XVI.

With friends around the board, no wit so fine  
 To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell ;  
 Yet oftentimes listening in St. Mary's shrine,  
 Profounder moods upon his spirit fell :  
 We heard him then, England has heard him since,  
 Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,  
 And the hushed Senate have confessed the spell.

## XVII.

There too was one, broad-browed, with open face,  
 And frame for toil compacted—him with pride  
 A school of Devon from a rural place  
 Had sent to stand these chosen ones beside ;  
 From childhood trained all hardness to endure,  
 To love the things that noble are, and pure,  
 And think and do the truth, whate'er betide.

*Temple.**Swinton.*

## XVIII.

With strength for labour, 'as the strength of ten,'  
 To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day ;  
 A native king and ruler among men,  
 Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway ;  
 Small or great duty never known to shirk,  
 He bounded joyously to sternest work,  
 Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

## XIX.

Comes brightly back one day—he had performed  
 Within the Schools some more than looked-for feat,  
 And friends and brother scholars round him swarmed  
 To give the day to gladness that was meet :  
 Forth to the fields we fared,—among the young  
 Green leaves and grass, his laugh the loudest rung ;  
 Beyond the rest his bound flew far and fleet.

## XX.

All afternoon o'er Shotover's breezy heath  
 We ranged, through bush and brake instinct with spring,  
 The vernal dream-lights o'er the plains beneath  
 Trailed, overhead the skylarks carolling;  
 Then home through evening-shadowed fields we went,  
 And filled our College shores with merriment,—  
 Pure joys, whose memory contains no sting.

## XXI.

*John Bellinley*  
*Seymour.*  
 And thou wast there that day, my earliest friend  
 In Oxford! sharer of that joy the while!  
 Ah me, with what delightful memories blend  
 'Thy pale calm face, thy strangely-soothing smile;'  
 What hours come back, when, pacing College walks,  
 New knowledge dawned on us, or friendly talks,  
 Inserted, long night-labours would beguile.

## XXII.

What strolls through meadows mown of fragrant hay,  
 On summer evenings by smooth Cherwell stream,  
 When Homer's song, or chaunt from Shelley's lay,  
 Added new splendour to the sunset gleam:  
 Or how, on calm of Sunday afternoon,  
 Keble's low sweet voice to devout commune,  
 And heavenward musings, would the hours redeem.

## XXIII.

But when on crimson creeper o'er the wall  
 Autumn his finger beautifully impressed,  
 And came, the third time at October's call,  
 Cheerily trooping to their rooms the rest,  
 Filling them with glad greetings and young glee,  
 His room alone was empty—henceforth we  
 By his sweet fellowship no more were blest.

## XXIV.

*He died at Daybach.*  
 Too soon, too quickly from our longing sight,  
 Fading he passed, and left us to deplore  
 From all our Oxford day a lovely light  
 Gone, which no after morning could restore.  
 Through his own meadows Cherwell still wound on,  
 And Thames by Eton fields as glorious shone—  
 He who so loved them would come back no more.

## XXV.

Among that scholar band the youngest pair  
 In hall and chapel side by side were seen,  
 Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,  
 But far in thought apart—a world between.  
 The one wide-welcomed for a father's fame,  
 Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim  
 Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

*Matthew Arnold.*

## XXVI.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,  
 Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,  
 Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air  
 Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.  
 We see the banter sparkle in his prose,  
 But knew not then the undertone that flows,  
 So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

## XXVII.

The other of an ancient name, erst dear  
 To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,  
 In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,  
 Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled:  
 Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,  
 But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach,  
 In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled.

*James Reddell.**Shrewsbury.*

## XXVIII.

Of't at the hour when round the board at wine,  
 Friends met, and others' talk flowed fast and free,  
 His listening silence and grave look benign  
 More than all speech made sweet society.  
 But when the rowers, on their rivals gaining,  
 Close on the goal bent, every sinew straining—  
 Then who more stout, more resolute than he?

## XXIX.

With that dear memory come back most of all  
 Calm days in Holy Week together spent;  
 Then brightness of the Easter Festival  
 O'er all things streaming, as a-field we went  
 Up Hincksey vale, where gleamed the young primroses,  
 And happy children gathered them in posies,  
 Of that glad season meet accompaniment.

*a village near Oxford  
on the way to Bagley was  
a favourite walk.*

## XXX.

Of that bright band already more than half  
 Have passed beyond earth's longing and regret ;  
 The remnant, for grave thought or pleasant laugh,  
 Can meet no longer as of old they met :  
 Yet, O pure souls ! there are who still retain  
 Deep in their hearts the high ideal strain  
 They heard with you, and never can forget.

## XXXI.

To have passed with them the threshold of young life,  
 Where the man meets, not yet absorbs the boy,  
 And, ere descending to the dusty strife,  
 Gazed from clear heights of intellectual joy.  
 That an undying image left enshrined,  
 A sense of nobleness in human kind  
 Experience cannot dim, nor time destroy.

## XXXII.

Since then, through all the jars of life's routine,  
 All that down-drags the spirit's loftier mood,  
 I have been soothed by fellowship serene  
 Of single souls with heaven's own light endued.  
 But look where'er I may—before, behind—  
 I have not found, nor now expect to find,  
 Another such high-hearted brotherhood.

J. C. SHAIRP.

## RECENT WORK AT CHAUCER.

FOLLOWING the revival of Gothicism in architecture and of Pre-Raphaelism in painting, has come (says a critic) a revival of Antiquarianism in literature, a conviction that it is the duty of cultured Englishmen to study the early records of their language and social history, and, in order that they may study these, first to print the manuscripts containing them. That this conviction is not yet widely spread is evidenced by the state of the subscription-lists of some of the printing societies that have of late years sprung into existence. The Chaucer Society, for instance, has, out of the millions of Great Britain, found just sixty men in England and Wales, five in Scotland, and one in Ireland, to support it; and, but for the help of Professor Child and his friends in the United States, could never have crept into being. Still, it is something to have a Chaucer Society alive; and it is more to have grounds for hope that the pitiable indifference (due to pure ignorance) shown by the classically-trained men of the present generation to the second greatest English poet—which Chaucer incontestably is—will not be shared by their successors, the youths and boys now training at college and school. The large sale and use of the excellent Clarendon Press editions of Chaucer Selections, Early English Specimens, Piers Plowman's Vision, &c., by Dr. Richard Morris and Mr. Skeat, prove this; and we may be sure that in the next generation we shall not have one of the ablest Professors of History in England asking "What is Layamon?" evidently uncertain whether that most spirited old English chronicler, and priest of Ernely Regis, was a stuffy bird, a fossil, or a new candle like the Ozokerit.

Taking therefore for granted that the study of Early English has revived and is spreading, though miserably slowly, in England and elsewhere, let us ask

what that study has done for CHAUCER, that tenderest, brightest, most humourful sweet soul, of all the great poets of the world, whom a thousand Englishmen out of every thousand and one are content to pass by with a shrug and a sneer: "How can one find time to read a man who makes 'poore' two syllables? Life is not long enough for that."

To his successors Chaucer was the sun in the firmament of poetry. The lesser lights were small indeed; and when Caxton began to print poetry, it was only natural that Chaucer should be his first essay. In 1477-8 that poet's "Canterbury Tales," "Parlament of Fowles," "Gentleness," "Truth," "Fortune," "Envoy to Skogan," "Anelida and Arcite," and "Compleynte to his Purse," were put forth by Caxton's press. In 1484 came also the "Hous of Fame," and "Troilus and Cresside," with a fresh print of the "Canterbury Tales" from a better manuscript. About 1500 A.D., Julian Notary printed Chaucer's "Mars," "Venus," and "Balade on Marriage." In 1532 William Thynne edited his "Legende of Good Women," "Boece," "Death of Blanche the Duchesse" (1369), "Compleynte to Pity," "Astrolabe," "Lack of Stedfastness," and "Adam Scrivener." In 1602 Speght printed his "A B C;" in 1801 Leyden printed the "Mother of God;" and not till 1866 did Dr. Richard Morris make public<sup>1</sup> the beautiful "Former Age," thus completing the list of Chaucer's genuine works, in number twenty-three. Unluckily, during these 400 years of printing, from Caxton to Morris, our poet's genuine works did not come out alone. Between the boards that held them were stuck also many shams, together with other poems which plainly

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Bradshaw's privately printed copy. The better copy is printed at the end of Dr. R. Morris's edition of Chaucer's "Boethius," for the Early English Text Society.

said that they were by other writers. The chief adulterator of Chaucer was Stowe<sup>1</sup> in 1561; and in Trinity Library, Cambridge, is still the manuscript from which he took much of his base coin to mix with Chaucer's gold; but all his brother editors, from first to last, have sinned in the way he did.

The first man to try and get rid of some of the rubbish that had been piled round Chaucer's name was the first real editor of the "Canterbury Tales," Thomas Tyrwhitt. He unluckily did not follow up his edition of Chaucer's great work by an edition of the "Minor Poems;" but in his Glossary to the Tales, published in 1778, he gave a list of those works attributed to Chaucer which he considered genuine, and another list of those that he thought spurious. With his judgment subsequent editors, reprinters, and biographers, have been content, and have presented to us as genuine Chaucer—besides the works named above—the following poems, together with the prose "Testament of Love."

The Court of Love;  
 The Cuckoo and the Nightingale;  
 The Flower and the Leaf;  
 Chaucer's Dream (or Isle of Ladies);  
 The Romaunt of the Rose;  
 The Complaint of the Black Knight;  
 A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer;  
 A Praise of Women;  
 A Roundel, Virelai, and Prophecy;

Now most of these poems, as well as the prose "Testament," contain biographical details as to their several writers; and Chaucer's biographers, with a boldness to be wondered at, and a want of caution to be condemned, quietly mix up all these details with the known events of Chaucer's life, and vowed that their hodge-podge was pure flour, their medley all one hue. They made Chaucer write poems before he was born, married him to one or two other men's wives, banished him from England, put him in prison, gave him somebody else's son, and generally

danced him about on the top of his head.

The ways taken to quiet these antics were, for one man to search the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, and find out from them where Chaucer was when the half-yearly payments of his pension were made to him—whether in Zealand, in prison, or quietly at home—and for other men to settle the much more important question of what were Chaucer's genuine works, so that the life details in these alone might be set down to him, and also his genius cleared from the reproach of having written much poor stuff attributed to it. The first part of this work was undertaken by Sir Harris Nicolas, who in 1845 wrote a Life of Chaucer for Pickering's reprint of Chaucer's Poetical Works, and for it ransacked the Patent and Issue Rolls, which Godwin had used but sparingly. He showed that while Chaucer was said to have been in banishment and in great distress, he was quietly doing the duties of his two offices in the Customs in London, and "that at the very moment when he is supposed to have been a prisoner in the Tower, he was sitting in Parliament as a Knight of the Shire for one of the largest counties in England." Another most important addition to the external evidence as to the life of Chaucer was made in 1866 by Mr. Edward A. Bond, the present Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum—for whose class catalogue thereof may his memory be blest!—who got out of an old book-cover some bits of the household book for 1356-9 of the wife of Prince Lionel, Edward III.'s third son, which bits contained three entries of payments for clothes for "Geoffrey Chaucer," probably her page. The finding of these entries rendered almost certain the fact that when Chaucer swore in 1386 that he was forty years old and upwards, he did not mean fifty-eight, but, say, forty-six, which would make his birth year 1340, a date with which the internal evidence from his poems harmonizes. The investigation of this internal evidence, or the second part of the work mentioned above, was undertaken inde-

<sup>1</sup> "It would be a work of time to sift accurately the heap of rubbish which was added by John Stowe to the edition of 1561."—TYRWHITT.

pendently by two men unknown to each other; first, in England, by Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Fellow of King's and Librarian of the University of Cambridge—who, unluckily for all English students, has persistently refused to print any account of his process and his results<sup>1</sup>—and Professor Bernhard ten Brink, Professor of the Neo-Latin Languages at Marburg in Cassel, and Professor-elect of English at the re-founded University of Strassburg, who, like a true German uhlán, suddenly and most unexpectedly made his appearance one morning by his "*Chaucer: Studien zur Geschichte seiner Entwicklung und zur Chronologie seiner Schriften*, erster Theil, 1870," and carried off from England the main credit of the reform or re-creation of Chaucer.

The chief test with which these two scholars worked was the rymes<sup>2</sup> of Chaucer, similar ryme-solvents having been long used on the Continent with great effect, though never applied to an English poet here before. But before the ryme-test could be got at, much less applied, some preliminary work was necessary. *First*, to record what works Chaucer had himself acknowledged as his own. These were known: the "Romance of the Rose," "Troylus and Cresside," "The House of Fame," "Death of Blanche the Duchesse" (including "Ceys and Alcione"), "Parlement of Fowles," "Palamon and Arcite" (or first cast of the Knight's Tale), "Boece," "Life of Seynt Cecile" (or Second Nun's Tale), "Origenes upon the Maudeleyne" (lost), a prose "Wretched Engendering of Mankind," from Pope Innocent (lost), "Legende of Good Women" (or "Seintes Legendes of Cupide"), and "Book of the Leo" (lost). *Secondly*, to note what other works Lyd-

<sup>1</sup> Except a few extracts privately printed as proofs, and a hardly known though very valuable skeleton of the fragments of the "Canterbury Tales," dated 1864, and issued in 1871 (Macmillan & Co., Cambridge), as it was, without the introduction of the writer's modified views.

<sup>2</sup> I spell "rymes," because the ordinary *h* was put in from false analogy with the Greek; and the "rime" which would represent the Anglo-Saxon *rim* is used for hoar-frost. Moreover, the best Chaucer MSS. spell "ryme."

gate, Chaucer's successor, attributed to him. These were only the "Astrolabe," and "Canterbury Tales" (of which Lydgate mentioned the Melibe, Grisilde, and Monk's Tale). *Thirdly*, to ask, What do the manuscripts say?

The contemporary and soon-following scribes would not be likely to leave out CHAUCER'S name when copying his works; and accordingly, to many of their copies is tacked some acknowledgment of authorship, from a bare "quod Chaucer," to old Shirley's heading of the "Canterbury Tales," which I quote, and reluctantly turn into modern spelling, as otherwise it may not be read:—

"O ye so noble and worthy Princes and Princesses, or estates or degrees, whatever ye be, that have disposition or pleasure to read or hear the stories of old times passed, to keep you from idleness and sloth, in eschewing other follies that might be cause of more harm following, vouchsafe, I beseech you, to find your occupation in the reading here of the Tales of Canterbury, which be compiled in this book following, first founded, imagined, and made, both for disport and learning of all those that be gentle of birth or of conditions, by the laureal and most famous poet that ever was before him in the embellishing of our rude mother's English tongue, called Chaucer a Gaufrede (Geoffrey Chaucer), of whose soul, God, for his mercy, have pity of his grace. Amen."

"What do the manuscripts say?" was, of course, a question not to be answered by the German professor, for he couldn't get at the MSS. But the Englishman was better placed. In the Cambridge University Library, Mr. Bradshaw had under his hand not only the best manuscript of Chaucer's minor poems (unique in one respect) besides inferior ones, but also two first-rate, and two poorer, manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales. His then position in the Library gave him both leisure to ferret out MSS. and to take journeys to see them; and soon almost all the Chaucer MSS. in England had passed through his hands. To the question above, then, he said the MSS. returned this answer:—"We add to

your Chaucer-and-Lydgate list the following minor poems of Chaucer:—his ‘Pity,’ ‘Gentleness,’ ‘Truth,’ ‘Fortune,’ ‘Anelida and Arcite,’ ‘Purse,’ ‘Venus,’ ‘Mars,’ ‘Marriage,’ ‘Lack of Stedfastness,’ ‘Adam Scrivener,’ ‘A.B.C.,’ ‘Mother of God,’ and ‘Former Age;’ and we identify for you his ‘Canterbury Tales,’ ‘Parlament of Fowles,’ ‘Hous of Fame,’ ‘Troylus and Cresside,’ ‘Legende of Good Women,’ ‘Boece’ and ‘Astrolabe.’ One of us has a bit of an English ‘Romance of the Rose,’ in a volume by itself; and two of us have a ‘Death of Blaunche the Duchesse,’ in company with other poems of Chaucer; you must settle whether this ‘Rose’ and ‘Blaunche’ are his. Also, one of us attributes to Chaucer a ‘Balade,’ a ‘Cronicle,’ and a continuation of his ‘Pity.’ The genuineness of these too you must determine.”

The authenticity of Chaucer’s chief poems being thus confirmed, lists of the rymes in them were made independently by Mr. Bradshaw and Professor ten Brink, and these were then applied as a test—first to the “Death of Blaunche” and the “Romance of the Rose,” and then to all the other poems named in the list on p. 384, which had been attributed to Chaucer by old printers, &c., and even by Tyrwhitt.

The “Death of Blaunche” stood the test, and was therefore set down as genuine; the “Romance of the Rose” unexpectedly failed, and Mr. Bradshaw at once unhesitatingly said—“This cannot be Chaucer’s version. The one he wrote must be lost, or hasn’t yet been found.” Professor ten Brink and I argued for the known version for a time: that it might have been Chaucer’s earliest piece of work; that in it he might have followed his less careful predecessors, Minot, Shoreham, Robert of Brunne, &c.; but we were obliged to acknowledge that the claim of the present version to be Chaucer’s could not be established, and we now almost share Mr. Bradshaw’s opinion that this “Rose” is not Chaucer’s.

The ryme-test was then applied to

the list of poems on p. 384 above, together with the manuscript “Balade,” “Cronicle,” and continuation of the “Pity,” and every one of them broke down under it; every one sinned against Chaucer’s laws of ryme. These poems were accordingly all labelled “spurious,” and they must remain so ticketed till any critic can establish their genuineness—a hard task, for every one of them contains further internal evidence showing its spuriousness.—The “Testament of Love” being prose, the ryme-test could not be applied to it; but the mere reading of its confusion and straggling, the mere noting of its writer’s strong praise of Chaucer,<sup>1</sup> and the absolute inconsistency of its biographical details with the known facts of Chaucer’s life, made one set it aside at once as never written by him. The supposition of its genuineness is preposterous.

With the ground thus cleared from the sham works, Chaucer’s real ones could be approacht with a certainty that trustworthy information about him could be got from them, that their order of writing could be found out, and thus the great poet’s development of mind and life made clear. This was the object of, and justification for, all the previous work.

Mr. Bradshaw’s first arrangement of Chaucer’s “Miscellaneous Poems” was

<sup>1</sup> “(Qd. Loue). I shall tell thee this lesson to learne: myne owne true seruaunt, the noble Phylosophicall Poete in English, whych euermore him busieth and trauaileth right sore my name to encrease, wherfore all that willen me good, owe to doe hym worship and reuerence both; truly his better ne his pere, in schoole of my rules coud I neuer find: He (qd. she) in a treatise that he made of my seruant Troylus, hath this matter touched, and at the full this question assoiled. Certainly his noble sayings can I not amend: in goodnesse of gentle manliche speech, wythout any manner of nicetie of stafieres imagination, in wit and in good reason of sentence, he passeth all other makers.” (“Works,” ed. Speght, 1602, Fol. 301, col. 1.) Compare this with the writer’s own description in his Prologue of his “dull witte and thoughtful (anxious, distrest) soule;” his “rude words and boistous;” his “I wote well there shall bee made more scorne and iape of me, that I so unworthely clothed all together in the cloudie cloud of unconning,” &c. It is entirely impossible that the “Testament” can be Chaucer’s.



this:—I. Twelve "Minor Poems and Balades" (Fortune, Truth, Gentleness, Lack of Stedfastness, Purse, Marriage, Envoy to Skogan, Adam Scrivener, Former Age, A.B.C., Mother of God). II. Death of Blaunche, Mars, Pity, Parlement of Fowles, Anelida and Arcite, Troilus. III. Hous of Fame, Legende of Good Women.—How far he had got beyond this when Professor Bernhard ten Brink's *Studien* appeared I do not know: but to the public, the German professor was the first man to throw a real light on the distinction between genuine and spurious in Chaucer's works, and the true order of succession in those works. Single-handed he did it, without ever having seen a Chaucer manuscript, or heard of a Chaucer Society, and with no better books at hand than hundreds of Englishmen had had on their shelves for many years past. Alone he beat us, and beat us well, on our own ground. All honour to him for it! He is well worthy to be one of those who are to lay anew the foundations of a great University of Strassburg.

Professor ten Brink showed that the first great distinction between Chaucer's works was to be made between the early and poorer ones when he was under French influence, and the later and finer poems written after he had come under Italian influence, had read Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, had visited Italy in 1372. Before this year, in Chaucer's first period, the Professor put the "Romance of the Rose," and "The Death of Blaunche." In the second period, 1372-84, he put the "Life of St. Cecile," "Parlament of Fowles," "Palamon and Arcite," "Boece," "Troilus," and "Hous of Fame," all of which he treated at length; and then promist to deal in his Second Part with the works of the third and greatest period of Chaucer's life, 1385-1400, to which belonged, at least, the Legende of Good Women, Astrolabe, Anelida and Arcite, Canterbury Tales, and Mars and Venus.

This arrangement made clear the process of Chaucer's development, and was an immense gain to students; but it did not disclose the secret of Chaucer's early

life. The short poems were not worked in with the longer ones; the "Compleynte to Pity" was not noticed; and yet in it lay the explanation of the sadness of all Chaucer's early work, his sympathy with the mourning Duke of Lancaster, the forsaken Mars, the abandoned Anelida, the deserted Troilus, the lovelorn Dido. For, in truth, he himself had begun his life with bitterly disappointed love, and its pangs shot through him for many a year before he could write the merry lines which laugh with gladness still. Most happily for us, Chaucer has himself identified himself with the suffering lover of the "Pity" by an after-allusion which is indisputable. In his "Death of Blaunche the Duchesse (of Lancaster)"—she died September 12, 1369—Chaucer tells us that he cannot sleep at night because "he has been ill for eight years, and yet his cure is no nearer, for there is but one physician who can heal him. But that is done. Pass on. What will not be, must needs be left."<sup>1</sup> Thus quietly does he then speak of his disappointed love. But if we turn to his "Compleynte to Pity" of a year or two earlier, when his rejection was fresh in his mind, we there find the passionate sad pleadings of his early love. He tells us that when after the lapse of "certeyne yeres"—seven must he have served in vain, like Jacob, for his desire—during which he had sought to speak to his love, at last, even before he could speak, he saw all pity for him dead in her heart; and down he fell, dead as a stone while his swoon lasted. Then he arose; and to her, in all her beauty, he still prayed for mercy and for love—

"Have mercy on me, thow hevenes quene,  
That yow have sought,<sup>2</sup> so tendirly and yore!  
Let somme streme of youre light on me be  
sene,  
That love and drede yow ever lenger more!  
For Goddes love, have mercy on my peyne!

<sup>1</sup> " . . . . . Trewly, as I gesse, 35.

I hold it be a sickēnes  
That I have suffred this eight yere;  
And yet my boote is never the nere;  
For there is phis-ic-ien but one  
That may me heale. But that is done.  
Passe we over untill eftē;  
That wil not be, mote nedes be left."

<sup>2</sup> Who has sought you.

"My peyne is this, that what so I desire,  
That have I not, ne nothing lyke therto;  
And ever setteth Desire myn hert on fyre.  
Eke on that other syde, wherso I goo,  
That have I redy, unsoghte, everywhere,  
What maner thinge that may encrease my woo.  
Me lakketh but my deth, and then my bere!"

A touching poem it is, and a touching story it tells, to those who read it aright: the poet's young love crusht in the bud, and he, who has been the comfort and joy of many souls, left to say of himself, as he does of Troylus:—

"But forthe hire cours Fortune ay gan to holde:

Criseyde loveth the sonne of Tydeus;  
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.  
Suich is this worlde, who so kan it beholde!  
In ech estat is litel hertes reste!  
God leve! us for to take it for the beste!"  
'Troylus, Bk. V., st. ccli., ll. 1759—64.

This is the key to Chaucer's early life; and the man who would understand him must start with him in his sorrow, walk with him through it into the fresh sunshine of his later life, and then down to the chill and poverty of his old age. "Out of the bitter cometh the sweet," and never was the adage better verified than in Chaucer, whose early sadness produced his joyous prime.

Want of space prevents my following up here the tracks of disappointed love through Chaucer's other early minor poems, or dwelling on the most interesting revival of it—seemingly after a reconciliation—as seen in the standard version of his Prologue to the "Legende of Good Women," when compared with the unique version printed in the Chaucer Society's "Odd Texts," from MS. Gg. 4. 27 in the Cambridge University Library. But one cannot insist too strongly on the fact that Chaucer's works, like those of every other writer, must be studied chronologically by the man who wants to understand fully them and their writer;<sup>2</sup> and in the following order should they be read:—

#### FIRST PERIOD.

? A B C.

1367—8. Pity.

1369. Death of Blanche.

<sup>1</sup> Give us leave, allow, grant.

<sup>2</sup> What a mistake it is for editors and publishers not to put forth a chronological edition of Shakespeare's works.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

- 1373? St. Cecile (Second Nun's Tale).  
Parlament of Fowles.  
Compleynthe of Mars.  
Anelida and Arcite.  
Boece. ? Former Age.  
Troylus.  
Adam Scrivener.

1384: Hous of Fame.

#### THIRD PERIOD (*greatest*).

1386. Legende of Good Women.  
Canterbury Tales (1373—1400;  
Prologue, 1388).  
Truth.  
? Mother of God.

#### FOURTH PERIOD (*decline*).

1391. Astrolabe.  
Compleynt of Venus.  
1393? Envoy to Skogan.  
Marriage.  
Gentleness.  
1397? Lack of Stedfastness.  
1398? Fortune.  
1399, }  
Sept. } Purse (to Henry IV.).

The order of dates of the "Canterbury Tales" is not yet quite worked out; but clearly the following are late:—The Canon's, Yeoman's, Manciple's (note the moralizing at the end of both), Monk's, Parson's. As clearly these, with the general Prologue,<sup>1</sup> belong to Chaucer's best time: The Miller's, Reeve's, Cook's, Wife's Preamble (and the Tale too), Merchant's, Friar's, Nun's, Priest's, Pardoner's, and perhaps the Sompnour's. No doubt these are before the Third Period: Second Nun's (the earliest), Doctor's, Man of Law's, Clerk's, Prioress's, Squire's, and Franklin's, ?Thopas, and Melibe, with The Knight's Tale, in its first cast.<sup>2</sup> Thus far had one got, when Mr. Hales supplied the generalization wanted—"Power of characterization is the true test. Where you know the people in the Tales; as you do those in the Prologue, there you have work of Chaucer's best time, say

<sup>1</sup> Professor Seeley has lately brought into view a most interesting connecting link between Chaucer's Prologue and Williams's "Vision of Piers Plowman,"—namely, that in his character of the Ploughman, Chaucer sketched the well-known Plowman of the "Vision." See the Chaucer Society's Report for 1873.

<sup>2</sup> "Palamon and Arcite" was written in Chaucer's early time; its second cast is dated, by an astronomical allusion in it, A. D. 1387.

1386-90. Who knows which is Palamon and which is Arcite? The Knight's Tale *must* be comparatively early, though a few late lines that imply 1387 may have been put into it. The Tales, too, that take half-views of life, like the Clerk's, Grisilde, the Man of Law's, and Constance, must be before the best time too."

With this guide every reader can work out the succession of the Tales for himself, and mix them in proper order with the Minor Poems as ranged above. He will then see Chaucer, not only outwardly as he was in the flesh—page, soldier, squire, diplomatist, Custom-house officer, Member of Parliament, then a suppliant for protection and favour, a beggar for money; but inwardly as he was in the spirit—clear of all nonsense of Courts of Love, &c.—gentle and loving, early timid and in despair, sharing others' sorrow, and, by comforting them, losing part of his own; yet long dwelling on the sadness of forsaken love, seeking the "consolation of philosophy," watching the stars, praying to the "Mother of God;" studying books, and, more still, woman's nature; his eye open to all the beauties of the world around him, his ear to the "heavenly harmony" of birds' song; at length becoming the most gracious and tender spirit, the sweetest singer, the best pourtrayer, the most pathetic, and withal the most genial and humourful healthy-souled man that England had ever seen. Still, after 500 years, he is bright and fresh as the glad light green of the May he so much loved; he is still second only to Shakespeare in England, and fourth only to him and Dante and Homer in the world. When will our Victorian time love and honour him as it should? Surely, of all our poets he is the one to come *home* to us most.

We have hitherto dwelt together mainly on the most overlooked of Chaucer's works, his Minor Poems, those produced in the first of the two great divisions of his life, the pathetic and romantic period, and we may now turn to his great work, the "Canterbury Tales," in its best-known parts the production of his later and finer period, the humo-

rous and contemporary-life one. For Chaucer was not like Tennyson. The cloud of his early loss was not on him to the end; his temperament was cheerier, his time perchance less "real," less "earnest"; the burden of the years perhaps was less. So the earlier poet passs from sadness into joy, or at least to mirth, while the Victorian one sings still in age the grave and purposeful notes of his youth. What a contrast, too, these two poets are in other respects! Set side by side the strenuous wrestling of Tennyson with the deepest problems of his age, and the sunny sketches by Chaucer of the surface of his; compare the finished art and tenacity of subject of the modern with the careless ease<sup>1</sup> and quick tiring of the old one. Alike in perfection of metre, alike in love of women fair and good, how different are they in freshness and grace, how far apart in humour and moral intensity. Put Tennyson judging Guinevere beside Chaucer sparing Cressid "for very routhe:" set the "Northern Farmer" by the "Miller," or any like character in the Canterbury Prologue, and the difference between poet and poet, as well as age and age, will be felt; just as when one takes up "Middlemarch," or Mrs. Browning's poems, after reading Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," his "Constance," or "Grisilde," one feels the wondrous change that five hundred years have wrought in English women and women's nature. When has the world matcht ours, of this Victorian time?

But to return to Chaucer. His Canterbury Prologue and humorous Tales show us a new man—a man whose existence indeed was indicated before by that most comical bird-jury scene in the "Parlament of Fowles," and by the creation of Pandarus in the "Troilus," but a man so different from the sad lover of the "Pity," the "Anelida," the "Troilus," that but for the music of his verse, his love of women and his insight into them, one might be excused for asking, Is this Chaucer still? A change has come over him. As Claude among painters first set the sun in the

<sup>1</sup> The outcome of a supreme artistic nature.

heavens, so now into his own heart Chaucer first let sunshine come, and thence reflect, gilding all on whom it shone. His humour glanced over all the England he could see, and he has left us such photographs of the folk that rode with him, that dwelt about him—pictures aglow with life's own hues—as, I dare say, no other poet ever left of any land to after times. Who can look at them now, who can read the oft-conned lines, without his heart opening, his hand stretching out, to greet the sunny soul that penned them?

I do not, however, propose to discuss here Chaucer's place as a poet, or the value and meaning of his "Canterbury Tales," or even the light they throw on his character or life. My business is with the Chaucer Society's work on the Tales, in order to show what has been lately done for the clearing-up of the structure, and improvement of the text, of our poet's greatest work. The Chaucer Society was founded in 1868, first, from the conviction that it was a mean and unpatriotic thing of Englishmen to have done so little as they had for their great poet's memory; and, secondly, from the wish to supplement Mr. Bradshaw's work, and prepare for his projected edition, and for all future students of Chaucer, material not easily accessible to them. For this purpose the six finest and oldest unprinted vellum manuscripts of the "Canterbury Tales," all copied within from twenty to forty years of Chaucer's death, were chosen from public and private collections to be printed in parallel columns, so that their various readings and spellings might be at once apparent. With the exception of Lord Ashburnham—who refused to allow his MSS. to be even seen—all the noblemen and gentlemen in England who owned Chaucer MSS. readily granted the use of their treasures to the Society; and the private MSS. at last selected were, first, the magnificent illustrated MS. of Lord Ellesmere, the choicest Chaucer MS. in the world; second, the rat-gnawed and ill-used but excellent MS. of the old Hengwrt collection, belonging to Mr. William W. E. Wynne

of Peniarth, a most interesting MS. for its type; and, thirdly, the spotless and gorgeously-clad MS. of Lord Leconfield at Petworth House, an old Percy treasure which has been in the possession of the family for at least four hundred years, when the fourth Earl's arms were blazoned at its end. The public MSS. chosen were, first, the oldest and most curious one at Cambridge, in the University Library, remarkable not only from its dialectal peculiarities and its having been largely corrected by a contemporary reviser, but also for its containing the best copies extant of many of Chaucer's minor poems (including his "Troilus"), and also the unique version of the first cast of his "Prologue to the Legend of Good Women;" secondly, the earliest and best MS. at Oxford, that in Corpus Christi College, a good representative of the second or B type of MSS.; and thirdly, from the British Museum, the probably second-best complete MS., Lansdowne 851, because the best, Harl. 7334, had already been edited and printed three times—by Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. Jephson (for R. Bell's annotated edition), and Dr. Richard Morris (for G. Bell's Aldine edition).

Now, these manuscripts varied greatly in their arrangements of the Tales; and the question was, which was right, or whether they all were wrong. Previous editors, knowing no better, had followed the order of the MS. they printed, and had patcht up the bad joins in it with dabs of spurious putty. The consequence was, a regular muddle as to the journey and geography; places on the road to Canterbury, like Rochester, thirty miles from town, being made to come after Sittingbourne, which is forty miles from it, &c. As Dean Stanley said in his interesting *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*:—

"Not only are the stages of the route indistinctly marked, but the distances are so roughly calculated as to introduce into the geography, though on a small scale, incongruities almost as great as those which disfigure the "Winter's Tale" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The journey, although at

that time usually occupying three or four days, is compressed into the hours between sunset and sunrise on an April day; an additional pilgrim is made to overtake them within seven miles of Canterbury, 'by galloping hard for three miles,' and the tales of the last two miles occupy a space equal to an eighth part of the whole journey of fifty miles."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Chaucer was not such a muddler or goose as the scribes, editors, and critics had made him for five hundred years; but no one could prove it till Mr. Bradshaw, who had carefully separated the Tales into their constituent fragments or groups, one day quietly lifted up his tenth fragment (containing the Tales of the Shipman, Prioress, Sir Thopas, Melibe, Monk, and Nun's Priest) to its right place as fragment 3, or the second part of Group B, for which Chaucer wrote it, when at once the whole scheme came right. Rochester got into its proper place, the journey turned into the regular three or four days' one, and all the allusions to time, place, former tales &c., at once harmonized. The Chaucer Columbus had made his egg stand.

The Chaucer Society's texts of course followed this arrangement, and have appeared, or will appear, with some minor modifications of Mr. Bradshaw's scheme (of which I fear he has not approved), in the following order, which displays the structure of the Tales as left unfinished by their author at his death:—

## GROUP A.

- § 1. General Prologue (Southwark).
  2. Knight's Tale.
  3. Knight-Miller link.
  4. Miller's Tale.
  5. Miller-Reeve link (Deptford and Greenwich).
  6. Reeve's Tale.
  7. Reeve-Cook link.
  8. Cook's Tale (incomplete).
- [? *First day's journey, Dartford, 15 miles.*]

## GROUP B.

- § 1. Head-link (10 A.M.).
2. Man of Law's Tale.
3. Man of Law-Shipman link.
4. Shipman's Tale.
5. Shipman-Prioress link.
6. Sir Thopas (unfinished).
7. Thopas-Melibe link.

8. Melibe.
  9. Melibe-Monk link.
  10. Monk's Tale.
  11. Monk-Nun's Priest link (near Rochester).
  12. Nun's Priest's Tale.
  13. Nun's Priest's end link (in 4 MSS. only).
- [*Second day's journey, Rochester, 30 miles.*]

## GROUP C.

- § 1. Doctor's Tale.
2. Doctor-Pardoner link.
- 3, 4. Doctor's Preamble and Tale.

## GROUP D.

- § 1. Wife of Bath's Preamble (on the road to Sittingbourne).
  2. Wife of Bath's Tale.
  3. Wife-Friar link.
  4. Friar's Tale.
  5. Friar-Sum'ner link.
  6. Sum'ner's Tale (at toune).
- [? *Dine at Sittingbourne, 40 miles.*]

## GROUP E.

- § 1. Clerk's head-link.
  2. Clerk's Tale (Wife of Bath alluded to).
  3. Clerk-Merchant link.
  4. Merchant's Tale (Wife of B. alluded to).
  5. Merchant's End link.
- [? *Third day's journey, Ospringe, 46 miles.*]

## GROUP F.

1. Squire's head-link.
2. Squire's Tale (it is pryme).
3. Squire-Franklin link.
4. Franklin's Tale.

## GROUP G.

- § 1. Second Nun's Tale.
2. Second-Nun—Canon's-Yeoman's link (five miles on, at Boughton-under-Blee).
3. Canon Yeoman's Preamble.
4. Canon Yeoman's Tale.

## GROUP H.

- § 1. Manciple's head-link.
2. Manciple's Tale.

## GROUP I.

- § 1. Blank-Parson link.<sup>1</sup>
2. Parson's Tale.

"Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," then, are not, and are not to be looked at as, a whole. Most of them were written independently, and then fitted into the frame of the Pilgrimage in 1388, when others—as the Wife, Friar, Summoner; the Miller, Reeve, Cook—were probably written straight off, while the last Tales were added at intervals till Chaucer's death in 1400. As he left them to us, his "Canterbury Tales" con-

<sup>1</sup> Either unrevised, or meant for an unwritten tale. It is generally made into the Manciple-Parson link; sometimes the Yeoman-P.; sometimes the Merchant-P., &c.

sist of nine main separate groups or fragments; and these consist of forty-eight sections, besides one seven-line stanza evidently meant at first as part of a Clerk's end-link, but rejected by Chaucer when he afterwards wrote the standard "Clerk-Merchant link." Structurally, these Links are most important, as they carry on the action or progress of the journey; and they are no less important poetically, as in them are found some of the most humorous and characteristic bits in the whole work. Many false and foolish ones were written by scribes to link together groups or single tales left unlinked by Chaucer; but these, as well as the spurious tale of Gamelyn, have of course been rejected from the Chaucer Society's edition. On the point of structure, then, Mr. Bradshaw and the Chaucer Society have, for the first time these five hundred years, restored our great poet's work to the order in which he left it.

On the point of Text, the chief results of the Society's work have been (1) to make possible, for the first time, a real *edition* of the Canterbury Tales,<sup>1</sup> (2) to establish the existence of three main types of MSS. of the Canterbury Tales, and the superiority of the Ellesmere or "A" type of MS.<sup>2</sup> over the "B" or Corpus-Lansdowne type, and the better "C" type, of which the only known representative is the old and excellent Harl. MS. 7334, edited by Wright, Jephson, and Morris; (3) to prove the necessity of a wide collation of MSS. instead of printing only one, as late editors have done; and (4) to show that in all future prints the central metrical pause-mark or bar of the best MSS. must be given. The question of types by readings, first mooted in 1868,<sup>3</sup> is now being worked out by Professor ten

Brink, and has already yielded most interesting results.

The betterness of the Ellesmere or "A" type of MS. over the "C"<sup>1</sup> one would want a whole number of this Magazine to show properly; but a very few instances may be given here, besides a mention of the facts that in the Franklin's Tale the Ellesmere has 8 hitherto unknown lines which have not yet been found in any other MS., and that in line 1807. of Group A (the Knight's Tale) it removes the terrible stumbling-block to rhyme-men of the Harleian's ryming *jealousye* with *me*, by correcting the former to "jollitee." In the one pathetic "tragedye,"—borrowed from Dante—in the Monk's Tale, when Count Ugolino in the dungeon with his children hears the jailer shut the door above them, and feels it is the signal for the slow starvation of him and his little ones, the Harleian type (C) has the line on the door-shutting thus:

"He herd it wel, but he [ne] *sawgh* it nought;" while the Ellesmere type has the far finer reading, unquestionably Chaucer's: "He herde it wel, but he [ne] *spak* right nought."

This is poetry for prose. Again, in the Clerk's Tale, when Grisilde has heard her husband's command that she is no longer to be his wife, but is to go back naked to her father's hovel, she humbles herself to him, saying, in the Harleian type—

"I ne held me neuere digne in no manere  
To ben your wyf, *ne yit* your chamberere"  
(housemaid);

while the Ellesmere type-brings out the contrast of the last line by reading it thus—

"I ne heeld me neuere digne in no manere  
To be youre wyf; *no, ne* youre chamberere."

In the fourth line of the Shipman's Tale, where he is describing the Merchant's pretty naughty wife, the Harleian type makes him call her reverent!—

"A wyf he had of excellent beaute,  
And companable, and *reverent* was sche;"

<sup>1</sup> The Clarendon Press Delegates mean to undertake this. The Chaucer Society's work will save their editors no end of trouble, and the Press much money. The Delegates ought to help the Society.

<sup>2</sup> Tyrwhitt chose this type, but unluckily followed poor MSS. of it, and had not grammatical knowledge enough to correct their and his own mistakes.

<sup>3</sup> Temporary Preface, p. 29, note.

<sup>1</sup> Its betterness over the "B" one can be seen by a glance at any one page of the Chaucer Society's "Six-text."

a reading which the Ellesmere sets right by substituting "revelous"—

"A wyf he hadde, of excellent beautee,  
And compaignable, and *reuelous* was she."

In all these cases the superior reading of the Ellesmere, or "A" type, is self-evident. That in other instances the Harleian has the better readings I admit; but the balance is on the Ellesmere side; and even if it were not, its freedom from the Harleian provincial plurals in *us*, and participles in *uð*, makes it the better basis for the standard text of hereafter.

A few last words on the rest of the Chaucer Society's work. Not only has the Six-text, or parallel-column edition, of all the "Canterbury Tales" except the prose Parson's Tale been published, or put in the binder's hands for speedy issue, but a separate print of each MS. has also been given; and there can be little doubt that the print of Lord Ellesmere's fine MS. will become the basis of all future editions of the Canterbury Tales. This MS. contains twenty-three most curious and interesting coloured drawings of the tellers of the Tales; showing the Miller with his bagpipe, the Summoner with his garland and cake, the Wife of Bath in her footmantle astride her horse, &c.; and fac-similes of these drawings, coloured and plain, have been issued by the Society. All the known originals and analogues of the Canterbury Tales are also in course of issue, with the two supplementary Tales written by two of Chaucer's successors. For the Minor Poems, a Parallel-Text edition has been published of the "Death of Blanche," from the only two MSS. now known, and from Thynne's print from another MS. in 1532; of the "Parlament of Fowles" from eleven MSS.; and the "Compleynte to Pite," and "Compleynte to Mars," each from six MSS. The "ABC" has been printed with (for the first time) its French original by G. de Deguileville; and the hitherto unknown first version of the "Prologue to the Legende of Good Women" from the Camb. Univ. Libr. MS., Gg. 4. 27, was printed in No. 161.—VOL. XXVII.

1871, opposite the standard and (I believe) later version from the Fairfax MS.: full of interest and importance the differences are. A detailed comparison, in parallel columns, of Chaucer's *Troylus* with Boccaccio's *Flostrato*—from which Chaucer translated nearly half his poem—is also in the press, under Mr. William Michael Rossetti's editorship. Some Essays on Chaucer have been issued,<sup>1</sup> as well as three Parts of Mr. Alexander J. Ellis's great work—which is a credit to English scholarship—on "Early English Pronunciation, with special reference to Chaucer and Shakspeare." The Society is also preparing a Concordance and Glossary to Chaucer's works.

But the Society is heavily in debt (700*l.*); could not, indeed, have done what it has done, but for the liberality of its printer, Mr. Charles Childs of Bungay, who, a man of great cultivation himself, has taken a generous interest in its work. I have, therefore, written this paper, first to try and wake a few men up from the disgraceful sluggishness and ignorance of the mass of Englishmen about Chaucer, and show them the work that is being done at him; secondly, to try and draw from Mr. Bradshaw, as well for his own fame's sake as for Chaucer's, his long-promised and long-delayed Globe Edition of Chaucer's works—without which the general public will not recognise what genuine Chaucer is;—thirdly, to try and get some help for the Chaucer Society to enable it to finish its work quickly—say, a subscription down, and ten guineas for back Parts, to help off the stock, and help on the present and future years' work.<sup>2</sup>

F. J. FURNIVALL.

<sup>1</sup> Among these is an important discussion of the doctrine of the final *e* by Professor Joseph Payne, and a critical edition of Chaucer's "Compleynte to Pity," by Professor B. ten Brink.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur J. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, E., is Hon. Sec. of the Chaucer and Ballad Societies. The Hon. Sec. of the Early English Text Society is G. Joachim, Esq., St. Andrew House, Change Alley, London, E.C.

## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GAI THORNE had hardly slept, but was astir soon after daybreak. On her way downstairs she peeped into Elsie's room and found her fast asleep, looking so placid and happy that she did not disturb her.

Mrs. Gaithorne moved much more slowly than was usual with her, at the beginning of such a busy day as this promised to be. It seemed as if she was planning some scheme to set matters right. Presently, when she had fastened back all the shutters and set the kitchen-door open, she took her black bonnet down from the hook, tied the strings in a decided manner, as if she had made up her mind, and set out for the dairy. The air was cold and raw, and there was a heavy fog over the meadow. The fens are in a perpetual ague. Yesterday they were parched and feverish, now they shuddered with the cold. Many people waste their lives here, and know nothing different. If Mrs. Gaithorne had been conscious of a lighter air while she lived with the Lillingstones, she attributed it, in some vague way, to wealth and its influence; so she did not know that she felt its heaviness, she only said to herself, "If I hadn't plenty to do I shouldn't like to hear that engine going all day long," and she quickened her pace, for the thought of "plenty to do" brought to her mind the plenty well done which always stirred her housewifely pride, and now coaxed her back into cheerfulness. But this cheerfulness was not thorough, and it did not spend itself pleasantly. Jim the farm-boy felt its energy, and so did the dairy people, though somewhat deservedly, for they showed a tendency to gossip, quite unusual at that early hour.

Elsie slept long after her usual time, but Mrs. Gaithorne was still in the dairy

when she went down. As she lighted the fire and set the place in order, she went from time to time to the door and looked out at the morning. This had brightened into pleasantness. The dew had settled on the grass, and showed the tracks of the fowls as they grouped wistfully round the brick path waiting for Mrs. Gaithorne. Then Elsie reproached herself for loitering, and was going out to find her, when an unexpected cackling of the fowls announced her arrival. The loud remonstrative cackle that quickly succeeded this, however, noted the unusual conduct on her part, for she carried their food straight past them and hurried on to the house as soon as she saw Elsie.

"Well, child, you're looking fresh enough now, *though* you were up so late last night, or this morning as I ought to say." She rested her sieve of corn for a minute on the table. "I ran in to tell you that it's well after all you decided on stopping here, for that was Joe Bailey's boy who you frightened, and it's like to be all over the parish soon that you were out there."

"Did he know me, then?" Elsie asked quickly.

"I've heard no sound of you as yet, but there is no knowing how those things come out, and I wouldn't for anything that you'd be going away just now—that would set all their tongues a-going; but I think we can manage that they don't know nothing about it. As for Master Claude, I've got a trimming ready for him as soon as I can catch him alone."

The "trimming" heightened the colour on Elsie's cheek, but she said nothing.

"Joe's father was took worse in the evening, and it was in going to fetch physic for him that he took fright at you, the little fool. Now if you'll clean out the



dining-room," gathering up her sieve, "I'll take up the hot water myself. We must manage to keep you as much as possible out o' their way this morning;" and Mrs. Gaithorne went back to the fowls that had huddled impatiently round the door.

She was still feeding them when Elsie ran back to her quickly.

"Here's a note I've found on the table; it's directed to Miss Grey."

"That's Mr. Claude's writing," said Mrs. Gaithorne, taking it from her hand.

"Well! what can he be up to now? Well, I suppose I must take it to Miss Mildred, but *why* he can't speak to her when he's in the same house with her is more than I can make out. I hate those nonsensical whimsies. I'll call them in a few minutes, and take it then. Now be as quick as you can with your work, there's no time to waste."

An hour later the room was looking fresh and pleasant, with its French window open. Mr. Lillingstone was walking thoughtfully up and down under the verandah, waiting for the ladies. Mildred came in and looked round hurriedly.

"There you are, uncle. I wanted to find you, for I have a note from Claude. He went off to Cambridge before six o'clock."

Mr. Lillingstone looked up, then down again, without saying anything, but he listened attentively.

"He says he is so disappointed at not getting nets here that he has gone to get some in Cambridge; and he will bring a croquet set with him also, that the evening may not be so dull; but I think it is a pity, do you not? The day would have passed off better if he had stayed here to amuse them."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, still pacing up and down, and continuing his own musing. "The butterfly nets!—is it?" then stopping before his niece, he held out his hand for the note, and, fixing his glass on his nose, he glanced over it, but did not wait to read it.

"Mildred," he said, in a confidential tone, "you're a sensible *girl*; I can trust you. Let me have a word with

you before the others come down," and the two walked out into the garden.

As soon as they were out of hearing from the house, Mr. Lillingstone began, "Did you hear a noise in the night?"

"Of screaming? yes; it woke me up. I did not like to disturb Mrs. Gaithorne to ask what it was: but afterwards the maid ran upstairs and told me it was some boy; she did not wait, however, to give any further particulars."

Mr. Lillingstone nodded to himself. He had already made sure that it was Elsie by asking Mrs. Gaithorne. "Well! It *was* a boy who made the noise. He was startled by seeing two figures near these *in-teresting* ruins; and *those* figures," he added slowly, pointing every word with his eye-glass, "were that maid and our Claude." He stepped back a pace or two to see the effect this would have on Mildred. "Well, young lady, what have you to say to that?"

She met his inquiry with a quiet smile, but this amused look soon changed to one of sadness. "I am not so *very* much surprised."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed her uncle, coming down at once from his superior position. "My good girl, what do you mean?"

"Very little; only I thought his manner rather odd yesterday, and I noticed that the girl behaved a little oddly too;—but here are the party from the inn. If you wish this to be hushed up we ought not to be seen consulting together."

"You are right; but I shall want to speak to you after post is in. I shall have letters of importance;" he looked at her intelligently.

"I shall be ready at any time," and she turned away quickly to receive Dobree and his companions; at the same time, Laura stepped out into the verandah, dressed as usual in frills and smiles.

Mrs. Gaithorne, who had followed close behind with the breakfast, overheard Mildred retailing the contents of the note; and as she left the room she thought Claude a worse coward even than she had suspected.

"I can tell you what that letter was about, Elsie," she said, as soon as she got back into the kitchen. "Mr. Claude's gone to Cambridge, and he won't be back till dinner-time. Like enough he didn't care to be all the morning with his father," she added, smiling satirically to herself.

This suggested "the trimming" to Elsie's mind, so she was rather glad that Claude was out of the way for the time.

When the post came in, Mr. Lillingstone called Mildred as he had promised. He told her what had passed in the night, and spoke out his anger very strongly against Claude, "not altogether on account of the affair with Elsie, but for his deceit in the matter. Such a mean, paltry lie; I have hardly slept all night for thinking of it;" and the old man stopped and turned away his face. "I've had my eye upon him for some time," he said, after a little while; "and now I begin to have my doubts of Claude. However, he's gone," he resumed, with more energy, "and we must try to keep him away. I think I have settled how to do it."

Then Mr. Lillingstone showed Mildred that the original plan for Claude to stop at the farm to read was now quite out of the question. Indeed, it would not be advisable for him to come back at all, so he intended to send Luard after him at once with instructions for him to remain where he was, as they would all follow him there in the course of the day. Then Claude was to go down with them into Scotland. He would not venture to object to this, under the circumstances; and when once there it would be easy to find some quiet place where he could read till the vacation was over.

Mildred knew Claude too well to feel so confident of the ultimate success of this device; but she said nothing, as she did not wish to make her uncle uncomfortable to no purpose, and she could not suggest anything that would be more binding on Claude.

The version that was to be given to everybody around was easily arranged. Mr. Lillingstone had received a letter from Captain Macneill—to whose place

they were going—persuading him very strongly to hasten the journey. His brother, also, a schoolboy friend of Mr. Lillingstone's, had just come home from the Continent, with his two daughters. They were now in Perth, but they would not think of staying there after the last week in September, as the younger was too delicate to bear the cold of the north. Captain Macneill urged his friend to go down at once, as it would be much more cheerful for his nieces if they had companions, in what he chose to call his "dull country place."

Mr. Lillingstone had really heard from Scotland that morning, and though the letter was only a repetition of hospitable civilities, now that the visit was imminent, he was glad to avail himself of it to the letter.

"As he was on such intimate terms with Macneill, a word or two aside to him when they met would prevent any possibility of the young people finding out that he had somewhat strained its meaning."

While he was planning this there flashed through his mind an additional satisfaction. "The companions were to be young ladies—intellectual, handsome girls." He little suspected Claude's aversion to "intellectual" women. If they were agreeable, they exacted too much of his indolence; and if they were disagreeable, he positively wriggled the thought of being shown up by them. It was the worst thing his father could have devised. Meanwhile he valued himself on it very much; this was plain in his increased composure when he closed the conversation.

"Well, now, Mildred," making a slight ceremonious bow to his niece, as he shut his glasses with a click, "I think we may say that we have dismissed this little affair quite satisfactorily, and—as it is likely to pass off without any more difficulty—it would be judicious to withhold this from your mother; we should only be giving her unnecessary pain. But, begad!" and the disturbing thought lowered his tone a little, "she may have been alarmed too! Do you know if she was?"

"Oh, no; when I took her a cup of tea this morning she was much as usual; and since then she has eaten a good breakfast, and has gratified Mrs. Gaithorne by saying she was surprised she had slept so well."

"Good," said Mr. Lillingstone, in a sententious tone. "Now *you* go and prepare her gently for our move to-day. You can tell her of Macneill's letter; and, by-the-bye, you will not forget to dwell on the point he makes of introducing his girls to her."

Shortly after, the whole place was in a bustle, and there was running upstairs, and in and out; but only Mildred and her uncle knew what it was for. Those who had nothing to do stood in the doorway, and jostled the others who were busily employed; for when Mr. Lillingstone had told Mrs. Gaithorne he wanted to send into Cambridge at once, he let fall that they would all go away the same day, but he did not say why; therefore all except that quick-sighted widow thought something very unusual must have happened. Mildred was upstairs with her mother, and no one ventured to question the old gentleman as he paced restlessly up and down the long passage, waiting till some vehicle should be found for Luard. He held the note ready written for Claude in his hand, and muttered to himself as he kept looking at the door. Presently Elsie ran in from the yard to say that the spring cart would not be back from Soham before eleven o'clock. While she was still speaking, Jim came back breathless from the inn with the answer that Watson had just started for Newmarket; then Mrs. Gaithorne set upon the boy, and rated him soundly for taking a wrong message. "It wasn't Watson they wanted—it was the gig."

"If Watson had gone, no doubt the gig had gone too," Dobree suggested in mediation. But old Mr. Lillingstone cursed the whole country, and did not care who was in the wrong.

"What do you say to try at the Wiley's?" said Bordale, from the back-ground.

"Well, of course," retorted the old

man, facing round upon him suddenly. "Why the deuce hadn't they thought of that before?"

"I'll run down there," said Bordale, snatching up his cap. "I suppose anything will do?"

"It doesn't matter *what*, so that you get a horse that will go," insisted Mr. Lillingstone, regardless of Luard's entry into the town.

"All right!" Bordale shouted, as he ran across the meadow.

Meanwhile Luard was standing by, without presuming to offer a word. Mr. Lillingstone was getting restless again when Bordale suddenly appeared through the road-gate, driving furiously in something very high, that might have been a butcher's cart.

"Splendid to go," he called out as he dashed past the window, and pulled up suddenly before the kitchen door. "Have to be your own whip; not even a boy to be got."

"Now, then," said Mr. Lillingstone, instantly taking Luard's arm, and walking with him towards the door, "you will be as quick as you possibly can. Give this to Claude in time to prevent his returning here."

But when Mr. Lillingstone let him go, Luard did not bound into the cart with the alacrity which was expected of him. He had prolonged difficulty in getting the note into his breast-pocket, during which time he eyed the horse with an unmistakable expression.

"Don't like the look of him, eh?" said Bordale, who had got down and was ready to give him the reins.

It was a gaunt, raw-boned animal, and its ears were set back with an expression as unmistakable in its way as Luard's. It had, too, a trick of slightly showing its teeth at intervals.

"Involuntary muscular action, that. The pace will take it out of him," and Bordale laughed as he looked past Luard at Dobree.

Luard did not seem so sure of this; he still stood hesitating. "I don't mind driving," Bordale said good-naturedly. "Ill-looking beast certainly; but with the two of us we shall get in all right."

Luard looked from Bordale to the horse, and back again at Bordale, then jumping into the cart he said over his shoulder, to Dobree, "You said one might as well come to the end at once, didn't you?"

"I did *not* say a violent one, though," Dobree retorted, laughingly; "but you'll be punctual to-night, or I shall feel bound to look you up."

"Oh, *he's* safe enough with me," said Bordale, flourishing his whip as he drove off.

They had just turned into the road, when Mildred came running down stairs, as Mrs. Gaithorne was hurrying into the larder. "Do you know if any one reminded them of the post-horses?"

"Bless me! No; I'm sure they didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaithorne, looking about in a great bustle, "and that Jim's so slow; but there's Mr. Dobree, if *he* wouldn't mind."

Dobree was ready to go anywhere. "If he'd run down to the ferry, just by the inn, he'd catch them before they got over. It's a good thing you spoke in time," Mrs. Gaithorne said, looking after him.

"Do you think he'll overtake them?" Mildred asked.

"Yes, sure; *he's* quick, and they'll be kept back a little at the ferry."

Dobree got down to the river just as the cart was landing on the opposite side, so that was made all right. He was returning slowly when Scholefield called after him from the inn, where he had been to fetch a specimen case that Laura had professed a great curiosity to see. As they walked on, Dobree told him of the change of plan, and how Laurd and Bordale had gone off to keep Claude in Cambridge, as his father had decided on going to Scotland at once, and wished to see him before he started.

"Well, I thought something had happened, because Mrs. Gaithorne's boy came in a great hurry to ask for the loan of the gig. What is the reason of this?"

"That is what no one knows, and Mr. Lillingstone was so anxious to get

Luard off that I have asked no questions; but I strongly suspect that this sudden move has something to do with young Lillingstone. I thought that the story of the 'nets,' as they gave it out at breakfast, was rather flimsy, and you must have noticed that Mr. Lillingstone was quite pre-occupied the whole time. I think there must be something wrong between the father and son," he repeated, reflectively. "Part of his duties seem to have fallen on *you*," he added presently, laughing, as he looked at the little tin case.

"It would appear so; but it is a pity Bordale has gone. From what Mrs. Watson has just told me, he might have entertained Miss Laura with the last edition of his ghost story; for they say that as a boy was passing through the farm last night he saw a man and woman standing at the dairy-door, just were they ought to be, and he persists they were the ghosts. It is lucky for me you passed, or I have no doubt I should still be listening to Mrs. Watson's roundabout story."

Dobree thought for a few minutes.

"Well," said Scholefield, breaking the silence, "do you think *you* can throw any light on the mystery?"

"What do *you* think? Suppose the ghost to be Claude Lillingstone, and that he was seen—and not alone—I can understand the pressing nature of his business in Cambridge."

"Yes; but would he have come back again to-day?"

"*Is* he coming back to-day? or at least until *we* are all well out of the way. Better keep to your butterflies, I think; and not attempt to interest Miss Langdale in any sensational story," and they dropped the subject as they neared the house.

Mr. Lillingstone had recovered his composure; he went out slowly to meet them in his old formal manner.

"He was extremely sorry that Dobree should have had so much trouble. Indeed," and he looked at Scholefield, including him in his excuses, "he cordially regretted that their visit should end so abruptly."

Then he explained, in a semi-confidential manner, his motive for going away—the motive that was to be given out; and they listened courteously. Of the plan for Claude he said nothing.

"Mrs. Grey is not yet downstairs," he continued, pointing to the dining-room; "but I have just left the young ladies there;" and he went off towards the kitchen to have a few words with Mrs. Gaithorne. He told her it was not likely that Claude would return to Upware—he was going down with them into Scotland. But her difficulties with the unexpectedly early dinner were so pressing, that they gave him ample excuse not to detain her with confidences which he felt she might have claimed, but which it would have been unpleasant for him to give.

On second thoughts, Mrs. Gaithorne did not regret this either, as she told Elsie afterwards. "She thought she could see through these people, and their ways of acting—no doubt Mr. Claude *would* go away with them as his father wished—it suited his convenience just now," and her lips curled a little. But she did *not* tell Elsie she knew he would be obliged to come back to Cambridge in a month, when none of his family would be there, "and no doubt he expected to have it all his own way;" for during the morning she had seen that Elsie was cheerful and active as ever, and she attributed this to the effect of her own advice, and the girl's strong sense. Elsie was different to anybody she had ever known, but then, "she had always been a strange child." She was thankful for that now. "She would not advise her any more on the subject to-day; the poor girl had been worried enough already; and, during the month, she would have many opportunities of reminding her of the hints she had already given her."

Elsie herself was very little affected by hearing that Claude's departure was final. She was thankful that "these people" were going away, and that she should not see Claude with them any more; but the coming here had been a great break in her quiet life, and some-

how—although she was glad they were going—their packing made her feel dull, and as they left, one party after the other, a sense of desolation came over her, and she longed to be out of it too.

Dobree and Scholefield were lounging about in the garden, reading the papers, and talking to Mr. Lillingstone in a desultory way. Laura, who was evidently in a state of increased excitement and delight, came down stairs from time to time to talk to them, and from what Elsie heard of her chattering at these times, she gathered that Miss Langdale was to be of their party; this was news to her, and though she did not attach more importance to it than it deserved, it helped her depression for the time.

The two young men had refused the offer of the drive into Cambridge; "they would leave more room for the ladies in the carriage, and they should enjoy the walk later in the day." Then, when all arrangements were made, none of them had anything more to do. They waited about in a restless way, to which Elsie was unaccustomed, and the hours seemed long to her while they waited.

At last they were gone, and Dobree was returning from a solitary stroll on the road, where he had first come with Luard a month ago, when he saw Elsie carrying a bundle; she was going towards Wicken. He stopped her. "Why, Elsie, how is this? Surely you are not going home!"

"Yes, sir, I only came to help Mrs. Gaithorne while young Mr. Lillingstone was here—and I'm not wanted now that he's gone away," she added reluctantly, seeing that Dobree did not appear to understand her.

"Gone! but he is not gone away altogether, is he?" Dobree exclaimed involuntarily.

Elsie was puzzled, but at the same time it pleased her that Mr. Dobree, no more than herself, believed that he had left for good.

"Mrs. Gaithorne told me they were all going to Scotland," she said quickly, "and that Mr. Claude would go with them."

Dobree's fixed look of surprise confused her; she turned crimson, and began to move on. This pointed his astonishment, but he asked no more questions.

When she had walked a little distance, he turned and looked after her sadly. Her unusual confusion about Claude recalled many slight things he had noticed the day before. Claude's absence of manner in the early part of the evening, his excitement and good spirits towards the end of it, the disturbance of the morning, and the sudden departure from the fens, all this united to confirm his suspicions; but these he did not yet impart to Scholefield, and if he indulged in unfavourable criticism of Claude, it was chiefly in connection with thoughts such as had crossed his mind before. Now again they thrust themselves upon him, and he did not care to force them back. So their walk home was an unusually silent one.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next August found Wicken as it had been the last year. Winter had come with its fogs and floods, and had passed away in its turn. Then the wind blew piteously over the wet ground, and made the willows shiver. Now summer was burning them again, and they were thirsty, and craved for shelter, but there was none; and the lodes were stagnant, and the river sleepy, and the great engine seemed to labour harder than ever with less water to pump away. The cattle were scattered equally between the two villages, for the plague had settled down on them, and there was no thought of separation now. With the first excitement, hope had passed away; the herds grew thinner and the people suffered—there had been no break in the monotony of the fens.

Harvest was nearly over, and the new stacks were made where the last had been. They were finished that day, a day just like that of Claude's first coming here. Elsie was alone as then, the mother and children were at the pits, and it was again grandfather's day at the Stannards'.

Elsie had hurried her usual work to have a little quiet before they all came home; of late, it had become a habit with her to do this, and she was now enjoying herself in her own way. She stood leaning against the door, looking out, with her hands clasped listlessly before her, as if she was waiting—it might have been for her own people, though it was early to expect them yet. Her eyes wandered over her flowers, but she seemed scarcely to notice them—perhaps that was because she knew them all by heart. Whether she looked at them or not, they were a great part of her home to her; their fragrance pervaded it like a memory, always felt through the stillness.

Once there was a break in the stillness—sounds of voices coming up the fen. As they drew nearer, one could hear it was laughter; then it was close, and filled up with the thumping of barges and trampling of feet, but above all, laughter. The light fitful laugh of girls, wishing to stay, yet hurrying to be gone—the low satisfied laugh of men; and in and out and among them sparkled the ringing laugh of children—just as the sunbeams that peeped through the old elms laughed idly over their solemn shade. Elsie drew back involuntarily, though she knew none of them would pass that way. Presently, the sounds dispersed and melted away in the winding lanes, but every now and then a burst of voices would come back through some opening in the hedge, and always it was laughter. But soon that died away, and it was silent again till the sun went down. Then there was stirring in the trees, and the hush of nature before night, and it grew black under the elms.

Suddenly Elsie's attention was arrested by a step lighter than that of the fen labourers. She started, listened eagerly for an instant, then, recollecting herself, she leaned back as before, but with hands now rigidly pressed together, her pale face denying the heavy pulsation that no effort of will could keep down.

As the gate opened, she turned in a forced way, but when she saw Dobree, a

slight flush passed over her face, her hands fell apart, and the scarcely perceptible quivering of her lips betrayed how great her disappointment had been. Dobree noted this, and attributed it rightly, but his manner ignored it.

"Well, Elsie, you see I have found you out again, as I want more of your help. How soon can you get me some ferns like those you collected for me last year?"

Elsie was nervously ready with her answer.

"As soon as you like, sir; I could go and get them to-morrow, if you like."

"You need not hurry so much as that; I am staying at Fordham, and it will be quite in time if you get them within a week."

He began at once to admire her garden, and after a few minutes spent in inquiries and praise of her management, he turned towards the cottage, so that she felt obliged to ask him in to rest.

He did not need the rest, he said, but he should not like to go away without seeing the inside of the cottage again. He was glad to find that she was alone, and told her at once the real object of his visit.

He had seen Miss Grey in London a few weeks ago, and when she heard he was coming down there she commissioned him to ascertain if Elsie would be willing to leave her home. A friend of hers wanted a confidential servant; she would have no hard work to do, but this lady was anxious to find some person on whom she might depend. Miss Grey had thought of Elsie, and had instructed him to assure her that if she accepted the offer the new home would be a happy one.

Elsie had blushed deeply at the first mention of Miss Grey's name, but her self-possession returned before he had finished speaking. She refused promptly and firmly, yet with such evident gratitude to Miss Grey, as well as to himself, for their kindness, that Dobree felt that she must have a strong motive for refusing, and that that motive must be a future of which she could not speak.

This was the ineffable look, the expectancy in her eyes, as she stood gazing past him out of the window, her whole being wrapped in something beyond and away from him.

Dobree looked at her as he had done the first day he met her in the fens, she being unconscious. It was the sweet face that had never faded in his memory—glorified, as he had known it might be—and yet he was not glad.

He rose wearily. "I will not take your answer until you have more time to think of it," he said; "if you will get the ferns ready for Thursday evening, I will walk over after dinner and fetch them myself; and I hope," he added, looking at her kindly, "by that time you may have thought better of Miss Grey's proposal."

Elsie smiled in answer, though she could promise nothing, and he went away.

On the night fixed for Dobree's return, Elsie had been watering her garden. The cat, perched on the window-sill, in the shadow of the honeysuckle, had watched all her movements with a critical air, and so far seemed to have nothing to complain of in her proceedings; more than that, she even allowed herself to be petted after it was all over, and expressed general approbation in a low purr that was very understandable language to Elsie. *She* had thought much during the last three days.

Had not Claude asked her to believe in him in spite of unfavourable appearances? Had he not given her the most solemn promise before their last parting? It is true *he had not come back* when the term began! . . . It was bad to bear, but he might have had good reasons for that. Again, what did unfavourable appearances mean, if not something unpleasant to herself? All this she would accept; she would yet believe in him, for she knew he loved her.

She could not help attributing Miss Grey's offer of a situation to a plan made by the family to get her away from the fens, suspecting that Claude might *now* be coming there. So her spirits rose in harmony with the summer life that sur-

rounded her, and each new burst of fragrance seemed to confirm as well as to heighten her gladness. Exercise had increased the look of excitement these thoughts had given her, and her hair was arranged more carefully than usual, for she expected Dobree.

She was still stroking her favourite when he appeared at the gate, and as he paused to look at her before raising the latch, he wished he had not undertaken Miss Grey's errand so readily, or at least that he did not feel bound in truth to her to speak that which he felt he must speak, ever since he had parted from her three nights ago. "However," he thought, "this is no place for hesitation, and the probability is that I would not shirk it if I could." So he met Elsie's look of welcome more naturally and with a greater show of firmness than he really felt. Elsie ran off at once to fetch the ferns, which she said were better than the last she had got for him, and her quiet manner, no less than her bright eyes, showed how pleased she was at the praise he gave to her good packing.

She then led the way indoors, and put the ferns on the window-sill near the myrtle, while she offered him grandfather's chair, now drawn close to the open window. This he refused, for he felt he could not be still just now. "He was not going to stay long, but *she* must sit down; there was no occasion for her to stand."

This she also refused, and stood within the recess of the window, in what she called "her own place." The thrush came bustling down to the nearest corner of the cage with inquisitiveness in its eyes, and a sharp little "Quitt," that received a kind look for answer. This, however, was not quite satisfactory, as he let her know, by a still greater show of bustling; so she leaned forward, chattering to it, and it returned to its perch, coming down now and then afterwards to show that it still kept up an interest in its mistress. Dobree had made a few paces in the room and come back again.

"Are your people always out? No place seems so still to me as this cottage, and yet you are such a large family."

Elsie smiled an amused smile. "It's noisy enough in the mornings and evenings, but now it's harvest-time, and they all come later; that helps to make it seem more quiet just now; but grandfather's home—in the back garden," noticing Dobree's quick look round; "he'll not be coming in till sundown; he says he likes to make the most of these long days; and he does a good bit, too, *though* he's so old."

"Quitt," said the thrush, and Dobree and Elsie looked towards it.

They were both silent.

"You like your home very much, I suppose?"

"I like it more and more—I love it better than ever." She stopped suddenly, and turned her head away, blushing at the excitement she had shown.

They were again silent.

"Have you thought about what I asked you the other evening?"

"Yes."

"You have not changed your mind?"

"No—thank you for your kindness; and please to thank Miss Grey too, but—I *must* stay at home."

Dobree was half disappointed, although this was what he had expected; he looked past her into the garden for some minutes; then, rousing himself,—

"Well, I suppose I ought not to try and persuade you against what you think right; but should anything arise to make you change your plans—or suppose, for instance, you should not be wanted so much at home as you are now—I know I can promise you Miss Grey's help in obtaining a situation out of this place. You need only let Miss Porteous know of your wish."

"Thank you," and the least perceptible smile played on Elsie's lips; "but that would be for a long while, as Rettie is still very young," and she looked down at the ferns as if ready to give them to him; but he was not willing to go, though he followed her movement.

"Have you had a good sale for them this season?"

"For the ferns, sir? No, not so good as last year. I got several for friends of



our clergyman—and—also for Miss Grey's relations, then"—

"Ah! yes, I remember Mr. Lillingstone sent away several baskets from here; but," and he turned away from her and looked into the garden again, "he has been a great deal too busy lately to think of those things."

Something in the tone of his voice suggested a horrible thought to Elsie. "He was very busy with his books last year, wasn't he?" she said, breathing quickly.

A quick light in Dobree's eye showed his scorn.

"I believe he was, but he gave up college life after he left Mrs. Gaithorne's last year, and two months ago he was married; he is now travelling with his wife;" and he pretended to see something new in the elm-trees opposite him.

Elsie leaned against the window-frame. She felt her face was white, and that her lips twitched helplessly now and then. This must not be; she must *not* give way. Yes, there was the garden, cool, rich, and sweet, the smell of the honeysuckle, and her little friend in the cage, and Mr. Dobree, too, looking out of the window quite close to her. Now and then they all swayed up and down. She *must not* give way—she must speak soon—what will he think?—she must say something presently.

"Quitt, quitt," said the thrush, puzzled at the long silence.

Dobree turned his attention to it, speaking low, close to the bars.

Elsie fixed her eyes on them both, and they swayed up and down. What should she say if she were any one else? It seemed an age since the stillness had been broken. "Did he take honours, as he expected?" Her voice, though low, was hard, and seemed painfully clear to her.

Dobree glanced slightly at her before answering; and he groaned within himself at the misery so wantonly caused—the life so early blighted—when "it might have been so different." "No, he disappointed his friends very much by giving up reading altogether some time ago; but I must go now." He took up the basket, and put out his hand. "Good-bye, Elsie, and remember what I have said about Miss Grey; you may trust her. She likes you, and will be a friend if you want one, I am sure; and—but it is no matter, it is of little consequence now—good-bye," and he turned away to avoid seeing the quivering lips that strove so hard to be still.

She followed him to the door, and nodded a "good-bye," when he shut the gate. Some time after, she felt a warm soft pressure on her foot, as the cat passed and re-passed, rubbing her back against the hem of her dress, and purring to gain her notice, but in vain.

Elsie was scarcely conscious of this. She was still looking out, attracted—fascinated, it would seem, by the golden pinnacles of the stacks that rose clear from the vague shadow of the trees, and nursed the flattering rays of the daylight after the day had gone.

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.<sup>1</sup>

BY T. HUGHES, M.P.

CIVILIZATION, for our present purpose, means the increase of the means and appliances of life—material, intellectual, social—which the accumulation of wealth, the progress of science, and the consequent growing facilities of communication of all kinds, have placed, and are placing, more and more within the reach of men and women in our time. With reference to this civilization, I should wish to consider, so far as the limits of these addresses will allow, how far it has improved this nation; what are its shortcomings; by what influences these may be set right.

The test of improvement which I recognize is, the relations of persons, and of classes of persons, to each other; are these better or worse? Have the family relations been strengthened? Do parents and children, husbands and wives, friends, connections, understand, respect, love each other better? Or again, have relations outside the family been strengthened? Are the various classes of the community on better terms? Do masters and servants, employers and employed, rich and poor, buyers and sellers, look more kindly upon and deal more uprightly with each other than they used to do? The opinions of one man on such subjects will of course be influenced by his education, and the standpoint from which he looks; but they may at any rate help you to check your own. The subject, however, must still be narrowed, so that I may not be straying about over the whole world, and indulging in speculations, which may be tempting, but can scarcely be profitable. I propose therefore to confine myself to our own country. These islands, besides being our own native land, and therefore more dear to us than all the rest of the globe, are undoubtedly

—Abridged from a Lecture delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh.

the battle-field upon which many of the most interesting “problems of civilization” will have to be worked out. There are of these more than enough to occupy us for, not two, but a hundred nights. It is necessary, therefore, again to make a selection amongst them, and your rules supply a sifting machinery for this purpose. We may set aside at once then all those problems which have become mixed up with party politics. The loss will not be great; for the deepest and most human questions—those which affect us more as men and Englishmen than as Tories or Whigs, Radicals or Conservatives—have not yet claimed the attention of the front benches. Of those which remain we may also pass by the various speculations as to forms of government, and proposals for remodelling our institutions, which have been propounded of late with more or less noise and ability. The more violent of them have elicited no response from the nation. The moderate ones—which have for their aim in one way or another to supersede party government, to make the best brains of the nation available for the permanent administration of its affairs, and to avoid by some readjustment of details the necessity of obtaining the consent of the majority of English householders to everything which is done in relation to public business by their nominal rulers—might be considered to flavour of politics, and are scarcely fit subjects for treatment before a general audience.

And so at last, by the process of exhaustion, we approach those “problems of civilization” upon which I propose to speak to you. Our process of selection has reduced us, you will see, to those which are the most common; about some of which every person in this room must have been thinking in the past year, and will have to think

again and again in this and future years, if they mean to do their duty as Englishmen and Englishwomen. They may be classed generically as "social" problems, and are, to my mind at least, of more vital importance than all others. For if, on the one hand, society has for certain purposes become all-powerful, and there is no fear amongst us of changes which will put in hazard law and order, life and property, yet he would be a bold man who would deny that most of the old bonds which held communities of men together are giving way, in England as elsewhere; or, as Dr. Newman puts it in his last book, that "alterations of a serious kind are taking place in the structure of society." This fact must be looked bravely and squarely in the face. The only safety for society lies in turning plenty of light on to the processes by which these structural alterations are being wrought out. Social forces, like the forces of nature, are terrible to those who will not study and understand them; but he who will make the lightning carry his messages, and the sun paint his pictures.

Accepting then as undoubtedly true the statement, that disintegration is the danger of civilization, and that its various processes are more active than ever before in our modern English society, let us look a little at the causes which have produced this state of things. I believe that any person entering on this inquiry in earnest will find himself confronted at a very early period with the fact of the astounding increase of wealth in the country within the last few years. He will have to make up his mind about the bearings of this fact, and, unless I am mistaken, will be forced to the conclusion that most of our social problems have their root here. The rapid accumulation of material wealth is one great disintegrant, one cause of the serious alterations in the structure of modern society. Let us first look for a moment at the bare facts. These were brought out vividly by Mr. Gladstone in his Christmas speech at Liverpool, which has drawn upon him so many, and such alarmed criticisms, from our daily and weekly instructors. "It may surprise

you to hear," said the Premier, "but I believe it to be true, that more wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still amongst us—than in all the preceding ages, say from the time of Julius Cæsar. And again, at least as much wealth in the last twenty as in the preceding fifty years. If we ask where is this to end, when is this marvellous progress to be arrested, when will this great flood-tide begin to ebb? I for one know not. I am by no means sure that we are even near high water." The "leaps and bounds" of our material progress, to which Mr. Gladstone refers, are well illustrated by the reports of the Board of Trade for 1872. The people of these islands, according to Mr. Chichester Fortescue and his "Registrar-General," "Accountant and Controller General," and other returning officers, imported for their consumption between the 1st of January and 31st of December, 1872, 353,375,740*l.* worth of foreign and colonial merchandise, being an advance of nearly twenty-three millions on the previous year (330,754,359*l.*), and of more than sixty millions on the year 1870. During the same twelve months our exports of British and Irish produce amounted to 255,961,000*l.*, showing an increase of thirty-two millions over those of 1871, and of fifty-five millions over those of 1870. This is of course only one item, though the largest, in the wealth producing and accumulating powers of the country. So far from these being likely to decrease, it would seem to be much more probable that the rate will increase at least as rapidly as heretofore, in spite of the labour war which is raging so bitterly amongst us. In the past year, by the adoption of one invention in our iron-working districts, hand puddling is likely to be superseded, and the producing power of the country more than doubled, while thousands of workmen will be left free for other occupations. What Danks' puddling furnace is doing for the iron-master, other inventors are doing for other industries. If the past twenty years have been equal to the previous fifty, and the two

together (as Mr. Gladstone calculates) equal to the 1,800 years since Julius Cæsar, it is almost certain that the next ten years will in their turn equal the past twenty.

This marvellous piling up of wealth is generally considered to afford us English a subject for unlimited self-complacency. It accounts, at the same time, we are wont to think, for the jealousy and dislike with which foreigners regard us. It *does* indicate, doubtless, great prosperity—of a kind; wealth well made and well spent being, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's words, "as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain-side"—an un-mixed blessing to men, societies, nations. But then it must be "well made" and "well spent," and one or two considerations occur as to this.

It is now just thirty years ago since Mr. Carlyle startled those of us who are old enough to remember them by the opening sentences of his "Past and Present." "This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs as yet to nobody. Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In poor and rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our lives, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth, no man of us can touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give up their name."

Have thirty intervening years, during which our material progress has been such as Mr. Gladstone has pictured, improved the state of things which Mr. Carlyle was then denouncing in the tones of an old Jewish prophet? Can we honestly answer "Yes," with any confidence? Improvement in many directions all will admit, particularly that central and all-important fact, behind which we may look for all good in the end—the wakening up of the national conscience. But the connec-

tion of this with our material progress is by no means clear, and in the region of wealth, in the methods of getting and spending, I question whether we are not in most respects worse off than our fathers; whether England did not, comparatively speaking, rule her wealth in their time, and is not ruled by it now.

Take the first test, the relations between employers and employed. Has the immensely increased production, the result of their joint work, improved these? The industrial war which has broken out afresh, and with increased bitterness, in England, is the answer. Thirty years ago the old small-master system was still strong in many trades; there was not a single amalgamated trades society in existence; the employer often worked with his men—generally had some personal knowledge of them. Now, in almost every trade the large shops have swallowed the small; the big manufacturers have shouldered the small men out of the markets. The workmen are organized in great industrial armies, while the individual scarcely knows his employer by sight; acknowledges no relationship between them, except that which is discharged weekly at the hole in the pay-office, through which the wages are thrust by a clerk.

But apart from the labour question (to which I shall have to return again), are there, in the various walks of life, more human beings who look with confidence and pleasure on the possessors of wealth because of their possessions? Are there more upon whom they look with confidence and pleasure? If not, the wealth still continues enchanted. It is not performing the one useful function in the world for which it was intended. And here again the facts of our daily lives form a sad comment on their increasing luxury and sumptuousness. Domestic service, which should be, and undoubtedly at one time was, an inheritance, a valued relationship handed down through generations, was never, so far as one can judge, in so inhuman a condition as now. As wealth increases, the number of servants is multiplied, and

their wages rise ; but no money can buy willing and faithful service, which is now as rare as it is precious. In London, at any rate, an evil kind of trades unionism exists amongst servants, which not only endeavours to exact the maximum of wage for the minimum of work, but does not discountenance customs which carry awkward names in police courts. Master and man, maid and mistress, live indeed together, but have no common life, and would seem to be rather awaiting sullenly the time when some new arrangement will free both sides from an irksome yoke.

Outside the household the same loosening of bonds, or disintegration, is apparent on all sides. The phrase "Feudalism or business," which has almost passed into a proverb in the South of England, the movements as to game and tenant-right, show how the process is working in the upper regions of country life ; while the Agricultural Labourers' Union tells the same tale below.

I am sure you will all recognize the truth of what I have been saying, and will be able to fill up the picture from your own experience, even though we may differ as to the extent to which it can be directly traced to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the last half-century.

Another set of problems are caused by the three factors of our modern civilization, which are, in the opinion of many persons, even more serious than those already noticed. The chief of this group is the tendency of our population to accumulate in great cities. I do not propose to attempt an accurate estimate of the displacement which is thus going on, but, roughly speaking, more than three-fourths of our people are now dwellers in towns, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole population of the country. It would seem, indeed, from the most trustworthy returns, that there has been for some years *no* increase at all in the rural population of these islands, notwithstanding the large excess of nearly 300,000 a year of births over deaths. Our towns are thus growing, not only by their natural increase, but by the absorption of the whole surplus of the agricultural districts.

Put side by side with this fact the returns of the Registrar-General, which, as a general rule, prove that the death-rate varies according to the density of the population ; remember, too, that, in the second generation at any rate, the dwellers in towns deteriorate unmistakably in size, health, and vigour—and you will admit that there is serious cause for apprehension here. It is perfectly true that money is made in towns, not in the country ; but this is a price which we cannot afford to pay even for the sake of keeping England the richest country in the world. "There are two important things," says one of the most thoughtful writers<sup>1</sup> on the subject, "which money cannot buy—a sound mind and a sound body—without which, and compared to which, all riches and all luxury are worse than useless. Therefore, not only Christian morality but common sense says, 'Give us freedom for body and mind—air, space, life for both—perish wealth, manufactures, commercial greatness, the instant they interfere with these. Give us wealth, but let it be wealth in the old full sense of the word—wealth meaning the substance of weal ; not wealth in its miserable, narrowed, perverted sense of material possessions—lucre, which may be the means of mere gluttony and enervating luxury—degradation, woe—not weal at all.'"

But as the "progress of civilization" draws more and more of our people to the great centres of population, so when it has got them there it seems inevitably to divide them more and more into separate communities. The rich and poor are further apart than ever. The larger a city grows the more sharply the line is drawn. The new quarters are occupied exclusively by the rich, the ground being too valuable to waste on any but those who can pay heavy ground-rents. To these quarters migrate, gradually but surely, the employers of labour, merchants, professional men, who used to live in the old quarters side by side with the poorer classes. At last, as in the East-end of London, there are great dis-

<sup>1</sup> J. Martineau : "Country, Cities, and Colonies." Longmans.

tricts in which the only residents left above the rank of petty tradesmen, are the parson, and an occasional doctor. Their rich are the publicans, marine store dealers, and pawnbrokers, who thrive too surely in such neighbourhoods.

This migration brings about inevitably the state of things which the clergy, schoolmasters, City missionaries, have been describing so vividly of late years, in Bethnal Green and other East-end districts. The life in them is utterly unnatural. Pauperism, mendicancy, drunkenness, thrive, while all manliness and womanliness dwindles and pines. The main object of the men who are left as a forlorn hope in a well-nigh hopeless struggle, is to get hold of the children; to train them in their schools to regard with fear and loathing the practices and habits which form the staple of the life of their homes; and, at the earliest possible moment, to send them clean away from the place of their birth, and the associations of their childhood.

Again, it is in these neighbourhoods that the class of "roughs" is reared and brought to perfection, which is becoming a serious menace to order in many large towns. The records of the Home Office and of Scotland Yard are scarcely needed to support the conclusion, which the most casual observer may gather from glancing at the police reports in the daily papers, that this class is growing in numbers and unruliness, and that its treatment must before long form one of the serious "problems of civilization."

I think I have now said quite enough for my purpose on this part of our subject. I am quite aware that to many of you, indeed to all who have given serious attention to social questions, all this is quite familiar. But I do not pretend to be telling you new things, or to put old things in any startling light. I simply wish to put before you plainly, and without exaggeration, a sufficient number of well-known and admitted facts to indicate to you the grounds upon which I maintain, first, that the most marked tendency of our modern civilization is disintegration—a loosening of the old bonds of society;

and secondly, although many causes have helped to bring about this state of things, some of which, such as the great advance of science, go perhaps deeper, yet that the great disintegrator has been our material progress; this unprecedented increase of wealth, not in the high and true, but in the vulgar sense of the word—exciting a feverish haste to be rich, and lowering the morality of all engaged in the pursuit; and that that increase in this half-century, during which it has equalled that of the previous 1800 years, instead of knitting together, has divided families, divided households, divided classes, and therefore must have weakened instead of strengthening the nation.

If this be so, then the first question which the student of the "problems of civilization" is bound to ask is, Why? No one seriously denies that the abundance of those things which we can see, and taste, and handle, which we use to satisfy our hungers of different kinds, *ought* to be a blessing—as pure a blessing (to use again Mr. Goldwin Smith's words) as "the rill which runs from the mountain-side." What hinders, then? We English have to answer the question somehow at our peril. Riches have been the subject of religious and philosophic denunciation ever since the world began; and societies and nations have found them troublesome enough to deal with in many parts of the world. But never before, that I know of, was the problem placed so sharply before any time as before this time; and of all nations, ours is that one which is in most jeopardy if it cannot find the true answer. To get command of our riches instead of letting them get the command of us, is in short the great task which is set us, and will bring the solution of most other problems with it. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," says the poet, but as we can't help ourselves in this matter, as we must perforce get and spend, how are we to do it so as not to lay waste but to economize our powers, and to make both getting and spending a strength instead of a weakness?

It is, of course, a truism to say, that

wealth, to be a blessing, must be well got and well spent. But truisms will often bear looking into with profit; and in our present inquiry we must be content to start from this one, and to ask, in the first place, how far our riches are "well gotten" or "well spent."

They are gotten, as we all know, by the industry of our people in producing and exchanging the products of their labour—in other words, in manufacturing and trading. And here one may at once note that if our people had not at some time worked harder, and traded more honestly, than other people, we should not be in the position which we still occupy. No doubt geography and geology count for a good deal. If we had not been born in an island; if we had not been free from foreign invasion for many generations; if we had not had iron and coal in abundance, the task would have been much more severe. But these advantages alone would not have enabled us to do what we have done, if they had not had hard work and upright trading—harder work and more upright trading than could be found elsewhere—behind them. They will disappear, slowly perhaps, but surely, when they have them no longer.

Is there any sign, then, that they are failing us? I wish I could answer "No" unhesitatingly. Of work I shall have to say something hereafter. Of our trade I have already said something, but must here, without pretending to accurate estimates or measurements, or prying curiously into its usages, ask you to look for a moment at one or two notorious facts which lie on the surface. Our cotton trade is the greatest of our industries; we still weave and distribute over the world more fabrics of cotton than all other nations put together. The material well-being of England depends perhaps more upon the texture and durability of our cloths and sheetings than upon any other branch of commerce. And, this being so, we have allowed a large trade to grow up side by side with it, the main, if not the sole object of which is, to adulterate these cotton fabrics of ours—to introduce foreign materials into our goods, which

deceive as to their texture, and injure their durability. I would gladly be convinced of my mistake if I am in error; but I have asked many cotton-spinners, both masters and workpeople, to explain to me the use and meaning of "sizing;" what it effects for the goods they produce so diligently; how it adds, not to their selling, but to their wearing value, and the answers have landed me, sorrowfully enough, in the above conclusion. They have shown me also that the "sizer's" trade has been growing more rapidly than ever of late years. The wealth which comes out of "sized" cotton, or any such product, cannot be said, I think, to be in any sense "well gotten."

I will take one other instance from the other end of our empire. The great mainstay of our Indian revenue is the Government monopoly of opium. This drug England manufactures and sells to the Chinese people chiefly, with the full knowledge that it is the cause of untold misery to the purchasers, and against the strenuous and oft-repeated protests of the Government of that country. Does it strike you that the wealth which comes from opium can be well-gotten wealth, or that this is the kind of example which the richest nation in the world should be setting to her sister nations, who are toiling after her up the great trade ladder?

I fear that the conclusions which Mr. Emerson drew some years back from the state of trade on the other side of the Atlantic, apply here with at least equal force. "I content myself," he says, "with the fact, that the general system of our trade (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions, denounced and unshared by all reputable men) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism; but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not what a man delights to unlock to a noble friend, which he meditates on with joy, and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather what he then puts

out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of spending it. I do not charge the merchant or manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual; one plucks, one distributes, one eats; everybody partakes, everybody confesses—with cap and knee volunteers his confession—yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it. What is he? An obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice—that no one feels himself called upon to act for man, but only as a fraction of a man. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their natures must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year." One is glad to hear that this is so in America. It must come to be so in England; for until it is so, the national conscience will not be touched, until the national conscience is touched the abuses will not be reformed; our wealth will remain ill-gotten. As yet I fear there are more and more of our "ingenuous souls" rushing into these ways every year, with their eyes shut, impelled by the modern gad-fly of haste to make money. On the other hand, happily, we are not without signs that an awakening of the national conscience against the trade gospel is going on, at least amongst the great masses of our wealth producers. I shall have to speak of this in connection with the labour question. Meantime, we must look for a few moments at the other branch of the present inquiry. Do we, then, atone for our manner of acquiring riches by our manner of expending them? Are we getting better or worse in this matter?

Take first the great masses of our people. It is perhaps hardly fair for a nation which has till within the last three years given them no voice in legislation—which in legislating, in education, in administration, has followed the law of *laissez faire*; and, in theory and

practice, has treated men's labour as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market with as little danger or compunction as bales of cotton or sacks of corn (ignoring steadily the fact that labourers have wills, and passions, and consciences, which bales of cotton and sacks of corn have not)—to expect wise forethought or noble thrift from its poor. Instead of finding matter for blame in their thriftlessness, I am rather inclined to wonder at, and be thankful for, the amounts, which the returns of the registrar of Industrial and Friendly societies, of the savings banks, and of the trades unions, prove to have been set aside out of their wages. At the same time I cannot honestly acquit them of thriftlessness in the face of notorious facts. The great strike in South Wales shows how few, even amongst highly paid workmen, are more than a week or two before the world. And if they do not save, neither do they spend wisely. I am not sure that statistics which you may have seen, showing that the amount per head spent by the poor in articles of clothing and furniture has been decreasing in the last few years, can be relied on. At any rate, I have not been able to find any trustworthy evidence on this point. But there are the excise returns which *can* be relied on, and these show, that in the past year the amount of home-made spirits retained for consumption as beverages only (and which must have been consumed chiefly by them) exceeded that of 1871 by more than two millions of pounds sterling, and reached the astounding total of nineteen millions. On the other hand, it is notorious that, in England at least, even our very poor will buy nothing but the finest wheaten bread, and reject Australian meat. These may be proofs of prosperity, as is often urged, and I am not going to argue the point. All I say is, that they are not proofs of wisdom. No one will call this wise spending. But if the income of our wages-earning classes cannot be said to be well spent, how stands the case with those classes who should be an example to them? We have no concern now with that



part of the national income which goes in sustaining and developing industrial enterprise. Often the investment may indeed be questioned from a national point of view, as where great districts are straining every nerve to double and quadruple their mills, and multiply their shafts and furnaces, without an apparent thought of the health of the population, or of the beauties of nature which they are destroying by polluting the air and the water. But of the balance, of our superfluous income, what can be said? What do we do with it? No one can travel in these islands without noticing one chief use to which it is being put just at present. Like the rich man in Scripture, every one of us is pulling down his barns and building greater. We can't live in houses which served our fathers. If this expenditure were more on public edifices than on private dwellings—on churches, town halls, colleges, galleries, museums—one could look on it without misgivings; but in their private dwellings classes, like men, may be overhoused. When every man who makes his fortune must have a barrack to live in as big as that of a great noble, one is driven to think of what it entails—of the multiplication of wants, and the armies of people required to minister to them—of the enervating atmosphere of great houses, and the effect on those who are bred in them. An inquiry into the antecedents of the occupants of our workhouses would bring out some startling revelations as to the proportion of paupers recruited from the ranks of domestic service in great houses.

Let us admit, however, that the difficulty of getting rid of superfluous wealth must be a very serious one; and that those who have to solve it are to a great extent the slaves of custom, and have almost no voice in the matter. A rich man of genius may sometimes strike out a new method, such as the Eglintoun tournament, which some of you may remember; but, for the most part, it must run in grooves, which are always wearing themselves deeper.

A busy professional friend of mine had lodgings some years ago in the

West-end of London, opposite the house of a lady of high fashion. While thus housed, a niece from the country was entrusted to him, a bright girl of fifteen, who required advice from London physicians. He was absent all day himself, and had no one to take charge of her. All he could do was to provide her with a good supply of books, and to suggest that she might vary her occupation, and add to her knowledge, by observing the afternoon arrangements of their opposite neighbour. He returned home in the evening with some misgivings, but found his little niece very bright and cheerful. He asked her how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh, very much indeed," she answered, for she had been watching all the afternoon the callers on the great lady opposite. "And what have you learnt?" was the next question. "Well, uncle, I have learnt how many men it takes to get a lady out of her carriage up to the drawing-room. It takes just five men; and, now I really understand it, I don't see how it could be done with one less." One should be thankful that some amusement may be got out of what those who suffer under it must find such a grievous fiction.

One other illustration of this part of our subject will be sufficient. A curious ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given afternoon some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-hand Club muster in Hyde Park. The coaches are built on the model of the old Tally-hos and Quicksilvers of forty years ago, and therefore entirely answer the purpose of being quite useless except for show. Each of them cost perhaps 500*l.*, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses, worth at least another 1,000*l.* Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches, top-boots, and coats, neither of whom stands there under from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year. When they are all mustered they start with much solemnity, and often no little difficulty, and proceed at a very moderate pace, not, I imagine, without serious interruption to the ordi-

nary business traffic, to Greenwich, where—they dine—that is all. I am not saying, remember, that there is anything morally wrong in all this. I only quote these as some of many methods of ingenious and useless expenditure.

But do not let it be supposed that I am taking instances from one class only, or that I think any special blame attaches to that class. The grooves run, and grow deeper and deeper, wherever property accumulates in masses. Look at our City Companies, the heirs of the old guilds. An enormous proportion of their funds, as we all know, goes in feasting with no object whatever. The best members of these companies deplore the fact. Many of the companies (at least in London) are making efforts to get out of the old groove, are for instance trying to establish schools of technical education in their particular trades. The extreme difficulty which they experience in this laudable effort only proves how deep the grooves of expenditure are in an old country and a complicated civilization. The same remark applies to our noblest institutions; for instance, to the University to which I have the honour to belong. It is commonly rumoured that the Commission now inquiring into its revenues will report that they amount to upwards of 400,000*l.* annually. But the number of students educated there does not on an average of years reach 1,300, and almost all of these must expend, in addition, large sums of their own, in order to avail themselves of the education offered by the University. All the best minds of Oxford are dissatisfied, and intent on the problem of how to use their revenues in the most effectual way for the higher education of the nation. But here, too, custom is fearfully strong, and the ancient grooves very deep.

But why need we travel away from home in this matter, my friends? Which of us is not the slave of custom in his own household? Who does not spend the greater part of his income for conformity? Let him who can answer "I," cast the first stone at our millionaires, our corporations, our universities. "When riches increase, they are in-

creased that eat them; and what comfort hath a man of them, save the beholding of them with his eyes?" was said 2,000 years ago, and will be true 2,000 years hence.

It has often struck me that Emerson's wonderful contrast of the maker and the inheritor of riches, applies with equal force to communities as to individuals. I make no apology for quoting it at length, as I know not how I could sum up the matter so vividly or so tersely.

"Consider further the difference between the first and second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust, timber by rot, cloth by moths, provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves, an orchard by insects, a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle, a stock of cattle by hunger, a road, by rain and frost, a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a-fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected, in one estate to his son—house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hardware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money—and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full—not to use these things, but to look after them, and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good-humour, and sense of power, and fertility

of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, and beast and fish, seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down-beds, coaches and men-servants and women servants, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends, to the prosecution of his love, to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the enlargement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment; and he is now what is called a rich man—the menial and runner of his riches.”

And what, then, is the remedy for all this? No one, I hope, who owns our name is going to sit down quietly in the belief that the English race is for the future to live on as the menial and runner of the vast riches it has accumulated. One suggestion occurs at once. “O rich man’s son,” says another American poet—

“O rich man’s son, there is a toil  
Which with all others level stands :  
Large charity can never soil,  
But only whiten soft white hands.  
This is the best crop from thy lands—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

“O poor man’s son, scorn not thy state ;  
There is worse weariness than thine  
In only being rich and great :  
Toil only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign.”

Large charity! Well, but does not the word charity stink in our nostrils? Have not all our best social reformers been preaching for years—have they not proved to demonstration—that by far the greater part of our lavish expenditure in our vaunted charities has been mischievous, fostering the evils it was meant to cure, until we have come to doubt whether it would not have been

better for the nation had all the money so applied been put in a bag and thrown into the sea? I fear that this is so; but only because we have misused the word, and perverted the idea. We have given our cheques, large or small, as a customary toll, and felt a kind of virtuous self-complacency in seeing our names printed in subscription lists, without the honest care and thought which alone could make the gift of any value. We have yet to learn the meaning of the phrase, which has become cant in our mouths.

It is not so in Mr. Lowell’s. The “large charity” he speaks of is “a toil”—a toil “level with all others”—a work which will tax intellect and heart as severely as the most arduous careers which the State, professions, commerce, hand labour, offer to their servants. That is what the guiding of wealth must come to if this nation is to hold her own; and the time surely presses; to-day is “the day of her visitation.” Why should it not come to be so? Our highest born, our ablest, our most cultivated men, give themselves gladly to the most arduous toil for the commonwealth. Our Secretaries of State ask for no Nine Hours Bill, have no private ends to serve, leave office poorer than they enter it; are ready, all the best of them, to sacrifice popularity, to endure obloquy, misrepresentation, the storm of angry faction, so only that they may be true to their trust. The owners of counties and of millions must come to look on their calling in the same spirit, and to work in it with like zeal. Here and there already we hear of such men—of some great landlord whose whole energies are devoted to building up a better and nobler life in the many homes which stand on his domains; of some successful merchant or manufacturer, who, like Sir Josiah Mason, pours back without stint the streams of gold which his enterprise has attracted, and watches and guides them with his own eye and word. They may be rare enough to-day. We may still have to wince under stories of men cleared off the land that game may abound; of the lust of our

proprietors to add field to field that they may be alone in the land; of the ambition of our successful traders to found families and make what they call "a place"—"*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" But the signs are in the air that the end of all this is at hand.

And what openings, what careers, does England offer to the man who will hold his wealth as a trust, and work at his trust as a profession! Here is a Whitechapel, a Bethnal Green, a St. George's in the East, lying in shameful misery and squalor, almost in mid-London, preyed on by the owners of the wretched hovels which do duty for houses. Almost every great town has its own squalid and therefore dangerous end; and there are dozens of young men amongst us at this moment, any one of whom might resolve to-morrow, quietly: "This junketing, four-in-hand, dawdling life is too hard for me. By God's help I will rebuild Whitechapel." Half a million of money, ten years' work, with a strong will and a clear head, and it would be done.

There are hundreds of miles on our coasts which the bravest sailors pass with anxious brow and compressed lips in bad weather. Another of our *jeunesse dorée* might well say, "This coast, rugged though it be, is not so rugged that it cannot be mastered. If money and persistence can do it, I will make harbours of refuge here, which shall be open in all weathers to the ships of all the world."

Mines and mills are fouling and poisoning the streams in many a fair English vale, in which the fathers of this generation caught trout and grayling. "They shall run as pure and bright as ever if I live another ten years," would be a resolve worthy the life of a brave man to accomplish. Such undertakings as these would no doubt tax the will and the brain as severely as the purse. The man who with the money at his command could rebuild Whitechapel, or cleanse the streams of a manufacturing county, must be one of great capacity. But no one has ever denied the possession of ability or energy to our richest class, and there are besides many other more obvious outlets for work of this kind open to less

ambitious millionaires. For instance, we read in the papers only the other day that the 130,000*l.*, the remains of the Lancashire Relief Fund, is to be applied to the erection of a Convalescent Hospital in that great county. Unless I misread the accounts, it would seem that there is no such institution at present in Lancashire. That one fact speaks volumes of the arrears of work. Convalescent hospitals are rare all over the kingdom, and yet they are precisely a kind of institution to which none of the hack objections apply. To build and endow one of sufficient capacity to receive the convalescent patients of a great hospital would be, one would think, well worth the expenditure of a few years' income, and would not tax too severely the brains of any man. A very moderate amount of common sense and business-like attention to detail would be all that would be required.

But whether it be in the ways suggested, or in some other, the thing must be done, unless we would see a dangerous state of things follow these years of prosperity. Respect for vested interests, for the institution of property, is strong amongst us, stronger probably than in any other nation; but there are signs, which we should do well to note, that there are strains which it will not bear. Of these I will only instance one—the aggregation of land in fewer and fewer hands. I believe you have instances of the same kind here in the North as we have in Southern England, of great capitalists—sometimes peers, sometimes new men—who are literally buying up all the land in certain districts which comes into the market. Within my own memory and observation almost all the yeomen, and a large proportion of the smaller squires, in the neighbourhood I knew best as a boy, have been bought out in this way. The last time I was there, there were three or four squires' houses uninhabited, and tenant farmers, or bailiffs, or gamekeepers, in the old yeomen's houses. Now, the chief argument for a landed aristocracy is, that it places a highly cultivated person, a man of fortune and leisure, at the head of each small section of the

community, whose own influence and the influence of his family will spread refinement, courtesy, and the highest kind of neighbourly feeling into the humblest homes which surround his own. But all this vanishes when one man owns estates in half a dozen counties. If he has houses in each he can't live in them all, any more than he can eat four legs of mutton at once. More probably the houses have been first allowed to fall into decay and then pulled down; so that a great man's ownership is more likely than not, nowadays, to involve the loss of just that element of old-fashioned country life which was most valuable and humanizing. The land with us is so limited in area, so necessary to human life, so much desired, that this kind of monopoly of it, if carried much further, will prove, I am convinced, the most dangerous weakener of the respect for property, and with it of the position of the aristocracy, that has yet made itself felt. If rich men with the land fever will not limit themselves to one big house and one estate, the law will before long do it for them, and they will be lucky if it stops there. The case was pithily put the other day by a writer, arguing that absolute freedom of contract in the case of an article indispensable to the community, and of which there is a monopoly, cannot be endured:—"If John Smith owned the air, John Smith would have to sell the air on terms endurable to the majority, or John Smith would be hanged—not unjustly, for States have rights of existence—on the nearest lamp-post."

But I am straying from my subject, so, without marshalling further proofs, would only express my own conviction that there are other methods of spending, common enough amongst us, not obviously vicious and degrading (such as horse-racing, as it is now practised), but, on the contrary, held in esteem and respect, which are likely, if persevered in, to prove dangerous.

Therefore I say that those who have the deepest interest in things as they are would do well, even by way of insurance, if for no higher motive, to de-

vote some attention and careful labour to this matter of spending well. That there is urgent need of getting in the first place clear ideas on the subject, all will allow who have glanced at a controversy in the press, raised by an expression in the recent lecture by Mr. Goldwin Smith already referred to, to the effect that unproductive expenditure—on luxurious living and superfluous servants, for instance—"consumes the income" of so many poor families. One had supposed that the distinction between productive and non-productive expenditure, and that the one benefits the community and the other does not, had been pretty clearly established for a generation or so in the minds of all who study such questions. But it has now again been maintained, by serious writers in serious journals, that this is all delusion—that the wages of the soldier, the policeman, the judge, and the valet, must all stand in the same category, and are all postulates and conditions without which production could not go on! This may be consoling doctrine for the plutocracy, for all indeed who keep valets; but I am certain it is dangerous to the community.

And, I must say, I am myself hopeful that we are on the way to a far better state of things in this respect. Whence the impulse comes is not easy to determine; from many sources, no doubt, possibly to some extent from example. Upon most social problems we have perhaps little to learn from our American cousins, but upon this particular one much. Few things struck me more in the United States than the scale upon which private citizens are undertaking and carrying out great works for the public good. Girard's College in Philadelphia, Harvard College in Massachusetts, are well-known instances of what past generations have done while the country was poor and struggling; but now that it is growing at a pace which will soon make it the richest and most populous of nations, there is every sign of a growing public sentiment, that it is disgraceful in those whom society has enabled to gather vast riches, not to return to society with an open hand.

I might multiply instances, were there need to do so. It seemed to me, I must say, that whereas with us a Sir Josiah Mason is a somewhat rare phenomenon—with our cousins he is becoming quite an ordinary product of the soil. It may be that the difference of social institutions accounts in great measure for this; that while wealth is made there as rapidly as in England, the English temptation to “found a family” and “make a place” is wanting; and that the natural desire to leave a mark expends itself in Cooper Institutes and Cornell Universities. But whatever may be the cause, there is the fact, and it is a fact from which I think we may at least draw this encouragement: that extreme democratic institutions do not apparently cripple or narrow public spirit in this direction of money-spending. And I cannot but think that, as well considered and public-spirited expenditure becomes larger and more common, a good deal of the purely burthensome and conventional part of luxurious expenditure will drop off. When it becomes the correct thing for our rich men to build harbours and endow colleges, it won't take five men-servants to get their wives out of their carriages and up to their drawing-rooms. But again let me repeat that the richest class are no more sinners than the rest of us. To live simply, to master and control our expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround us, the ideas in which we have been brought up, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the lecture to which I have already referred more than once, the best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing indeed which will give themselves any comfort or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbour on the right spends on carriages, or their neighbour on the left in upholstery, they will

find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth, that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-creams. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We cannot sweep our whole street. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep his own doorstep, and, if he will do it quietly and regularly, anon his right and left hand neighbours follow, and before long the whole street is swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all those social tangles which we have been glancing at casually this evening be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the *Nation* the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget (the Irish servant girl, or help) against her numerous accusers. “My good friends,” he argued, “what else have you any right to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence, and honesty; but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment;” and the words come home, I fear, with singular force to us islanders also in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true for us also. “Whenever the sound of the new Gospel which is to win the nations back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family.”

## CHURCH REFORM BY COMPREHENSION,

A.D. 1689 AND 1873.

“The History of the Comprehension Bill presents a remarkable contrast to the history of the Toleration Bill. The two bills had a common origin, and, to a great extent, a common object. They were framed at the same time, and laid aside at the same time; they sank together into oblivion; and they were, after the lapse of several years, again brought together before the world. Both were laid by the same Peer on the table of the Upper House; and both were referred to the same select committee. But it soon began to appear that they would have widely different fates. The Comprehension Bill was indeed a neater specimen of legislative workmanship than the Toleration Bill, but was not, like the Toleration Bill, adapted to the wants, the feelings, and the prejudices of the existing generation. Accordingly, while the Toleration Bill found support in all quarters, the Comprehension Bill was attacked from all quarters, and was at last coldly and languidly defended even by those who had introduced it. About the same time at which the Toleration Bill became law with the general concurrence of public men, the Comprehension Bill was, with a concurrence not less general, suffered to drop. The Toleration Bill still ranks among those great statutes which are epochs in our constitutional history. The Comprehension Bill is forgotten. No collector of antiquities has thought it worth preserving. A single copy, the same which Nottingham presented to the Peers, is still among our Parliamentary records, but has been seen by only two or three persons now living. It is a fortunate circumstance that, in this copy, almost the whole history of the Bill can be read. In spite of cancellations and interlineations, the original words can easily be distinguished from those which were inserted in the committee or on the report.”

MACAULAY, *Hist. Eng.* iii. 89. Ed. 1855.

AN unauthorized man of peace who should appear between two armies harnessed for the battle, must expect to be attacked by both hosts at once. Yet if he has the courage of his opinions, he will do his best to deliver his message, believing that blessed are the peace-makers, and believing that Peace, if only she could be seen, would command the allegiance of both hosts.

So, though Church-defence and Church-destruction furnish combatants enough, and eager enough, to desolate England, a voice may be raised, ere it is quite too late, to plead before both armies for mutual concession, and to urge on the rulers of the National Church and of the nation the wisdom of timely and comprehensive reform.

By comprehensive reform we mean such alteration in the laws and liturgy of the Church as would admit Protestant Nonconformist ministers to the offices of the Established Church, and enable Protestant Nonconformist laymen cheerfully to submit to her ritual and heartily to enjoy her services.

Such an attempt must seem too

latitudinarian to some among us; and to others must seem to forget what they may term the mother of us all.

To the last we would reply, With the Church of Rome it is not possible to come to any terms. She has a political organization as well as an ecclesiastical, and the only terms she will grant to us are those of unconditional surrender.

To the first we must frankly say, We look upon the divisions of Christians as one of the main causes of the practical Heathenism of our villages, the practical Atheism of our towns. We look upon many of the points on which we Protestants differ as infinitely little, and we remember that the points on which we Protestants agree are infinitely great. We acknowledge the same all-loving Father of us all; the same Christ Jesus, the Saviour of us all; the same Holy Ghost, the ever-living Spirit. We acknowledge one Baptism; though as to time and manner we have minor differences, easily explained, and obviously reasonable in their small divergence. We acknowledge one Holy Communion of the Supper of the Lord;

though in the manner of the breaking of the bread and the receiving of the elements we have minor differences also, none of them proceeding from aught but honestly conceived reverence to the one common Master and Redeemer of us all. We have the same translation of the Bible, the same hopes of heaven, the same sense of sin, the same need of grace, the same hungering and thirsting after righteousness, the same eternity.

That men and women so bound together by God's providence should let themselves be torn asunder by God's worship, is an intolerable evil if it be not incurable, and that it is not incurable we have an ardent hope.

One golden opportunity was lost in 1689, when the extreme High-Churchmen, and the Nonconformists alike, secured the postponement of the Comprehension Bill brought in by Nottingham, a moderate High-Churchman.

The history of the Bill may be read in Macaulay's eleventh and fourteenth chapters; and few pages of Macaulay are more interesting to lovers of the Church of England, than those wherein he gives the history of that Bill.

Brought in by Nottingham,<sup>1</sup> it was

<sup>1</sup> The influence of Tillotson on this Bill may perhaps be seen from an entry in his commonplace-book, entitled "Concessions which will probably be made by the Church of England for the union of Protestants; which I sent to the Earl of Portland by Dr. Stillingfleet, Sept. 13, 1689:—"

"1. That the ceremonies enjoined or recommended in the Liturgy or Canons, be left indifferent.

"2. That the Liturgy be carefully reviewed, and such alterations and changes therein made as may supply the defects, and remove, as much as is possible, all grounds of exception to any part of it, by leaving out the apocryphal lessons, and correcting the translation of the Psalms used in the public service, where there is need of it; and in many other particulars.

"3. That instead of all former declarations and subscriptions to be made by ministers, it shall be sufficient for them that are admitted to the exercise of their ministry in the Church of England, to subscribe one general declaration and promise to this purpose, viz.—'That we do submit to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England, as it shall

referred to a Select Committee of the House of Lords. Its last clause appointed a Commission (to prepare desirable changes in the Liturgy), among whose thirty members no layman was to sit. An amendment proposed that it should be a Mixed Commission, part clerical, part laymen. The numbers on the division proved exactly equal. The amendment was therefore lost.

The Bill came down to the House of Commons, only to be shunted. It was agreed that Convocation should be summoned, and that the Comprehension Bill should not reappear in the House of Commons till Convocation had discussed it.

Still the Ecclesiastical Commission was issued. The practical net result of its labours was nothing; for the changes the Commission proposed, though many of them have been adopted in the

be established by law, and promise to teach and practise accordingly.'

"4. That a new body of ecclesiastical canons be made, particularly with regard to a more effectual provision for the reformation of manners, both in ministers and people.

"5. That there be an effectual regulation of ecclesiastical courts, to remedy the great abuses and inconveniences which by degrees, and length of time, have crept into them; and particularly, that the power of excommunication be taken out of the hands of lay officers and be placed in the bishop, and not to be exercised for trivial matters, but upon weighty and great occasions.

"6. That for the future, those who have been ordained in any of the foreign reformed Churches be not required to be re-ordained here, to render them capable of preferment in this Church.

"7. That for the future none be capable of any ecclesiastical benefice or preferment in the Church of England, that shall be ordained in England otherwise than by bishops; and that those who have been ordained only by presbyters shall not be compelled to renounce their former ordination. But, because many have, and do still doubt of the validity of such ordination, where episcopal ordination may be had, and is by law required, it shall be sufficient for such persons to receive ordination from a bishop in this or the like form:—'If thou art not already ordained, I ordain thee,' &c., as in case a doubt be made of anyone's baptism, it is appointed by the liturgy that he be baptized in this form: 'If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee,' &c."

BIRCH'S *Life of Tillotson*, edition of 1753. Tonson and others, p. 168.



American Prayer Book, were such as the Lower House of Convocation, with Jane for its Prolocutor, would not even discuss.<sup>1</sup>

The Comprehension Bill is worth reprinting, and through the kindness of Mr. Lefevre, and Mr. William Rathbone, the member for Liverpool, we have obtained a copy, which is so printed as to show every partial obliteration and every interlineation existing in the original copy, now in the archives of the House of Lords. The numbers are our own, for facility of reference; and a letter is appended to a number wherever the paragraph was cancelled or crossed out by the promoters of the Bill.

*An Act for the Uniteing their Majesties Protestant Subjects.*

1. Whereas the Peace of the State is highly concerned in the Peace of the Church which therefore at all times but

<sup>1</sup> The judgment of Burnet on the failure of the attempt at comprehension is worth remembering, if only for its complacency:—"But there was a very happy direction of the providence of God observed in this matter. The Jacobite clergy, who were then under suspension, were designing to make a schism in the Church, whensoever they should be turned out and their places should be filled up by others. They saw it would not be easy to make a separation upon a private and personal account, they therefore wished to be furnished with more specious pretences; and if we had made alterations in the Rubric and other parts of the Common Prayer, they would have pretended that they still stuck to the ancient Church of England, in opposition to those who were altering it and setting up new models; and, as I do firmly believe that there is a wise Providence that watches upon human affairs and directs them, chiefly those that relate to religion; so I have with great pleasure observed this in many instances relating to the revolution. And upon this occasion I could not but see that the Jacobites among us, who wished and hoped that we should have made these alterations which they reckoned would have been of great advantage for serving their ends, were the instruments of raising such a clamour against them as prevented their being made. For by all the judgments we could afterwards make, if we had carried a majority in the Convocation for alterations, they would have done us more hurt than good."

BURNET'S *History of His Own Time*, Bohn's edition, 1857, p. 544.

especially in this conjuncture is most necessary to be preserved In Order therefore to remove occasions of Difference and dissatisfaction which may arise among Protestants Be it Enacted by the King and Queen's most excellent Majesties by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and

Temporal and of the Commons of this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same That in order to y<sup>e</sup> being a Minister of this Church or the taking, holding, and enjoying any Ecclesiastical Benefice or promotion in the same no other Subscriptions or Declarations shall from henceforward be required of any person but only the Declaration mentioned in a Statute made in the thirteenth year of the Reigne of the King Charles the Second Intituled An Act for the more effectual preserving the King's person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament and also this declaration following viz:

submit to the present constitution of the Church of England I acknowledge that I: A: B. doe  $\wedge$  approve of the Doctrine the Doctrine of it contains in it all things necessary to Salvation and I will con- and Worshipp and Government of the forme myselfe to the Worshipp and the Church of England by Law Established government thereof as Established by as containing all things necessary to Law and I solemnly Salvation and I  $\wedge$  Promise in y<sup>e</sup> exercise of my Ministry to Preach and practice according thereunto.

2. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that in order to the being Collated or Instituted into any Benefice or Promotion noe more or other oaths shall be required to be taken of any person than only the two

$\wedge$  oaths of fidelity mentioned in the late Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary Intituled An Act for removing and preventing all Questions and Disputes concerning the assembling and sitting of this present Parliament and the Oath of Residence alsoe the oath of Simony  $\wedge$  any Statute

or Canon to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that the Two Declarations aforesaid shall be made and y<sup>e</sup> said Oaths of fidelity taken mentioned in the said Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary shall be taken

and subscribed  $\wedge$  in the presence of the Bishop or his Chancellor or the Guardian of the Spiritualities by every person that keeps any Publicke Schoole and alsoe the said Oathes and Declarations together with the said Oathes of Simony and Residence by every person

is to receive any Holy Orders or  $\wedge$  that is to have a Lycence to Preach any Lecture or that is to be Collated or Instituted into any Benefice, or that is to be admitted into any Ecclesiastical dignity or Promotion before such his Ordination Lycencing, Collation, Institution or Admission respectively.

4. And Be it further Enacted that every person that shall from henceforward take any Degree in either of the Universities or any Fellowship Headship or Professors-place in the same shall before his Admission to that Degree or Fellowship or Headship or Professors-place subscribe the aforesaid mentioned in the said Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary

Declarations and take the said Oaths  $\wedge$  of fidelity in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor or his Deputy, and every person likewise that shall be admitted to be Master of any Free School shall make the said Declarations and take the said Oathes in the presence of the Bishop or Chancellor of the Diocese.

[5.] Provided that if any of the persons hereinbefore required to make and subscribe the said Declarations be not in Holy Orders such person shall not be

make and obliged to  $\wedge$  subscribe all the Declaration hereinbefore expressed, but only submit to the present Constitution of the this part thereof viz: I: A. B. doe  $\wedge$  Church of England, I acknowledge that the Doctrine of it contains in it all things approve of the Doctrine and Worshipp necessary to Salvation and I will con- and Government of the Church of Eng-

forme myselfe to the Worshipp and the land by Law Established as containing

Government thereof as Established by Law all things necessary to Salvation  $\wedge$  together with the other Declaration aforesaid mentioned in the Thirtieth said Statute made in the Thirtieth year of the Reigne of the late King Charles the Second.

6. And Be it further Enacted that the making and subscribing the said Declarations and taking the said oaths as aforesaid shall be as sufficient to all aforesaid

intents and purposes  $\wedge$  as if the parties had made all other Declarations and Subscriptions and taken all other oaths which they should have taken by virtue of any Law Statute or Canon whatsoever.

6A. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that Every person already ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery and not by any Protestant Bishop of the Kingdoms of England Scotland or Ireland shall nevertheless upon his desire be admitted into the Ministry of this Church by the imposition of the Bishop's hands in this Forme: Take thou authority to Preach the Word of God and Administer the Sacraments and to performe all other Ministerial Offices in the Church of England. And from thenceforward he shall be as capable of being collated admitted or put into and to hold and enjoy any Ecclesiastical Benefice or Promotion; as if he had been ordained according to the Forme of making and ordaining Priests and Deacons in the Church of England.

7. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that from henceforth noe Minister shall be obliged to wear a surplice in the time of reading Prayers or performing any other Religious Office. Except only in the King and Queen's Majesties Chappells and in all Cathedral or Collegiate Churches and Chappells of this Realme of England and Dominion of Wales Provided Alsoe that every Minister that shall not think fit to wear a surplice as aforesaid shall nevertheless be obliged to performe all y<sup>e</sup>

Publicke Offices of his Ministry in the Church in a Black Gowne suitable to his Degree.

7 A. And if it be in a place where a Gowne is not the Dayly constant Habit of the Minister, in every such Place the Parish shall provide a Gowne for him to be worn by him during the time of his officiating in the Church.

8. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister from henceforward shall be obliged to use the signe of the Crosse in Baptisme nor any parent obliged to have his child Christened by the Minister of the Parish if the said Minister will not use or omitt the sign of the Crosse according to the desire of the parent who in that case of the Church of England may procure some other Minister  $\wedge$  to doe it.

9. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister or Ecclesiastical person shall oblige any person to find Godfathers or Godmothers for any child to be baptized soe as the Parents or Parent or other Friend of such child shall present the same to be baptized and shall answer for such child in like manner as the Godfathers and Godmothers are now required to doe.

10. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister that shall officiate in the Administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper shall deny or refuse it to any person that in a Pew or seate in the Church desires to be admitted to the same  $\wedge$  Altho' such person shall not receive it kneeling.

11. And Whereas the Liturgie of y<sup>e</sup> Church of England is capable of several additions alterations and Improvements which may free it from exception and [may<sup>1</sup> better conduce to the Glory] of God and y<sup>e</sup>  $\wedge$

Edification of the people And Whereas <sup>is</sup> the Book of Canons if  $\wedge$  fitt to be reviewed and made suitable to the present state of the<sup>2</sup> And Whereas there are divers abuses and defects in y<sup>e</sup> Ecclesiastical Courts and Iurisdiction and particularly for Reformation or removing of scandalous Ministers And Whereas it is very fitt and profitable that Confirmation be administered with such due preparation and solemnity as is directed in the Late King Charles the Seconds Declaration concerning Ecclesiastical affairs issued in the year of our Lord 1660 And a strict care be used in the Examination of such persons as desire to be Admitted into Holy Orders both as to their Learning and Manners.

12. Wee your Majesties most dutyfull and Loyal Subjects the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled doe most humbly beseech your Majesties to issue out a Commission under Your Great Seale of England directed to the Archbishops and such Bishops and such others of the Clergy of the Church of England not exceeding <sup>Thirty</sup> the number of ~~Twenty~~ in ye whole empowering and requiring them or any twelve of them to meet from time to time and as often as shall be needfull and to make such alterations in the Liturgie and reformation of the Canons and Ecclesiastical Courts as may conduce to the Establishment of the Church in Peace and Tranquility and to present <sup>to the Convocation and</sup> such alterations and reformations  $\wedge$  to the Parliament that the same may be approved and Established in due forme of Law.

It will be noticed that the diction is throughout studiously and tenderly careful of the just susceptibilities of both parties; markedly so in clauses 1 and 12. The last insertion, of four words only, in the last clause, practi-

<sup>2</sup> A word is here wanting, there being another large hole in the paper.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript is here illegible, there being two or three large holes in the paper. Where the word "conduce" is printed the letters *n, d, ce* may be easily decyphered; the word "to" may with difficulty be made out, and there is a *y* before "of God." Something like the tail of a *y* is to be seen after "and."

cally threw out the whole Bill. But as Macaulay says, "In this copy almost the whole history of the Bill can be read."

It will be seen that clauses 1—6 tend to lighten the burden of subscription to clergymen, Professors at the Universities, and Heads of Houses. To some extent also they relieve Masters of what were then termed Public Schools.

6A. Would have admitted Non-Episcopalian ministers, after a brief but far from humiliating ordination, to the full position of ministers of the Established Church of England.

7. Legalizes the black gown.

7A. Lays the duty of providing the black gown on the parish.

8. Declares the sign of the Cross in Baptism to be a matter indifferent; neither to be exacted from the minister, nor to be by him imposed against the parents' wish.

9. Declares that godparents are needless in Baptism if the parents themselves will answer for the child.

10. Declares that the Lord's Supper may be received in a pew, with the recipient not kneeling.

11. Asserts the need of alterations, especially in dealing with scandalous ministers. Insists that Confirmation be made a reality by means of previous preparation; that holy orders be imposed only after strict examination into learning and morals; and with a view to these ends appoints a Commission.

The ground covered by clauses 1—6 has been so cleared by recent legislation that on this head we say nothing, except to regret that the Commissioners of 1864 did not, instead of the cumbersome, though innocent, form of subscription now in force, adopt the simple and far more intelligible form recommended in the Comprehension Bill.

6A briefly, but in a liberal spirit, provides for the admission to all benefits and duties of full priests' orders of all Presbyterian ministers, but apparently was felt by the promoters of the Bill to be too strong a measure; and so they cancelled the clause. Probably they cancelled it in the delusive hope of conciliating men like Dr. Jane: but to

cancel this clause was to emasculate the Bill.

That there is need of some such power of receiving into the ministry of the Church of England the ministers of other Protestant Churches, if there is to be any vital or permanent comprehension at all, is clear; and if there should be a wish for such comprehension on both sides, it would not be hard to arrange the terms. One body of clergy, the Wesleyan ministers, seem by their position half Anglican already. The fathers of their Church, the Wesleys and Whitefield,<sup>1</sup> little thought of permanent severance from the Anglican Communion, and in the ordination of their earliest ministers Wesley carefully secured Episcopal American ordination. Even in the deeds of trust of some of the Wesleyan chapels,<sup>2</sup> we believe the eventual return of the whole Society to Anglican Communion is definitely contemplated and sanctioned.

<sup>1</sup> The Schedule of an Act, pointed out to us by T. Salt, Esq., M. P. for Stafford (34 and 35 Vict. Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Society of Ireland Regulations, ch. 40), purporting to re-establish Methodism on its original basis, runs thus:—

"Question 2.—What is the design of the Methodist Society?"

"Answer.—It is thus expressed by Mr. Wesley:—'A body of people who, being of no sect or party, are friends to all parties; and endeavour to forward all in heart-religion, in the knowledge and love of God and man.'

"Question 5.—Does not the Methodist Society profess to belong to the Church of England?"

"Answer.—Yes, as a body; for they originally emanated from the Church of England; and the Rev. John Wesley, the venerable founder of the connection, made a declaration of similar import within less than a year preceding his decease: viz. 'I declare once more, that I live and die a member of the Church of England; and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it.' (See *Arminian Magazine* for April 1790.) This, however, is not now to be understood as interfering with the right of private judgment in cases where education or prejudices attach members to other Established Churches."

<sup>2</sup> The Trust Deeds of some of the Independent Churches refer to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England as their doctrinal basis: but this, we are informed by the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, is more rarely the case with the more recent Trusts.

Perhaps the ministers of Protestant Nonconformist Churches in England might, in most cases, be considered to be in deacons' orders already, and, consenting to be so considered, might proceed at once to be admitted to full priests' orders.

Whatever difficulties lie in the way as to agreeing on methods of mutual concession, it must at any rate be distinctly felt that if comprehension is to be realized, and is to be fruitful, it must include the comprehension of Nonconformist clergy as well as of Nonconformist laity.

The remaining clauses, 7—11, seem to require no note from the present editor, who can lay no claim to deep research or knowledge of these or kindred matters, yet who thinks a document so interesting as this Bill of 1688 should be published in an accessible form, and who desires earnestly to see Christ's people in England less divided.

The difficulty about the black gown would probably not now be thought worth the trouble of legislation. The modification of the sponsorial system was recommended and at one time carried in the Ritual Commission of 1866. Its advantages are obvious.

Since the above pages were written, an eloquent charge from the Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered at Tonbridge, has touched on this duty of Protestant Comprehension, in words too wise and weighty to be omitted now. They were spoken November 5th, the anniversary of the arrival in England of the only monarch under whose auspices any liberal effort at comprehension has been made, and they appeared in the *Times* newspaper, November 7, 1872 :—

“No doubt it is also a grave and important subject for us to consider, that while men are holding out the right

hand of fellowship to the Episcopal Churches of the Continent, there are so many of our own brethren at home from whom we are estranged, and every effort which can be made to unite us more firmly in the bonds of Christian love with them seems to come to us recommended by something more practical than those endeavours to unite with foreigners, many of whom show little inclination to admit us to their fellowship, and some of whom could not admit us without our denying the great principles of our Reformed Church. Now, I am no visionary to look forward to the time when all the various denominations throughout England are to come and desire admission to the Church of England, but still I think that if we persevere in the loving, faithful discharge of our duty; if we are faithful to the formularies which we have received from the time of the Reformation; and if we show in all things where we can without any compromise of principle a hearty spirit of Christian love, there is every hope that in Christ's good time the differences which keep us apart may disappear.”

Till some real movement is made for constitutional comprehension, the best means of securing mutually a better understanding of each other among Anglican and Nonconformist clergy, would seem to be greater legal liberty of interchange of pulpits, more frequent appearance at Missionary meetings side by side, and readier access to each other socially.

Without goodwill and good understanding among the clergy, no move for comprehension can possibly succeed; and even if legal union be still far off, mutual goodwill and brotherly spirit are, in themselves and for the cause of Christ, exceedingly to be desired.

T. W. JEX-BLAKE.

THE ARYAN RACES OF PERU.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is an attraction in the study of American antiquities something like that presented by travel in Central America. There are hopeless jungles of tradition and mythology, and mazes of barbarous names; but there is also the hope of results which will be startling and strange as the vision of that ancient city beyond the mountains, where, according to Mr. Stephens, a primeval civilization still exists. How often these hopes have proved illusory need not be told. Investigators have started from some crude hypothesis, have sought the lost tribes of Israel, or tried to prove that civilization began in the western hemisphere and travelled eastward; they have been the slaves of slight analogies, and, above all, have treated the evidence of language in the free and easy manner of philology, before Sanscrit was an open book. It was probably not so much want of curiosity as dread of some such hypotheses which prevented Mr. Prescott from entering into the question of the origin of the Inca civilization in Peru. He had no wish to be confused with speculators like Lord Kingsborough, who looked for the Israelites in America; or like Mr. Ranking, who supposed that the new world was conquered by descendants of Kubla Khan, leaving Xanadu at the head of a force of Mongols and elephants.

The title of a book published by Señor Vicente Lopez, a Spanish gentleman of Monte Video, seems at first sight as absurd as any of these guesses. That an Aryan race, speaking an Aryan language, possessing a system of castes, worshipping in temples of Cyclopean architecture, should be found on the west coast of South America seems a theory hardly worthy of serious attention. It appears, indeed, to have met with no attention at all, and yet the work is a sober one, *sérieuse et de bonne*

*foi*, as the author says, who deserves the credit, at least, of patient and untiring labour in a land where the works of Bopp, Max Müller, and others, are only with very great difficulty to be obtained.

Señor Lopez's view, that the Peruvians were Aryans who left the parent stock long before the Teutonic, or Hellenic, races entered Europe, is supported by arguments drawn from language, from the traces of institutions, from religious beliefs, from legendary records, and artistic remains. The evidence from language is treated scientifically, and not as a kind of ingenious guessing. Señor Lopez first combats the idea that the living dialect of Peru is barbarous and fluctuating. It is not one of the casual and shifting forms of speech produced by nomad races, for the centralizing empire of the Incas imposed on all its provinces the language called Quichua, which is still full of vitality. To which of the stages of language does this belong—the Agglutinative, in which one root is fastened on to another, and a word is formed in which the constitutive elements are obviously distinct; or the Inflexional, where the auxiliary roots get worn down and are only distinguishable by the philologist? As all known Aryan tongues are inflexional, Señor Lopez may appear to contradict himself when he says that Quichua is an *agglutinative Aryan language*. But he quotes Mr. Max Müller's opinion that there must have been a time when the germs of Aryan tongues had not yet reached the inflexional stage, and shows that while the form of Quichua is agglutinative, as in Turanian, the *roots of words* are Aryan. If this be so, Quichua may be a linguistic missing link.

When we first look at Quichua, with its multitudes of words beginning with *Hu*, and its great preponderance of *q's*, it seems almost as odd as Mexican. But many of these forms are due to a scanty alphabet, and really express familiar

<sup>1</sup> Les Races Aryennes de Pérou. Par Vincente Lopez, 1872.

sounds; and many, again, result from the casual spelling of the Spaniards. We must now examine some of the forms which Aryan roots are supposed to take in Quichua. In the first place, Quichua abhors the shock of two consonants. Thus, a word like  $\pi\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\omega$  in Greek would be unpleasant to the Peruvian's ear, and he says *pillui*, "I sail." The *plu* again, in *pluma*, a feather, is said to be found in *pillu*, "to fly." Quichua has no *v*, any more than Greek has, and just as the Greeks had to spell Roman words beginning with *V*, with *Ou*, like *Valerius*,  $\text{Ουαλ\acute{e}ριος}$ ; so, where Sanscrit has *v*, Quichua has sometimes *hu*. Here is a list of words in *hu* :—

QUICHUA.	SANSKRIT.
<i>Huakia</i> , to call.	<i>Vac</i> <sup>c</sup> , to speak.
<i>Huasi</i> , a house.	<i>Vas</i> , to inhabit.
<i>Huayra</i> , air, $\alpha\acute{\epsilon}\rho\alpha$ .	<i>Vá</i> , to breathe.
<i>Huasa</i> , the back.	<i>Vas</i> , to be able ( <i>pouvoir</i> ).

There is a Sanscrit root,  $\bar{K}r$ , to act, to do,—this root is found in more than three hundred names of peoples and places in Southern America. Thus, there are the Caribs, whose name *may* have the same origin as that of our old friends the Carians, and mean the Braves, and their land the home of the braves, like *Kaleva-la*, in Finnish. The same root gives *kara*, the hand, the Greek  $\chi\acute{\epsilon}\rho$ , and *kkalli*, brave, which a person of fancy may connect with  $\kappa\alpha\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma$ . Again, Quichua has an "alpha privative," thus, *A-stani*, means "I change a thing's place;" for *ni*, or *mi*, is the first person singular, and, added to the root of a verb, is the sign of the first person of the present indicative. For instance, *can* means being, and *Can-mi*, or *Cani*, is "I am." In the same way *Munami*, or *Munani*, is "I love," and *Apanmi*, or *Apani*, "I carry." So Lord Strangford was wrong when he supposed that the last verb in *mi* lived with the last patriot in Lithuania. Peru has stores of a grammatical form which has happily perished in Europe. It is impossible to do more than refer to the supposed Aryan roots contained in the glossary, but it may be noticed that the future of the Quichuan verb is formed in *s*,—I love, *Munani*; I shall

love, *Munasa*; and that the affixes denoting cases in the noun are curiously like the Greek prepositions. After his philological labours, of which we have only given the merest sample, Señor Lopez examines the calendar. Unfortunately, all we know of this is contained in a few lines of the Père Acosta, who wrote to "point out the ridiculous prejudices of idolaters." It may be made out, that the Peruvians had a zodiac, of which the name, *Sukanga*, means the "luminous animals;" and for the tropic of Cancer, they had the Horned Stag, and for Capricorn, the Sleeping Lizard. If they came from Asia to a land of converse seasons, this change is explicable, and indeed natural.<sup>1</sup>

In his speculations on the Peruvian religion, Señor Lopez cannot escape the charge of being fanciful. There are two wholly inconsistent traditions of the origin of the Peruvians. The most generally known is that told by Garcilazo de la Vega, the son of a Spanish conqueror and an Inca princess; born shortly after the invasion, and repeating the legend told to him by his Inca relatives. According to this, the Peruvians, four hundred years before the Spanish conquest, were in the lowest condition of savage life. Marriage was unknown, and the people were Totemists, that is, believed themselves to be descended from plants and animals, as for instance, lions, serpents, crabs, bats, and sardines, and they worshipped these creatures. The Sun took pity upon men, and sent two of his own children, Manco Capac, and Manca Huacco, to introduce sun-worship, agriculture, art.<sup>2</sup> These two beings, with their descendants, created the complicated civilization which the Spaniards found in Peru. Now this tradition is intelligible enough, and obviously means that a barbarous and fetichistic race came into contact with a people who had attained to a worship of the highest forces of Nature. Just in the same manner,

<sup>1</sup> Among the Australian blacks the constellations have animal names, and the Lizard is a great power, or Kobong.

<sup>2</sup> Manco is of course Mannus, Manu, and the Santhal Maniko.

the sons of Zeus and of Apollo were once a conquering race in Greece, and so the Solar race overran India. But Garcilazo's tradition does not allow time enough for the development of the communistic despotism of Peru, and he himself admits that the great ruins on lake Titicaca belong to a time when the Incas as yet were not. Garcilazo is obviously giving the court version of the royal pedigree, and must be corrected by the legends current among the people. These were collected by Montesinos, who visited the country about one hundred years after the Spanish conquest.

From them it appears that the Peruvian civilization was not an affair of four hundred years, but that it had a chronology as long and as confused as that of the Egyptian priests. According to Montesinos, at some date near that of the deluge, America was invaded by a people with four leaders, named Ayar-manco-topa, Ayar-chaki, Ayaraucua, Ayar-Uyssu. Now Ayar, says Señor Lopez, is the Sanscrit *Ajar*, or *aje*, and means primitive chief; and *manco*, *chaki*, *auca*, and *uyssu*, mean believers, wanderers, soldiers, husbandmen. We have here a tradition of castes, like that preserved in the four tribal names of ancient Athens. The labouring class obtained the supremacy, and its leader was named Pirhua-Manco, revealer of *pir* ( $\pi\upsilon\rho$ , Umbrian, *pir*), light. On the death of Pirhua, Manco Capac succeeded, and after him, a very long list of kings, before Sinchi Roka, whom Garcilazo makes the second Inca after Manco Capac. Now, this tradition "seems a deal more likely," as one of George Eliot's characters says, because it corresponds with the legends of such civilizations as the Egyptian, and allows time for the rise, decadence, and recovery of a civilization. Let us see how it fits with the established religion of Peru. Besides the Sun, there are four great gods, Ati, to whom we find no reference in Garcilazo,—the setting moon; Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha; Pacha-Camac, and Kon-tiksi Huira-kocha. Ati is useful to Señor Lopez in this way. She is the goddess of the setting moon, and she came into Pirhuan

or Peruvian religion through the Atumrunas, or people of Ati. These, according to the legends in Montesinos, were a powerful tribe, the builders of the enormous cities of lake Titicaca; were driven by savages from their homes, and were allowed *sedes quietas* in the north of the empire. If this be true, and if Ati be one with Hecaté, and if Hecaté be the goddess of a Pelasgian people, who regulated their years by the moon, and yielded to a stronger solar tribe in Greece, then we have another analogy between Peruvian and Pelasgian affairs. It is chiefly interesting as part of a theory that much—Señor Lopez says *all*—mythology is a mystery thrown by the priests over the calendar of early peoples. It is obvious that the sect which has the calendar in its hands possesses the very secret of a primitive race, can alone say when seed shall be sown, and at what time the gods must be appeased with sacrifice. When in a decadent age this is forgotten, not only do famines ensue, but prodigies in the heavens, and the sun really almost appears, as in the Egyptian legend, to set where he should rise, and rise where he should set. It is through such forgetfulness and decadence that Señor Lopez explains the breaks in the long line of Peruvian kings. It was after one such period of decadence that the founder of the race, Pirhua, received the name Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha, which is, being interpreted, "spirit of the abyss, giver of celestial light," a myth, says our author, of the sun rising from the sea, and therefore the myth of a nation which originally had the sun rising from the sea on the east, and consequently was not indigenous on the western coast of America. The god Pacha-Camac again, whom Garcilazo declares to be the unknown god, the Jehovah of Israel, was introduced by Montesinos to *have come from the sea*. With them began the dark ages of Peru, a period of barbarism. The art of the Quipus was lost, as Plato says writing was in prehistoric times by the Athenians. The priestly class, averse



to education, burned one of the Amautas, or instructed order, who invented a new kind of characters. Civilization was restored by Sinchi Roka, who was not so much the Prometheus of the race, as Garcilazo would have him to be, as the Charles, the reconstructor of society.

Señor Lopez deserves the credit of having applied the comparative method to traditions which Mr. Prescott, perhaps, too hastily rejects. We may doubt if Ati be Hecaté and Pacha-Camac Bacchus or Ptah. But when we read in Popol Vuh of how the fourth creation of men "worshipped not yet before stocks or stones, and remembered the word of the Creator and meditated on the meaning of the dawn," how they fasted in terror through the night, and greeted the morning with a hymn, we cannot but admire, among American peoples, the elements of the religion of the Vedas. Moreover, if, like Mr. Max Müller, we cannot fathom the meaning of the title Boar applied to the Creator in the relics of the American sacred book, it does not seem much stranger than the same term "heavenly Boar" applied to Vishnu in a letter from a Hindu quoted by Mr. Müller.<sup>1</sup>

Señor Lopez' weakest proofs are those derived from religion, his strongest are from language, intermediate comes the argument from architecture. It is almost enough to quote Mr. Fergusson's words, that the coincidence between the buildings of the Incas, and the Cyclopean remains attributed to the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece, "is the most remarkable in the history of architecture." "The sloping jambs, the window cornice, the polygonal masonry, and other forms so closely resemble what is found in the old Pelasgic cities of Greece and Italy, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Fergusson concludes, however, that the *Amayra*, apparently meaning

the *Atumrunas*, style of building is opposed to this conclusion. Señor Lopez probably would explain the *Atumruna* remains as relics of a Pelasgic art, even earlier than that which framed the treasure-house of Atreus.

We may end by observing, what seems to have escaped Señor Lopez, that the *interior* of an Inca palace, with its walls covered with gold, as described by Spaniards, with its artificial golden flowers, and golden beasts, must have been exactly like the interior of the house of Alkinous or Menelaus.

"The doors were framed of gold,  
Where underneath the brazen floor doth glass  
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold  
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished  
gold,  
And dogs on each side of the door there stand,  
Silver and golden."<sup>1</sup>

One word on the subject of institutions. Señor Lopez discovers no analogies between Peru and Persia, and yet there is that tempting fact to the philological eye, a *Per* in both. Under the Inca and Achæmenid dynasties, we find subject peoples, beneath the rule of their own chieftains. Over these again are Satraps, or, in America, members of the Inca class. This class, like the Persian nobles, consists of men of the same blood as their king, and immeasurably superior to the subdued peoples. But, both in Persia and Peru, Incas and nobles show the same absolute and religious devotion to the head of the royal family, die for Atahuallpa, or cast themselves overboard to lighten the ship of Xerxes. The state of society in Peru was at least as advanced as under the Aryans of Persia. Perhaps the most definite conclusion that can be attained is this: If the language and institutions of the Peruvians had not been, as in Japan, first too quickly developed, and then stereotyped, by the absolute power of a sacred dynasty, they would probably have attained forms which are generally considered peculiar to the races speaking Aryan languages.

ANDREW LANG.

<sup>1</sup> Chips from a German Workshop, i. 333, ii. 312. Popol Vuh, pp. 211, 213.

<sup>2</sup> History of Architecture, ii. 781.

<sup>1</sup> Worsley's "Odyssey," i. 159.

## CENTRAL ASIA: A MILITARY SKETCH.

THE subject now generally known under the wide and rather indefinite name of "Central Asia," is one regarding which much has lately been written, and yet one that is not generally well understood. It excites interest because its solution affects our future in India, and yet—owing to the inaccessibility of some of the regions concerned—the real condition of matters can with difficulty be ascertained. In the following observations, I do not pretend to possess any special or exclusive means of knowledge; but having studied the subject for some time, I am in hopes that they may prove of some slight military interest.

The subject may be divided as follows:—

First.—Our present military and political position on the north-west frontier of India.

Secondly.—A concise account of the gradual advance of Russia southwards, with a sketch of the countries intervening between us.

Thirdly.—Suggestions as to what should be our line of policy towards our neighbours.

Until our arrival in the East, all the great invasions of India for centuries past had been made from the north-west; that is, from Central Asia. The original Hindoo races of India have been periodically flooded, as it were, by successive Mahomedan waves, which penetrated more or less throughout the Peninsula. When we arrived in India, the Mahomedan power was in its decline. It is not necessary for me to relate how, beginning with small trading factories on the coast, we gradually rolled back the tide of Mussulman invasion; how we raised armies, composed in great part of the natives of the country; how we advanced, and, ever conquering, saw kingdom and principality fall one after another under our sway, until at length our frontier line was pushed forward as

far as the banks of the Sutlej. Behind us we had left the descendant of the Moguls in titular sovereignty at Delhi, and before us stood Runjeet Sing, the Lion of the Punjab. This was our position thirty years ago.

Sir John Malcolm, in his "Political History of India," says:—

"The great empire which England has established in the East will be the theme of wonder to succeeding ages. That a small island in the Atlantic should have conquered and held the vast continent of India as a subject province, is in itself a fact which can never be stated without exciting astonishment. But the surprise will be increased when it is added that this great conquest was made, not by the collective force of the nation, but by a company of merchants who, originally vested with a charter of exclusive commerce \* \* \*, actually found themselves called upon to act in the character of sovereigns over extended kingdoms, before they had ceased to be the mercantile directors of petty factories."

It was in the year 1839 that, in concert with our then allies the Siekhs, we advanced with an army across the Indus, and, threading the Bolam Pass, finally reached Cabul; and it was in 1841 that that terrible disaster occurred in which we lost that army, and for the time were driven out of Afghanistan. I merely recall these events as the opening scenes in the Central Asian drama.

In 1843 we conquered Scinde, and in 1849, after the great battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, the Punjab fell into our possession; we crossed the Indus, and our frontier was then advanced to its present boundary, namely, to the foot of the Afghan mountains.

In speaking of the Punjab, it is often alluded to as the country of the Siekhs, as if the whole of it were inhabited by people of that race. This, however, is by no means the case. All about Lahore, Umritsur, and the lower parts of the Punjab, the great majority are of the Siekh faith, but towards the north the

inhabitants are for the most part Punjabee Mussulmen; and once across the Indus, the men of the tribes in the plains, in language, religion, race, and character, are Afghans, that is, bigoted Mahomedans.

I have said these few words on the religious aspect of the case, because it is one which necessarily affects our policy; and it will be observed, that however sharply defined is our north-west frontier in a geographical point of view, there is no such distinction between the inhabitants on either side of the border.

After the conquest of the Punjab by Lord Gough, in 1849, we inherited and adopted the former frontier line of the Siekhs—a somewhat uncertain and devious one, running for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Afghan mountains (the Soliman range). It extends from Scinde to Cashmere, and, speaking roughly, may be 800 miles long. We have crossed the Indus, and thus held a long narrow strip of flat country between it and the base of the hills. Our line is guarded by a series of detached forts and stations, the chief of which from south to north are Jacobabad, Dera Ghazee Khan, Dera Ishmael Khan, Bunnoo, Kohat, Peshawur, Hoti Mundan, and Abbotabad in Hazara. We have minor posts all along at the foot of the mountains, ten or twenty miles apart. The chief position, Peshawur, standing in front of the mouth of the celebrated Kyber Pass, and commanding the main road from Cabul, is held by a considerable force of the regular army, all the others being guarded by the Punjab and Scinde native frontier forces.

We thus hold a long narrow strip of Trans-Indus country, and stand at the foot of a line of mountains full of fierce hostile tribes, with a great river at our backs. We are constantly at war at various parts of the line, and during the last twenty years as many expeditions have entered the Afghan country, to punish the border tribes for outrages on our territory. One of the chief campaigns was in 1863, against the Sitana fanatics to the north of Attock.

It is important to understand the nature of our military position on the north-west,

because it has an important bearing on our external policy.

The chief countries of Central Asia, of which I propose to say a few words before entering on the advance of Russia, are:—Cashmere and Ladak, Chinese Turkestan, Afghanistan, and the three khanates or principalities of Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan.

Cashmere and Ladak—provinces composed almost entirely of great chains of mountains, sheltering deep and beautiful valleys—though partially under our protection and included within our border, are in reality governed by the ruler of Cashmere, who maintains his own troops, and carries on his own little wars without our help.

There is said to be a road from Cashmere northwards, up the valley of Gilgit and over the Pamir Steppe to Kokan, but it must be a mere mountain track and of little use for commerce. The Pamir Steppe is supposed to be the highest table-land in the world, and is said to be 15,000 feet above the sea, and to be studded with lakes; but it is not yet thoroughly known. Only one Englishman has yet succeeded in reaching it—the late Captain Wood, of the Indian navy, during our first occupation of Cabul. A new edition of his travels has just been published. We have a British representative in Cashmere, but no troops, and within the last few years we have also had an agent at Leh, the principal town of the outlying province of Ladak. The people of Cashmere and Ladak are for the most part poor, quiet, and inoffensive. Our chief object at present is to encourage trade from Chinese Turkestan, and to enter into political intercourse with the ruler of that country, who has lately risen to power.

There are several routes from Ladak to Turkestan, but they all lead over gigantic mountain chains, the lowest passes being nearly 18,000 feet above the sea, and for some days of the journey on most of the routes there is neither food nor forage to be had. Consequently the intercourse with China and Thibet is difficult, owing to natural obstacles, and our attempts at trade were for some years almost strangled

by the heavy duties in transit imposed by the ruler of Cashmere.

Chinese Turkestan, until lately, has been to us a sealed book. This great south-western province of China, lying between the Kuen Luen mountains to the south, the Tian Shan range to the north, and the elevated Pamir Steppe closing it to the west, contains several large and important commercial cities, namely, Khoten, Yarkund, Kashgar, Aksu, and others. The people are for the most part Turkish in nationality and Mahomedans in religion, but owing to the distracted state of the country, to the cruelty and fanaticism of the rulers and the people, it has until lately been rendered quite impossible of approach.

Within the last few years a Mahomedan ruler has arisen called Yakoob Kushbegi, who, formerly an officer of the Kokan army, has usurped the chief authority and driven the Chinese out of the province; establishing himself in Kashgar and Yarkund, he took Khoten by treachery in 1867, massacred the greater part of the male population, and marching with a large force on Aksu the following year, it capitulated. He is an unscrupulous ruler, but a man of energy and talent, and, pressed by the Chinese from the east and by Russians in the north, has sought our countenance, and is desirous of encouraging trade. Several English officials have lately visited Yarkund and been well received, and an envoy from Kashgar is now on his way to India.

Afghanistan, the country which lies just beyond our north-west border, has been so often described, and is so well known as compared to the other regions of Central Asia, that it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to a few of its general outlines. That part of it which lies on our side of the Hindoo Koosh, consists, for the most part, of narrow sheltered valleys lying between the great mountain spurs, which radiate southwards and which traverse and divide the land from end to end, one of the principal chains, the Soliman, forming its boundary with our dominions. It is a rugged and comparatively a poor country, with few good roads,

and therefore ill adapted or military movements on a large scale.

The Afghans are a brave, hardy, and fierce people, fond of fighting for fighting's sake; incessantly quarrelling amongst themselves, but ever ready to combine against others. They are fanatical, revengeful, and cruel, and have suffered long under the misery of wretched government and distracted rule which seems now to be one of the distinguishing features of all the countries of Central Asia. Along our immediate border there are a number of tribes varying in strength, who, though Afghans in race, religion, feeling, and language, are professedly independent of each other, and of the chief ruler at Cabul. Although Afghanistan is so shut off by a screen of mountains, still there is a considerable amount of trade carried on between us; the two chief roads being by the Bolam and Kyber Passes. There is, however, not much reciprocity of feeling on their part; for although we allow them to travel freely in our country, and to trade in our bazaars, no Englishman dare venture alone even to the foot of their mountains, much less enter their country.

The kingdom, if it can be so called, consists of a number of rather loosely-knit states, most of them lying to the southward of the Hindoo Koosh range. The chief towns are Cabul, Ghuznee, Candahar, and Herat. There are also outlying provinces to the north of the great mountain range, namely, Balkh and Badakshan, near the sources of the Oxus, adjoining Bokhara, with rather indefinite frontiers, over which the ruler of Cabul maintains a somewhat doubtful authority.

The diplomatic despatches between our own and the Russian Governments, which have just been published, relate to this portion of Central Asia, and the northern boundary of the Afghan frontier it is now agreed shall extend from the Sari-kul lake, the source of the Oxus, to Khoja Saleh.

Prince Gortchakoff's last despatch, dated as late as the 31st January, says:—

“The divergence which existed in our views was, with regard to the frontiers, assigned to the dominions of Shere Ali. The English

Cabinet includes within them Badakshan and Wakhan, which, according to our views, enjoyed a certain independence. Considering the difficulty experienced in establishing the facts in all their details in those distant parts, considering the greater facilities which the British Government possesses for collecting precise data, and, above all, considering our wish not to give to this question of detail greater importance than is due to it, we do not refuse to accept the line of boundary laid down by England. We are the more inclined to this act of courtesy, as the English Government engages to use all her influence with Shere Ali, in order to induce him to maintain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all measures of aggression or further conquest. This influence is indisputable. It is based not only on the material and moral ascendancy of England, but also on the subsidies for which Shere Ali is indebted to her. Such being the case, we see in this assurance a real guarantee for the maintenance of peace."

The three Khanates or principalities, Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan, which together form the chief portion of Central Asia—once the seat of civilization and the arts—are now, and have been for a long period of time, cursed by all the miseries of wretched government, and their fair provinces have been desolated and ruined by the hands of cruel men. Many portions of this vast country are fertile and beautiful, and are well adapted in every respect for the circumstances of peaceful and prosperous existence; and in spite of tyranny and misgovernment, parts of it (especially the valleys which lie about the upper parts of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes) are cultivated, and comparatively prosperous; the inhabitants of the hillsides given to pastoral pursuits, and those of the valleys engaged in agriculture and commerce. There are many large flourishing cities in the upper parts of Bokhara and Kokan. The other parts of the country, towards the Caspian and the Aral, vary much in their character, and large tracts consist of arid, almost pathless deserts, sparsely inhabited by wild nomadic Turcoman tribes.

These three principalities are independent of each other, and are often at war; but each and all of them are now being overwhelmed by that great wave of Russian invasion which, slowly but surely, is approaching from the north, and which as

surely will ere long absorb them into one common kingdom. Whatever changes the advance of Russia may make, and however much or little it may ultimately affect our position in the East, one can hardly regret that an end should be put to these governments, which for a long period of time, by their tyranny, fanaticism, and depravity, have been a curse to the people placed under their rule.

For many years past the whole country has been so unsafe for travellers, that there is scarcely an European alive who has successfully passed through it, and consequently it has been impossible to ascertain with any exactness the real condition of affairs in the three kingdoms. In a military point of view, neither Khiva, Bokhara, nor Kokan are very powerful. Bokhara is the most so, and is said to have an army of 40,000 men, and some batteries of artillery. The chief obstacles, therefore, to the Russian advance, arise from the want of adequate roads, and from the difficulties of obtaining supplies of food and water in traversing the wide sandy deserts, which extend over a great portion of the country. The distances also are great, so that it is easy to understand that any forward movement can only be made by small detached bodies, which are liable to be cut off, or to be at all events detained by the desultory attacks of the wild tribes of the desert.

#### THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA.

The old southern boundary of Russia in Central Asia extended from the Ural, north of the Caspian, by Orenburg and Orsk, and then across to the old Mongolian city of Semipalatinsk, and was guarded by a cordon of forts and Cossack outposts. This line was no less than 2,000 miles in length, and "abuted on the great Kirghis Steppe along its northern skirts, and to a certain extent controlled the tribes pasturing in the vicinity, but by no means established the hold of Russia on that pathless, and for the most part lifeless, waste."

There is an admirable article in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1865, written, I believe, by a very high authority on the subject, which describes the position

of Russia about thirty years ago, and from which I will quote one or two extracts, before proceeding to give an account of her more recent conquests. It says:—

“A great Tartar Empire, which should unite Siberia with the fertile valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes, had been imagined by the Russian Czars as early as the sixteenth century, and would probably have been realized, either by Peter the Great or Catherine, but for the intervening wilderness of the Kirghis Kazzacks. Extending for 2,000 miles from west to east, and for 1,000 miles from north to south, and impassable, except to a well-appointed caravan at certain seasons and along particular tracks, this vast Steppe seemed to have been placed by nature as a buffer between the power of civilized Europe, and the weakness and barbarism of Central Asia.”

Then, speaking of a later date, the article says:—

“It was in 1847, contemporaneously with our final conquest of the Punjab, that the curtain rose on the aggressive Russian drama in Central Asia, which is not yet played out. Russia had enjoyed the nominal dependency of the Kirghis Kazzacks of the little horde who inhabited the western division of the great Steppe since 1730; but, except in the immediate vicinity of the Orenburg line, she had little real control over the tribes. In 1847–48, however, she erected three important fortresses in the very heart of the Steppe. These important works—the only permanent constructions which had hitherto been attempted south of the line—enabled Russia for the first time to dominate the western portion of the Steppe, and to command the great routes of communication with Central Asia. But the Steppe forts were, after all, a mere means to an end; they formed the connecting link between the old frontier of the empire and the long coveted line of the Jaxartes, and simultaneously with their erection arose Fort Aralsk, near the *embouchure* of the river.”

In the meantime, in 1839, the Russians had sent an expedition from Orenburg against Khiva under Perofski; but which, having suffered from hunger, thirst, and disease in the desert of Bar-sak, north-west of the Aral, was forced to a disastrous retreat. This was about the same time that we, in like manner, were retreating from Afghanistan. The Russians having crossed the great Steppe, and having established themselves on the Jaxartes, at once transported materials for two steamers for the navigation of

the river. It was from this time that they came permanently into contact with the three great Khanates of Central Asia. They have a few steamers on the Aral, which is, however, a stormy sea, destitute of havens and encumbered with shoals.

Turning for a moment to the Caspian, it should be mentioned that by means of steamers down the Volga, and with transports and men-of-war on the Caspian, Russia is now in complete command on that great inland sea. The greater part of the western coast is within her own territory, with ports at Baku, Derbend, and other points; and on the eastern she holds fortified positions at Alexandrofski on the Mangishlak Peninsula, and at Krasnovodsk, with a certain amount of indefinite authority over the wandering tribes in the neighbouring deserts. Russia has also, for the last thirty years, had a naval station at Ashourada, in the extreme south of the Caspian, near Astrabad. Considerable discussion has lately arisen regarding an alleged seizure by Russia of the Persian frontier along the valley of the Attrek. The truth would appear to be that Persia has little authority over this portion of Khorassan, and that the only new feature is the re-establishment by Russia of a fort called Chikisliar, in the desert to the north and near the mouth of the river. A telegram from Berlin appeared in the papers a few days since on this subject. It states:—“The determination to make the valley between the rivers Attrek and Gurgun the key of the Russian position in the Caspian Steppes, is officially announced at St. Petersburg. The three minor posts round Krasnovodsk have been evacuated. Chikisliar on the Attrek is to be strengthened.” Little is known to us of the valley of the Attrek, but its possession by Russia would apparently give facilities for the march of troops from the south of the Caspian to Meshed and Herat, and, therefore, the news is important, if true.

Once across the desert and secure upon the Jaxartes, the progress of Russia southwards has been comparatively easy. Each year has seen a step in advance; forts rising up in succession along the banks of the river. In 1853 the Russians had

ascended the river as far as Ak Metchet, and built a fort there, now called Perofski. The Crimean war checked their progress for a few years, but latterly it has been rapid. In the year 1864 Aulietta and Chemkend fell, and Tashkend, a flourishing city of considerable trade, the following year. Admiral Boutakoff is said to have navigated the Jaxartes for 1,000 miles in 1863. Thus in a few years Russia had reached almost to the heart of Kokan, and was in close proximity to Bokhara.

On the eastern border of the great Kirghis Steppe her progress has been equally decisive, and, the country being generally more fertile, the difficulties have been less. Her troops, leaving Semipalatinsk, marched southwards towards the Balkash Lake; and in 1854 established a military settlement, and built Fort Vernoe, north of the lake Issy-Kul. This is an important place, being at the junction of the cross roads from Semipalatinsk to Kashgar, and from Kokan to Ili or Kuldja. Then, in order more fully to secure their position, they turned westwards, and captured several Kokan forts in succession, Aulietta and Turkestan being among the number; they thus joined their eastern to their western line of advance. In his circular detailing these events, Prince Gortchakoff, in 1865, said that "the purpose of last year's campaign was that the fortified lines of the frontier, the one running from China to Lake Issy-Kul, the other stretching from the Aral along the Sir Daria, should be united by fortified points, so that all our posts should be in a position for mutual support."

Although in all these movements the Russians had encountered opposition, and had fought numerous battles, none of them were on any great scale. The numbers engaged were comparatively few, and the losses on the Russian side have always been trifling. General Techernayeff states that he captured Tashkend with a handful of soldiers, and eight old guns, and that the whole force of Russia in Turkestan does not amount to 15,000 men. Indeed, from the causes already mentioned, that is, want of roads

and of supplies; the advances of Russia have always been made with small detachments, step by step, fortifying posts as they went. On the other hand, it is evident that none of the powers of Central Asia have the means of bringing large, disciplined, well-armed masses into the field.

Russia, in 1864, had thus not only left the desert behind, but found herself in possession of several large and flourishing cities, in a fruitful well-cultivated country; a country in which corn and cotton are grown in considerable quantities, and in which mines of the precious metals and also of coal exist. Kokan is at her mercy, and Bokhara hardly less so. Envoys from Kokan visited India in 1860 and in 1864, to ask for support, but were not successful. Tashkend had fallen in 1865, and Khojend was captured the following year. The battle in May 1866, which preceded the fall of that city, is the most considerable that has occurred, and is called the battle of "Irdjar." The Emir of Bokhara commanded in person on the occasion, and is said to have had twenty-one pieces of artillery, 5,000 regular infantry, and 35,000 auxiliary Kirghis, against fourteen companies of infantry, five squadrons of cavalry, and twenty guns on the part of Russia. The fighting, however, must have been meagre, and the battle more a flight and massacre than anything else; the Russian loss being given as only twelve wounded, whilst the Emir left 1,000 dead bodies on the field. He also lost his camp equipage and baggage, and returned to Samarcand with only 2,000 horse and two guns. Khojend stands on the left bank of the Jaxartes, and is surrounded by a double line of thick high walls, said to be seven miles in circuit. It was taken by escalade at the end of May, after considerable resistance. In 1868 the Russians took another decisive step; and, after another battle, the ancient and important city of Samarcand fell into their possession. Thus the heart of Bokhara has been reached, as well as that of Kokan, and although in neither case has the capital yet fallen, both may probably do so ere long. I may mention that in the winter of 1866

an envoy from Bokhara came to Calcutta to ask for assistance from England, but his mission was unsuccessful. The advanced posts of Russia, on the eastern side, are now pushed forward to the crests of the Tian Shan range, and are looking down upon Chinese Tartary, the province of Kuldja having been taken about a year and a half ago, and the Russians are said to have established a trading factory at Kashgar.

We have hitherto heard less of Khiva than of the other Central Asian principalities. The fact is, it is an isolated oasis extending along the Oxus to the south of the Aral ; is rendered difficult of approach by the surrounding deserts, and the tide of Russian advance has as yet passed southwards on each side. But its time has now come, and an expedition is being prepared for its subjection. The Russian accounts state that for a long time Khiva has been disquieting the Kirghis, plundering caravans, and refusing to surrender Russian captives. A few months since a small expedition left Krasnovodsk on the Caspian, and marched a considerable distance into the interior, its purpose probably being reconnaissance rather than conquest. It is understood that in April next three columns will advance and converge on Khiva ; the one from Emba, southwards, the second from Krasnovodsk, and the third from some point on the Sir Daria. The whole force will probably amount to about 10,000 men, a few guns and two or three thousand camels accompanying each column ; that from the Sir Daria is the one which will in all probability enter Khiva, the others holding the enemy in check. The great difficulties to be encountered are the want of water, food, and forage ; the advance of each column being for a long distance over arid deserts, inhabited by hostile wandering tribes. The people of Khiva, though brave, are badly armed, and have no real military power, and there is, therefore, no probability that they can resist for a moment the contemplated attack. We may therefore conclude, although it is not the intention to annex Khiva, that ere long the three Khanates of Central Asia will vir-

tually fall under the dominion of Russia, and that consequently the Oxus as well as the Jaxartes will be open to her as lines of communication southwards.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to turn for a moment to the map, and to observe what may be called the geographical approximation of England and Russia in the East ; and here again I will quote a sentence from the article in the *Quarterly Review* :—

“While England, in taking possession of the line of the Indus from the seaboard to Peshawur, has penetrated on one side nearly 1,000 miles into the ‘debatable land’ of former days ; Russia, on the other side, by incorporating the great Kirghis Steppe into the empire, and substituting the Jaxartes for the Siberian line of forts as her southern frontier, has made a stride of corresponding dimensions to meet us ; so that instead of the two empires being divided by half the continent of Asia as of old, there is now intervening between their political frontiers, a mere narrow slip of territory, a few hundred miles across, occupied either by tribes torn by internecine war, or nationalities in the last stage of decrepitude, and traversed by military routes in all directions.”

I propose now to consider shortly some of the routes by which it is supposed that Russia may still advance southwards. In order to reach the plains of Chinese Turkestan, the ranges of the Tian Shan must be surmounted, and efforts are now being made to improve the passes. A Russian officer, who explored the Muzart Pass, north of Kashgar, in the autumn of 1871, describes the ascent on the northern side as about thirty-three miles long, and full of difficulties. The road is a mere track, and he suffered from snowstorms and want of forage ; he had to leave his baggage and sheep behind, and on leaving the last Cossack vedettes and crossing over the crest, was forced to return. “I had hoped,”<sup>1</sup> he says, “to have gathered a more abundant crop of observations from the southern slope, but the presence of a Kashgar picquet in the immediate neighbourhood of the Col, and the scarcity of forage, compelled us to retrace our steps or to incur very grave risks. Still the excursion sufficed to confirm the fact of the existence of extensive glaciers on the

<sup>1</sup> *U. S. Magazine* of January 1873.



southern side of the Tian Shan, and also to show the extreme difficulty of the pass." Russia, like ourselves, is intent on establishing commercial intercourse with Kashgar and Yarkund; but that any danger, in a military sense, can arise to us in consequence, seems to me utterly chimerical. A year or two ago, during one of those periodical panics which, generally originating in India, occasionally sweep through the columns of the English press, there were rumours that Russia was in military possession of Chinese Turkestan, that her advanced posts had even reached Gumah in the south, and it was suddenly discovered that there existed a back door as it were to Cashmere. A "hole in the wall" it was said had been found, and people at last became so alarmed that they almost fancied they could see the Cossacks peeping through it. Then the mists cleared away—the Russians were found not to be in Chinese Turkestan, and are not there now, except as traders. Dr. Cayley, our Special Agent in Ladak, in a report in 1868, describes the nature of the country between the Punjab and Yarkund. He says—

"From Umritsir to Leh is a distance of about 525 miles, or forty-two marches; five high passes have to be crossed, only one of which is under 13,000 feet high; the road, however, is generally easy during summer, and everywhere passable for laden ponies. From Leh to Yarkund is about 350 miles, or thirty marches, and the road goes over five high passes, the lowest nearly 18,000 feet, and three of them are covered with perpetual snow or glacier, and the road is so bad and the difficulties so great, that nearly 20 per cent. of the horses die on the journey. On nearly all the passes, too, the merchandise has to be transferred from the horses to yaks. The most intense cold has to be endured, and great obstructions are met with from large unbridged rivers, and the expense of carriage is consequently very great; but these natural difficulties seem to have little or no effect in checking the trade when it receives fair play, and is not overburdened by excessive duties."

Subsequent inquiries have proved the existence of other routes from Leh to Yarkund somewhat easier than that described by Dr. Cayley, and in which there is a greater abundance of food

and forage; but passes between 17,000 and 19,000 feet must still be surmounted, and, in my opinion, these great ranges of the Himalayas are quite impracticable for military operations on a great scale, although the routes may be made sufficiently good for a restricted commerce of light goods. Sir Henry Rawlinson said that "in all history there is no instance of an invader having ever attempted to descend upon India, either by the Polu or Chang-Chenimo route from eastern Turkestan."

There are tracks from the Pamir by Chitral southward, and from the Oxus and the outlying Afghan provinces of Balkh and Badakshan means of communication exist with Cabul, but even in this part of the country the passes over the Hindoo Koosh are very difficult, and the one most frequented at Bamian has an altitude of over 12,000 feet. It was crossed by a small English force, with a battery of Bengal Horse Artillery, during our first occupation of Afghanistan. Further to the westward towards the Caspian, where the great range of the Hindoo Koosh begins to die away into the plains, the scene somewhat changes, and several routes which chiefly converge in Herat afford greater facilities for military movements. It is this fact which gives Herat its strategical value as being on the exposed flank, as it were, of the Hindoo Koosh, and on the road to Cabul and Candahar, and, therefore, to India *via* the Kyber and the Bolam. The distances, however, are considerable (forty marches from Astrabad to Herat), and we must bear in mind that the road for the whole distance lies either in Persia or Afghanistan.

I have thus endeavoured to give a sketch of the gradual progress of Russia, and of her present position and prospects in Central Asia. It is but a sketch, but the absence of detailed information, and the very uncertainty of the boundaries of the Central Asian States, render great precision difficult. It will be evident that the Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh, which encircle India, and run along the northern boundaries of the chief part of Afghanistan, form a natural and almost impassable barrier of the highest

importance to our position in the East. It is also evident that the only feasible approach to India is by means of roads which run through Persia and Afghanistan, and that, in consequence, these two powers become, as it were, our natural allies, the latter especially and essentially so. I have endeavoured to show that Russia, in a military sense, is still far removed from us; and that her power is widely scattered over pathless deserts, and amidst the ruins of ancient Asiatic Monarchies, and cannot easily be concentrated. There is, it is true, a large army in the Caucasus, but it is far away from the scene, and has duties and responsibilities of its own. There is no rail from Tiflis to the Caspian, and the one projected is said to have been postponed owing to the difficulties of the country.

The military position of Russia in Central Asia, is that of a great power which has recently obtained possession of a vast tract of territory, but the distances are great, and the country in many parts is a desert devoid of food and water, and is infested with hostile predatory tribes; the roads are mere caravan tracks, and railways are unknown. The Russian occupation is necessarily limited to isolated detachments, and civil government can as yet be hardly established, and although no great military power exists to beat Russia in the field in Central Asia, still the country is but half subjugated. The position is not assured, and the inhabitants being bigoted Mahommedans, may be taken for the most part as secretly hostile. It is probable that in time Russia may consolidate her conquests and concentrate her power; but at present, with the deserts behind her, with vast snowy ranges in her front, far away from the main resources of the empire, there does not seem any present prospect of her being able to entertain designs of a further advance in force, especially towards another great power—India. A consideration of the map, and of the geographical features of the country, would appear to prove that although there are paths over the Himalayas into Cashmere and the upper parts of India, they are not of a nature available for the march of armies. Mountains of

eternal snow form our natural fortifications in that direction. It is only between Herat and the Caspian that the country becomes sufficiently open and fertile for military expeditions, and as this territory belongs to Persia and Afghanistan, it is to them that we must look as allies, being in possession of the approaches of our empire. Our proper policy, therefore, is simple and well defined.

There are those, however, who see great danger in every move of Russia, and in the present aspect of affairs. Agreeing in the military importance of Afghanistan as a barrier against foreign aggression, but looking upon the people of that country as a treacherous, faithless race, likely to take either side, they advocate that we should advance at once to its conquest, seize Candahar and Herat, and thus adopt a bold attitude against all comers. This is certainly a simple and an intelligible course of action, but, judging by past experience, it would involve us in a costly, dangerous war, in a poor, rugged, inhospitable country, far away from our resources, and would bring us into collision with a race of fierce, implacable mountaineers. It would be might without right. Therefore, although the time may come when it may be necessary, in alliance with the Afghans, to push forward troops even to Herat, the period has certainly not arrived yet, and we should only rouse enmities and prejudice our position by such high-handed precipitate military tactics.

There are others again who, without going so far as to advocate the conquest of Afghanistan, propose that at all events we should penetrate the Bolam Pass, and take up a fortified position at Quetta, 130 miles beyond our present frontier. They wish to debouch, as it were, from behind the screen of mountains, and virtually to close the only easy entrance into India. In a military point of view this proposition has some advantages, but politically we should probably rouse distrust in the Persians and Afghans, and it would in my opinion be far more prudent to maintain our present treaty with the Khan of Khelat, to whom the country belongs—a treaty which he has faithfully kept, and by which, for a small annual payment, we

gain security for our traders through the Pass. The entrance to the Bolam is but sixty miles from our frontier, and we can readily acquire possession of it at any time should such a movement in advance become necessary.

Instead of conquest and annexation, we should, in my opinion, turn to conciliation whilst there is yet time, and by these means we may hope, not only to succeed in gaining our true boundary, but to induce the warlike Afghans to be our very frontier defenders. This appears to me to be the true key to our frontier policy. But then to carry it out successfully we must not hold our neighbours at arm's length as we have done for years; we must not treat this brave but jealous people in a high-handed domineering manner, as we did in 1839, and have often done since. We must try and look at the question from an Afghan point of view; we must remember that in conquering India we have invaded a great country which for centuries past they have looked on as their natural field for enterprise; that our flag now flies at the very foot of their native mountains; and poor, hungry, and ignorant Asiatics as they are, it is hardly to be wondered at that they should receive our overtures with suspicion, and view our presence with dislike. That arbitrary frontier line not only cuts them off from the fertile plains, but interferes with landed claims and tenures, which, though ill-defined, still deserve consideration. We are strong, and should be forbearing. It is very possible that in the frontier disturbances of the last twenty years they have often been in the wrong, but the hereditary instincts of centuries are not to be obliterated in a day, and their ideas of property and of right and wrong are probably more elastic than our own. We must not, therefore, judge these Afghans by too rigid an English standard. With all their faults, they are brave, hospitable, and courteous, and are possessed of a great love for their religion and their country, and they thus have many of those virtues which we esteem so highly among ourselves.

It is, however, often said that these people are fickle and faithless, and that

subsidies and conciliation, though good in theory, will fail in practice. There are of course considerable difficulties to be encountered, nor is it to be anticipated that our friendly overtures will produce any immediate striking result; but turning for a few moments to the history of our dealings with the Afghans, of recent years, it will be found that the conciliatory, friendly policy, on the only occasion when it has been fairly tried, at once bore good fruit, and that too on a very critical and momentous occasion, and in a way we little expected. The instance is as follows:—

In the year 1856, Dost Mahomed was the ruler of Afghanistan, and being anxious, for obvious reasons, that the Persians, who had then captured Herat, should be driven out of it, we entered into a treaty with Dost Mahomed accordingly. The following is the first and chief article of the treaty:—

“Whereas the Shah of Persia, contrary to his engagement with the British Government, has taken possession of Herat, and has manifested an intention to interfere in the present possessions of Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, and there is now war between the British and Persian Governments; therefore, the Honourable East India Company, to aid Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan to defend and maintain his present possessions in Balk, Cabul, and Candahar against Persia, hereby agrees, out of friendship, to give the said Ameer one lac of Company's rupees (10,000.) monthly during the war with Persia.”

The other conditions of the treaty were that the Ameer should maintain a certain force under arms, and should receive an English officer. He was also presented with 4,000 muskets. This treaty was signed by the present Lord Lawrence, who was then Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, on the 26th of January, 1857, and one result was that the Persians were driven out of Herat as we wished; but another and quite an unexpected result may be at all events in part attributed to our timely conciliation. In May 1857, only four months after the treaty was signed, the great Mutiny broke out, and the Punjab, like all the rest of India, was in extreme peril; but although it is believed that Dost Mahomed was

urged to attack us, and although it is said that thousands of Afghan horsemen were eager to be let loose across the border, it is nevertheless a fact that this great old chief, who had little cause to love us for our treatment of him in former years, did not draw the sword nor move a man against us in the hour of our dire extremity. It is of course impossible to say how far our kind reception of him, and our liberality towards him in the previous January, may have led him to remain quiescent the following May, but at least it may be concluded that our treaty was made at a very opportune moment, and to my mind it is a pregnant proof that the Afghans are not so faithless as is often asserted. Afghan nature is very much like other people's nature. Dost Mahomed died in the summer of 1863. The son of his selection, the Ameer Shere Ali Khan, now rules in Cabul, after a long civil war, and he has also received considerable support and pecuniary assistance from us. Although the mere grant of a subsidy is not the highest form of diplomacy, and although time and patience are required to prove the sincerity and disinterested nature of our friendship, still the course we are pursuing seems to be the proper one, and if we can succeed in establishing a strong government in Afghanistan, and in proving to the Afghans that *alliance* and not *conquest* is our motto, we shall have done a great deal to solve the difficulties of our frontier policy.

If we feel an interest in watching the changing scenes of Asiatic politics, and in considering the line of policy to be followed with our immediate neighbours, it becomes a matter of even higher importance to ascertain, and to weigh carefully, our own military position in India itself. The great events which have occurred within the last few years, of which the Mutiny was the prelude, render this all the more necessary. Judging from the tone of the public press, both at home and in India, there are many who, whilst seeing some cause for alarm in outward events, are almost equally apprehensive as regards our internal condition. The dread of Mahomedan disaffection; the supposed defects

in our military arrangements; and the comparatively moderate amount of our armies, are all apparently subjects on which they feel ill at ease. It does not appear to me that these apprehensions are altogether well founded; on the contrary, I see great cause for arriving at a different conclusion.

Whatever negligence or want of precaution may have led to the Mutiny, it is needless now to inquire, but the rapid campaigns by which the empire was recovered in 1857-58, the brilliant victories of our troops against all odds, the military talents developed—not only in the Generals, but in many of the subordinate officers—all speak well of our capabilities for war. Again, the severe punishment inflicted on our enemies at that time, and the subsequent clemency displayed by Lord Canning when the revolution was at an end, are proofs that we can be stern and yet not vindictive, and the remembrance of those days must endure for generations. There is nothing in history perhaps more striking than the events of that time, and the disaffected, of whom there are doubtless many, must feel how hopeless it is to stand up against the power of England; and as regards the supposed power of Russia to excite disaffection in the Mahomedan population, even should they be so disposed, I am not aware that those of that faith have much reason to love Russia.

Since the days of the Mutiny, the inhabitants of whole provinces in India have been disarmed, the native forts levelled, and their artillery removed. The strategic points of the country, the arsenals, and all the artillery are in our own hands. The means of rapid communication are increasing daily by road, rail, and river, and the telegraph is everywhere. In addition to the English troops, the native armies have been remodelled, and as a whole, in my opinion, are very efficient. There are a large number of regiments of Punjabees, Scikhs, Ghoorkhas, and other warlike races, well led, and admirable in all the best qualities of soldiers—that is, they are quiet, amenable to discipline, attached to their officers, simple and abstemious in their habits, and fond of fighting. During the

Sitana campaign of 1863, which occurred in the mountains to the north of Attock, over the border, nothing could be more admirable than their behaviour, and they vied with the English soldiers in devotion and gallantry; and although the greater part of the native regiments engaged on that occasion were composed of men raised on the frontier, and therefore of the same race, religion, and language as the tribes with which we were at war, yet there was hardly a single instance of desertion or unfaithfulness; and the native officers died at their posts by the side of our own. There are tens of thousands of men of these classes in the upper and central parts of India, who would only be too happy to join our standards. The country is rising daily in prosperity; the inhabitants enjoy a security unknown to them for ages; the whole exertions of the Government have been for years devoted to the welfare of the country, and it is contrary to all experience that evil results should follow. It is sometimes stated, as a proof of disaffection, that the Sitana fanatics, in 1863, were incited to rebellion, and assisted in men and money from the lower parts of Bengal. This is partially true, but a more contemptible result it would be difficult to find; the fanatics were hardly seen during the war; and our opposition arose from a temporary combination of the mountain tribes, in consequence of our having entered their territories without having previously informed or consulted them.

There is one subject connected with the native army in which many see some cause for misgiving, and that is the alleged paucity of English officers. Great caution, however, should be exercised in arriving at a judgment on this point, and history hardly bears out the view of those who argue in favour of more. In the early days, when natives were first levied and disciplined, and when they fought so well, there were only one or two English commanders with a regiment, and the native officers then exercised considerable power. Sir John Malcolm, in his *Political History*, speaking of the English officers, says: "They were most particular in their conduct to native officers, towards whom

they behaved with a regard and respect proportionate to the responsibility of their situations. One of those native officers, who held the rank of Native Commandant, often possessed an influence in the corps nearly equal to the European Commander. As a strong and convincing proof of this fact, it is only necessary to mention that many of the oldest battalions of the Native Army of the Company are known to this day by the name of their former Native Commandants."

Sir John goes on with great clearness to trace the gradual decline of the native troops, and to point out that it was coincident with the increase of English officers, until at last the corps became bad imitations of English regiments. He says, speaking of the English officers: "They had concurred in attempts to imitate too closely a service opposite in its very nature to that to which they belonged; and had lost sight for a moment of those principles on which the native army was formed, and by attention to which its fidelity and efficiency can alone be preserved."<sup>1</sup>

Native troops led by English officers, to the exclusion of their own, will almost infallibly fall away in military virtues.

The welfare of India, indeed, imperatively demands that the natives of the country shall be admitted to positions of trust, both in civil and military life. Sir Thomas Munro, one of the great Indian statesmen of former years, is very earnest on this matter. He says:—

"The strength of the British Government enables it to put down every rebellion, to repel every foreign invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states; but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may, without fear, pursue their different occupations, as traders, or husbandmen, and enjoy the fruits of their labours in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of

<sup>1</sup> The Irregular Regiments before the Mutiny, which were so celebrated, had but three English officers each.

thriving in peace; none of them can look forward to any share in the legislation, or civil or military government of their country. . . .

“With what grace can we talk of our paternal government if we exclude them from every important office, and say, as we did till very lately, that in a country containing 150 millions of inhabitants, no man but a European shall be entrusted with so much authority as to order the punishment of a single stroke of a rattan? Such an interdiction is to pass a sentence of degradation on a whole people, for which no benefit can ever compensate. There is no instance in the world of so humiliating a sentence having ever been passed upon any nation. . . .

“Even if we could suppose that it were practicable, without the aid of a single native, to conduct the whole affairs of the country, both in the higher and in all the subordinate offices, by means of Europeans, it ought not to be done, because it would be both politically and morally wrong. The great number of public offices in which the natives are employed is one of the strongest causes of their attachment to our Government. In proportion as we exclude them from them, we lose our hold upon them; and were the exclusion entire, we should have their hatred in place of their attachment; their feeling would be communicated to the whole population, and to the native troops, and would excite a spirit of discontent too powerful for us to subdue or resist.”

These remarks, it may be said, were written many years ago, and the circumstances have now altered; but, as the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces, writes in his *Life of Munro*, their “philosophy applies to all time and to every people.”

Many other names might be mentioned, such as General Jacob, Sir Charles Napier, and Lord Ellenborough, who all more or less shared these views; but I will only give one more quotation, and that is from the writings of Sir Henry Lawrence just before the Mutiny. He was in favour of

a certain number of regiments commanded entirely by native officers. He says:—

“Legitimate outlets for military energy and ability in all ranks, and among all classes, must be given. The minds of Subadars and Resseldars, Sepoys and Sowars, can no more with safety be for ever cramped, trammelled, and restricted as at present, than can a twenty-foot embankment restrain the Atlantic. It is simply a question of time. The question is only whether justice is to be gracefully conceded or violently seized. Ten or twenty years must settle the point.”

I am aware that in these remarks I am but treading as it were on the margin of a great question, one on which opinions differ, and I am also aware that many of those in authority connected with India agree in the necessity of placing natives in high positions, and that steps are gradually being taken in that sense; and I would only urge that our measures should be less nervous and hesitating, as our position in the East depends in great measure on the happiness and contentment of our native subjects.

To conclude. In my opinion the most formidable power in the East is British India. With a Government devoted to the best interests of the country, with a splendid army, an assured position, mistress of the seas, I can perceive no other which can approach our own in strength and safety. The shadow of our power falls far away over the mountains of Afghanistan, and the knowledge that our empire is founded, not on principles of aggression, but on those of justice and moderation, will prove a far safer bulwark even than the snowy ridges of the Hindoo Koosh.

JOHN ADYE,  
Brigadier-General R.A.

February 1873.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1873.

BETSY LEE,

A FO'C'S'LE YARN.

## PART I.

I SAID, I would? Well, I hardly know,  
But a yarn's a yarn; so here we go.  
It's along of me and a Lawyer's Clerk,  
You've seen mayhap that sort of spark!  
As neat and as pert, and as sharp as a pin,  
With a mossel of hair on the tip of his chin;  
With his face so fine, and his tongue so glib,  
And a saucy cock in the set of his jib;  
With his rings and his studs and all the rest,  
And half a chain cable paid out on his breast.  
Now there's different devils ashore and at sea,  
And a devil's a devil wherever he be;  
But if you want the rael ould mark,  
The devil of devils is the Lawyer's Clerk.  
Well—out it must come, though it be with a wrench,  
And I must tell you about a wench  
That I was a courtin of, yes me!  
Aye, and her name it was Betsy Lee.  
Betsy Lee—*you thought there was love*  
*In the case*—did you, Bob? So help me I'll shove  
This boot down your throat, if you don't stop laughin;  
It's a regular stopper that snigglin and chaffin.  
When a man has a yarn to spin, d'ye see,  
He must spin it away, and spin it free,  
Or else—well perhaps—*there isn no call*—  
But just don't do it again, that's all!

Now most of you lads has had a spell  
Of courtin and that, and it's hard to tell  
How ever a youngster comes to fancy  
That of all the gels it's Jinny or Nancy,  
Or Mary or Betsy that must be hisn.  
I don't know how it is or it isn,

But some time or other it comes to us all,  
 Just like a clap of shoot or a squall,  
 Or a snake or a viper, or some such dirt,  
 Creep—creep—creepin under your shirt,  
 And slidin and slippin right into your breast,  
 And makin you as you can't get rest:  
 And it works and it works till you feel your heart risin—  
 God knows what it is if it isn pisin.  
 You've bathed in a dub that had seaweed in it,  
 And just dropt your legs to rest for a minute,  
 And let them go lazily dingle—dangle,  
 And felt them caught by the twistin tangle—  
 That's somethin like the kind of job;  
 But ah, I loved Betsy, I did—now, Bob!

You see—we're a roughish set of chaps,  
 That's brought up rough on our mammies' laps;  
 And we grow and we run about shoutin and foolin  
 Till we gets to be lumps, and fit for the schoolin.  
 Then we gets to know the marks and the signs,  
 And we leaves the school, and we sticks to the lines,  
 Baitin and settin and haulin and that,  
 Till we know every fish from a whale to a sprat;  
 And we gets big and strong, for it do make you stronger  
 To row a big boat, and to pull at a conger.  
 Then what with a cobblin up of the yawl,  
 And a patchin and mendin the nets for the trawl,  
 And a risin early and a goin to bed late,  
 And a dramin of scollops as big as a plate,  
 And the hooks and the creels and the oars and the gut,  
 You'd say there's no room for a little slut.  
 But howsomdever it's not the case,  
 And a pretty face is a pretty face;  
 And through the whole coil, as bright as a star,  
 A gel slips in, and there you are!

Well, that was just the way with me  
 And the gel I'm speakin of—Betsy Lee.  
 Ah, mates! it's wonderful too—the years  
 You may live dead-on-end with your eyes and your ears  
 Right alongside of the lass that's goin  
 To be your sweetheart, and you never knowin!  
 Her father and mine used to hob-and-nob,  
 Being next-door neighbours—avast that Bob!  
*You didn't laugh?*—you lubberly skunk!  
 It's div'lish nice for a fool in his bunk  
 To be lyin and laughin, and me goin on  
 And a tellin such things—now isn it, John?  
 Eh, Bill? He says he—*meant nothin by it?*—  
 Well, I only want the chap to be quiet.  
 For there's wounds, my mates, that won't take healins,  
 And if a man's a man, he's got his feelins.  
 All right! I thank you, William my lad,  
 I *will* just taste it—it's not so bad.



Well—as I was a sayin, her father and mine  
 Was neighbours, and both in the fisherman line;  
 And their cottages stood on the open beach,  
 With a nice bit of garden aback of them each.  
 You know the way them houses is fixed,  
 With the pigs and the hens and the childher mixed;  
 And the mothers go round when the nights begin,  
 And whips up their own, and takes them in.  
 Her father was terrible fond of flowers,  
 And his garden was twice as handsome as ours—  
 A mortal keen eye he had for the varmin,  
 And his talk was always of plantin and farmin.  
 He had roses hangin above his door,  
 Uncommon fine roses they was to be sure,  
 And the joy of my heart was to pull them there,  
 And break them in pieces on Betsy's hair.  
 Not that Betsy was much of a size  
 At the time I mean, but she had big eyes,  
 So big and so blue, and so far asunder,  
 And she looked so sollum I used to wonder.  
 That was all—just baby play,  
 Knockin about the boats all day,  
 And sometimes a lot of us takin hands  
 And racin' like mad things over the sands.  
 Ah! it wouldn be bad for some of us  
 If we'd never gone funder, and never fared wuss;  
 If we'd never grown up, and never got big,  
 If we'd never took the brandy swig,  
 If we were skippin and scamp'rin and cap'rin still  
 On the sand that lies below the hill,  
 Crunchin its grey ribs with the beat  
 Of our little patterin naked feet;  
 If we'd just kep childher upon the shore  
 For ever and ever and ever more.  
 There's Bob again, and also Dick!  
 Now the question is, which am I goin to lick,  
 Though it's an ugly sort of a thing to lather  
 A lad, when you was shipmates with his father.  
 You—*ast my pardon?*—well, there let it end,  
 For a son is a son, and a friend is a friend.

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is  
 The terrible wonderful length the days is.  
 Up you jumps, and out in the sun,  
 And you fancy the day will never be done:  
 And you're chasin the bumbees hummin so cross  
 In the hot sweet air among the goss,  
 Or gath'rin blue-bells, or lookin for eggs,  
 Or peltin the ducks with their yalla legs,  
 Or a climbin, and nearly breakin your skulls,  
 Or a shoutin for divilment' after the gulls,  
 Or a thinkin of nothin, but down at the tide,  
 Singin out for the happy you feel inside.

That's the way with the kids, you know,  
 And the years do come and the years do go,  
 And when you look back it's all like a puff,  
 Happy and over and short enough.  
 Now, Bob! are you at it again? all right!  
 Just somebody give the fellow a light!

Well, I never took notions on Betsy Lee,  
 Nor no more did she, I suppose, on me,  
 Till one day diggin upon the sand—  
 Gibbins, of course you'll understand,  
 A lad as was always a cheeky young sprout,  
 Began a pullin of Betsy about;  
 And he worried the wench till her shoulders were bare,  
 And he slipped the knot of her beautiful hair,  
 And down it come, as you may say,  
 Just like a shower of golden spray,  
 Blown this way and that by a gamesome breeze,  
 And a rip-rip-rippin down to her knees.  
 I looked at Betsy—my gough! how she stood!  
 A quiv'rin all over, and her face like blood!  
 And her eyes, all wet with tears, like fire,  
 And her breast a swellin higher and higher;  
 And she gripped her sickle with a twitchy feel,  
 And her thumb started out like a coil of steel,  
 And a cloud seemed to pass from my eyes, and a glory  
 Like them you'll see painted sometimes in a story,  
 Breathed out from her skin; and I saw her no more  
 The child I had always thought her before,  
 But wrapped in the glory, and wrapped in the hair,  
 Every inch of a woman stood pantin there.  
 So I ups with my fist, as I was bound,  
 And I d——s his eyes, and I knocks him down,  
 But from that day by land and sea,  
 I loved her! oh, I loved her! my Betsy Lee!

*It's a terrible thing is love—did you say?*  
 Well, Edward, my lad, I'll not say nay.  
 But you don't think of that when the young heart blows.  
 Leaf by leaf, comin out like a rose,  
 And your sheets is slacked off, and your blood is a prancin,  
 And the world seems a floor for you to dance on.  
*Terrible—eh? yes, yes! you're right,*  
 But all the same, it's God's own light.  
 Aw, there was somethin worth lovin in her—  
 As neat as a bird and as straight as a fir;  
 And I've heard them say, as she passed by,  
 It was like another sun slipped into the sky—  
 Kind to the old and kind to the young,  
 With a smile on her lip, and a laugh on her tongue,  
 With a heart to feel, and a head to choose,  
 And she stood just five feet four in her shoes.  
 Oh, I've seen her look—well, well, I'll stop it!  
 Oh, I've seen her turn—well, well, then! drop it!

Seen, seen! What, what! All under the sod  
The darlin lies now—my God! my God!

All right, my lads! I shipped that sea;  
I couldn help it! Let be! let be!  
Aw them courtin times! Well, it's no use tryin  
To tell what they were, and time is flyin.  
But you know how it is—the father pretendin  
He never sees nothin, and the mother mendin,  
Or a grippin the Bible, and spellin a tex,  
And a eyin us now-and-then over her specs.  
Aw they were a decent pair enough them two!  
If it was only with them I'd had to do.  
Bless me! the larned he was in the flowers!  
And how he would talk for hours and hours  
About diggin and dungin, and weedin and seedin,  
And sometimes a bit of a spell at the readin;  
And Betsy and me sittin back in the chimley,  
And her a clickin her needles so nimbly,  
And me lookin straight in ould Anthony's face,  
And a stealin my arm round Betsy's wais'.  
Aw the shy she was! But when Anthony said  
"Now, childher! it's time to be goin to bed"—  
Then Betsy would say, as we all of us riz,  
"I wonder what sort of a night it is;"  
Or—"Never mind, father! I'll shut the door;"  
And shut it she did, you may be sure;  
Only the way she done it, d'ye see?  
I was outside, but so was she!

Ah, then was the time! just a minute! a minute!  
But bless me the sight of love we put in it!  
Ah, the claspin arms! ah, the stoopin head!  
Ah, the kisses in showers! ah, the things that we said!  
And when—now, Bob, I know what you're at—  
Oh, God in heaven! not that! not that!  
I know what you're thinkin! I know your surt,  
Your trollopin madams, and all that dirt.  
I know the lot with their cheeks so pink,  
And their eyes a swimmin and blazin with drink,  
With blackguard talk for whoever they meet,  
And a squealin and scutlin about the street:  
I know their laugh too—aw I know it well—  
The sort of a laugh you might laugh in hell.  
Oh yes! they can laugh, but just you mind them,  
And you'll see the Divil that's grinnin behind them.  
Now listen, Bob! and listen you, Jem!  
Did you think that Betsy was like one of them?  
Like one of *them*! why that's what you'd wish!  
Well there's chaps that's straight like a cuttle-fish:  
For though the water be clear and blue  
As the heaven above, they'll manage to brew  
Some stuff in their brains, or their lights, or their gall,  
Or the Divil knows where that'd muddy it all.

No, no! my lads! that's not what I meant—  
 Innocent! Innocent! Innocent!  
 Aw, I'll say it; aw, I'll swear it, and swear it again,  
 For ever and ever and ever—Amen.

Now avast, my lads, with chaffin and smut,  
 And I'll tell you my notion of an innocent fut.  
 For it's no use the whole world talkin to me,  
 If I'd never seen nothin of Betsy Lee  
 Except her foot, I was bound to know  
 That she was as pure as the driven snow.  
 For there's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,  
 And there's feet that thumps like an elephant's hoof;  
 There's feet that goes trundlin on like a barra  
 And some that's crooky, some as straight as an arra;  
 There's feet that's thick, and feet that's thin,  
 And some turnin out, and some turnin in;  
 And there's feet that can run, and feet that can walk,  
 Aye, feet that can laugh, and feet that can talk—  
 But an innocent fut—it's got the spring  
 That you feel when you tread on the mountain ling;  
 And it's tied to the heart, and not to the hip,  
 And it moves with the eye, and it moves with the lip.  
 I suppose it's God that makes when He wills  
 Them beautiful things—with the lift of His hills,  
 And the waft of His winds, and His calms and His storms,  
 And His work and His rest; and that's how He forms  
 A simple wench to be true and free,  
 And to move like a piece of poetry.

Well, a lass is a lass, and a lad is a lad;  
 But now for the luck ould Anthony had.  
 For one ev'rin, as I was makin the beach,  
 I heard such a hollabaloo and a screetch  
 That I left the boat there as she was, and I ran  
 Straight up to the houses, and saw the whole clan  
 Of neighbours a crowdin at Anthony's door,  
 For most of the boats was landed before,  
 And some pressin in, and some pressin out;  
 So I axed a woman what it was all about;  
 And "Didn ye hear the news?" says she;  
 "It's a fortin that's come to ould Anthony Lee."  
 Then she tould me about the Lawyer chap,  
 That was in with them there, and his horse and his trap,  
 And his papers "with seals as big as a skate"—  
 Bless me! how them women loves to prate!  
 And "a good-looking man he was," she said,  
 "As you might see! and a gentleman bred;  
 And he's talkin that nice, and that kind, and that free!  
 And it's a fortin he's got for ould Anthony Lee!"

So I said—"All right!" but I felt all wrong;  
 And I turned away, and I walked along

To a part of the shore, where the wreck of a mast  
 Stuck half of it out, and half of it fast.  
 And a knife inside of me seemed to cut  
 My heart from its moorins, and heaven shut  
 And locked, and barred, like the door of a dungeon,  
 And me in the trough of the sea a plunger,  
 With the only land that I knew behind me,  
 And a driftin where God himself couldn find me.  
 So I made for the mast, but before I got at it  
 I saw Betsy a standin as straight as a staitit,  
 With her back to the mast, and her face to the water,  
 And the strain of her eyes gettin tauter and tauter,  
 As if with the strength of her look she'd try  
 To draw a soul from the dull dead sky.  
 Then I went to her, but what could I say?  
 For she never took her eyes away:  
 Only she put her hand on my cheek,  
 And I tried, and I tried hard enough to speak,  
 But I couldn—then all of a sudden she turned,  
 And the far-off look was gone, and she yearned  
 To my heart, and she said—"You doubted me;"  
 And I said—"I didn then, Betsy Lee!"

So her and me sat down on the mast,  
 And we talked and talked, and the time went fast,  
 When I heard a step close by, and—behold ye!  
 There was the Lawyer chap I tould ye  
 Had come with the papers (confound the pup!),  
 And says he—"I'm sorry to interrump,"  
 He says, "such a pleasant têttertête;  
 But you'll pardon me; it's gettin late,  
 And I couldn think of returnin to town  
 Without payin my respects, as I feel bound,  
 To the lovely heiress, and offrin her ——,"  
 And cetterer, and cetterer—  
 You know how they rattles on. So we rose,  
 And all the three of us homeward goes.  
 But blest if he didn buck up, and says he,  
 With a smirk, "Will you take my arm, Miss Lee?"  
 And Betsy didn know what to do,  
 So she caught a hould, and there them two  
 Goes linkin along. Aw, I thought I'd split  
 With laughin, and then I cussed a bit.  
 And when we come up to the houses—the rushin  
 There was to the doors, and Betsy blushin,  
 And him lookin grand, and me lookin queer,  
 And the women sayin—"What a beautiful pair!"  
 Now it mattered little to me that night  
 What stuff they talked, for I knew I was right  
 With Betsy; but still, you see, of a rule,  
 A fellow doesn like to look like a fool.  
 And the more I thought of the chap and his beavin,  
 The madder I got; so when he was goin,

And I held the horse, and gave him the reins,  
 And—"There's a sixpence," says he, "for your pains—  
 A sixpence, my man!" I couldn hold in,  
 And once I began I did begin,  
 And I let him have it *hot*, as they say;  
 But he only laughed, and druv away.  
 And they all of them laughed to hear me swear;  
 But Betsy—of course she wasn there.

Now heave ahead, my lads, with me!  
 For the weeks rolled on, and ould Anthony Lee  
 Did just what he always wanted to do,  
 For he took a farm they called the *Brew*,  
 In a hollow that lay at the foot of a hill,  
 Where the blessed ould craythur might have his fill  
 Of stockin and rearin and grassin and tillage,  
 And only about a mile from the village.  
 And a stream ran right through the orchard, and then  
 Went dancin and glancin down the glen,  
 And soaked through the shilly, and out to the bay,  
 But never forgot, as it passed, to say,  
 With the ringin laugh of its silv'ry flow—  
 "She's thinkin of you, and she tould me so."  
 Laugh on, my hearties! you'll do no harm;  
 But I've stood when the wind blew straight from the farm,  
 And I've felt her spirit draw nigher and nigher,  
 Till it shivered into my veins like fire,  
 And every ripple and every rock  
 Seemed swep' with the hem of Betsy's frock.

A blessed ould fool? very well! very well!  
 But a blessed ould fool's got a story to tell,  
 And a blessed ould fool must have his own way,  
 For a song is a song, and a say is a say.  
 But maybe there's none of you wants any more!  
 Oh yes! Bob Williams! I heard you snore!  
 Or was it a pig with a twist in his snout?  
 Take a rope's-end, Bill! and hit him a clout!  
 But—of coorse! of coorse—Ah little Sim!  
 Is he off? little lad! just fist us the glim!  
 Ah, beauty! beauty! no matter for him!  
 No matter for him! Aw, isn he gud?  
 With his nose like a shell, and his mouth like a bud!  
 There's sauce enough in that there lip  
 To aggravate ever a man in the ship.  
 Did ye hear him to-day agate of his chaff?  
 Well! how he made the skipper laugh!  
 Just come here and look at him, mates!  
 Isn he like them things up the Straits?  
 Them picturs the Romans has got in their chapels?  
 Brave little chaps, with their cheeks like apples!  
 Holdin on to their mawthers' petticoats,  
 And lookin as punky and bould as goats!

Bless me! the body them craythurs has got!  
 Clean! without a speck or a spot!  
 And they calls the little boy Jesus, and her  
 With her head wrapped up in a handkecher  
 They calls the Vargin, and all them starts  
 And patterin-nostrin, and—bless their hearts!  
 What is he dreaming of now, little lad!  
 Brother and sister and mother and dad?  
 And lobsters a creepin about the creel,  
 And granny hummin her spinnin-wheel?  
 Or him in the parlour a lyin in bed,  
 And a twiggin the spiders over-head?  
 “Hushee-bow-babby upon the tree-top!  
 And when the wind blows the cradle will rock—”  
 Ah Simmy, my boy, I’ve done my best—  
 Somethin like that—but as for the rest——  
 Leave the hammock alone now, Dick, and be civil!  
 But he raely is a purty young divil.

“Go on! go on!” Is that your shout?  
 Well, what is this I was thinkin about?  
 I’m in for it now, and it’s no use bilkin—  
 Oh, aye! the milkin! ould Anthony’s milkin!  
 I never thought on for the whys or the hows,  
 But I was always terrible fond of cows.  
 Now aren’t they innocent things—them bas’es?  
 And havn they got ould innocent faces?  
 A strooghin their legs that lazy way,  
 Or a standin as if they meant to pray—  
 They’re that sollum and lovin and studdy and wise,  
 And the butter meltin in their big eyes!  
 Eh? what do you think about it, John?  
 Is it the stuff they’re feedin on—  
 The clover and meadow-grass and rushes,  
 And them goin pickin among the bushes,  
 And sniffin the dew when it’s fresh and fine,  
 The sweetest brew of God’s own wine!  
 And the smell of the harbs gets into their sowls,  
 And works and works, and rowls and rowls,  
 Till it tightens their tits and drabs their muzzle—  
 Well, it’s no use o’ talkin—it’s a regular puzzle:  
 But you’ll notice the very people that’s got to atten’  
 To the like, is generally very aisy men.

Aw ould Anthony knew about them pat,  
 Alderney, Ayreshire, and all to that!  
 And strippin and rearin, and profit and loss—  
 Aw, he was a clever ould chap, ould Anthony was.  
 More by token that’s the for  
 Him and me had our first war.  
 You see, I was sittin there one night  
 When who should come in but ould Tommy Tite?  
 Tight he was by name and by nathur,  
 A dirty ould herpocrite of a craythur,

With a mouth that shut with a snick and a snap—  
 Tight for sure like the Devil's own trap ;  
 And his hair brushed up behind and before—  
 Straight like the bristles that's on a boar.  
 Well, that man was thin ! I never saw thinner,  
 A lean, ould, hungry, mangy sinner !  
 Hitched up all taut on the edge of his chair—  
 And his guts stowed away with him—well, God knows where.  
 And he'd sit and he'd talk ! well, the way he'd talk !  
 And he'd groan in his innards, and retch and hawk—  
 And—"Scuse me !" he'd say, "it's my stemmick, marm !"  
 And wasn't it him that owned the farm ?  
 And of course ould Anthony made a fuss  
 About him, but I didn care a cuss.

Well, there they were talkin and talkin away  
 About carrots and turmits, and oats and hay—  
 And stock and lock and barrel, bless ye !  
 The big words they had was enough to distress ye !  
 With their pipes in each other's faces smookin,  
 And me lookin and longin, and longin and lookin—  
 Lookin for Betsy's little signs—  
 The way them pretty craythurs finds  
 To talk without talkin, is raelly grand—  
 A tap of the fut, a twitch of the hand !  
 A heise of the neck, a heave of the breast !  
 A stoop like a bird upon its nest !  
 A look at father, a look at mawther !  
 A one knee swingin over the other !  
 A lookin lower, and a lookin higher !  
 A long, long straight look into the fire !  
 A look of joy, and a look of pain !  
 But bless ye ! you understand what I mean.  
 So on they talked till all the fun  
 In her darlin little face begun  
 To work—and I couldn hould it in,  
 And I laughed, and I laughed like anythin'.  
 My goodness ! the mad ould Anthony got,  
 With his eyes so wide, and his cheeks as hot,  
 And as red as a coal ; and the other fellow  
 Was turnin green and turnin yellow ;  
 And the ould woman bucked up as proud as you plaze,  
 But ould Anthony spoke, and says he, he says—  
 "It's most unfortnit—I hope you will—  
 I mean it's most disrespectable—  
 But I hope's Misther Tite as you'll excuse—"  
 And so he went on with his parley-voos—  
 "Just a young man from the shore," says he,  
 "As drops in in the ev'rin for company !  
 A umble neighbour as don't know batther,  
 You see, Misther Tite, I knew his father."  
 Well, I choked that down, but I says to myself—  
 Pretendin to stare at the plates on the shelf—



"You've got me, ould man! but I'll owe you one  
 For that, before the stakes is drawn."  
 But it's my belief, that from that day,  
 He never liked me anyway.

"But about the milkin?" all right! all right!  
 I'm nearly as bad as ould Tommy Tite!  
 Spinnin round and round and round,  
 And never a knowin where am I bound.  
 Well, mostly every ev'rin, you see,  
 I was up at the milkin, with Betsy Lee.  
 For when she was milkin, she was always singin;  
 I don't know what was it—may be the ringin  
 Of the milk comin tearin into the can,  
 With a swilsh and a swelsh and a tantaran,  
 A makin what the Lawyer gent.  
 Was callin a sort of *accumpliment*.  
 But the look of a cow is enough to do it,  
 And her breath, and her neck, the way she'll slew it—  
 As if she was sayin; the patient she stud,  
 "Milk away! it's doin me gud."  
 And the sun goin down, and the moon comin up,  
 And maybe you takin a little sup,  
 And the steam of the hay, and your forehead pressin,  
 Agin her round side! but for all it's a blessin  
 When they're nice and quiet, for there's some of them rough,  
 And kicky and pushy and bould enough.

Now Betsy would sing and I would hear,  
 And away I'd be like a hound or a deer,  
 Up the glen and through the sedges,  
 And bless me the way I took the hedges!  
 For I'd be wantin to get in time to the place  
 To see the last sunlight on Betsy's face.  
 And when I'd be gettin a-top of the brew  
 Where ould Anthony's house was full in view,  
 Then I'd stop and listen till I'd got it right,  
 And answer it back with all my might.  
 And when I come down, she'd say—"I heard!  
 You're for all the world like a mockin-bird."  
 She had her fun! aw, she had her fun!  
 And I'd say—"Well, Betsy, are you nearly done?"  
 And I'd kiss her, and then she'd say—"What bother!"  
 And the cow lookin round like a kind ould mawther.  
 One cow they had—well of all the sense  
 That ever I saw, and the imperence!  
 God bless me! the lek of yandhar ould mailie!  
 A brown cow she was—well raelly! raelly!  
 She's made me laugh till I abslit shoutit—  
 Pretendin to know all about it.

Well, one ev'rin I'd been laughin like a fool,  
 And Betsy nearly fallin off the stool—

In the orchard we were, and the apple blossom  
 Was shredden down into Betsy's bosom,  
 And I was pickin them out, d'ye see?  
 And the cow was lookin and smilin at me,  
 When—creak went the gate, and who should appear  
 But Misther Richard Taylor, Esqueer!  
 That's the Lawyer chap—and says he,  
 "Plasantly engaged, Miss Lee!"  
 So Betsy was all of a twitter lek,  
 And she caughted her handkercher round her neck,  
 And straightened her hair, and smoothed her brat,  
 And says—"Good everin!" just like that.

Well, I hardly knew what to do or to say,  
 So I just sat down, and milked away.  
 But Betsy stocd up to him like a man,  
 Goodness! how that girl's tongue ran!  
 Like the tick of a watch, or the buzz of a reel,  
 And hoity-toity! and quite genteel—  
 Rittle-rattle—the talk it kem,  
 Oh, hoky-poky! Jerusalem!  
 Now I didn mind her bein civil,  
 But she seemed so pleased to see the divil.  
 Aw, I might have been a thousand miles away—  
 Of coorse! of coorse! I know what you'll say—  
 But I couldn stand it—so I watched my chance,  
 And I turned the tit, and I gave it him once,  
 A right good skute betwix the eyes—  
 Aw, murder! murder! what a rise!  
 With the milk all streamin down his breast,  
 And his shirt and his pins and all the rest,  
 And a bran new waistcoat spoiled, and him splutt'rin,  
 And a wipin his face, and mutt'rin—mutt'rin—  
 And at last he says—"I shall go," says he,  
 "And kermoonicate this to Misther Lee."  
 "Aw, Tom!" says Betsy; "Aw, Betsy!" says I:  
 "Whatever!" says she, and she begun to cry.  
 "Well," I says, "it's no wonder o' me,  
 With your ransy-tansy-tissimitee."

But we soon made it up, and it was gettin late,  
 And again I heard the garden gate.  
 "There!" says I, "he's goin: so now, little missis!"  
 And kisses, kisses, kisses, kisses!  
 "Take care!" says she; "Never fear!" I said;  
 Yes, a fool! an ould fool! but she loved me, Ned.  
 So I cleared the fence, and the stream, and the pebbles  
 Chimin all night with their little trebles,  
 And tenors and bassers down at the fall,  
 Answerin back with a kindly call  
 (She used to tell me it sent her to sleep)  
 (Just at the dam it was middlin deep);  
 And I crossed the glen, and I took a short cut,  
 And all at once I heard a fut.

I guessed it was him, and I was right,  
 With his boots goin winkin through the night.  
 "Good night!" says I. "Good night!" says he.  
 "And what did you tell ould Anthony Lee?"  
 Aw, then he begun, and he cussed and he swore,  
 The divil behind, and the divil before—  
 And all what he'd do—and he'd have the law—  
 And "if it hadn been—" "Come stop that jaw!  
 Have it out! Have it out, Misther Taylor!" says I;  
 "Here we are under God's own sky.  
 Have it out like a man, if it's a man you are!  
 Have it out! Have it out, my lad! if you dare;  
 And don't stand there like a blue baboon  
 With your long teeth chatterin in the moon!"  
 "Not if I knows it!" says he, "Tom Baynes.  
 No! no!" says he, "I've other means."  
 "Have ye?" says I, and I grips the seat  
 Of his trousis, and sends him over a gate.  
 I didn know what he meant—good Lord!  
 But he kep' his word! he kep' his word!

This was in spring, and the summer come,  
 And, behold ye! my gentleman still was dumb,  
 For he maybe thought about that spree  
 The less said the better for he.  
 For he's one of them chaps that works in the dark,  
 And creeps and crawls—is a Lawyer's clerk;  
 And digs and digs, and gives no sign,  
 Spreadin sods and flowers at the mouth of his mine;  
 And he'll lay his train, and he'll hould his match,  
 And he'll wait and he'll wait, and he'll watch and he'll watch,  
 Till the minute comes, and before you sneezes  
 You're up to heaven in a hundred pieces.  
 Aw, it's a bitter poison—that black art,  
 The lie that eats into your heart;  
 A thing gath'rin round you like a seine  
 Round the fish, and them never feelin the strain;  
 A squall comin tippytoe off the land,  
 And houldin its' breath till it's close at hand,  
 And whisp'rin to the winds to keep still  
 Till all is ready—and then with a will,  
 With a rush and a roar they sweeps your deck,  
 And there you lies a shiv'rin wreck.

Well, winter come, and then the cows  
 Was goin a milkin in the house.  
 And if you want peace and quietness,  
 It's in a cow-house you'll get it the best.  
 For the place is so warm, and their breath is so sweet,  
 And the nice straw bedding about their feet,  
 And hardly any light at all,  
 But just a dip stuck on to the wall,  
 And them yocked in the dark as quiet as ghos'es,  
 And a feelin for each other's noses.

And, bless me! sometimes you'd hardly be knowin  
 It was them, excep' for their chewin and blowin.  
 Aw, many a time I've felt quite queer  
 To see them standin so orderly there.  
 Is it the Lord that makes them so still?  
 Aw, I like them craythurs terrible!  
 Aye, aye! the sea for the leks of us!  
 It's God's own work (though treacherous!);  
 But for peace and rest and that—d'ye see?  
 Among the cows is the place for me.  
 And *lastly*, as the Pazons is sayin, it's there  
 You'll have your gel, if anywhere—  
 All your own among the hay,  
 Wrapped in your arms! and the things that she'll say,  
 And the things that she'll do, you could hardly tell  
 Before that she loved you half as well.

At least lek that's what Betsy done—  
 (Ah, no! my lads, avast your fun!)—  
 Speakin so soft and speakin so low,  
 Or speakin nothin at all, you know;  
 Or singin hymns, no matter what,  
 "Gentle Jesus," and the like o' that.  
 And that's the way she was one night,  
 Pressed to my heart as tight as tight—  
 "Sing *Glory be!*" the darling said,  
 "And then it'll be time to be goin to bed"—  
 When all of a sudden at the door  
 Come a clatt'rin of clogs, and there for sure  
 Stood Peggy, the sarvant, all out o' breath,  
 And, "You're wanted," says she, "Miss Elizabeth!"  
 So I got up, and I was goin too;  
 "Aw, no!" says Peggy, "that'll never do!"  
 And she went—and she went—and my heart gev a shever—  
 And I never saw her again! no never! never!

Well! well! well! well!—What ails the ship?  
 Hold on! hold on! I got a grip.  
 Who's at the helm? Is it Juan Cronin?  
 With all this criss-crossin and herrin-bonin!  
 My patience! or is it Tommy Teare?  
 That's a tervil onasy fellow to steer!  
*Have another pipe?* Why, thank you, Eddart,  
 You're a feelin lad, and I allis said it.  
 Yes, give me the can! I'll just take a swiipe—  
 Aye! another pipe—another pipe—  
 And, Eddart my lad, was that a letter  
 You got from home? Is your fater better?  
 Is your mother hearty? I knew her well,  
 A nice little sthuggha of a gel!  
 And, Eddart, whenever you'll be goin to write,  
 Tell them I was axin (I've got a light)  
 How were they. And, Eddart, mind you'll put in  
 If ould Tommy Tite's lookin after the tin,

And if the herrins was plenty this year,  
 And is the gaery drained, d'ye hear?  
 And have ould Higgison rose the rent?  
 Aw, Eddart and me is well acquent.

Well, well! I didn know what was up,  
 Nor whether to go, nor whether to stop.  
 So I waited a bit, and I took off my shoes,  
 And, thinks I, the ould people's gone to roos';  
 And maybe she's waitin all alone,  
 And wond'rin and wond'rin am I gone.  
 And I looked and I looked, and I crossed the street  
 As quite as a mouse in my stocking-feet,  
 And I crep' in among the honey-suckles  
 At the porch, and I gave a tap with my knuckles,  
 Just this way, when the door gave a flirt,  
 And there stood ould Anthony in his shirt—  
 Hard and keen, and his ould bald head  
 Like Sammil when he was riz from the dead—  
 In the Bible, you know, yes! just the sem,  
 Isaac and Peter and the like of them,  
 That's allis got conks like turkey's eggs,  
 And the wind blowin' free round their blessed old legs,  
 Enough to frecken you in the night,  
 He was so awful and big and white.  
 And says he, "I thought it was you that was knockin—  
 Oh it's very shockin! it's very shockin!"  
 "What's shockin?" I says; "oh," he says, "it's no use  
 Pretendin, young man!" "Well, why the deuce,"  
 Says I, "can't you give the thing a name?"  
 "Oh raely," says he, "for shame! for shame!"  
 And "it's could," he says, "and I think I'll go in—  
 Oh it's an awful sin! an awful sin!"  
 "Sin," says I, "well, whatever it is,  
 Who tould you this! who tould you this?"  
 "Misther Taylor," he says; "Misther Taylor!" says I;  
 "Oh indeed!" then he tould me why,  
 And all about it, how Jenny Magee  
 Had come home, and laid a child to me—  
 And "Nice purseedins," he says, "indeed!"  
 And—*who was I?* and the beggarly breed  
 The lot of us was, and—*how dar I*, says he,  
*How dar I look up to Betsy Lee?*  
 "Is he here?" I says; "No! no!" "That's well!  
 Thank God! thank God! for by heaven and hell,  
 If I had caught him in the wud  
 The sun would have risen upon his blud."  
 "Oh!" says he, quite freckened lek,  
 "What shockin feelins!" and—*Could I expect?*—  
 And—*did I raely mean?*—and before I could say  
 This or that, he was in, and turned the key.

Aw, up to that I was proud enough;  
 Bould as a lion, and middlin rough;

But left there alone, that sore distressed,  
 All the strength of the night come upon me and pressed  
 And forced me down till I fell on my knees,  
 And I heard the moan of the long dead seas  
 Far away rollin in on the shore,  
 And I called to ould Anthony through the door—  
 “Aw, listen to me! aw, listen to me!  
 Aw, Misther Lee! aw, Misther Lee!  
 He’s bought that woman,” I said, “he’s bought her  
 To swear that lie; and it’s after your daughter  
 He is himself! aw, listen to me!  
 Aw, Misther Lee! aw, Misther Lee!”  
 Not a word! not a word!—“It’s a lie,” I cried,  
 “It’s a lie, if on the spot I died;  
 So help me God, sir, it is a lie!”  
 Never a word or a sound of reply!  
 “Aw, Misther Lee!” I says, “can I see her?  
 Aw, Misthress Lee! are *you* up there?  
 Let me see Betsy! she’ll belave me!  
 Let me see Betsy! Save me! save me!  
 She hears me now, and her heart is broke!”  
 I said, and I listened, but no one spoke.  
 “She’s dyin! you’re stoppin her mouth!” I said;  
 “You’re houldin her down upon the bed!  
 Aw, you’ll answer for this at the day of doom!  
 You’re smotherin her there in the little room!  
 Betsy! Betsy! my darlin love!  
 Betsy! Betsy! oh Father above!”

And then I fell right forrid, and lay  
 Quite stupid, how long I cannot say;  
 But the first thing I felt when I tried to stand  
 Was something soft a slickin my hand.  
 And what do ye think it was but Sweep!  
 The ould black coly that minded the sheep!  
 “God bless ye!” says I, “I’ve a friend in you!”  
 And he was a middlin sulky craythur too.  
 So I dragged myself up, and picked a bit  
 Of the honey-suckle, and buried it  
 In my breast, and I wandered round and round,  
 But not a mossel of light could be found.  
 I was like a drunken man the way I staggered,  
 And across the street, and through the haggard,  
 And into the fields, and I know nothin more  
 Till they found me in the mornin upon the shore.

*Well, he was a villyan anyway?*  
*He was a villyan—did you say?*  
*A villyan!—Will you cuss him, Bill?*  
*Aye, cuss your fill, boy, cuss your fill!*  
*A villyan—eh? but before I’m done*  
*You’ll know somethin more about him, my son.*  
*Now, men, what was I to do? can ye tell?*  
*Just leave it alone? aye—maybe as well!*

But I never would strike my flag to a lie  
 Before I knew good reason why.  
 No, no! my lads! it's not in my blud—  
 I never did, and I never wud.  
 But ye see I was only a youngster then,  
 And didn know much of the ways of men.  
 Beside the shame! God bless ye! the shamed  
 I was to think that the lek should be named.  
 For that's the worst of a divil still—  
 You'll be ashamed, but he never will;  
 And you'll be in the doldrums under his lee,  
 With the breeze took out of your sails, but he!  
 Aw, he'll hould his luff, and lay his head well  
 To the wind, and look in the eye of hell.

Well, I thought and I thought till at last a plan  
 Come into my head, and—"That's the man!"  
 I says—"The Pazon!—I'll go to him,  
 And I'll know the worst of it, sink or swim."  
 So I claned myself, and I had a draw  
 Of the pipe, and I went, but middlin slaw,  
 For my head was workin uncommon hard  
 All the way, and I didn regard  
 For nothin at all, and the boats comin round  
 The Stack, a beatin up for the ground,  
 And a Rantipike schooner caught in the tide,  
 And a nice little whole-sail breeze outside,  
 Not much matter to me you'd 'spec—  
 No! but you'll allis be noticin lek.

*To be continued.*

## BALL-GIVING AND BALL-GOING.

IN a few weeks the London season will be in full swing. The meeting of Parliament indeed necessitates the presence of a large number of the leaders of society, and of late years the practice has increased of having a sort of half-season in a quiet way before Easter. The objection to holding festivities in Lent is not as great as it was, and, right or wrong, there are plenty of "things given" during the weeks when stricter persons are in comparative retirement. But the full flood of hospitality is not turned on till after the Easter recess, and has not as yet commenced. The present therefore is not an inopportune time for considering one or two points bearing on the subjects at the head of this paper.

It may be safely admitted that there is no state of society conceivable in which gatherings of both sexes for the purpose of amusement do not play an important part. And the hard names which have been heaped upon such gatherings seemed based on a false view of their place in a system. They ought not to be made the object of anyone's life. But were no relaxations allowable, were no meetings held—even though they be simply for the sake of lively and shallow conversation, or the perhaps less defensible object of watching young men and women dance—not only would the national brain and vigour become dulled for want of reaction, but many opportunities would be lost for diffusion of knowledge; and people would live in a heavy ignorance of many of each other's qualities and ideas. Without dinners, drums, water-parties, and balls, the wheels of the social machine would repeatedly stick. Without them society would be like the hardened clay which

the sculptor cannot mould. They enable people to get rid of many prejudices and to form many opinions. They provide for girls much of that ethical education which boys obtain by going to school, and they exercise upon men a softening and expanding influence in direct antagonism to the warping effect of solitariness or bachelors' society.

Many other arguments might be brought forward in defence of ball-giving; but as this paper is not intended to be politico-economical, they need not be set down. For no one is likely to assert that the time is at hand when balls will be a thing of the past.

It is doubtful whether English people as a race are open to blame on the score of over-fondness for amusement. It may perhaps be said that the women of the upper classes are from childhood too much taught to regard society as the only means to that end of life—a good marriage. But an immense amount of the men's work of the country is done voluntarily and without reward; and a large majority of women, if not before marriage, after it, devote themselves to no little extent to works of benevolence and well-doing. And, compared with continental nations, our scheme of amusements does not seem injuriously large.

From Easter, however, to July, pleasure is undoubtedly made a duty; and "going out" is looked upon as an inevitable part of existence, not only by the classes who inhabit for a time the more luxurious of the streets and squares of London, but also by a large portion of the permanent residents who follow their example. The most perfect and perhaps the most effective way in which the goddess of society weaves her spells



is in dance-gatherings, be they called teas, dances, or balls.

“On with the dance, let mirth be unconfined,  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,”

might well be the motto of London during the summer months. The reason for this is not far to seek. There must be more unbending in a ball than in any other party. It is impossible to go through the whole courses of a ball without relaxing from that stiffness of manner which too often is assumed through the whole of less varied evenings. There are, moreover, so many ways in which people may enjoy themselves at a ball, and, within certain limits, liberty as to coming and going is so wide, that a ball is always looked upon as the climax of hospitality. Drums and dinners play their part, but balls are, in theory at least, the great means of producing social happiness and amusement.

Balls may be regarded in two points of view—that of those who give them, and that of those who go to them. In each the progress of society has produced gradually certain modifications which were formerly not known. There is nothing very difficult in providing music, flowers, and supper for a certain number of people, and in writing on cards the names of a certain number of friends, whose presence you have reason to expect, but whose absence you would not greatly deplore. In a certain class of society, therefore, ball-giving is comparatively easy. But when more than this is aimed at; when the giver of the ball has at least something more than the mere provision of a certain amount of amusement, which may be taken or left alone as the objects of it like, the affair assumes another phase.

One of the most important changes which society—in the restricted sense of the word—has undergone of late years is its enlargement. The barriers which were formerly only opened to or by a few, are now rarely prohibitive. And the power of wealth to pass where it will is far greater than it was a few

generations ago. One result of this is, that every year there take place one or two balls given by persons whose wealth is as yet their sole claim to notoriety, but who seek a reputation in society, and friends or acquaintances among those whose position is not due solely to money. These persons have at first a hard task. The most lavish expenditure and the greatest possible taste will be all in vain if “people don’t go.” The fatal criticism, “No one was there,” is enough to nullify every effort, and make every expenditure resultless. It is, however, in modern times, rarely the case that no good friend, herself of established position, can be found able and willing to canvass for guests of the required calibre. The would-be hosts therefore are sure to find some means of making the excellence of their hospitality known, and, have they only perseverance and lavishness, are sure ere long to find their rooms thronged with persons who but a short time previous to their appearance would not have dreamed of being present. The process is of course gradual, and cannot be carried out in one year or two. But so many instances are to be found of its ultimate success, that it cannot be denied to be extremely likely to have the desired effect.

Of course there are degrees in the ambition of the givers of balls among the *nouveaux-riches* of London, as well as among other classes of hosts. Some are content with a moderate attendance of *la crème de la crème*—or merely seek to secure a sufficient number of friends, and to provide amusement for their daughters and their allies. But some aim far higher. Brilliant entertainments in London, at which gradually but surely the presence of all who can confer prestige is obtained, are followed by perpetual hospitality in the country; and it is hoped, often not without reason, that such an employment of wealth may be a means for making a permanent advance in the social scale, even if not for carving a way to the peerage.

There are however, happily, many hosts who are hospitable merely from a love of hospitality, and for no other reason.

They like to welcome their friends and see them enjoy themselves. Those who go to the houses of such people will not come away criticising

“The ice of her ladyship’s manners,  
The ice of his lordship’s champagne;”

but will, on the contrary, have the feeling of satisfaction which always follows really warm hospitality.

Such hosts as these have many difficulties with which to contend. The first difficulty is fixing a day. Society is, as has been said, much larger than it was formerly; and two or even three balls take place on the same night without materially interfering with each other. But nevertheless, no hostess likes, when her day is fixed and her friends asked, to hear that a bigger than she has suddenly selected her day, and will take away many if not all of those whose presence she hoped would increase the pleasure or the reputation of her ball. There are some houses which have tacitly conceded to them the privilege of throwing themselves open (with degrees of wideness) with the shortest possible warning. When it is announced on Monday that the owner of one of these is going to “have a small dance” on Wednesday, there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the house of the hostess of Wednesday, who knows quite well that many of her “nice people” will be attracted away. This difficulty is always rendered as small as possible by the courtesy which leads the owners of the great houses to avoid as much as possible clashing with arrangements already made. It is, however, to a certain extent inevitable.

A far greater difficulty, and one for which there is no such inevitable reason, lies in the arrangement and grouping of invitations. Gradually there has sprung up an evil and ill-mannered habit of looking upon the house of a giver of a ball as public property. There is now very little hesitation used in asking for invitations. And hosts are overrun with notes beseeching leave to “bring So-and-so, who has such a pretty daughter,” or asking for a card for a nephew’s cousin

or a sister’s friend. Now nothing can be worse taste than asking for an invitation. It ought scarcely to be done by bosom friends, certainly not by mere acquaintances. It is done, over and over again, by persons who are almost strangers. The givers of balls are in a certain extent to blame for making the custom general of giving a certain number of friends the privilege of issuing invitations. If it is understood that Lady A. has entrusted to Mrs. B. a certain number of “cartes blanches,” anyone who wants to be invited thinks that all that is necessary is to “get at” Mrs. B. Any acquaintance with Lady A. is quite a secondary consideration. From this it is easy to see that there springs a disregard of the actual hostess, and an idea that somehow or other an invitation can be procured even for the house of an utter stranger. But this makes no excuse for those who do ask for invitations. And their name is unfortunately legion. They are to be found in every class, from the guests of Bryanston Square to those who pester the Lord Chamberlain with their obtrusive egotism on the eve of a Buckingham Palace Ball. There is absolutely no limit to the boldness shown. And the daring of such a letter as the following is by no means impossible:—

“DEAR —,— I hear you are going to have a dance on Thursday. That is the night on which I have my theatricals, but we need not clash, as the play will be all over at eleven, and I can then bring my people on.

“Yours very truly,  
\_\_\_\_\_.”

And this from one who was scarcely known to her correspondent, and who had not been asked to the dance.

Invitations are always best managed when the mistress of the house does them herself, or there are “young ladies” who will take them in hand. Sometimes, however, when this is not possible, the invitations are well managed from a formal list. This system, however, leads to curious results. “Are you going to — House to-night?” “No; I don’t know the hall-porter, and I shall not leave a card on him.” From one house,

where an old list was used, cards were sent to people who had done with balls for ever, and others were asked under names which had long ago ceased to be theirs. And from another cards were sent to some persons who were decidedly not intended to be present, but who happened to have similar names to those who were. This system, moreover, has all the disadvantages of formality, and prevents the feeling that the hospitality springs directly from the friendship of the hostess and the host.

Mistakes, however, will happen even when the invitations are entirely managed by "mamma and the girls." "We did not see you at our dance the other night, my dear Mrs. Smith—Oh no, I forgot. Rudolphina left all the S.'s under the sofa, and they were found there next morning."

Then there is the difficulty of adapting numbers to the size of the rooms. A ball which is too empty is called a failure. A ball which is too full can never be very nice. One way out of this dilemma which is often attempted is to have two dances instead of one ball. But people are often discontented at this plan, and think that they are asked to the wrong one, or else that they ought to be among the select few who are asked to both. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ball which is too crowded. A "squash" without dancing is tolerable; but to attempt to dance in a place five feet by three, is as inconvenient for the dancers as a perpetual squeeze is to chaperons. It may safely be calculated that twenty per cent. more people than are asked in the first instance will eventually appear, and the original list ought to be calculated accordingly.

It sometimes happens that a popular hostess determines to have "just a few people," the "smallest thing in the world," and is rash enough to tell this interesting fact to one or two friends. The secret oozes out, and the unfortunate lady has to choose between mortally offending several of her dearest acquaintances, who would resent being left out from anything especially select, and

seeing her little party swell to abnormal dimensions.

There is far too little consideration, far too little gratitude shown to the hostesses of London. Nor is this merely the case with men. Men indeed, being for some reason or other at a premium in London ball-rooms, have gradually usurped privileges which they have grossly abused. But with women also there is much too great a tendency to look upon a London ball-room as a public place to which anyone can go who is known to the hostess or any of her friends. It would not be at all a bad thing if the "people who give things" were to strike, and say that they would ask those they selected at first, and none others whatsoever, and that any request for an invitation would be put unanswered in the waste-paper basket. One result of this course would be that balls would not be the heterogeneous jumble which they not unfrequently are; and another result would be that hostesses would be saved an immense amount of annoyance and vexation which they do not deserve.

What constitutes a good ball? It is hard to say. One man's meat is another man's poison; and some people may have thought that ball quite delightful which to others appeared disagreeable and a bore. The principal condition is that the guests should know and like each other. It is supposed in London that everyone knows everyone else; and for the numbers of people who go to balls the introductions of strangers to each other which take place are very few. If therefore the guests be so selected that this theory is carried out in practice, and that everyone finds several friends in the room, one of the most important conditions of success is fulfilled. Another is good music. The ubiquitous Coote manages to be in more places at once than Sir Boyle Roche's bird; and where he is not, there he leaves a good lieutenant. But even his resources are limited, and some of his merry men are infinitely inferior to others, while outside his band the greatest possible variance is found from really clever dance

music execution to a sort of jingle which would disgrace a hurdy-gurdy.

Proper ventilation, a good floor, a graceful arrangement of flowers, and a well-managed supper, are minor but not negligible considerations. As to the latter, no one except a few *gourmets* attaches paramount importance to its excellence; but, on the other hand, everyone likes to be able to have their moderate wants gratified without difficulty, and above all not to be poisoned with bad champagne. Ball champagne has unfortunately passed into a proverb, and people are condemned to drink a wretched compound of sugar and brandy, or relapse into seltzer water or claret-cup. Hosts may so arrange that their guests' toes are trod on, their ears distracted by bad music, and their good taste offended by ugly combinations of furniture and ornaments, without doing them lasting harm. An assault on the digestion does not pass away so easily.

For good or for evil, the enlargement of society which has been referred to has led to the breaking up of sets. Formerly many houses were only opened to certain sets, to a privileged few who were intimate with the owners. There were naturally enough *omnium gatherums* of every sort of acquaintance and stranger perhaps once a year; but the real hospitality was only extended to a few. This is now not the case. There are probably not three hostesses in London who carry out into practice the theory of confining their invitations only to a few intimates. The lines by which that inner circle of society which goes by such various names as "the good people," "the smart people," "the nice people," &c. is marked, are far less clearly defined than they were a generation ago. Whether this is an advantage or not is a deep question, but it is in accordance with the spirit of the age.

But balls may also be regarded from the point of view of those who go to them. It may safely be said that they are given more for young women than young men. The difficulty of securing the attendance of men who will dance is in itself a sufficient proof of this.

And to a girl, a London season is, as has been said, much what going to school is to a boy. A girl is taught to fight her own battles, to develop her own idiosyncrasy, to rely on her own resources, by going out. Her rough edges—may the goddess of female perfection pardon the phrase!—are knocked off. The most remarkable difference in character may be observed between the *débutante* in her first season, and her who has been out for two or three years. Shyness, diffidence, want of self-confidence have vanished; and in their place are tact and *savoir-faire*. Just as, however, in a boy, going to school will develop bad qualities as well as good, so in a girl a London season will bring into prominence many a fault which, were it not for repeated mixings with society, would perhaps lie hid. Conceitedness, rudeness, what is usually called "being fast," vanity—are all faults which are encouraged by ball-going. On the other hand, the mortifications which sensitive girls sometimes undergo in a London season are such as to act as a salutary training on certain minds, even though they blur the *couleur de rose* which may previously have seemed to shine o'er the world. Assuredly it is a time of no slight anxiety for a mother when she takes her daughter out for her first season.

The principle which ought to regulate the social intercourse of men and women is courtesy to the latter; and this principle is not nowadays sufficiently carried out. One instance in proof of this assertion is obvious. A lady or a man who does not wish to receive visitors has the privilege of making the servant say that she or he is not at home, without implying anything more whatsoever than that they do not wish to accept a visit. The girl who is asked to dance at a ball has no such privilege. Men are, as has been said, at a premium at balls, and a most gross result has been brought about, that at the starting of a girl's career it is more or less an honour for her to be asked to dance. Though therefore the *habituée* of London ball-rooms may refuse the

would-be partner of whom she may not approve, the *débutante* must accept all those who offer themselves, at the risk of being left blooming alone. There ought to be some such recognized answer as "not at home," which merely implies "I don't want to dance this dance." As it is, there is none. And what happens? An obtrusive man, who will not take no for an answer, seeks permission to dance a valse with a young lady. She pleads fatigue, heat, or a headache. He will not accept the excuse, and his importunity ends in her dancing against her will. A sensitive man, diffident and unobtrusive, asks a similar question, and receives a similar answer. Thinking that the objection is only to himself, he bows and retires; and some time afterwards finds himself in a great scrape because he has never asked that young lady to dance again. Sometimes, to the shame he it said of young ladies, where the old-fashioned plan, now almost entirely out of vogue, is adopted of having programmes, two cards are used, one for undesirable partners to write their names upon, one to be shown when an undesirable gentleman claims his dance. This is only one of the uncomfortable plans adopted by young ladies to escape from the difficulties entailed upon them by the want of such an evasive answer as has been described.

Girls have sometimes a great difficulty in remembering their engagements. "This is my dance, I think?" "Oh no, I assure you it is the next." If when the next comes a third figurant asserts his rights, the unfortunate young person is in a desperate dilemma, and runs the risk of offending one or other of the claimants. Men who are engaged to two partners for one dance, can always cut the Gordian knot by dancing with a third. But women have not such privileges. No man therefore ought, if he has any manners, to be annoyed by one or even two refusals in a ball-room. A refusal, indeed, may be so marked, and given in so plain a manner, that he would be a fool to renew his request; but men are equally fools who get huffy

at being accidentally thrown over. For who can remember with accuracy a series of engagements for "the next square but two," or "the third round dance after supper"?

The conversation of a ball-room has perhaps met with more severe criticism than any means of interchanging ideas. If it is remembered that every ball-room conversation is limited, first by the necessity for dancing, and secondly by the necessity of "not staying too long away from mamma," it does not seem as if much ought to be expected. There is no time for depth of discussion during a "square," or between the intervals of a "round." "Sitting out," indeed, generally conduces to conversation, which sometimes is of an exceedingly interesting nature; but sitting out is generally the privilege of old friends, who need no stimulus to a quiet and agreeable talk. It must be in the nature of things extremely difficult to begin, carry on, and finish a conversation worth anything with about twelve different people in one night. As soon as you have got beyond the opening sentences it is time to leave off. The first orthodox questions, as to the opera, the weather, the park, the last "new thing," are like a prelude to a piece of music, or the first few moves in a game of chess. They are unavoidable, but useless. No one can plunge into a conversation with a stranger, or the acquaintance of a week, at once. Just as good swordsmen spend some time in feeling their adversaries' strength, so even a good talker will find it necessary to test the powers of his companion. Were it not so, the most absurd results would take place, and you might find yourself plunging into a gossiping conversation with a blue-stocking, or discussing Mill with her whose soul is in the valse. On the whole, it seems doubtful whether, except from its brevity, ball-room conversation is much worse than the conversation of other times. It lacks, indeed, time enough to become developed, and it is always being commenced *de novo*; but many clever things are said in a ball-room, and the founda-

tion of many an important idea or phase of mind is laid during the music of a dance.

One of the witty journals of London lately carried on a discussion as to flirting. Flirting means so many different things to different people, that it would be difficult to obtain any general assent as to the light in which it ought to be held. If by flirting is meant—in the ball-room sense—making deliberate love where nothing more than passing amusement is intended, then most people would agree that flirting is most pernicious. The girl whose sole object is to get proposals which she rejects with scornful merriment and “tip-tilted nose,” has much to answer for. The man whose eyes are continually saying that which he never brings his lips to say, has more. Both do harm which they cannot repair. Both inflict wounds which they cannot heal, but which are none the less deep because they do not bleed. Society is not so hollow that all in it is to be looked upon as false. Otherwise the honest man or woman would have no place there; and Heaven forbid that this should be the case. Deliberate falsehood therefore—and such flirting is nothing else—is powerful for ill. Far be the day when every girl has to look upon what is said to her at a ball-room as entirely fictitious and untrustworthy, or when a man may look and say things by which next morning he may utterly refuse to abide. If flirting, however, merely means chaff, good-humour, fun, and wit; the pleasure which two people who like one another’s society take in being together; a chat over a past pleasant party, a scheme for a future one,—then none may wage successful war against it. Stupid among the stupid is the girl who never gets beyond cold commonplaces because she is afraid of having love made to her; and wearisome is he whose actions and words are regulated solely by the fear of being asked his intentions. In this respect, indeed, different men have different privileges. The *parti* of the season must be far more guarded than he whose ‘detrimentalism’ has been known for years. The Foreign-office

clerk, or the younger son in the Grenadiers, may say and do much that the owner of acres or the eldest son may not. All this is pretty well understood; and considering the number of people who would be affected by them, mistakes as to this seldom occur.

In America the rules for the intercourse of young unmarried people are far wider than they are in England, where, in turn, they are less strict than is the case in France. National pride suggests that the English system is the golden mean between closeness and laxity. But it is asserted, with much show of truth, that in America complications arise with far less frequency than in England, where they are seen less often than in France. Opportunities are given in America for flirting, in all and every sense of the term, which are quite impossible in England, and yet no harm comes of it.<sup>1</sup> Temperament, climate, education, have all been brought in to account for this, but it is a great question whether the real reason is not that confidence begets self-reliance, and that an excessive use of the reins produces a desire to kick over the traces. As it is, in England those mothers make a mistake who are always anxious for the safety of their daughters, and are continually watching with whom they dance or who takes them down to supper; while, on the other hand, those are not free from blame who leave girls entirely to themselves, and let them go, say, and do what they like, with no bestowal of that wisdom which is the result of their own greater experience.

It has been much remarked during the last few seasons in London, that the manners of the young men who go to balls are not as good as they were or as they ought to be. In the first place, men have lately adopted a habit of not appearing at balls till twelve o’clock or even later. It was not at all an uncommon thing last year in London to see a large number of girls assembled in a ball-room and waiting for the arrival of men before they could begin dancing;

<sup>1</sup> See “Social New York,” *Macmillan’s Magazine* for June 1872.

and bitter complaints often issued from the lips of those who knew not what to do with the time which must elapse between the end of a dinner-party and the hour when the lords of creation would be likely to condescend to appear. This habit, quite a new one during the last few years, is a bad and selfish one. Men can go to their clubs, read, write, or smoke; but women can go nowhere, if they live at one end of the town and have to dine and dance at another. To appear very late at a ball is in itself a discourtesy. If the lateness is simply occasioned by the attractions of a cigar or a rubber, the discourtesy is more marked. Last year the evil reached such a pitch that on more than one occasion the "girls" commenced dancing with one another.

Again, not many years ago it was held to be extremely bad manners for a man to smoke before going to a ball, without changing his clothes. Now, not only are cigarettes smoked up to the very door of the host, but men sit in their clubs smoking strong cigars, and appear in a ball-room with the aroma of the tobacco clinging strongly to them. There is a want of consideration and a regard for self alone, in this, which is not consistent with courtesy.

In the ball-room, too, men show far too little regard for the comfort and convenience of ladies. They swagger about as if their presence was a favour, and nothing more was expected of them than to talk loudly on the staircase, eat a great deal of supper, dance as few dances as possible, and take care of no one but themselves. Certainly ease of manner seems to be the only qualification of excellence. If the room is at all crowded, they act rather as though they were in the street than in the society of ladies. They push and elbow their way about with none of the *suaviter in modo* and much of the *fortiter in re*. The same is the case when they dance. They valse as though the sole object was to get round the room as quickly as possible, and the most perfect feat were to dance from one room into the other. In the majority of cases there is no

thought whatever of the flow or rhythm of the music and very little of the time. A certain incomprehensible step, which is a jumble of *deux-temps* and *trois-temps*, is held quite sufficient for all practical purposes, and with this they whirl their unfortunate partners round and round in total disregard of smoothness and grace.

Sometimes the want of courtesy is still more marked. The writer of this paper saw, in a house where, if in any one, good manners ought to be displayed, a lady come up to a supper table where were seated eight men together. She stood with her partner for three or four minutes by this table, and not one of the men thought of getting up to give her his seat, though more than one of them had done supper, and were simply talking. On another occasion the lady of the house could not find room at her own supper tables, owing to the number of men who had occupied them. A Frenchman, renowned for his own refinement of manners, was asked what he thought of the English young men in this respect, and replied, "The manners of young gentlemen are such that a well-educated kitchen-maid would find them bad." His criticism was severe, but it is to be feared that it had some elements of truth in it.

Now there is probably not a man among those who throng the London ball-rooms who would not risk his life, if occasion required it, to save that of any lady present, or would hesitate to undergo serious inconvenience if it was to be of material service to a lady. But from indolence, shyness, want of care, or from some false estimate of what is good taste, the men neglect in trifling matters that courtesy towards women which in important matters would infallibly guide them. This is not as it should be. A man loses nothing by observing these little points—for which there is no better name than good manners—which soften the intercourse of life, and prevent so many difficulties and misunderstandings. It often, indeed, happens that incompatibility is the sole

source of bad manners, and that of two people each is afraid of the other, and thinks him or her alone rude. But this only applies to the association of two, and has no reference to the absence of those outward graces which, in an assembly of many, are of much effect. Men are like sheep. If a few of the most prominent among the young men of the present day, were to set an example of a more strict observance of the form as well as the substance of courtesy, much might be done in a short time to remove that which is somewhat of a blot on our social habits.

There is no reason why balls should not begin before eleven. As a rule, the opera and the plays are over, dinner parties have come to an end, and there is nothing to prevent people from appearing at that hour. The Queen's balls always begin before eleven o'clock, and the result is that they are over soon enough to give people a most valuable addition to their hours of sleep. To commence dancing at midnight must be, apart from its inconvenience, a bad thing for young girls scarcely in the full vigour of their strength. The earlier hour is bad enough, but the lateness of last year was quite inexcusable. If two or three of the most influential hostesses were to agree to let it be known that they wished their guests to appear early, and were to take some steps to make those who did not accede to this wish feel themselves in the wrong, the evil would soon be remedied, especially if some salutary punishment were dealt out upon those young gentlemen who spend hours in the club card-room instead of acting on an invitation which they ought to have refused if they intended to neglect it.

It seems time that some new dance should be invented. The dances that were formerly in vogue have gradually fallen into disuse, and nothing has appeared to take their place. Without going back to the days of the minuet, the grace of which is in marked contrast to the almost awkward simplicity of the present dances, it is easy to recall several dances which are now entirely things

of the past. Redowas, schottisches, varsovianas, exist only in country or in servants' balls. Polkas are extremely rare: and in the last few seasons galops have fallen into disfavour. The result is that there is an endless succession of lancers, vales, and quadrilles, which, if it is simple, lacks the advantages of change. Will no one invent a new dance which shall be graceful, easy, and capable of being associated with beautiful music? Whoso does will confer a benefit on ball-going society which it will be hard to repay.

It has been said that the dancing of men of the present day is very bad. This is probably due to the fact that few boys are taught to dance. They learn, at least such of them do so who do not abstain entirely from going out, by experience, and by experience alone. It is no uncommon thing to see youths of from seventeen to twenty floundering about a ball-room in utter ignorance of step, time, or "steering." Their sole idea is to go round. They know nothing of how or where they are going, and if their unfortunate partners are bumped and bruised they scarcely think they are to blame. When they have improved a little they jump to the conclusion that they can "steer" anywhere, and instead of being content with simply going round the circle, they cut across and in and out without the least knowing how to get out of the way of those who are in their proper places. Nothing is more interesting in watching dancing than to see a man who can "steer" well extricating his partner and himself from apparently hopeless difficulties, without for a moment losing the even, smooth flow of his step. But nothing is more painfully ridiculous than to see the blunders and mischances of a bad and careless dancer, and evil is the lot of the girl who falls into the clutches of such an one.

On the whole, it is remarkable what an immense fund of good-humour is displayed by valsers in a crowded room. Collisions are accepted with the utmost placidity, and provoke only a smile. And even the terrible ordeal of a fall—



than which no moment of ball-room existence is more trying—is undergone without loss of temper. Falls ought to be very rare except when men appear in uniform: then the much-abused spurs catch in trimmings and bindings and occasion many a fall. On one occasion, at a full-dress ball, a lady was seen at one side of the room with her dress caught in the spur of a man who was at the other side of the room. Between the two was a huge length of binding, on and over which dancers were in the greatest possible danger of tripping. Spurs spoil dresses as well as tempers. It is questionable whether they are of much use in the field; they are of neither ornament nor use in the ball-room; and the sooner the authorities free men from the duty of wearing them there, the better.

There is one point in regard to the manners of men which is liable to be misunderstood. "Did Mr. A. dance with you, dear?" "No, Mamma." "How very rude, when I asked him to dinner last week." Now, any man who has been going out for three or four seasons, will find it impossible to go into a ball-room without finding there far more partners than he can dance with in one evening. Some of them he must neglect, unless he were to cut himself into pieces or divide dances between two or more partners. It is quite a mistake for those with whom he does not dance to imagine themselves purposely left in the shade. If Mr. A. is a *parti*, and is hunted by

"the planners  
Of matches for Laura and Jane,"

he is very likely to vote the whole thing a bore and avoid dancing altogether. If he is not a *parti*, he will perhaps devote himself entirely to chatting with the chaperons instead of dancing with the girls.

It is fortunate for the chaperons that there are men who will do this. An occasional bit of gossip must be an enjoyable variation of the endless duty of watching, watching, watching, half-asleep, yet obliged to keep awake, through

the endless succession of rounds and squares. It has often seemed wonderful that a sort of Chaperons' Co-operative Society is not concocted, and that some few ladies of undoubted stability and wakefulness are not told off to do the duty at each ball for the whole number. Such an arrangement would enable ninety per cent. of those who now wait anxiously for the time when the carriage is ordered and the "just one more" is over, to be comfortably in bed, without interfering with the happiness or safety of their young people.

With many people a ball is not considered perfect unless it finishes with a cotillon. There are men who devote themselves to the encouragement of this idea, and who hop about London with the sole object of learning new figures, or taking care that the old ones are properly performed. It is possible to imagine a more worthy career than that of a cotillon-leader, but it is fortunate that there are to be found men who think themselves happy if they are allowed to adopt it. In more than one of the large houses in London the cotillon is the most important part of an evening's amusement. The utmost magnificence marks its course. The presents given by the men to the ladies, which are provided with lavishness, are valuable and of beauty. The figures are splendidly got up, and the whole thing is done as well as possible. But it is a question, nevertheless, whether even so a cotillon is an enjoyable dance. It is all very well in a small party, where everyone knows everyone else, but in a large town ball it is open to attack. Its essence is rivalry. One is preferred, the other rejected. Such a good-humoured contest may be very well among friends, but is questionable among strangers. More than one leader of a cotillon found this last year, and discovered that even men did not like to kneel at the feet of a strange young lady in the middle of the room, and be scornfully rejected. The dancers have to be too much *en évidence*, have to put themselves forward too much. If the cotillon is to be danced, it ought to be the invariable practice

that the men are humiliated, and the women have it all their own way. The idea is that the utmost female caprice is encouraged—that the woman is a tyrant before which men bow down. But even if this principle is always carried out—and this is not so—the feeling that comparisons are odious makes a cotillon not quite thoroughly liked. It will not be found that the best people of either sex stay for the cotillons in London, whatever they may do in a country house.

It has been said that going to balls exercises a considerable moral effect upon young girls. It does so to a certain extent also upon men, and perhaps even upon chaperons. In the little world of the ball-room many of those feelings, phases of character, and motives of action come into play, which influence life in the graver world outside. The pride of the proud, the cynicism of the

cynic, the kindness of the warm-hearted, the softness of the gentle—all these are attributes which to no small extent affect the intercourse of people in a ball-room. Habits are formed, developed, or unlearned, which come not to an end when the time of ball-going is over. And the disposition which will be esteemed or loved in real life, will be popular in society. As the man is most popular who thinks and gives no offence, whose good humour attributes the best motives to every action, who goes through the world happy himself and using his best endeavours to make other people the same; so the girl who is never offended, never rude, who laughs if she is "thrown over," and who does not think that her friends mean to be unkind to her, will find herself with most partners and with the greatest capacity of enjoying her ball-going as well as her after life.

COURTENAY BOYLE.

## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ROMANCE-TIME.

EARLY morning at Borva, fresh, luminous, and rare; the mountains in the south grown pale and cloud-like under a sapphire sky; the sea ruffled into a darker blue by a light breeze from the west; and the sunlight lying hot on the red gravel and white shells around Mackenzie's house. There is an odour of sweet-briar about, hovering in the warm, still air, except at such times as the breeze freshens a bit, and brings round the shoulder of the hill the cold, strange scent of the rocks and the sea beyond.

And on this fresh and pleasant morning, Sheila sat in the big garden-seat in front of the house, talking to the stranger to whom she had been introduced the day before. He was no more a stranger, however, to all appearances; for what could be more frank and friendly than their conversation, or more bright and winning than the smile with which she frequently turned to speak or to listen? Of course, this stranger could not be her friend as Mr. Ingram was—that was impossible. But he talked a great deal more than Mr. Ingram, and was apparently more anxious to please and be pleased; and, indeed, was altogether very winning, and courteous, and pleasant in his ways. Beyond this vague impression, Sheila ventured upon no comparison between the two men. If her older friend had been down, she would doubtless have preferred talking to him—about all that had happened in the island since his last visit; but here was this newer friend thrown, as it were, upon her hospitality, and eager, with a most respectful and yet simple and

friendly interest, to be taught all that Ingram already knew. Was he not, too, in mere appearance like one of the princes she had read of in many an ancient ballad—tall, and handsome, and yellow-haired—fit to have come sailing over the sea, with a dozen merry comrades, to carry off some sea-king's daughter to be his bride? Sheila began to regret that the young man knew so little about the sea, and the northern islands, and those old stories; but then he was very anxious to learn.

"You must say *Mach-Klyoda* instead of Macleod," she was saying to him, "if you like *Styornoway* better than Stornoway. It is the Gaelic, that is all."

"Oh, it is ever so much prettier," said young Lavender, with a quite genuine enthusiasm in his face, not altogether begotten of the letter *y*, "and indeed I don't think you can possibly tell how singularly pleasant and quaint it is to an English ear to hear just that little softening of the vowels that the people have here. I suppose you don't notice that they say *gyarden* for garden——"

They!—as if he had paid attention to the pronunciation of anyone except Sheila herself!

"——but not quite so hard as I pronounce it. And so with a great many other words—that are softened, and sweetened, and made almost poetical in their sound by the least bit of inflection. How surprised and pleased English ladies would be to hear you speak. Oh, I beg your pardon—I did not mean to——I—I beg your pardon——"

Sheila seemed a little astonished by her companion's evident mortification, and said, with a smile—

"If others speak so in the island, of course I must too; and you say it does not shock you."

His distress at his own rudeness now found an easy vent. He protested that no people could talk English like the people of Lewis. He gave Sheila to understand that the speech of English folks was as the croaking of ravens compared with the sweet tones of the northern isles; and this drew him on to speak of his friends in the South, and of London, and of the chances of Sheila ever going thither.

"It must be so strange never to have seen London," he said. "Don't you ever dream of what it is like? Don't you ever try to think of a great space, nearly as big as this island, all covered over with large houses—the roads between the houses all made of stone—and great bridges going over the rivers, with railway-trains standing—By the way, you have never seen a railway-engine!"

He looked at her for a moment in astonishment, as if he had not hitherto realized to himself the absolute ignorance of this remote Princess. Sheila, with some little touch of humour appearing in her calm eyes, said—

"But I am not quite ignorant of all these things. I have seen pictures of them, and my papa has described them to me so often that I will feel as if I had seen them all, and I do not think I should be surprised—except, perhaps, by the noise of the big towns. It was many a time my papa told me of that; but he says I cannot understand it, nor the great distance of land you travel over to get to London. That is what I do not wish to see—I was often thinking of it, and that to pass so many places that you do not know would make you very sad."

"That can be easily avoided," he said, lightly. "When you go to London, you must go from Glasgow or Edinburgh in a night train, and fall fast asleep, and in the morning you will find yourself in London, without having seen anything."

"Just as if one had gone across a great distance of sea, and come to

another island you will never see before," said Sheila, with the grey-blue eyes, under the black eyelashes, grown strange and distant.

"But you must not think of it as a melancholy thing," he said, almost anxiously. "You will find yourself among all sorts of gaieties and amusements; you will have cheerful people around you, and plenty of things to see; you will drive in beautiful parks, and go to theatres, and meet people in large and brilliant rooms, filled with flowers, and silver, and light. And all through the winter, that must be so cold and dark up here, you will find abundance of warmth and light, and plenty of flowers, and every sort of pleasant thing. You will hear no more of those songs about drowned people; and you will no longer be afraid of the storms, or listen to the waves at night; and by and by, when you have got quite accustomed to London, and got a great many friends, you might be disposed to stay there altogether; and you would grow to think of this island as a desolate and melancholy place, and never seek to come back."

The girl rose suddenly, and turned to a fuchsia-tree, pretending to pick some of its flowers. Tears had sprung to her eyes unbidden; and it was in rather an uncertain voice that she said, still managing to conceal her face—

"I like to hear you talk of those places; but—but I will never leave Borva."

What possible interest could he have in combating this decision so anxiously, almost so imploringly? He renewed his complaints against the melancholy of the sea, and the dreariness of the northern winters. He described again and again the brilliant lights and colours of town-life in the South. As a mere matter of experience and education she ought to go to London; and had not her papa as good as intimated his intention of taking her?

In the midst of these representations, a step was heard in the hall, and then the girl looked round with a bright light on her face.

"Well, Sheila?" said Ingram, according to his custom; and both the girl's hands were in his the next minute. "You are down early. What have you been about? Have you been telling Mr. Lavender of the Black Horse of Loch Suainabhal?"

"No; Mr. Lavender has been telling me of London."

"And I have been trying to induce Miss Mackenzie to pay us a visit, so that we may show her the difference between a city and an island. But all to no purpose. Miss Mackenzie seems to like hard winters, and darkness, and cold: and as for that perpetual, and melancholy sea, that in the winter-time I should fancy might drive anybody into a lunatic asylum——"

"Ah, you must not talk badly of the sea," said the girl, with all her courage and brightness returned to her face. "It is our very good friend. It gives us food, and keeps many people alive. It carries the lads away to other places, and brings them back with money in their pockets——"

"And sometimes it smashes a few of them on the rocks, or swallows up a dozen families, and the next morning it is as smooth and fair as if nothing had happened."

"But that is not the sea at all," said Sheila; "that is the storms that will wreck the boats; and how can the sea help that? When the sea is let alone the sea is very good to us."

Ingram laughed aloud, and patted the girl's head fondly; and Lavender, blushing a little, confessed he was beaten, and that he would never again, in Miss Mackenzie's presence, say anything against the sea.

The King of Borva now appearing, they all went in to breakfast; and Sheila sat opposite the window, so that all the light coming in from the clear sky and the sea was reflected upon her face, and lit up every varying expression that crossed it, or that shone up in the beautiful deeps of her eyes. Lavender, his own face in shadow, could look at her from time to time himself unseen; and as he sate in

almost absolute silence, and noticed how she talked with Ingram, and what deference she paid him, and how anxious she was to please him, he began to wonder if he should ever be admitted to a like friendship with her. It was so strange, too, that this handsome, proud-featured, proud-spirited girl should so devote herself to the amusement of a man like Ingram; and, forgetting all the court that should have been paid to a pretty woman, seem determined to persuade him that he was conferring a favour upon her by every word and look. Of course, Lavender admitted to himself, Ingram was a very good sort of fellow—a very good sort of fellow indeed. If anyone was in a scrape about money, Ingram would come to the rescue without a moment's hesitation; although the salary of a clerk in the Board of Trade might have been made the excuse, by any other man, for a very justifiable refusal. He was very clever, too—had read much, and all that kind of thing. But he was not the sort of man you might expect to get on well with women. Unless with very intimate friends, he was a trifle silent and reserved. Often he was inclined to be pragmatic and sententious; and had a habit of saying unpleasantly bitter things, when some careless joke was being made. He was a little dingy in appearance; and a man who had a somewhat cold manner, who was sallow of face, who was obviously getting grey, and who was generally insignificant in appearance, was not the sort of man, one would think, to fascinate an exceptionally handsome girl, who had brains enough to know the fineness of her own face. But here was this Princess paying attentions to him such as must have driven a more impressionable man out of his senses; while Ingram sat quiet and pleased, sometimes making fun of her, and generally talking to her as if she were a child. Sheila had chatted very pleasantly with him, Lavender, in the morning; but it was evident that her relations with Ingram were of a very different kind, such as he could not

well understand. For it was scarcely possible that she could be in love with Ingram; and yet surely the pleasure that dwelt in her expressive face when she spoke to him, or listened to him, was not the result of a mere friendship.

If Lavender had been told at that moment that these two were lovers, and that they were looking forward to an early marriage, he would have rejoiced with an enthusiasm of joy. He would have honestly and cordially shaken Ingram by the hand; he would have made plans for introducing the young bride to all the people he knew; and he would have gone straight off, on reaching London, to buy Sheila a magnificent bracelet, even if he had to borrow the money from Ingram himself.

"And have you got rid yet of the *Airgiod-cearc*,<sup>1</sup> Sheila?" said Ingram, suddenly breaking in upon these dreams; "or does every owner of hens still pay his annual shilling to the Lord of Lewis?"

"It is not away yet," said the girl, "but when Sir James comes in the autumn, I will go over to Stornoway, and ask him to take away the tax, and I know he will do it, for what is the shilling worth to him, when he has spent thousands and thousands of pounds on the Lewis? But it will be very hard on some of the poor people that only keep one or two hens; and I will tell Sir James of all that——"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father, impatiently. "What is the *Airgiod-cearc* to you, that you will go over to Stornoway only to be laughed at, and make a fool of yourself?"

"That is nothing, not anything at all," said the girl, "if Sir James will only take away the tax."

"Why, Sheila, they would treat you as another Lady Godiva," said Ingram, with a good-humoured smile.

"But Miss Mackenzie is quite right," exclaimed Lavender, with a sudden flush of colour leaping into his handsome face,

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Argyud-chark*: literally, Hen-money.

and an honest glow of admiration into his eyes; "I think it is a very noble thing for her to do, and nobody, either in Stornoway or anywhere else, would be such a brute as to laugh at her for trying to help those poor people, who have not too many friends and defenders, God knows!"

Ingram looked surprised. Since when had the young gentleman across the table acquired such a singular interest in the poorer classes, of whose very existence he had for the most part seemed unaware? But the enthusiasm in his face was quite honest; there could be no doubt of that. As for Sheila, with a beating heart, she ventured to send to her champion a brief and timid glance of gratitude, which the young man observed, and never forgot.

"You will not know what it is all about," said the King of Borva, with a peevish air, as though it were too bad that a person of his authority should have to descend to petty details about a hen-tax. "It is many and many a tax and a due Sir James will take away from his tenants in the Lewis, and he will spend more money a thousand times than ever he will get back; and it was this *Airgiod-cearc*, it will stand in the place of a great many other things taken away, just to remind the folk that they have not their land all in their own right. It is many things you will have to do in managing the poor people, not to let them get too proud, or forgetful of what they owe to you; and now there is no more tacksmen to be the masters of the small crofters, and the crofters they would think they were landlords themselves if there were no dues for them to pay."

"I have heard of those middle-men; they were dreadful tyrants and thieves, weren't they?" said Lavender.

Ingram kicked his foot under the table.

"I mean, that was the popular impression of them—a vulgar error, I presume," continued the young man, in the coolest manner. "And so you have got rid of them! Well, I daresay many of

then were honest men, and suffered very unjustly in common report."

Mackenzie answered nothing, but his daughter said quickly—

"But, you know, Mr. Lavender, they have not gone away merely because they cease to have the letting of the land to the crofters. They have still their old holdings, and so have the crofters in most cases. Everyone now holds direct from the proprietor, that is all."

"So that there is no difference between the former tacksman and his serf, except the relative size of their farms?"

"Well, the crofters have no leases, but the tacksmen have," said the girl, somewhat timidly; and then she added, "But you have not decided yet, Mr. Ingram, what you will do to-day. It is too clear for the salmon-fishing. Will you go over to Mevaig, and show Mr. Lavender the Bay of Uig, and the Seven Hunters?"

"Surely we must show him Borvabost first, Sheila," said Ingram. "He saw nothing of it last night in the dark; and I think, if you offered to take Mr. Lavender round in your boat, and show him what a clever sailor you are, he would prefer that to walking over the hill."

"I can take you all round in the boat, certainly," said the girl, with a quick blush of pleasure; and forthwith a message was sent to Duncan, that cushions should be taken down to the *Maighdean-mhara*, the little vessel of which Sheila was both skipper and pilot.

How beautiful was the fair sea-picture that lay around them, as the *Maighdean-mhara* stood out to the mouth of Loch Roag on this bright summer morning! Sheila sat in the stern of the small boat, her hand on the tiller. Bras lay at her feet, his nose between his long and shaggy paws. Duncan, grave and watchful as to the wind and the points of the coast, sat amidships, with the sheets of the mainsail held fast, and superintended the seamanship of his young mistress, with a respectful but most evident pride. And as Ingram had gone off with Mackenzie to walk over to the White Water before going

down to Borvabost, Frank Lavender was Sheila's sole companion, out in this wonder-land of rock, and sea, and blue sky.

He did not talk much to her; and she was so well occupied with the boat that he could regard with impunity the shifting lights and graces of her face and all the wonder and winning depths of her eyes. The sea was blue around them. The sky overhead had not a speck of cloud in it. The white sand-bays, the green stretches of pasture, and the far and spectral mountains trembled in a haze of sunlight. Then there was all the delight of the fresh and cool wind, the hissing of the water along the boat, and the joyous rapidity with which the small vessel, lying over a little, ran through the crisply curling waves, and brought into view the newer wonders of the opening sea.

Was it not all a dream—that he should be sitting by the side of this Sea-Princess, who was attended only by her deer-hound and the tall keeper? And if a dream, why should it not go on for ever? To live for ever in this magic land—to have the Princess herself carry him in this little boat into the quiet bays of the islands, or out at night, in moonlight, on the open sea—to forget for ever the godless South and its social phantasmagoria, and live in this beautiful and distant solitude, with the solemn secrets of the hills and the moving deep for ever present to the imagination,—might not that be something of a nobler life? And some day or other he would take this Island-Princess up to London, and he would bid the women that he knew—the scheming mothers and the doll-like daughters—stand aside from before this perfect work of God. She would carry with her the mystery of the sea in the deeps of her eyes, and the music of the far hills would be heard in her voice, and all the sweetness, and purity, and brightness of the clear summer skies would be mirrored in her innocent soul. She would appear in London as some wild-plumaged bird, hailing from distant climes, and before she had lived there long enough

to grow sad, and have the weight of the city clouding the brightness of her eyes, she would be spirited away again into this strange sea-kingdom, where there seemed to be perpetual sunshine, and the light music of the waves.

Poor Sheila! She little knew what was expected of her, or the sort of drama into which she was being thrown as a central figure. She little knew that she was being transformed into a wonderful creature of romance, who was to put to shame the gentle dames and maidens of London society and do many other extraordinary things. But what would have appeared the most extraordinary of all these speculations, if she had only known of them, was the assumption that she would marry Frank Lavender. That the young man had quite naturally taken for granted—but, perhaps, only as a basis for his imaginative scenes. In order to do these fine things she would have to be married to somebody; and why not to himself? Think of the pride he would have in leading this beautiful girl, with her quaint manners and fashion of speech, into a London drawing-room. Would not everyone wish to know her? Would not everyone listen to her singing of those Gaelic songs—for, of course, she must sing well. Would not all his artist friends be anxious to paint her? and she would go to the Academy to convince the loungers there how utterly the canvas had failed to catch the light and dignity and sweetness of her face.

When Sheila spoke he started.

"Did you not see it?"

"What?"

"The seal; it rose for a moment just over there," said the girl, with a great interest visible in her eyes.

The beautiful dreams he had been dreaming were considerably shattered by this interruption. How could a fairy Princess be so interested in some common animal showing its head out of the sea? It also occurred to him, just at this moment, that if Sheila and Mairi went out in this boat by themselves, they must be in the habit of hoisting

up the mainsail, and was such rude and coarse work befitting the character of a Princess?

"He looks very like a black man in the water when his head comes up," said Sheila, "when the water is smooth so that you will see him look at you. But I have not told you yet about the Black Horse that Alister-nan-Each saw at Loch Suainabhal one night. Loch Suainabhal, that is inland, and fresh water, so it was not a seal; but Alister was going along the shore, and he saw it lying up by the road, and he looked at it for a long time. It was quite black, and he thought it was a boat; but when he came near he saw it begin to move, and then it went down across the shore and splashed into the loch. And it had a head bigger than a horse, and quite black, and it made a noise as it went down the shore to the loch."

"Don't you think Alister must have been taking a little whiskey, Miss Mackenzie?"

"No, not that, for he came to me just after he will see the beast."

"And do you really believe he saw such an animal?" said Lavender, with a smile.

"I do not know," said the girl, gravely. "Perhaps it was only a fright and he imagined he saw it; but I do not know it is impossible there can be such an animal at Loch Suainabhal. But that is nothing. It is of no consequence. But I have seen stranger things than the Black Horse, that many people will not believe."

"May I ask what they are?" he said, gently.

"Some other time, perhaps, I will tell you; but there is a great deal of explanation about it—and you see, we are going in to Borvabost."

Was this, then, the capital of the small empire over which the Princess ruled? He saw before him but a long row of small huts or hovels resembling bee-hives, which stood above the curve of a white bay, and at one portion of the bay was a small creek, near which a number of large boats, bottom upwards, lay on the beach. What odd



little dwellings those were! The walls, a few feet high, were built of rude blocks of stone or slices of turf; and from those low supports rose a rounded roof of straw, which was thatched over by a further layer of turf. There were few windows, and no chimneys at all—not even a hole in the roof. And what was meant by the two men who, standing on one of the turf walls, were busily engaged in digging into the rich brown and black thatch and heaving it into a cart? Sheila had to explain to him that, while she was doing everything in her power to get the people to suffer the introduction of windows, it was hopeless to think of chimneys; for by carefully guarding against the egress of the peat-smoke, it slowly saturated the thatch of the roof, which, at certain periods of the year, was then taken off to dress the fields, and a new roof of straw put on. By this time they had run the *Maighdean-mhara*—the Sea Maiden—into a creek, and were climbing up the steep beach of shingle that had been worn smooth by the waters of the Atlantic.

“And will you want to speak to me, Ailasa?” said Sheila, turning to a small girl who had approached her somewhat diffidently.

She was a pretty little thing, with a round fair face, tanned by the sun, brown hair, and soft dark eyes. She was bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-armed; but she was otherwise smartly dressed, and she held in her hand an enormous flounder apparently about half as heavy as herself.

“Will ye hef the fesh, Miss Sheila?” said the small Ailasa, holding out the flounder, but looking down all the same.

“Did you catch it yourself, Ailasa?”

“Yes, it wass Donald and me; we wass out in a boat, and Donald had a line.”

“And it is a present for me?” said Sheila, patting the small head and its wild and soft hair. “Thank you, Ailasa. But you must ask Donald to carry it up to the house and give it to Mairi. I cannot take it with me just now, you know.”

There was a small boy cowering behind one of the upturned boats; and, by his furtive peepings, showing that he was in league with his sister. Ailasa, not thinking that she was discovering his whereabouts, turned quite naturally in that direction, until she was suddenly stopped by Lavender, who called to her, and put his hand in his pocket. But he was too late. Sheila had stepped in, and, with a quick look, which was all the protest that was needed, shut her hand over the half-crown he had in his fingers.

“Never mind, Ailasa,” she said. “Go away and get Donald, and bid him carry the fish up to Mairi.”

Lavender put the half-crown in his pocket in a somewhat dazed fashion, what he chiefly knew was that Sheila had for a moment held his hand in hers, and that her eyes had met his.

Well, that little incident of Ailasa and the flounder was rather pleasant to him. It did not shock the romantic associations he had begun to weave around his fair companion. But when they had gone up to the cottages—Mackenzie and Ingram not yet having arrived—and when Sheila proceeded to tell him about the circumstances of the fishermen’s lives, and to explain how such and such things were done in the fields, and in the pickling houses, and so forth, Lavender was a little disappointed. Sheila took him into some of the cottages, or rather hovels, and he vaguely knew in the darkness that she sat down by the low glow of the peat-fire, and began to ask the women about all sorts of improvements in the walls and windows, and gardens, and what not. Surely it was not for a Princess to go advising people about particular sorts of soap; or offering to pay for a pane of glass if the husband of the woman would make the necessary aperture in the stone wall. The picture of Sheila appearing as a Sea-Princess in a London drawing-room was all very beautiful in its way; but here she was discussing as to the quality given to broth by the addition of a certain vegetable which she offered to send down from her own

garden if the cottager in question would try to grow it.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," he said, at length, when they got outside—his eyes dazed with the light, and smarting with the peat-smoke—"I wonder you can trouble yourself with such little matters that those people should find out for themselves."

The girl looked up with some surprise. "That is the work I have to do. My papa cannot do everything in the island."

"But what is the necessity for your bothering yourself about such things? Surely they ought to be able to look after their own gardens and houses. It is no degradation—certainly not; for anything you interested yourself in would become worthy of attention by the very fact; but, after all, it seems such a pity you should give up your time to those commonplace details——"

"But some one must do it," said the girl, quite innocently; "and my papa has no time. And they will be very good in doing what I ask them—every one in the island."

Was this a wilful affectation? he said to himself. Or was she really incapable of understanding that there was anything incongruous in a young lady of her position, education, and refinement, busying herself with the curing of fish and the cost of lime? He had himself marked the incongruity long ago, when Ingram had been telling him of the remote and beautiful maiden whose only notions of the world had been derived from literature—who was more familiar with the magic land in which Endymion wandered than with any other—and that, at the same time, she was about as good as her father at planning a wooden bridge over a stream. When Lavender had got outside again—when he found himself walking with her along the white beach, in front of the blue Atlantic—she was again the Princess of his dreams. He looked at her face, and he saw in her eyes that she must be familiar with all the romantic nooks and glades of English poetry. The plashing of the waves down there, and

the music of her voice, recalled the sad legends of the fishermen he hoped to hear her sing. But ever and anon there occurred a jarring recollection, whether arising from a contradiction between his notion of Sheila and the actual Sheila, or whether from some incongruity in himself, he did not stop to consider. He only knew that a beautiful maiden who had lived by the sea all her life, and who had followed the wanderings of Endymion in the enchanted forest, need not have been so particular about a method of boiling potatoes, or have shown so much interest in a pattern for children's frocks.

Mackenzie and Ingram met them. There was the usual "Well, Sheila?" followed by a thousand questions about the very things she had been inquiring into. That was one of the odd points about Ingram that puzzled and sometimes vexed Lavender; for if you are walking home at night it is inconvenient to be accompanied by a friend who would stop to ask about the circumstances of some old crone hobbling along the pavement, or who could linger on his own doorstep to have a chat with a garrulous policeman. Ingram was about as odd as Sheila herself in the attention he paid to those wretched cotters and their doings. He could not advise on the important subject of broth, but he would have tasted it by way of discovery, even if it had been presented to him in a tea-cup. He had already been prowling round the place with Mackenzie. He had inspected the apparatus in the creek for hauling up the boats. He had visited the curing-houses. He had examined the heaps of fish drying on the beach. He had drunk whiskey with John the Piper, and shaken hands with Alister-nan-Each. And now he had come to tell Sheila that the piper was bringing down luncheon from Mackenzie's house, and that after they had eaten and drank on the white beach, they would put out the *Maighdean-mhara* once more to sea, and sail over to Mevaig, that the stranger might see the wondrous sands of the Bay of Uig.

But it was not in consonance with the dignity of a King that his guests should eat from off the pebbles, like so many fishermen, and when Mairi and another girl brought down the baskets, luncheon was placed in the stern of the small vessel, while Duncan got up the sails and put out from the stone quay. As for John the Piper, was he insulted at having been sent on a menial errand? They had scarcely got away from the shore when the sound of the pipes was wafted to them from the hill-side above, and it was the "Lament of Mackrimmon" that followed them out to sea—

"Mackrimmon shall no more return,  
Oh never, never more return!"

—that was the wild and ominous air that was skirling up on the hill-side; and Mackenzie's face, as he heard it, grew wroth.

"That tefle of a piper John," he said, with an involuntary stamp of his foot; "what for will he be playing *Cha till mi tuilich?*"

"It is out of mischief, papa," said Sheila, "that is all."

"It will be more than mischief if I burn his pipes, and drive him out of Borva. Then there will be no more of mischief."

"It is very bad of John to do that," said Sheila to Lavender, apparently in explanation of her father's anger; "for we have given him shelter here, when there will be no more pipes in all the Lewis. It was the Free Church ministers they put down the pipes, for there was too much wildness at the marriages when the pipes would play."

"And what do the people dance to now?" asked the young gentleman, who seemed to resent this piece of paternal government.

Sheila laughed, in an embarrassed way.

"Miss Mackenzie would rather not tell you," said Ingram. "The fact is, the noble mountaineers of these districts have had to fall back on the Jew's-harp. The ministers allow that instrument to be used—I suppose because

there is a look of piety in the name. But the dancing doesn't get very mad when you have two or three young fellows playing a strathspey on a bit of trembling wire."

"That tefle of a piper John," growled Mackenzie, once more; and so the *Maighdean-mhara* lightly sped on her way, opening out the various headlands of the islands, until at last she got into the narrows by Eilean-Aird-Meinish, and ran up the long arm of the sea to Mevaig.

They landed, and went up the rocks. They passed one or two small white houses, overlooking the still, green waters of the sea; and then, following the line of a river, plunged into the heart of a strange and lonely district, in which there appeared to be no life. The river-track took them up a great glen, the sides of which were about as sheer as a railway-cutting. There were no trees or bushes about, but the green pasture along the bed of the valley wore its brightest colours in the warm sunlight, and far up on the hill-sides, the browns and crimsons of the heather and the silver-grey of the rocks trembled in the white haze of the heat. Over that again the blue sky, as still and silent as the world below.

They wandered on, content with idleness and a fine day. Mr. Mackenzie was talking, with some little loudness, so that Lavender might hear, of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and was anxious to convey to Ted Ingram that a wise man, who is responsible for the well-being of his fellow-creatures, will study all sides of all questions, however dangerous. Sheila was doing her best to entertain the stranger; and he, in a dream of his own, was listening to the information she gave him. How much of it did he carry away? He was told that the grey goose built its nest in the rushes at the edge of lakes. Sheila knew several nests in Borva. Sheila also caught the young of the wild duck when the mother was guiding them down the hill-rivulets to the sea. She had tamed many of them, catching them thus before they could fly. The names of most of the

mountains about here ended in *bhal*, which was a Gaelic corruption of the Norse *fiell*, a mountain. There were many Norse names all through the Lewis, but more particularly towards the Butt. The termination *bost*, for example, at the end of many words, meant an inhabited place; but she fancied *bost* was Danish. And did Mr. Lavender know of the legend connected with the air of *Cha till, cha till mi tville*?

Lavender started as from a trance, with an impression that he had been desperately rude. He was about to say that the grey gosling in the legend could not speak Scandinavian, when he was interrupted by Mr. Mackenzie turning and asking him if he knew from what ports the English smacks hailed that came up hither to the cod and the ling fishing for a couple of months in the autumn. The young man said he did not know: there were many fishermen at Brighton. And when the King of Borva turned to Ingram, to see why he was shouting with laughter, Miss Sheila suddenly announced to the party that before them lay the great Bay of Uig.

It was certainly a strange and impressive scene. They stood on the top of a lofty range of hill, and underneath them lay a vast semicircle, miles in extent, of gleaming white sand, that had in bygone ages been washed in by the Atlantic. Into this vast plain of silver whiteness, the sea, entering by a somewhat narrow portal, stretched in long arms of a pale blue. Elsewhere, the great crescent of sand was surrounded by a low line of rocky hill, showing a thousand tints of olive-green, and grey, and heather-purple; and beyond that again rose the giant bulk of Mealasabhal—grown pale in the heat—into the southern sky. There was not a ship visible along the blue plain of the Atlantic. The only human habitation to be seen in the strange world beneath them was a solitary manse. But away towards the summit of Mealasabhal two specks slowly circled in the air, which Sheila thought were eagles; and far out

on the western sea, lying like dusky whales in the vague blue, were the Pladda islands—the remote and unvisited Seven Hunters, whose only inhabitants are certain flocks of sheep belonging to dwellers on the mainland of Lewis.

The travellers sat down on a low block of gneiss, to rest themselves; and then and there did the King of Borva recite his grievances and rage against the English smacks. Was it not enough that they should in passing steal the sheep, but that they should also, in mere wantonness, stalk them as deer, wounding them with rifle-bullets, and leaving them to die among the rocks? Sheila said bravely that no one could tell that it was the English fishermen who did that. Why not the crews of merchant-vessels, who might be of any nation? It was unfair to charge upon any body of men such a despicable act, when there was no proof of it whatever.

“Why, Sheila,” said Ingram, with some surprise, “you never doubted before that it was the English smacks that killed the sheep.”

Sheila cast down her eyes, and said nothing.

Was the sinister prophecy of John the Piper to be fulfilled? Mackenzie was so much engaged in expounding politics to Ingram, and Sheila was so proud to show her companion all the wonders of Uig, that, when they returned to Mevaig in the evening, the wind had altogether gone down, and the sea was as a sea of glass. But if John the Piper had been ready to foretell for Mackenzie the fate of Mackrimmon, he had taken means to defeat destiny by bringing over from Borva-bost a large and heavy boat pulled by six rowers. These were not strapping young fellows, clad in the best blue cloth to be got in Stornoway, but elderly men, grey, wrinkled, weather-beaten, and hard of face, who sat stolidly in the boat and listened with a sort of bovine gaze to the old hunchback’s wicked stories and jokes. John was in a mischievous mood; but

Lavender, in a confidential whisper, informed Sheila that her father would speedily be avenged on the inconsiderate piper.

"Come, men, sing us a song, quick!" said Mackenzie, as the party took their seats in the stern, and the great oars splashed into the sea of gold. "Look sharp, John—and no tittle of a drowning song!"

In a shrill, high, querulous voice, the piper, who was himself pulling one of the two stroke oars, began to sing; and then the men behind him, gathering courage, joined in an octave lower, their voices being even more uncertain and lugubrious than his own. These poor fishermen had not had the musical education of Clan-Alpine's warriors. The performance was not enlivening; and as the monotonous and melancholy sing-song that kept time to the oars told its story in Gaelic, all that the English strangers could make out was an occasional reference to Jura, or Scarba, or Isla. It was, indeed, the song of an exile shut up in "sea-worn Mull," who was complaining of the wearisome look of the neighbouring islands.

"But why do you sing such Gaelic as that, John?" said young Lavender, confidently. "I should have thought a man in your position—the last of the Hebridean bards—would have known the classical Gaelic. Don't you know the classical Gaelic?"

"There is only the wan sort of Kállie, and it is a ferry goot sort of Kállie," said the piper, with some show of petulance.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know your own tongue? Do you not know what the greatest of all the bards wrote about your own island?—O et præsidium et dulcè decus meum, *agus*, Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine *Styornoway*, Arma virumque cano, *Macklyoda*, et *Borvabost* sub tegmine fagi?"

Not only John the Piper, but all the men behind him, began to look amazed and sorely troubled; and all the more so that Ingram—who had picked up more Gaelic words than his friend—came to his assistance, and began to

talk to him in this unknown tongue. They heard references in the conversation to persons and things with which they were familiar in their own language, but still accompanied by much more they could not understand. The men now began to whisper awe-stricken questions to each other; and at last John the Piper could not restrain his curiosity.

"What in ta name of Kott is tat sort of Kállie?" he asked, with some look of fear in his eyes.

"You are not much of a student, John," said Lavender, carelessly, "but still a man in your position should know something of your own language. A bard, a poet, and not know the classical form of your own tongue!"

"Is it ta Welsh Kállie?" cried John, in desperation; for he knew that the men behind him would carry the story of his ignorance all over Borvabost.

"The Welsh Gaelic! No. I see you will have to go to school again."

"There is no more Kállie in ta schools," said the piper, eagerly seizing the excuse. "It is Miss Sheila; she will hef put away all ta Kállie from ta schools."

"But you were born half a century before Miss Sheila: how is it you neglected to learn that form of Gaelic that has been sacred to the use of the bards and poets since the time of Ossian?"

There were no more quips or cranks for John the Piper during the rest of the pull home. The wretched man relapsed into a moody silence, and worked mechanically at his oar, brooding over this mysterious language of which he had not even heard. As for Lavender, he turned to Mackenzie, and begged to know what he thought of affairs in France.

And so they sailed back to Borvabost, over the smooth water that lay like a lake of gold. Was it not a strange sight to see the Atlantic one vast and smooth yellow plain, under the great glow of saffron that spread across the regions of the sunset? It was a world of light, unbroken but by the presence of a heavy coaster that had

anchored in the bay, and that sent a long line of trembling black down on the perfect mirror of the sea. As they got near the shore, the portions that were in shadow showed with a strange distinctness the dark green of the pasture and the sharp outlines of the rocks; and there was a cold scent of sea-weed in the evening air. The six heavy oars plashed into the smooth bay. The big boat was moored to the quay; and its passengers landed once more in Borva. And when they turned, on their way home, to look from the brow of the hill on which Sheila had placed a garden-seat, lo! all the west was on fire, the mountains in the south had grown dark on their eastern side, and the plain of the sea was like a lake of blood, with the heavy hull and masts of the coaster grown large, and solemn, and distant. There was scarcely a ripple around the rocks at their feet to break the stillness of the approaching twilight.

So another day had passed, devoid of adventure or incident. Lavender had not rescued his wonderful Princess from an angry sea, nor had he shown prowess in slaying a dozen stags, nor in any way distinguished himself. To all outward appearance, the relations of the party were the same at night as they had been in the morning. But the greatest crises of life steal on us imperceptibly, and have sometimes occurred and wound us in their consequences before we know. The memorable things in a man's career are not always marked by some sharp convulsion. The youth does not necessarily marry the girl whom he happens to fish out of a mill-pond: his future life may be far more definitely shaped for him at a prosaic dinner-table, where he fancies he is only thinking of the wines. We are indeed but as children seated on the shore, watching the ripples that come in to our feet; and while the ripples unceasingly repeat themselves, and while the hour that passes is but as the hour before it, constellation after constellation has gone by over our heads unheeded and unseen, and we awake with a start to find

ourselves in a new day, with all our former life cut off from us and become as a dream.

## CHAPTER V.

SHEILA SINGS.

A KNOCKING at Ingram's door.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Will ye be goin to ta fishin, Mr. Ingram?"

"Is that you, Duncan? How the devil have you got over from Mevaig at this hour of the morning?"

"Oh, there was a bit breeze tis morning, and I hef prought over ta *Maighdean-mhara*. And there iss a very goot ripple on ta watter, if you will tek ta other gentleman to try for ta salmon."

"All right. Hammer at his door until he gets up. I shall be ready in ten minutes."

About half-an-hour thereafter the two young men were standing at the front of Mackenzie's house, examining the enormous rod that Duncan had placed against the porch. It was still early morning, and there was a cold wind blowing in from the sea; but there was not a speck of cloud in the sky, and the day promised to be hot. The plain of the Atlantic was no longer a sheet of glass; it was rough and grey, and far out an occasional quiver of white showed where a wave was hissing over. There was not much of a sea on; but the heavy wash of the water round the rocks and sandy bays could be distinctly heard in the silence of the morning.

And what was this moving object down there by the shore, where the *Maighdean-mhara* lay at anchor? Both the young men at once recognized the glimmer of the small white feather, and the tightly-fitting rough blue dress of the Sea-Princess.

"Why, there is Sheila!" cried Ingram. "What in all the world is she about at such an hour?"

At this moment Duncan came out, with a book of flies in his hand, and he said, in rather a petulant way—

"And it iss no wonder Miss Sheila

will be out. And it wass Miss Sheila herself will tell me to see if you will go to ta White Water and try for a salmon."

"And she is bringing up something from the boat: I must go and carry it for her," said Lavender, making down the path to the shore with the speed of a deer.

When Sheila and he came up the hill, there was a fine colour in the girl's face from her morning's exertions; but she was not disposed to go indoors to rest. On the contrary, she was soon engaged in helping Mairi to bring in some coffee to the parlour; while Duncan cut slices of ham and cold beef big enough to have provisioned a fishing-boat bound for Caithness. Sheila had had her breakfast; so she devoted all her time to waiting upon her two guests, until Lavender could scarcely eat through the embarrassment produced by her noble servitude. Ingram was not so sensitive, and made a very good meal indeed.

"Where's your father, Sheila?" said Ingram, when the last of their preparations had been made, and they were about to start for the river. "Isn't he up yet?"

"My father?" said the girl, with the least possible elevation of her eyebrows; "he will be down at Borvabost an hour ago. And I hope that John the Piper will not see him this morning. But we must make haste, Mr. Ingram, for the wind will fall when the sun gets stronger, and then your friend will have no more of the fishing."

So they set out, and Ingram put Sheila's hand on his arm, and took her along with him in that fashion, while the tall gillie walked behind with Lavender, who was or was not pleased with the arrangement. The young man, indeed, was a trifle silent; but Duncan was in an amiable and communicative mood, and passed the time in telling him stories of the salmon he had caught and of the people who had tried to catch them and failed. Sheila and Ingram certainly went a good pace up the hill and round the summit of it, and

down again into the valley of the White Water. The light step of the girl seemed to be as full of spring as the heather on which she trod; and as for her feet getting wet, the dew must have soaked them long ago. She was in the brightest of spirits. Lavender could hear her laughing in a low pleased fashion; and then presently her head would be turned up towards her companion, and all the light of some humorous anecdote would appear in her face and in her eloquent eyes, and it would be Ingram's turn to break out into one of those short abrupt laughs that had something sardonic in them.

But hark!—from the other side of the valley comes another sound—the faint and distant skirl of the pipes; and yonder is the white-haired hunchback, a mere speck in a waste of brown and green morass. What is he playing to himself now?

"He is a foolish fellow, that John," said the tall keeper; "for if he comes down to Borvabost this morning, it iss Mr. Mackenzie will fling his pipes in ta sea, and he will hef to go away and work in ta steamboat. He iss a ferry foolish fellow; and it wass him tat wass goin' into ta steamboat before, and he went to a tailor in Styomoway, and he said to him, 'I want a pair o' troosers.' And the tailor said to him, 'What sort o' troosers iss it you will want?' And he said to him, 'I want a pair o' troosers for a steamboat.' A pair o' troosers for a steamboat!—he is a tefle of a foolish fellow. And it wass him that went in ta steamboat with a lot o' freens o' his, that wass a' goin' to Skye to a big weddin' there; and it wass a very bad passage, and when tey got into Portree, the captain said to him, 'John, where iss all your freens that tey do not come ashore?' And he said to him, 'I hef peen down below, sir, and four-thirds o' ta whole o' them are a' half-trooned, and sick, and tead.' Four-thirds o' ta whole o' them!—and he iss just the ferry man to laugh at every other pody when it iss a mistake you will make in ta English."

"I suppose," said Lavender, "you

found it rather difficult to learn good English?"

"Well, sir, I hefna got ta goot English yet. But Miss Sheila she has put away all the Gaelic from the schools, and the young ones they will learn more of ta good English after that."

"I wish I knew as much Gaelic as you know English," said the young man.

"Oh, you will soon learn. It iss very easy, if you will only stay in ta island."

"It would take me several months to pick it up, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—nine or six—that will do," said Duncan. "You will begin to learn ta name o' ta islands and ta places. There now, as far as you can see, is ta *Seann Bheinn*—and it means ta old hill. And there is a rock there—it is *Stac-nan-Balg*—"

Here Duncan looked rather perplexed.

"Yes," said Lavender, "what does that mean?"

"It means—it means," said Duncan, in still greater perplexity, and getting a little impatient, "it means—*stac*, tat iss a steep rock—*Stac-nan-Balg*—it means—well, sir, *it is over deep for ta English*."

The tone of mortification in which Duncan uttered these words warned Lavender that his philological studies might as well cease; and, indeed, Sheila and Ingram had by this time reached the banks of the White Water, and were waiting Duncan and the majestic rod.

It was much too bright and pleasant a morning for good fishing, but there was a fair ripple on the pools of the stream, where ever and anon a salmon fresh run from the sea would leap into the air, showing a gleaming curve of silver to the sunlight. The splash of the big fish seemed an invitation; and Duncan was all anxiety to teach the stranger, who, as he fancied, knew nothing about throwing a fly. Ingram lay down on a rock some little distance back from the banks, and put his hands beneath his head, and watched the operations going forward. But was it really Duncan who was to teach the stranger? It was

Sheila who picked out flies for him. It was Sheila who held the rod while he put them on the line. It was Sheila who told him where the bigger salmon usually lay—under the opposite bank of the broad and almost lake-like pool, into which the small but rapid White Water came tumbling and foaming down its narrow channel of rocks and stones.

Then Sheila waited to see her pupil begin. He had evidently a little difficulty about the big double-handed rod, a somewhat more formidable engine of destruction than the supple little thing with which he had whipped the streams of Devonshire and Cornwall.

The first cast sent both flies and a lump of line tumbling on to the pool, and would have driven the boldest of salmon out of its wits. The second pretty nearly took a piece out of Ingram's ear, and made him shift his quarters with rapidity. Duncan gave him up in despair. The third cast dropped both flies with the lightness of a feather in the running waters of the other side of the pool; and the next second there was a slight wave along the surface—a dexterous jerk with the butt—and presently the line was whirled out into the middle of the pool, running rapidly off the reel from the straining rod.

"Plenty o' line, sir, plenty o' line!" shouted Duncan, in a wild fever of anxiety, for the fish had plunged suddenly.

Ingram had come running down to the bank. Sheila was all excitement and interest as she stood and watched every slackening or tightening of the line as the fish went up the pool, and down the pool, and crossed the current in his efforts to escape. The only self-possessed person, indeed, was Lavender himself, who presently said—

"Miss Mackenzie, won't you take the rod now and have the honour of landing him? I don't think he will show much more fight."

At this moment, however, the line slackened suddenly, and the fish threw himself clean out of the water, turning



a complete somersault. It was a dangerous moment; but the captive was well hooked, and in his next plunge Lavender was admonished by Duncan to keep a good strain on him.

"I will take the second one," Sheila promised, "if you like; but you must surely land your first salmon yourself."

I suppose nobody but a fisherman can understand the generosity of the offer made by the young man. To have hooked your first salmon—to have its first wild rushes and plunges safely over—and to offer to another the delight of bringing him victoriously to bank! But Sheila knew. And what could have surpassed the cleverness with which he had hooked the fish, and the coolness and courage he showed throughout the playing of him, except this more than royal offer on the part of the young hero?

The fish was losing strength. All the line had been got in; although the fore-finger of the fisherman felt the pulse of his captive, as it were, ready for any expiring plunge. They caught occasional glimpses of a large white body gliding through the ruddy-brown water. Duncan was down on his knees more than once, with the landing-net in his hand, but again and again the big fish would sheer off, with just such indications of power as to make his conqueror cautious. At length he was guided slowly in to the bank. Behind him the landing-net was gently let into the water—then a quick forward movement—and a fourteen-pounder was scooped up and flung upon the bank, landing-net and all. "Hurrah!" cried Ingram; Lavender blushed like a school-girl; and Sheila, quite naturally and without thinking, shook hands with him, and said, "I congratulate you," and there was more congratulation in her glad eyes than in that simple little gesture.

It was a good beginning, and of course the young man was very much pleased to show Sheila that he was no mere lily-fingered idler about town. He buckled to his work in earnest. With a few more casts he soon got into

the way of managing the big rod; and every time the flies fell lightly on the other side of the pool, to be dragged with gentle jerks across the foaming current of the stream. Ingram went back to his couch on the rock. He lay and watched the monotonous flinging back of the long rod, the light whistle of the line through the air, and the careful manipulation of the flies through the water. Or was it something else that he was watching—something that awakened in his mind a sudden sense of surprise and fear, and a new and strange consciousness that he had been guiltily remiss?

Sheila was wholly pre-occupied with her companion and his efforts. He had had one or two rises, but had struck either too soon or too late, until at last there was a terrific plunge and rush, and again the line was whirled out. But Duncan did not like the look of it, somehow. The fish had been sheering off when it was hooked, and the deep plunge at the outset was ugly.

"Now will you take the rod?" said Lavender to Sheila.

But before she could answer, the fish had come rushing up to the surface, had thrown itself out of the water, so that it fell on the opposite bank. It was a splendid animal; and Duncan, despite his doubts, called out to Ingram to slacken his hold. There was another spring into the air, the fish fell with a splash into the water, and the line was flying helplessly in the air, with the two flies floating about.

"Ay," said Duncan, with a sigh, "it was foul-hooked. It was no chance of catching him whatever."

Lavender was more successful next time, however, with a pretty little grilse of about half-a-dozen pounds, that seemed to have in him the spirit and fight of a dozen salmon. How he rushed and struggled, how he plunged and sulked, how he burrowed along the banks, and then ran out to the middle of the pool, and then threw himself into the air, with the line apparently but not really doubling up under him—all these things can only be understood by the fisherman who has

played in a Highland stream a wild and powerful little grilse fresh in from the salt-water. And it was Sheila who held him captive—who humoured him when he sulked, and gently guided him away from dangerous places, and kept him well in hand when he tried to cross the current, until, at last, all the fierceness gone out of him, he let himself be tenderly inveigled into the side of the pool, where Duncan, by a dexterous movement, surrounded him with network and placed his shining body among the bright green grass.

But Ingram was not so overjoyed this time. He complimented Sheila in a friendly way; but he was rather grave, and obviously did not care for this business of fishing. And so Sheila, fancying that he was rather dull because he was not joining in the sport, proposed that he should walk back to the house with her, leaving Mr. Lavender with Duncan. And Ingram was quite ready to do so.

But Lavender protested that he cared very little for salmon-fishing. He suggested that they should all go back together. The sun was killing the wind; and soon the pools would be as clear as glass. Had they not better try in the afternoon, when perhaps the breeze would freshen? And so they walked back to the house.

On the garden-seat a book lay open. It was Mr. Mill's "Essay on Liberty;" and it had evidently been left there by Mr. Mackenzie—perhaps, who knows, to hint to his friends from the South that he was familiar with the problems of the age? Lavender winked to Ingram; but somehow his companion seemed in no humour for a joke.

They had luncheon then; and after luncheon, Ingram touched Lavender on the shoulder and said—

"I want to have a word with you privately. Let's walk down to the shore."

And so they did; and when they had got some little distance from the house, Ingram said—

"Look here, Lavender. I mean to be frank with you. I don't think it

fair that you should try to drag Sheila Mackenzie into a flirtation. I knew you would fall in love with her—for a week or two; that does not matter—it harms no one. But I never thought of the chance of her being led into such a thing; for what is a mere passing amusement to you, would be a very serious thing to her."

"Well?"

"Well? Is not that enough? Do you think it fair to take advantage of this girl's ignorance of the world?"

Lavender stopped in the middle of the path and said, somewhat stiffly—

"This may be as well settled at once. You have talked of flirtation and all that sort of thing. You may regard it as you please; but before I leave this island I mean to ask Sheila Mackenzie to be my wife."

"Why, you are mad!" cried Ingram, amazed to see that the young man was perfectly serious.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you mean to say," continued Ingram, "that even supposing Sheila would consent—which is impossible—you would try to take away that girl from her father?"

"Girls must leave their fathers some time or other," said Lavender, somewhat sullenly.

"Not unless they are asked."

"Oh, well, they are sure to be asked, and they are sure to go. If their mothers had not done so before them, where would they be? It's all very well for you to talk about it and argue it out, as a theory; but I know what the facts of the case are, and what any man in my position would do; and I know that I am careless of any consequences so long as I can secure her for my wife."

"Apparently you are—careless of any consequences to herself or those about her."

"But what is your objection, Ingram?" said the young man, suddenly abandoning his defiant manner; "why should you object? Do you think I would make a bad husband to the woman I married?"

"I believe nothing of the sort. I

believe you would make a very good husband, if you were to marry a woman whom you knew something about, and whom you had really learned to love and respect through your knowledge of her. I tell you, you know nothing about Sheila Mackenzie as yet. If you were to marry her to-morrow, you would discover in six months she was a woman wholly different from what you had expected."

"Very well, then," said Lavender, with an air of triumph, "you can't deny this: you think so much of her, that the real woman I would discover must be better than the one I imagine; and so you don't expect I shall be disappointed?"

"If you marry Sheila Mackenzie, you will be disappointed—not through her fault, but your own. Why, a more preposterous notion never entered into a man's head. She knows nothing of your friends or your ways of life; you know nothing of hers. She would be miserable in London, even if you could persuade her father to go with her, which is the most unlikely thing in the world. Do give up this foolish idea, like a good fellow—and do it before Sheila is dragged into a flirtation that may have the most serious consequences to her."

Lavender would not promise; but all that afternoon various resolutions and emotions were struggling within him for mastery, insomuch that Duncan could not understand the blundering way in which he whipped the pools. Mackenzie, Sheila, and Ingram had gone off to pay a visit to an old crone who lived in a neighbouring island, and in whom Ingram had been much interested a few years before; so that Lavender had an opportunity of practising the art of salmon-fishing without interruptions. But all the skill he had shown in the morning seemed to have deserted him; and at last he gave the rod to Duncan, and, sitting down on a top-coat flung on the wet heather, indolently watched the gillie's operations.

Should he at once fly from temptation, and return to London? Would it

not be heroic to leave this old man in possession of his only daughter? Sheila would never know of the sacrifice; but what of that? It might be for her happiness that he should go.

But when a young man is in love, or fancies himself in love, with a young girl, it is hard for him to persuade himself that anybody else can make her as happy as he might. Who could be so tender to her, so watchful over her, as himself? He does not reflect that her parents have had the experience of years in taking care of her, while he would be a mere novice at the business. The pleasure with which he regards the prospect of being constantly with her he transfers to her, and she seems to demand it of him as a duty that he should confer upon her this new happiness.

Lavender met Sheila in the evening, and he was yet undecided. Sometimes, he fancied, when their eyes met unexpectedly, that there was something wistful as well as friendly in her look: was she, too, dreaming of the vague possibilities of the future? This was strange, too, that after each of those little chance reveries she seemed to be moved by a resolution to be more than usually affectionate towards her father, and would go round the table and place her hand on his shoulder, and talk to him. Perhaps these things were but delusions begotten of his own imaginings; but the possibility of their being real agitated him not a little, and he scarcely dared to think what might follow.

That evening Sheila sang, and all his half-formed resolutions vanished into air. He sat in a corner of the curious, dimly-lit, and old-fashioned chamber, and, lying back in the chair, abandoned himself to dreams as Sheila sang the mystic songs of the northern coasts. There was something strangely suggestive of the sea in the room itself; and all her songs were of the sea. It was a smaller room than the big apartment in which they had dined; and it was filled with curiosities from distant shores and with the strange captures made by the

Borva fishermen. Everywhere, too, were the trophies of Mackenzie's skill with rod and rifle. Deers' horns, seal skins, stuffed birds, salmon in glass cases, masses of coral, enormous shells, and a thousand similar things made the little drawing-room a sort of grotto; but it was a grotto within hearing of the sound of the sea, and there was no musty atmosphere in a room that was open all day to the cold winds of the Atlantic.

With a smoking tumbler of whiskey and water before him, the King of Borva sat at the table, poring over a large volume containing plans for bridges. Ingram was seated at the piano, in continual consultation with Sheila about her songs. Lavender, in this dusky corner, lay and listened, with all sorts of fancies crowding in upon him as Sheila sang of the sad and wild legends of her home. Was it by chance, then, he asked himself, that these songs seemed so frequently to be the lamentation of a Highland girl for a fair-haired lover beyond the sea? First of all she sang the "Wail of Dunevegan," and how strangely her voice thrilled with the sadness of the song—

"Morn, oh mantle thy smiles of gladness!  
Night, oh come with thy clouds of sadness!  
Earth, thy pleasures to me seem madness!  
Macleod, my leal love, since thou art gone.  
Dunevegan oh! Dunevegan oh!  
Dunevegan! Dunevegan!"

It was as in a dream that he heard Ingram talking in a matter-of-fact way about the various airs, and asking the meaning of certain lines of Gaelic to compare them with the stiff and old-fashioned phrases of the translation. Surely this girl must have sat by the shore and waited for her absent lover, or how could she sing with such feeling?

"Say, my love, why didst thou tarry,  
Far over the deep sea?"

Knew'st thou not my heart was weary,  
Heard'st thou not how I sighed for thee!  
Did no light wind bear my wild despair  
Far over the deep sea!"

He could imagine that beautiful face grown pale and wild with anguish. And then, some day, as she went along the

lonely island, with all the light of hope gone out of her eyes, and with no more wistful glances cast across the desolate sea, might not the fair-haired lover come at last, and leap ashore to clasp her in his arms, and hide the wonder-stricken eyes and the glad face in his bosom? But Sheila sang of no such meeting. The girl was always alone; her lover gone away from her across the sea or into the wilds.

"Oh long on the mountain he tarries, he tarries;  
Why tarries the youth with the bright yellow hair?  
Oh long on the mountain he tarries, he tarries,  
Why seeks he the hill when his flock is not there?"

—that was what he heard her sing, until it seemed to him that her singing was a cry to be taken away from these melancholy surroundings of sea and shore, and carried to the secure and comfortable South, to be cherished, and tended, and loved. Why should this girl be left to live a cruel life up in these wilds, and to go through the world without knowing anything of the happy existence that might have been hers? It was well for harder and stronger natures to withstand the buffetings of wind and rain, and to be indifferent to the melancholy influences of the lonely sea, and the darkness of the northern winters; but for her—for this beautiful, sensitive, tender-hearted girl—surely some other and gentler fate was in store. What he, at least, could do, he would. He would lay his life at her feet; and if she chose to go away from this bleak and cruel home to the sunnier South, would not he devote himself, as never a man had given himself to a woman before, to the constant duty of enriching her life with all the treasures of admiration, and respect, and love?

It was getting late, and presently Sheila retired. As she bade "Good-night" to him, Lavender fancied her manner was a little less frank towards him than usual, and her eyes were cast down. All the light of the room seemed to go with her when she went.

Mackenzie mixed another tumbler of toddy, and began to expound to Ingram his views upon deer-forests and sheep-farms. Ingram lit a cigar, stretched out his legs, and proceeded to listen with much complacent attention. As for Lavender, he sat a while, hearing vaguely the sounds of his companions' voices; and then, saying he was a trifle tired, he left and went to his own room. The moon was then shining clearly over Suainabhal, and a pathway of glimmering light lay across Loch Roag.

He went to bed, but not to sleep. He had resolved to ask Sheila Mackenzie to be his wife; and a thousand conjectures as to the future were floating about his imagination. In the first place, would she listen to his prayer? She knew nothing of him, beyond what she might have heard from Ingram. He had had no opportunity, during their friendly talking, of revealing to her what he thought of herself; but might she not have guessed it? Then her father—what action might not this determined old man take in the matter? Would his love for his daughter prompt him to consider her happiness alone? All these things, however, were mere preliminaries; and the imagination of the young man soon overleapt them. He began to draw pictures of Sheila as his wife—in their London home, among his friends, at Hastings, at Ascot, in Hyde Park. What would people say of the beautiful Sea-Princess with the proud air, the fearless eyes, and the gentle and musical voice? Hour after hour he lay, and could not sleep—a fever of anticipation, of fear, and of hope combined, seemed to stir in his blood and throb in his brain. At last, in a paroxysm of unrest, he rose, hastily dressed himself, stole downstairs, and made his way out into the cool air of the night.

It could not be the coming dawn that revealed to him the outlines of the shore and the mountains, and the loch? The moon had already sunk in the south-west; not from her came that strange clearness by which all these objects were defined. Then the young man be-thought him of what Sheila had said

of the twilight in these latitudes; and, turning to the north, he saw there a pale glow which looked as if it were the last faint traces of some former sunset. All over the rest of the heavens, something of the same metallic clearness reigned, so that the stars were pale, and a grey hue lay over the sea, and over the island, the white bays, the black rocks, and the valleys, in which lay a scarcely perceptible mist.

He left the house and went vaguely down to the sea. The cold air, scented strongly with the sea-weed, blew about him, and was sweet and fresh on the lips and the forehead. How strange was the monotonous sound of the waves—mournful and distant, like the sound in a sea-shell. That alone spoke in the awful stillness of the night; and it seemed to be telling of those things which the silent stars and the silent hills had looked down on for ages and ages. Did Sheila really love this terrible thing, with its strange voice talking in the night, or did she not secretly dread it, and shudder at it, when she sang of all that old sadness? There was ringing in his ears the Wail of Dunevegan, as he listened for a while to the melancholy plashing of the waves all around the lonely shores; and there was a cry of "Dunevegan, oh! Dunevegan, oh!" weaving itself curiously with those wild pictures of Sheila in London which were still floating before his imagination.

He walked away around the coast, seeing almost nothing of the objects around him, but conscious of the solemn majesty of the mountains and the stillness of the throbbing stars. He could have called aloud, "Sheila! Sheila!" but that all the place seemed associated with her presence; and might he not turn suddenly to find her figure standing by him, with her face grown wild and pale as it was in the ballad, and a piteous and awful look in her eyes? Did the figure accuse him? He scarcely dared look round, lest there should be a phantom Sheila appealing to him for compassion, and complaining against him with her speechless eyes for

a wrong that he could not understand. He fled from her, but he knew she was there; and all the love in his heart went out to her as if beseeching her to go away, and forsake him, and forgive him the injury of which she seemed to accuse him. What wrong had he done her that he should be haunted by this spectre, that did not threaten, but only looked piteously towards him, with eyes full of entreaty and pain?

He left the shore, and blindly made his way up to the pasture-land above, careless whither he went. He knew not how long he had been away from the house; but here was a small fresh-water lake set round about with rushes, and far over there in the east lay a glimmer of the channels between Borva and Lewis. But soon there was another light in the east, high over the low mists that lay along the land. A pale blue-grey arose in the cloudless sky, and the stars went out one by one. The mists were seen to lie in thicker folds along the desolate valleys. Then a faintly yellow whiteness stole up into the sky, and broadened and widened, and behold! the little moorland loch caught a reflection of the glare, and there was a streak of crimson here and there on the dark-blue surface of the water. Loch Roag began to brighten. Suainabhal was touched with rose-red on its eastern slopes. The Atlantic seemed to rise out of its purple sleep with the new light of a new dawn; and then there was a chirruping of birds over the heath, and the first shafts of the sunlight ran along the surface of the sea, and lit up the white wavelets that were breaking on the beach. The new

day struck upon him with a strange sense of wonder. Where was he? Whither had gone the wild visions of the night, the feverish dread, the horrible forebodings? The strong mental emotion that had driven him out now produced its natural reaction; he looked about in a dazed fashion at the revelation of light around him, and felt himself trembling with weakness. Slowly, blindly, and hopelessly, he set to walk back across the island, with the sunlight of the fresh morning calling into life ten thousand audible things of the moorland around him.

And who was this who stood at the porch of the house in the clear sunshine? Not the pale and ghastly creature who had haunted him during those wild hours; but Sheila herself, singing some snatches of a song, and engaged in watering the two bushes of sweetbriar at the gate. How bright, and roseate, and happy she looked—with the fine colour of her face lit up by the fresh sunlight; and the brisk breeze from the sea stirring now and again the loose masses of her hair. Haggard and faint as he was, he would have startled her if he had gone up to her then. He dared not approach her. He waited until she had gone round to the gable of the house, to water the plants there; and then he stole into the house, and upstairs, and threw himself upon the bed. And outside he still heard Sheila singing lightly to herself, as she went about her ordinary duties, little thinking in how strange and wild a drama her wraith had that night taken part.

*To be continued.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GROTE AND MR. BABBAGE.

THE two distinguished men whose names are prefixed to this article are associated together, merely by reason of the accident that their lamented deaths occurred at nearly the same time. It seemed desirable to record a few personal details respecting them, before those details were forgotten. Such a record, compressed into a short article, must needs be desultory; and this is especially the case in regard to Mr. Grote, in proportion as my materials concerning him are less scanty. Others have a better claim to comment on those materials, and to testify to the historian's vast range of knowledge, and ready use of that knowledge; and, above all, to his signal endowment with that chivalrous and old-fashioned courtesy which charms us where it is genuine, but which the rising generation finds it hard to imitate, without betraying the effort of imitation.

## MR. GROTE.

“Ego Q. Maximum adolescens ita dilexi senem, ut æqualem. Erat enim in illo viro comitate condita gravitas; nec senectus mores mutaverat.”—CICERO, *De Senectute*.

In recording my recollections of Mr. Grote, I am anxious to explain that I have been careful to divulge nothing which could possibly have been meant as confidential. As a precaution against doing this unwittingly, I have submitted my manuscript to those who have a right to speak authoritatively on the subject; and I take the opportunity of expressing my thanks for the permission kindly granted me to publish the following memoranda.

When I had the pleasure of paying Mr. Grote a visit at Barrow Green early in 1862, Sir George C. Lewis's “Astronomy of the Ancients” had just appeared; and Mr. Grote spoke much about

its author, with whom he felt great sympathy. He was much struck with what Lewis says about the uncertainty of the interpretations of hieroglyphics (I believe that Macaulay had been sceptical on the same subject); and, with characteristic candour, he admitted the force of the doubts expressed as to the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians, although these doubts were opposed to the view which had been taken in the “History of Greece.” On the other hand, when Lewis (page 444) expressed doubts as to the antiquity of man, and thought that the finding of the “celts” along with the remains of extinct mammalia might be owing to those extinct animals having been subsequently destroyed by man, Mr. Grote thought that this strange excess of scepticism arose from a “confusion of thought.” Also, some years later, when I consulted Mr. Grote on an article that I was writing on “Longevity” for the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Grote told me that he regarded Lewis's scepticism on that subject (*i.e.* whether anyone had ever reached the age of 110) as unreasonable. Mr. Grote, as is well known, thoroughly agreed with Lewis as to the slight value to be attached to early traditions; I understood him to say that he doubted whether there was any ground for the belief that Troy had existed. Another historian of our own time, of whom Mr. Grote always spoke with extreme respect, was Mr. Buckle. Mr. Grote said he was indignant at the way in which Mr. Buckle was attacked for making such a great number of quotations and references; and he thought that there was much exaggeration as to his inaccuracies. He mentioned incidentally, to illustrate the variety of Mr. Buckle's accomplishments, that he was

a first-rate chess-player, and could play with his back to the board. He even spoke in high terms of Mr. Buckle's style, which he regarded as "one of the best and freest from the reigning defects." By this last term he said that he meant especially the continual aim at smartness. On being asked how far Macaulay was liable to such a charge, he said that he considered Macaulay's style as an extreme instance of it. With some other contemporary historians he sympathised less. Dr. Merivale he thought too much addicted to a glorification of the Cæsars. He naturally brought a similar charge against the work of the Emperor Napoleon; though he considered the Emperor quite sincere and earnest in his Cæsarianism. I asked him whether he did not consider that Roman freedom was practically extinct before the time of Julius Cæsar. He said that, although under Marius and Sulla liberty was in so many respects put down, there was more freedom of speech allowed than under Cæsar.

He was very jealous of the tendency to construct historical hypotheses and speculations, and to give plausible explanations of historical phenomena, concerning which we have not sufficient data. With this excessive "use of the imagination" (if I may so apply Professor Tyndall's phrase) in history, he charged Mommsen. He thought that the latter, though his position was carefully distinguished from that of Niebuhr, was scarcely less defective in this respect than Niebuhr himself. On similar grounds he differed from those who treat sociology as an approximately exact science, and who regard history as a soluble theorem and as a compound of a few simple factors. Thus, while feeling great admiration for Comte, he said that both Comte and Buckle take too little account of what may be termed the accidents of history; indeed, he went so far as to say (differing therein from the view somewhere expressed by Mr. Mill) that he thought Comte's historical survey the least instructive portion of Comte's great work. Mr. Grote's opinions on this subject are stated in a very

kind letter which he wrote to me respecting my paper on "Historical Prediction." I should mention, that that paper was written after discussing the subject with Mr. Grote; and it expresses, I believe, his views exactly. In the article are embodied two statements derived from Mr. Grote: first, that Napoleon, after Tilsit, might have produced a great and permanent effect on the world; secondly, that the geocentric theory was once as firmly held as the heliocentric now is; so that, even in the exacter sciences (*à fortiori* in sociology), we must not claim infallibility or immunity from criticism.

From Mr. Grote's opinions about historians I will now pass to his opinions about poets. He spoke to me of Lord Derby's Homer (though at the time he had not read it through) as undoubtedly a very "creditable" work; but I understood him to say that, until a translation has been written on entirely a new method, we had better content ourselves with Pope. I asked him respecting what seems to so many readers (myself included) the great merit of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" as an imitation of an early Greek play. Mr. Grote did not take the same view; but said that the best English substitute for a Greek tragedy he considered to be "Samson Agonistes." On being asked about a reaction which was thought to be setting in against the extreme admiration felt for "Paradise Lost" by the last generation, he spoke of the poem as being unquestionably a very unequal one; but he admired extremely its earlier portions, especially that portion where the scene lies in Pandemonium. He said that his favourite English poets were Milton, Dryden, and (I think) Pope. He admitted that there were no doubt "very fine passages" in Shakespeare; but, owing to the inferiority of other parts, he did not class Shakespeare with those I have named. He had no toleration of the obscure poetry of the present day. I told him that a distinguished friend and contemporary of his own, agreeing with him in this, had likened



the poetry of our day to some poetry in the decline of the classical period, and augured no good from the resemblance. Mr. Grote said that, on the contrary, he thought the poetry of Claudian clear, and liked it much better than that of our day. At the same time, he seemed to me to feel rather painfully his want of sympathy with the poetic tastes of the rising generation. He said, somewhat gloomily, that he supposed that Tennyson and Browning must supply a want, as people appeared to like them so much; and he seemed to be hoping against hope that the bad taste was his own, and that the taste of the age was not becoming vitiated.

This tendency to take an unsanguine view of the future naturally exhibited itself in regard to politics. It might at first sight seem strange that such should have been the case with an advanced Liberal, in whose youth were agitated the reforms which since have been, or are being, carried out. Nor was this unhopefulness connected with physical weakness and depression; for Mr. Grote told me, some years ago, that his health had always been good. And yet I have been informed that, except for a short time after the first Reform Bill, this foreboding was habitual to him. It may have been that his own great elevation, both intellectual and moral, raised his ideal and made him more sensitive to the shortcomings of all around. I will merely add, on this subject, that I understood him, though not very confident as to the effects of Reform, to desire the extension of the franchise on principle. On principle, also, he desired the enfranchisement of women. I once asked him whether he did not think that, intellectually as physically, the average woman is inferior to the average man, so that the enfranchisement of women would lower the level of intelligence among the electors. He replied that he thought, with Plato, that in intellect, as in other respects, a first-class man is superior to a first-class woman, and a second-class man to a second-class woman; but that a first-class woman might be better than

a second-class man; and it seemed to him unjust that the sex should be disfranchised.

In regard to the American Civil War, Mr. Grote was not as thorough a Northerner as Mr. Mill and some others; and he told me, in general terms, that he agreed less completely with the political than with the philosophical, or, as he particularly said, the "logical," writings of his illustrious friend. Nor did he altogether take Mr. Mill's view about Jamaica. On this point he expressed to me an opinion directly the opposite of that of the late Mr. Charles Buxton. He thought it important that the question should be tried; and he approved of the capital charge against the Governor, as being apparently the only effectual means of trying it; but, when the capital charge had failed, he held that the prosecution of Mr. Eyre on the minor charges was a course needlessly vexatious to one whose motives had been patriotic.

In social matters Mr. Grote was probably a more thorough reformer than in politics. I asked him whether he did not think that there were drawbacks to the Classics forming part of female education, in consequence of the peculiar matter of all sorts that abounds in them. He, however, attached no weight to the difficulty, and disapproved of the state of public opinion on this subject. It seemed to him desirable that the whole range of social phenomena should be brought under general discussion; and he considered the omission of an important part of human nature from ordinary conversation as absurd as would be (to use his own phrase) "the omission of hydrogen from chemistry." I wanted to know whether this discussion was to lead to many reforms, such as marriage with the deceased wife's sister. I will not report Mr. Grote's remarks on the subject in full; but I will merely say, that not only was he in favour of this measure, but he thought some of the existing restrictions on marriage, on the ground of consanguinity, unnecessary. On being asked whether frequent inter-marriages might not tend to the injury

of the race, he said that, assuming this to be so, less harm was to be apprehended from such intermarriages than from marrying into a consumptive family—which public opinion permits. He expressed an emphatic opinion (which of course he held with due qualifications) that we are too ready to sacrifice the known wishes of living persons to the possible interest of an unborn issue. He, however, added that, though the State had no right to prohibit such marriages, it was another question whether, individually, one might not prefer abstaining from them. I was already under the impression that he was in favour of relaxations of the law of Divorce, and I took the opportunity of asking his opinion more precisely. I will merely say that he met the popular objection based on the conditions required for the proper education of the children, by urging that it might be better for the latter to be brought up independently than for them to have to live with parents who were always quarrelling. On being asked whether married persons did not become more easily reconciled to each other's defects through knowing that the bond was to be lifelong, he replied that, in other matters, we do not consider this a sufficient reason for making bonds perpetual. A prisoner for life, he said, would, if a sensible man, make the best of his lot; but it does not follow that an imprisonment for a shorter period would not be preferred.

I have hardly anything to say about Mr. Grote's opinions on scientific subjects. He was, of course, a strong Evolutionist; and he spoke to me in high terms of Professor Huxley's "Place of Man in Nature." On my telling him of a scientific man of some eminence who, while recognizing Darwinism up to a certain point, thought the theory inadequate to account for the structure of the eye, Mr. Grote treated this as one of the numerous instances in which the adepts in the special sciences seem to lack the aptitude for wide generalization.

Respecting Mr. Grote's very interesting remarks on Theology, I will say but

little, and that little shall relate chiefly to his negative opinions—I mean, to the opinions which he did not hold. He had no sympathy whatever with Comte's "Religion of Humanity," which he considered an entire departure from the principles of the *Philosophie Positive*; he told me of the good saying about the Comtist creed, "There is no God, and Auguste Comte is his prophet." I called his attention to a passage in which Comte speaks about "the real or ideal founder" of the great system which Comte, and other assailants, call by the euphemism, or dysphemism, of Catholicism; and I asked whether a doubt was suggested as to the existence of such a person. He said that, for himself, he could conceive no reasonable doubt on the subject. On the other hand, he had a strong sense of the weakness of the logic of what may be termed Clerical Rationalism; indeed, he had a sort of *timeo Danaos* feeling about the authors of this half-way movement, and he had only a partial sympathy even with Sterling. As a specimen of Mr. Grote's view on this subject, and of the way in which he applied the principle of "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," I will mention a curious conversation which he told me he had had with Dean Milman. Bishop Colenso has raised some difficulty about the sewage of the Hebrew camp in the wilderness. Some orthodox apologist seems to have answered that the manna (and, I suppose, the quails) may have been so formed as to do away with the necessity of sewage. The Dean spoke of this answer as very absurd. Mr. Grote replied that he could not agree with him; for, on the hypothesis, he should expect that the miracle would be made complete, and that, if the food was supernaturally supplied, the refuse would be supernaturally either rendered innocuous or removed.

Mr. Grote, as appears from his "History," was a firm believer in the mythopoeic tendency of the human mind, and in the facility with which the founders and apostles of the wildest religious systems believe in themselves. He extended this view even to the

founder of Mormonism. On my calling his attention to the passage in which Mr. Mill, in his book on *Liberty*, speaks of that superstition as founded on a palpable imposture, he told me that he doubted whether even such a man as Joseph Smith may not in some sort have believed in his own divine mission. For Smith, as Mr. Grote remarked, could bear Paley's test, and was willing to confront martyrdom. Mr. Grote lent to me Dr. Giles's "Christian Records," which he recommended as one of the best handbooks concerning early Christianity and the Canon of the New Testament. He did not always agree with the author; but he liked the way in which, besides many judicious criticisms, the *ipsissima verba* of the various authorities, both Pagan and Christian, are given within a short space.

I have understood that it was at the suggestion of Mr. James Mill that Mr. Grote first thought of writing his History; and there seems to be no doubt that it was partly through the influence of Mr. James Mill, and of the other followers of Bentham (who is said to have called poetry "misrepresentation in verse"), that Mr. Grote laboured to repress his naturally strong imaginative faculty,<sup>1</sup> and wrote in a style clear and forcible, but studiously unadorned. It was, perhaps, partly owing to this circumstance that he, as I have said, preferred the simple but rather unformed and diffuse style of Buckle to the style of Macaulay. But he approved of the latter's elaborate grammatical correctness. The question was asked of Mr. Grote whether he thought that Macaulay was pedantic in this, that he, at least in his later works, always tries to avoid ending a sentence with a preposition (for example, if writing in prose, instead of using such a phrase as Shakespeare's "shocks that flesh is heir to," he would probably have spoken of "the shocks to which flesh is heir"). A very expe-

rienced writer who was present, suggested that this use of the final preposition is idiomatic in English, and is of great advantage to us in forcible expression. But Mr. Grote, while recognizing the convenience of so placing the preposition, said that he preferred, when possible, to use some other construction.

Mr. Grote, thoroughly agreeing with what Mr. Mill has said in his "Inaugural Lecture at St. Andrews" in praise of Quintilian, spoke with admiration of the latter's great work, which is so strangely omitted from our University *curriculum*. He also thought that it would be useful if all of us, when young, were to bestow more pains on the cultivation of the vocal organs; and a young friend who, on account of a vocal impediment, studied with an elocutionist, he good-humouredly compared to Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was diligent "with a *phonascus*."

In conclusion, I will give three extracts from letters that I received from Mr. Grote. The first of them relates to the accidents of history, and illustrates his opinions on sociology, of which I have spoken. He is writing about the sixteenth century: "Only turn to the regal family of England. If Prince Arthur had lived, and Henry VIII., as younger brother, had become Archbishop of Canterbury; if Edward VI. had lived, and had children; if Mary had lived, and had had a son by Philip; if Mary Queen of Scots had had a brother or two to keep up the succession of Scotch kings—all these events are as much in the nature of accident as any events can be, yet upon all of them the most important consequences turned." The next passage relates to the Franco-German war, and indicates one of the many points on which Mr. Grote was at issue with some of his philosophical friends: "The experience of the last few months has shown how powerful the bellicose passions are in Europe, and how narrow and easily crossed the *πολέμοιο γέφυρα* is. The provokers of the war have in this case been the principal sufferers in the end;

<sup>1</sup> I was surprised to hear from one of his oldest friends that, when young, Mr. Grote had it in him to be a great poet; and that, but for Mr. James Mill's influence, he would possibly have become one.

but *our* public press has been so impatient at the neutrality of England, and so furious to assert what is called the *dignity* of England by active, dictatorial intermeddling, that nothing except the wise and admirable moderation of the present English Ministry has prevented the war from becoming general. The horrors and sufferings of war are fine themes to talk about, and to serve as a prospectus for charitable subscriptions; but it is plain that they operate very faintly as deterrent motives." In another letter he expressed the following opinion about egotism:—"It is agreeable to me when a man talking to me will talk about himself. It is the topic which he knows most about, and which I can hardly know from any other quarter. Of course, he may talk about himself in a tiresome way, or to excess; but so he may about any other topic. When a man either talks or writes his own personal experiences, you are pretty sure to learn something; and if he does not know how to make *these* interesting to hearers, he will hardly know how to make outlying matters interesting. Personally, I dislike talking about myself; but I am rather pleased than otherwise when others in talking with me throw off that reserve. A brilliant talker like Macaulay might be expected to feel impatient of egotism in others; but those who are more content to listen than he was, will hardly share the same impatience."

#### MR. BABBAGE.

I made Mr. Babbage's acquaintance shortly before Mr. Grote's, in the autumn of 1861; and, on the whole, I probably saw as much of the one as of the other. But I have less to write about Mr. Babbage; for ever since I first knew him, though he still retained much power of thought, he had lost the faculty of arranging his ideas, and of recalling them at will. Indeed, he gave this as one reason for the vehement war which he waged against street-organs. It was not merely that he hated music—though

he did this thoroughly—but also because it often happened that, when his mind was big with some weighty idea, an organ-grinder began, and the idea vanished.

To the ordinary Englishman Mr. Babbage's name merely suggests a hazy conglomeration of calculating machines and street-musicians. And this is because he effected nothing very definite; but was always what Lord Dalling called Sir James Mackintosh, a man of promise. Macaulay mentions several generals, including William III., who, though often on the losing side, have yet earned a great reputation; and I think it is Hazlitt who says that we judge of men, not by what they do, but by what they are. In this way, men of science, while regarding Mr. Babbage as a great man almost wasted, never doubted that he was a great man, and took his powers on trust. Of course it may be urged that his life was not wholly barren, as he wrote a *Bridge-water Treatise*, and invented a calculating machine. It may, however, be doubted whether either of these was in all respects worthy of him. The machine certainly engrossed a very large portion of his time; and, what was worse, irritation at the real or supposed disparagement of it embittered his whole life. He used to speak as if he hated mankind in general, England in particular, and the English Government and organ-grinders most of all. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there was something harmless, and even kindly, in his misanthropy; for (always excepting the musicians) he hated mankind rather than man, and his aversion was lost in its own generality. This hatred of the aggregate, combined with a love of individuals, is well illustrated by an anecdote wholly unconnected with Mr. Babbage. It is said that, some time ago, an Oxford Don, noted for his good wine, invited to dinner the then Dean and Canons of Christ Church. The wine gave general satisfaction, until a new kind was brought round, which all were expected to drink, but which no one seemed to appreciate. "You liked

all my wines separately," said the host, "but I have now mixed them together, and you dislike the compound. Just so, individually, you are my best friends, but, when you act collectively, you are the most detestable set of men I know!"<sup>1</sup> Possibly, a somewhat similar distinction may have been made by Mr. Babbage in regard to his likes and dislikes. Nor should the combination seem incredible to those who remember that Shakespeare has described a character much resembling this; for, in truth, Mr. Babbage was a mathematical Timon.

It is, however, probable that the gloom which overshadowed his life was partly due to other causes, even if it was not in the main constitutional. He told me that during the many long years that he had lived alone, he had never known a happy day. Doubtless an extreme statement of this sort is not to be taken too literally; at any rate, it most fortunately was not realized in practice. Indeed Mr. Babbage, though he hated life, was a remarkable illustration of Mr. Tennyson's rather hazardous statement that—

"No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly longed for death."

George Eliot, with her characteristic knowledge of human nature, has described Casaubon, who was ill and wretched, and who, according to his theories, should have had a desire to depart, but who was nevertheless dumb-founded when he was made to realize that he must die, and die soon. Mr. Babbage had not much in common with Casaubon; but he too, unhappy as he was, still restlessly clung to life, and indeed took at least one singular precaution against risking it. He thought it safer to travel as near the centre

of a train as might be; and he made it a rule to avoid the first and last carriages at any inconvenience. I remember being with him when, on this account, he was almost obliged to give up going by an express train, although he would otherwise have had to wait some hours at the station, and to reach his home in the damp of an autumn evening. To the same effect I may repeat an interesting remark of his, which showed that, though he did not set much store by the remainder of his life, he regarded it as a boon rather than the reverse. I heard him say more than once, that he would gladly give up this remainder, if he could be allowed to live three days, 500 years hence, and might be provided with a scientific *cicerone*, who should explain to him the discoveries that had been made since his death. He judged that the progress to be recorded would be immense; for, as he said, science tends to go on, not merely with a great, but with a constantly increasing rapidity.

And here I may remark that he seemed always to take a confident view about human progress, which Mr. Grote somehow did not. This was the more singular as Mr. Babbage was by far the less happy man of the two; and we are all disposed to see the world through our own medium, so that the eyes of an unhappy man often become jaundiced, and make him a prophet of ill. Also, Mr. Grote, as we have seen, was to the last a sweeping reformer, and reformers might be expected to be in high spirits respecting this very reforming age. Mr. Babbage, on the other hand, went the way of almost all flesh, by becoming half a Conservative as he grew old. How was it then that, in spite of this, and in spite of his being gloomy about himself, he was yet sanguine about his fellows? One reason probably was that, as a man of science, he inclined to be more hopeful than others, even than philosophers; for, while the philosopher laments that mankind falls short of his ideal, and that the course of history will not run in his own groove, to the scientific man the belief in progress becomes

<sup>1</sup> Some years ago a near relative of the writer, on his way to America, met an American farmer, who liked the English so much that he had gone all the way to England to choose a wife. The same man had invented a reaping-machine, and so strong was his feeling of national antipathy that he had never mentioned the subject in England, not even to his future wife's relations. Was not this a mode of distinguishing between a nation and its inhabitants?

a second nature, until, as it were, by faith he sees in temporary and local evil merely a zigzag path towards the final good of good.

In reference to the probable direction of scientific progress, I have heard Mr. Babbage make some interesting, though desultory, remarks. It seemed possible to him to obtain an exact record of the succession of hot and cold years for long periods in bygone ages. His plan was as follows:—Among the stumps of trees in some ancient forests, he proposed to select one in which both the number and the size of the rings that have been annually produced were clearly marked. He would write down the succession of hot and cool summers as marked in this tree, assuming that the larger the ring in each case, the hotter has been the summer. He then proposed to examine other trees of about the same date, until he found some which recorded a series of hot and cold seasons, exactly similar to that which he had already noted down, and until the series extended far enough for him to be sure that the resemblance was not accidental, but that he had before him a natural register of the same seasons which had been recorded in the first tree. As some of these trees would be somewhat older than the first tree, while others would have survived it, he considered that it would be possible, so to say, to piece out the information obtained from one tree by means of the others; and that, after examining a great number of trees, his record of warm and cold seasons might be extended at both ends almost indefinitely. The above is a good specimen of the disjointed information which one obtained from him. Indeed, it was from odds and ends of this sort that one had to form an impression of what he had been; just as from a few broken pieces of pottery an archæologist draws a picture of the original vase.

A yet more curious instance of the same kind may be given in regard to the views he expressed about the capacities of calculating machines. Not merely did he think that such machines could

work out sums, but even that they might be so constructed as to perform the most complex processes of mathematics. He went so far as to say that they might give the proofs of mathematical theorems. Without expressing any personal opinion on this last point, I may indicate how very much the statement involves. For certain mathematical theorems have two or more proofs already discovered, besides probably others as yet undiscovered. In regard to these cases there will be a sort of Sadducean difficulty; for as the various proofs, like the seven husbands, have about an equal claim, the machine (if I may use a pardonable Irishism) will have to make up its mind to give an invidious preference, unless it thinks it more impartial to give a turn to each in succession. Mr. Babbage also held that a machine might be made which would play games of skill, such as chess. He of course did not mean by this merely that it could perform the part of the automaton, and register the moves of an unseen player; but he held that it might take the place of the player, and find out perfect play by itself. On my showing signs of incredulity, he added that he could prove this to be the case in respect of a simple game, such as Tit-tat-to; and between Tit-tat-to and chess the difference would be one only of degree: if a comparatively simple machine could discover perfect play, and therefore provide against the possible moves of an adversary, in the easier game, was there anything absurd in the supposition that a far more complicated machine might take into account the immense variety of the manœuvres at chess? It thus appears that, according to Mr. Babbage, machines might be made to find out perfect play at chess, though the united labours of so many generations of players have as yet failed to discover it. But, if the ingenuity of machines can so far surpass the ingenuity of miserable mortals in one department, why not in others? On this supposition, do not future generations seem likely to realize in a new and almost literal sense, the old saying,

*Deus ex machinâ*? Or, at any rate, is the author of *Erewhon* far wrong when he says that at length men and machines will have to change places, and that, instead of men employing machinery, machines will end by employing "mannery"?

I will close this article with two anecdotes of a lighter kind; the former of which I heard indirectly, the latter from Mr. Babbage himself.

He is said to have complained that he had caught cold at dinner from mistaking a plate glass window behind him for an open one; and then to have illustrated the power of imagination by adding that, on finding himself at a strange house without his night-cap, he had been able perfectly to replace it by tying a piece of string round his head. Would he have carried this reasoning further, and, after substituting a few pieces of string for his ordinary clothes, have defied the inclemency of the weather?

The anecdote which Mr. Babbage himself told me, as personally interesting to me, relates to a visit which he paid, when young, to that most mournfully fascinating of places,

Ham House, near Richmond; where the bounty of Lauderdale and others has amassed countless treasures of all sorts,<sup>1</sup> which now lie buried and forgotten, like the "unvalued jewels" which, in Clarence's dream, lay at the bottom of the sea. To this enchanted palace of desolation Mr. Babbage obtained admission, along with a large party, one of whom was a Dutch baron, and another an Indian prince. It was understood that the prince was to be shown over Ham by a daughter of the house, who was, not beautiful merely, but rich; but some of the visitors, including Mr. Babbage and the baron, were left under charge of the housekeeper. This last part of the arrangement was unknown to the Dutchman; who surprised his companions by the persistent eagerness with which he kept close to his conductor. At last, on turning a corner, they saw him on his knees, proposing in broken English to the astonished housekeeper; while she was in vain trying to explain to him that he had mistaken the object of his courtship, as she herself was not the heiress.

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

<sup>1</sup> Macaulay ascribes "the more than Italian luxury of Ham" to Lauderdale, who held Ham House in right of his wife. The room is still shown where the Cabal Ministry used to meet. It was to Ham that James II. was first told to retire on the arrival of William.

## DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT:

WITH A PROPOSAL FOR A REALLY NATIONAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

[THE views set forth in the following article will possibly strike many of the readers of *Macmillan* as both novel and hazardous. Whether they can ever be realized in detail or not, it is certainly most desirable that the doctrine that "Church Property of every kind is National Property,"—to be "secured," as Arnold expressed it, "for ever for public use; something saved out of the scramble, which no covetousness can appropriate and no folly waste,"—should be put forward in strong and uncompromising terms by an able and eminent man of science like Mr. Wallace, even though the particular mode he proposes of carrying the doctrine into practice may seem to some inadequate or even problematical.—ED.]

THE agitation now going on for the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church, calls for more notice than it has hitherto received from those who, while agreeing with the necessity for some such movement and the abstract justice of its main object, do not look upon the existing Established Church merely as a powerful rival sect, whose prestige and influence are to be diminished as soon as possible and at almost any sacrifice.

At the various meetings recently held in favour of disestablishment, none of the speakers appear to have said anything as to the details of the proposed or desired legislation; none have hinted at any practicable and beneficial mode of applying the national property now held by the Church, or of preserving and utilizing for national objects the parish churches and other ecclesiastical buildings spread so thickly over our land, and which constitute a picturesque and impressive record of much of our social and religious history for nearly a thousand years. The only thing we have to guide us as to the aims and objects of these agitators is a constant reference to recent legislation in the case of the Irish Church, and we are

therefore left to infer that some very similar mode of dealing with the English Church, its property and its buildings, is what these gentlemen have in view. But if this be so, it is surely the duty of all who have the social and moral advancement of their country at heart, and are uninfluenced by sectarian rivalry, to protest against any such scheme as in the highest degree disastrous. It may be thought by many that this agitation cannot possibly succeed in gaining its object for a very long time, and that it is useless to discuss now what shall be done at some indefinite and distant future. But this may be altogether a mistake; gross abuses do not now live long, and when an agitation is begun as powerfully and influentially as this one, supported as it will undoubtedly be by the great mass of the operative class, and made a party cry at future elections, the end may not be far off. We may then find it too late to introduce new ideas, or to persuade the Nonconformist leaders of the movement to give up their special programme, however injurious some portions of that programme may be to the best interests of the country.

My object in this paper is, therefore, to urge upon all independent liberal thinkers to lose no time in taking part in this movement, laying down at once certain principles to be adopted as an essential condition of securing their support; and I propose, further, to show a practicable mode of carrying out these principles so as to produce results in the highest degree beneficial to the whole community.

The main principle that should guide our action in this matter, I conceive to be—that existing Church Property of every kind is National Property, and that no portion of it must under any



circumstances be alienated, either for the compensation of supposed or real vested interests, or to the uses of any sectarian body; and further, that the parish churches and other ecclesiastical buildings must on no account be given up, but be permanently retained, with the Church property, for analogous purposes to those for which they were primarily established—the moral and social advancement of the whole community.

That the property now held by the Established Church is national property, is generally admitted; and also that the Church, as represented by a body holding particular religious opinions, can have no permanent vested interest in that property, although the individuals of which it is composed may have life-interests; and the case of the Irish Church should be a warning to us to look far enough ahead, and prepare for the inevitable change so much in advance of any immediate political necessity for it that we may allow all individual vested interests to expire naturally, and so have no need to make special compensation for them. In Ireland every kind of vested interest was brought forward, and it was even claimed that, as every clergyman had a chance of obtaining a better living, or of becoming a bishop, he should be compensated accordingly; and that every member of the Church had an actual vested interest in its maintenance during his life. It was because all legislation had been put off till it could no longer be delayed, that these interests had to be considered, and the result was, that a sectarian Church was permanently endowed with a large amount of the national property. But any such necessity of compensation for vested interests of individuals may be obviated by a little foresight, and by legislating sufficiently early to allow everyone to retain his rights and privileges in the Church during his lifetime. All individual vested rights would thus be satisfied, and it is probable that they would not interfere with the complete establishment of a new system at a comparatively early period, because a transition state is always an unsatisfactory and an unpleasant one; and long before

half the individual lives had expired, and perhaps in the course of a very few years, the change might be voluntarily and completely effected.

While legislation was proceeding in the case of the Irish Church, it was made sufficiently clear that it is almost impossible suddenly to abolish any such great national institution, and to find any suitable mode of applying the surplus property, without grievous waste, or so as to be really beneficial to the community; and it was therefore almost felt to be a means of getting out of a difficulty that every shadow of a vested interest should be fully compensated, and the inconveniently large amount to be disposed of reduced to manageable proportions. I believe, however, that in the case of England no such difficulty exists, and that the whole of the Church revenues may be applied in such a manner as,—Firstly, to retain all that is most useful in the organization of the existing Church of England; 2ndly, to extend its sphere of usefulness almost indefinitely; 3rdly, to remove all cause for the ill-feeling with which it is viewed by Nonconformists, and by the members of other religious bodies; and lastly, to create, without violent change, a great national institution, which shall always be up to the highest intellectual level of the age, and be a means by which the moral and social advancement of the whole nation shall be permanently helped forward. In order to show how these desirable results may be obtained, it is necessary first to say a few words as to the status of our existing clergy, and the importance of the functions they fulfil.

The Church of England, as a religious body, owes much of its power and influence in society to its venerable antiquity; to its intimate association with our great Universities; to its establishment by law and its position in the Legislature; and to its possession of the cathedrals and parish churches, which from time immemorial have been the visible embodiments of the religion of the country. The clergy of the Church of England owe their chief influence for

good in their respective parishes to their connection with these permanent and often venerable buildings; to their being the official representatives of a law-established religion; to their being the recognized heads, either officially or by courtesy, of almost all local organizations for self-government; and, though last not least, to their social position, their intellectual culture, refined manners, and moral character. It must, I think, be admitted that an institution which provides for the residence in every parish of the kingdom of a permanent representative of the best morality and culture of the age—a man whose first duty it is to be the friend of all who are in trouble, who lives an unselfish life, devoting himself to the moral and physical improvement of the community, who is a welcome visitor to every house, who keeps free from all party strife and personal competition, and who, by his education and training, can efficiently promote all sanitary measures and healthful amusements, and show by his example the beauty of a true and virtuous life—that an institution which should really do this, would constitute an educational machinery, whose influence on the true advancement of society can hardly be exaggerated. But in order that such an organization should produce the full beneficial effect of which it is capable, it is above all things essential that it should keep itself free from sectarian teaching, and from everything calculated to excite religious prejudices. So long as there is but one religious creed in a country, or as the dissentients form a small and uninfluential minority, the ordinary clergy may possibly effect much of the good here indicated; but with us this has become impossible, owing to the adoption of a fixed creed by the Established Church, and to the multitude of opposing sects, equal in political influence, and perhaps superior in the number and enthusiasm of their adherents. The earnest Nonconformist cannot look with satisfaction on a man who is unjustly paid by the nation to teach doctrines which he firmly believes to be erroneous;

while the conscientious and well-informed sceptic can hardly respect one who is not only often inferior to himself in mental capacity as well as in acquired knowledge, but who professes to believe and continues to teach as fact much that modern science has shown to be untrue. The clergyman, on the other hand, too often considers that every dissenting chapel in his parish is an evil, and looks upon every dissenting minister as an opponent.

The time seems now to have come when we shall have to get rid of the anomaly and the injustice of devoting an elaborate organization and vast revenues to sectarian religious teaching, while we loudly proclaim the principle of religious freedom in all our legislation. In order to get rid of an Established Church which is behind the age, there are men who would not hesitate to break up the whole institution, destroy or sell the churches, and devote the revenues to support free schools or hospitals. Such a step would, I believe, be an irreparable loss to the nation, and I propose now to consider what means can be adopted to preserve this great organized establishment, which has grown with the nation's growth, and has from time immemorial formed an essential part of the body politic, and to separate from it everything that can impair its efficiency or check its healthy development. I claim for every Englishman a share in this great property, devoted by our ancestors to the relief of distress, the protection and advancement of the people, the example of morality and virtue, the teaching of the highest knowledge of the age, and the inculcation of doctrines which were once universally accepted as absolute truths of the first importance for the welfare of mankind. I claim that it shall be preserved to our successors for analogous purposes, and that it shall be freed from association with all sectarian teaching, and from everything that can impair its value. Let it be reformed, not destroyed.

I will now proceed to show how it can be so reformed, and how it may be

made a means of national advancement more efficient than all ordinary educational machinery, because its sphere of action will be wider, and because it will carry on a higher education than that imparted by schools, not for a few years only, but throughout the entire life of all who choose to profit by it. I will first sketch out what I consider should be the status and duties of the man who will take the place of the existing clergyman as the head and representative in every parish or district of the National Church.

First, as to his designation ; he might be termed the Rector, a name to which we are already accustomed, and which does not necessarily imply a religious teacher. He should be chosen, primarily, for moral, intellectual, and social qualities, of a much higher character than are now expected. Temper and disposition would be carefully considered, as his usefulness would be greatly impaired if he were not able to gain the confidence, sympathy, and friendship of his parishioners. His moral character should be unexceptionable. He should be specially trained in the laws of health and their practical application, and in the principles of the most advanced political and social economy. His religion should be quite free from sectarian prejudices, but his private opinions on religious matters would be no subject for inquiry. He should, however, be of a religious frame of mind, so as to be able to work sympathetically with the clergy of the various religious bodies in his district, and excite in them neither distrust nor antagonism. He must have a fair knowledge of physiology, and of simple medicine and surgery, of the rudiments of law and legal procedure, of the principles of scientific agriculture, and of the natural-history sciences, as well as of whatever is considered essential to the education of a cultivated man. He should not be allowed to undertake the care of a parish till thirty years of age, and only after having assisted some rector in parish duties for at least five years.

The duties of the parish rector would

comprise, among others, all those of the existing clergyman, *but he would never conduct religious services of any kind.* The parish church, with its appurtenances, would however be under his entire authority, in trust for the whole body of parishioners, to be used for religious services by all or any duly organized religious bodies, under such arrangements as he might find to be most convenient for all. Any religious body should be able to claim the use of the church as a right (subject to the equal rights of other such bodies), the only condition being that it should possess a permanent organization, and that its ministers should be an educated class of men, coming up to a certain standard of intellectual culture and moral character. The State might properly refuse the use of the churches to those sects whose ministers are not specially trained or well-educated men, on the ground that the public teaching of religion among a civilized people is degraded by being placed in the hands of the illiterate, and that such teachers are likely to promote superstition and increase fanaticism.

The rector would himself lecture in the church on moral, social, sanitary, historical, philosophical, or any other topics which he judged most suitable to the circumstances of his parishioners. He would also allow the church to be used during the week for any purpose not inconsistent with the main objects of his position, but always having regard to religious prejudices so long as they existed, his first duty being to promote harmony and good-will, and to gain any object he might think beneficial by persuasion rather than by an abrupt exercise of authority. His knowledge of law, and his position as *ex-officio* magistrate, would enable him to settle almost all the petty disputes among his parishioners, and so greatly diminish law-suits. He would be an *ex-officio* member of the School Board, and of the governing body of any other public educational institution in his district. It would be his duty to see that new legislative enactments were brought to the notice of the persons they chiefly affected, so that no

one could offend through ignorance. He might, if he pleased, visit the sick, if his services were asked for, but this would be altogether voluntary. It would be an essential part of his duty to be on good terms with the ministers of all religious sects in his district, to bring them into friendly relations with each other, and to induce them to work harmoniously together for moral and educational objects.

With a sphere of action such as is here sketched out, the rector of a parish would have far more influence for good than the existing clergyman can possibly have. The position would be one of weight and dignity, and would be, I believe, in a high degree attractive to some of the best men in the country. The choice of men to fill it would be indefinitely wider than it is now, since no special religious beliefs would be insisted on. The educational qualification being at once broad and high; and the appointment offering a wide field for useful labour, a sphere would be opened for a class of able men who, while they are imbued with the purest spirit of philanthropy, are too conscientious to teach religious doctrines they cannot themselves accept.

Some years ago, a proposal for a nationalization of the Church of England was made by Lord Amberley, in two very striking articles in the *Fortnightly Review*. These attracted much attention at the time, but do not seem to have produced any permanent impression. That proposal contemplated, if I remember rightly, perfect freedom of doctrine in the Church of England, and some power of modifying the formularies, while retaining the duty of conducting religious service, and of preaching as at present. It was probably felt that the difficulties of carrying out any such scheme were insuperable, and the advantages doubtful, since it involved some form of election or veto by the majority of the parishioners, or some mode of getting rid of a clergyman whose doctrines were greatly disliked. The Church would thus remain as sectarian as ever, but it would be a varying instead of a

uniform sectarianism; and the necessary uncertainty of tenure would at once diminish the clergyman's influence for good, and render it more difficult to induce the best men to undertake the duties.

It seems to me to be an important and valuable feature of my plan, that it renders the rector's tenure of office for life almost certain, since the only causes (other than voluntary retirement) for his displacement would be immorality, or the fact of his making himself generally disliked by his parishioners. But the careful education and selection of the candidates, and the perfect freedom in the choice of the profession, would render either of these events of very rare occurrence. No man, who held any special doctrinal tenets so strongly as to make him intolerant of others, would choose a profession in which he would be compelled to recognize and work harmoniously with the clergy of all denominations; nor would one who felt himself by nature unfitted to associate familiarly with all classes, and make himself their friend and counsellor, undertake an office in which it would be his chief duty to do this. We may fairly anticipate, then, that our rectors of the future would be of as high a character as our judges are now, and that there would be as little necessity for the retirement of the one from his honourable duties as there is for the other. This would induce better men to seek the office, and would render them far more capable of effecting beneficial results than if they were mere temporary occupants, liable to be ejected by the votes of a majority of parochial schismatics.

If no hasty and ir retrievable step is taken, there seems no reason why the change from the existing state of things to something like that here sketched out, might not be gradually effected without any interference with vested interests. The new rectors would take their places wherever vacancies occur, after the expiration of the time allowed for the disestablished Church to reorganize itself; and there need be no

interference with the right of presentation to livings, the desirability of which, as positions of social importance, would be increased by the new arrangements. Some official recognition of the appointment would be required, and the stringency of the qualifications, both as to education and character, would render any abuse of this kind of patronage impossible. It seems highly probable that many clergymen who feel their present position more or less irksome, owing to their being obliged to read and teach much that they cannot accept as truth, would gladly resign their positions as ministers of a disestablished Church in exchange for that of rector in the National Church. Such men would be quite at home in their new position, for the wider duties of which many of them would be admirably qualified. Of course there would have to be some high officers fulfilling the duties of bishops, or inspectors over the rectors; and over the whole a Supreme Board, or a Minister of Public Instruction; but these are matters which would offer no difficulty in an institution of which the main features are so well marked out.

It has now, I trust, been shown that it would be possible to remodel the framework and machinery of the Church of England as by law established, so that it should become, in connection with the various voluntary religious bodies—which, while retaining their perfect freedom of action would be to some extent associated with it—a real and highly efficient National Church; and further, that this could be done without infringing any existing rights, while it would, on the other hand, confer on every section of the community the right, from which they have long been debarred, of an equal share in the use of national buildings, and in all the benefits that may be derived from a proper application of the national property. It now remains to answer, in anticipation, a few of the more obvious objections that may be made to this proposal; to discuss briefly a few important details; and to point out some

of the advantages that would almost certainly result from its adoption.

The first objection that will probably occur, is a financial one. It will be asked how the existing endowments of the Church can be increased so as to make the position of Rector worth the acceptance of men of the required high standard of ability? The answer to this is to be found in the fact of the excessive inequality, both as regards area and population, of our parishes. In the north of England they are said to average six or seven times the size of those in the south, and we shall find that more than half of the parishes in England and Wales are far too small to require the exclusive services of a rector. A judicious system of union of small parishes, and approximate equalization of endowments, will entirely overcome the financial difficulty. A few facts and figures will make this plain. Some thousands of parishes have an area of from 5,000 to 12,000 acres, and even the largest of these are not too extensive for the supervision of an active and energetic man, while those of 4,000 or 5,000 acres and an average rural population would be comparatively easy work. But an examination of about 200 parishes, taken alphabetically in two series, shows that there are, as nearly as possible, one-half of our parishes which do not exceed 2,000 acres and have less than 1,000 population, the average population of these being less than 400 by the last census. Of the thirteen thousand parishes or places in England and Wales which form distinct ecclesiastical benefices, no less than 62 or 63 per cent. have under a thousand inhabitants. The average value of all the benefices is about 307*l.* a year, but this value is by no means in proportion to area or population, for the average of those parishes whose population is under 1,000 is still about 275*l.* a year.

A careful examination of the circumstances of these parishes, as regards area, means of communication, and increasing or decreasing population, would enable us to combine them, so that the

number of rectors required would be little more than one-half that of the existing incumbents. About one-fourth of the parishes whose population is less than a thousand could most likely be attached to others with a population somewhat exceeding that number, while the remainder might be formed into groups of two, three, or four parishes. This would result in a total reduction of about 45 per cent. A further reduction might be made in towns, where three or four parish churches might almost always be placed under the control of one rector, because, although the population might be large, many of the duties he would have to fulfil in rural districts would be performed by existing establishments, such as corporations, mechanics' and other institutions, and ministers of religion; and his chief duties would be to protect and preserve the churches for the use of the various religious bodies, and to promote harmonious action among them. The average endowment might thus be nearly doubled, and in addition there would be the vacant parsonages and glebes, the rents of which might form part of the income of the rector of two or more combined parishes. We thus arrive at a nominal average endowment of about 600*l.* a year, while the actual inequalities are enormous; and we have to deal with a large number of advowsons which are private property fully recognized by the law. But this need not interfere with an approximate equalization of livings. Just as in other cases of far less momentous reforms, land or house property has to be given up for public uses, the owners receiving just compensation, so must the owners of advowsons be dealt with. In cases of the union of parishes, the several patrons might either exercise their right of nomination jointly or alternately, or one might pay a sum to the other for exclusive possession. If they failed to agree to either of these alternatives, the joint advowson must be sold by public auction and the proceeds equitably divided between them. Equalizations of endowments might be treated on a similar principle. In every

case they might be effected by taking a definite sum, say 100*l.* per annum, from one living and adding the same amount to another. The owner of the advowson which is increased in value might either pay a sum, to be determined by arbitrators, to the owner of that which is diminished, or the advowson which is increased must be sold, and the proceeds divided equitably as before. It would be advisable to leave some inequalities in the value of rectories, and while none should be under 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year, a few might remain as high as 1,000*l.* in important districts, to which men of special abilities would alone be appointed. The revenues now devoted to episcopal and cathedral establishments have not been reckoned as sources of increased rectorial incomes, although, whatever system of supervision might be adopted, it is probable that a considerable surplus from these revenues would remain.

It may, perhaps, be further objected, that the country could not supply six or seven thousand men of the requisite ability and character, in addition to the clergy of the disestablished Church, who would continue in existence as an independent body. But we must consider that the new men would be only required in gradual succession as livings became vacant; and, as it is almost certain that no voluntary establishment would be able to appoint resident clergy in the thousands of small parishes with a very scanty population, the total number of educated men required for the service of the Church would not perhaps be very much greater than at present.

Although the power of nominating rectors now possessed by private persons is not proposed to be interfered with, candidates would have to pass a much more rigid examination, and to furnish much better evidence of temper and moral character, than is now required; and they would further have to submit to the probation of five years' service under a rector, which would sufficiently test their capacity and suitability for the office. All livings now in the gift of Government or of public

bodies should be thrown open to public competition by annual examinations, the details of which need not now be considered.

It will doubtless be further objected, that the scheme now advocated is Utopian, and aims at an ideal perfection which could not be realized even were public opinion ripe for any such revolution; and also, that it will be repulsive to the feelings of a large number of persons by placing religion and religious teachers in a subordinate position. To this I would reply, that a few years ago, before the Irish Church had been disestablished, and when Household Suffrage and the Ballot were still ideal propositions which our Parliament would hardly seriously discuss, any such proposal as the present one would have been thoroughly Utopian; but I cannot admit that it is so now. The body which has set up the cry for disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England is a more powerful and a more united one than that which inaugurated any of the other great reforms; and the probabilities seem to me to be great that they will attain their object in less than a score of years. If so, it is not Utopian to discuss the subject in all its bearings; and although my scheme may aim at an ideal perfection which it is not in existing human nature perfectly to attain, the question to be considered is whether this ideal is a just, a true, and a noble one; if it is so, we shall assuredly do well to keep it in view, and so legislate as not to prevent our successors from ever attaining it. Neither do I believe that such a scheme can be in any way degrading to religion; it will, on the contrary, keep up a connection between religious teaching and the State, and by dealing out equal justice to all creeds, will go far to do away with that sectarian animosity which more than anything else really degrades religion. As knowledge and true civilization spread more widely, it is to be expected that religion will become more and more a personal matter, without necessarily losing any of its influence on the human mind;

and an organization which provides for the diffusion of those moral and social teachings which are the highest product of the age, must necessarily aid in the development of that religion which is the truest reflex of man's higher nature.

It now remains only to point out a few of the advantages which would result from the adoption of the scheme here advocated.

It will be generally admitted, that, were the English Church to be disestablished and disendowed, the Church buildings to be devoted to sectarian or secular uses, and the Church property applied in almost any way that can be suggested (other than that here proposed), a void would be left in the social organization of the country that could not easily be filled up. The clergy of rival sects, all equal and equally without authority in the eye of the law, could not possibly fulfil the various social and moral functions even of the present Established Church, still less could they ever attain the standard of usefulness which could be easily reached by men in the position I have indicated in the Church of the future. What that standard might soon become it is not only difficult to exaggerate, but difficult even adequately to realize, because no institution equally well adapted to produce great results has ever before existed. If we were to say that its beneficial influence upon society would be equal to that produced by the whole of our best literature, many would at first think it an exaggerated estimate. But a little consideration would, I think, convince them that it is on the contrary far too low. For literature only reaches certain defined and very limited classes, consisting largely of men who least require the lessons it conveys, while the great mass of the population know no literature, or only that of the cheap newspaper; and the teachings of modern science and philosophy, as well as the instruction to be derived from history and biography, would be to many of them as startling as the revelation of an unknown world. Most of these would be reached by the National rectors, whose duty and plea-

sure it would be to convey to the minds of their parishioners, in interesting and instructive series of lectures, some idea of the beauties of literature, of the marvels of science, and of the instruction to be derived from the example of great and good men. Is it possible to foresee the ultimate effects of such teaching, as a supplement to our new system of National Education, carried out systematically, not in our great towns only, but in every country parish, not by the occasional visits of itinerant superficial lecturers, but continued week by week, year by year, and from one generation to another, by a body of the best educated, the most earnest, and the most practical teachers the country can produce?

Men of this stamp would be able to influence all classes for good; they would aid in introducing the best methods of agriculture and of household economy; they would be the men to see that sanitary inspectors and School Boards did their duty; they would take care that in their district no common lands were wrongfully enclosed, no public paths stopped up, and generally no injustice done to those who did not know, or could not enforce, their legal rights. Not coming into competition with any class of men, and not exciting any sectarian or religious animosity, the National rectors might be in our age all that the monks and abbots were in the best monastic days—and much more—respected by the rich, loved by the poor, feared by the evil-doer, centres of culture and of morality throughout the land; by their example, their teaching, and their assistance, helping on the higher civilization, and thus fulfilling the noblest function that can fall to the lot of any body of men.

But besides these direct benefits to society, which such an institution would be naturally expected to produce, there are others of hardly less value which would incidentally flow from it, and a few of these I should wish to touch upon. One of the results of the extreme competitive activity of modern life, and of the somewhat commercial character of

most of our institutions, is, that there are exceedingly few positions open to men of high intellectual culture and scientific or literary tastes, such as will leave them sufficient leisure to devote themselves to original research in their favourite pursuits. But the position of a National parish rector would supply this want in the most complete manner. From their liberal education and special training, and the high intellectual standard required for the appointment, a large proportion of them would be men of exceptionally active and powerful minds. They would have a good elementary knowledge of modern science and philosophy. Their duties, though numerous, and in the highest degree important, would not, as a rule, be laborious, and would leave them a considerable amount of leisure—and leisure with such men necessarily implies occupation. Some would devote themselves to science, some to experimental agriculture or horticulture, some to history, philosophy, or other branches of literature; and we may fairly conclude, that from the body of six or seven thousand National Church Rectors, we should have a very large accession to our original thinkers and original workers—a class of men who not only reflect glory on their country, but more than any others help on the work of human progress.

It has been already suggested, that the rectors would be able to see that sanitary inspectors and School Boards did their duty; but I think we may go further, and say, that over a large portion of the rural districts no sanitary or educational legislation will be efficiently carried out till some such body of men is called into existence. Their value, too, can hardly be exaggerated, as a means of obtaining trustworthy information on the working of any new law affecting our social relations, and especially those connected with pauperism. The narrow education, imperfect training, and sectarian prejudices of so many of the clergy of the Established Church, prevent their opinions having much weight, either with the public at large or with the Government. But the National rectors



would be in a very different position. Their education and special training would render them well fitted to consider such questions in all their bearings, and their perfect independence would give weight to their opinions; while their means of obtaining accurate information would be much greater than that of any visiting inspector, who can seldom detect abuses which can be temporarily concealed, or which only occasionally become prominent.

These are some of the incidental advantages (and many others might be adduced) that would follow the establishment throughout the country of such a body of men as has been indicated; but I lay no stress upon these as arguments for the proposed change, compared with the direct and unparalleled advantage of establishing a truly National Church, in which every Englishman, whatever be his religious opinions, shall have an equal share; and of abolishing forever, so far as it is possible to do so, all causes of local religious animosity. I would also claim a favourable consideration for this proposal, because it is a settlement of the question that would adapt itself to any possible future change in the religious beliefs of the community, and would therefore be permanent. Whether sects increased or diminished in number, and whether religion or secularism should ultimately prevail, an institution that should provide for the teaching of the best morality of the age to those most in need of such teaching, and that should aid in producing harmony and goodwill among all classes of society, would never become obsolete:

In conclusion, I would most earnestly press upon all unprejudiced thinkers, to consider the essential conditions of this great problem, not my imperfect exposition of it. Let them reflect that we are actually in possession of an elaborate organization, and an ample property, handed down to us by our forefathers, with whom it did at one time fulfil many of the high functions which I wish to restore to it. We have suffered it to remain in the hands of a narrow religious corporation, which in no sufficient degree represents either the most cultivated intelligence or the highest morality of our age, and which, by its dogmatic theology and resistance to progress, has become out of harmony both with the best and the least educated portion of the community. The question that now presses upon us is, shall we suffer this grand institution and these noble revenues to be irrevocably destroyed, or shall we bring them back to the fundamental purposes they were originally intended to fulfil, and which the conditions of modern society—its terrible contrasts of profuse wealth and grinding poverty, of the noblest intellectual achievements with the most degrading ignorance, of the most pure and elevated morality with the lowest depths of vice—render perhaps of more vital importance to our national well-being than at any previous epoch of our history?

Shall we preserve and re-create, in accordance with the principle of religious liberty, or shall we utterly abolish, our great historic National Church?

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

## MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

## CHAPTER I.

## I COME TO TIME.

I BEGAN life with punctuality.

My nurse Davis—an authority to be trusted implicitly in such a matter—has often said that no infant as she'd ever known, and she'd known a many, had ever been so satisfactory in regard, as I were, to keeping an appointment, as I had been. The other nurse, a temporary official called in for the important occasion, expressed herself as under a personal obligation to me, on account of her having a pressure of business on hand at the time. In fact, I had been as nicely calculated as a comet, and came exactly to the minute. I fancy that this must have exhausted at one effort my powers of accuracy and precision. I can honestly affirm, that, since the first day of my existence, I have never been noted for my punctuality, nor have I ever been able to acquire those habits which the world calls business-like, and which, I am ready to admit, however much it may tell against me, are of the very essence of respectability. Commerce and trade go to make up that business-like body of Respectability, whereof the soul is Punctuality.

When I entered upon the scene, nobody was put out, everybody was prepared. The traditionary basket was on the neatly appointed table. Grand-mamma Pritchard, my mother's mother, was enthroned in state. The special nurse was in waiting. The doctor, representing science, was on the spot to receive me. My father, Sir John Colvin (of the old stockbroking firm of Colvin, Wingle, and Co., with Wingle

long since out of it, and Co. nowhere), was in his dressing-room, so bewildered and helpless as to be able to do nothing more than sit and stare at the fire. My extraordinary punctuality had completely taken him by surprise. His energies were paralysed. To be a father at all was startling; but to be a father before he had thoroughly prepared himself for the part, had scared him. Nurse Davis, my informant on a good many matters connected with my early history, has said, that "he sat like one dazed, as though he were complaining to the fire and saying, 'Look here, what next?'" He had been married scarcely three years when my mother died, and I, christened Cecil, after her, was left to my father's care.

We were not, on my appearance, in our own house, owing to my father's want of faith in the calculations above mentioned. It was not yet ready to receive us, and thus my first character chanced to be that of a lodger. Yet it really was a capital place to be born in. If I had my time over again, I couldn't wish for a better.

Our apartments were over a dairy, where everything seemed to be new and fresh every morning. The dairy itself was an old-established affair, but having been years ago started as "The New," it had retained the title, and I believe does so to this day. There was a white marble slab for a counter in the shop, which looked as if it had been just a moment before washed with milk, and dried with polishing leather. The butter, too, in shape like logs which had been chopped off some upright butter-tree, had quite a

marvellous colour of its own,—bright but not bilious. Milk was announced on a framed board as fresh from the cow; and there was such a picture of *The Cow*, as spoke volumes for the imaginative faculties of the artist, but was of itself scarcely calculated to inspire nervous customers with confidence. It had queer reddish-brown blotches over it, suggestive of having signally failed in an attempt at self-vaccination. Fortunately no one believed in the painted cow, merely looking upon it as the poetic side of the business, and not to be trusted for milk any more than that legendary animal supposed to have achieved the tremendous feat of jumping over the moon, with which marvellous creature, on becoming acquainted with the nursery rhyme, I at once associated my spotted friend in the dairy window.

The shop undertook also to provide fresh eggs every morning, laid in fulfilment of a previous contract by some responsible hens in the country. Within two doors of us was a baker's, a little way down the street a butcher's, and at the corner was a natty tavern, which had a large private connection in the neighbourhood, but did little as a public house. So that our wants were supplied within a limited radius.

"Man wants but little here below," said Nurse Davis, "but he likes to have that little good and within reach."

Of my mother I have no recollection whatever. She died, as I have said, when I was about two years old. A son passes through the best part of his lifetime before he can estimate all that he has lost by his mother's death. I have often stood before her picture, and wondered what I should have been, had *she* lived. It is a sweet gentle countenance. It has always affected me deeply, as though I were looking on a face lighted by a dying smile.

Perhaps I judge in this case by the event, but I have, since, seen portraits of living people, which have impressed me as strongly with the same mournful presentiment. I fancy I can trace this kind of superstition, in its origin, to

Nurse Davis, the kindest soul in the world, and very fond of my mother, though she had only entered her service on her marriage.

Not long after my poor mother's decease, my father went to India on some business matters, and I was left to the care of Grandmamma Pritchard and Colvin, who, with my aunts Susan and Van Clym, and my uncles Charles Van Clym and Herbert Pritchard, formed a sort of board of directors, "with power to add to their number," for my benefit. This was but a very nominal affair, resulting in a formal visit once a week to Grandmamma Pritchard's; and, on the first Sunday in the month, a dinner, at one o'clock, at my other grandmother's, and, on the second Sunday, an afternoon, including tea, at Aunt Clym's (my father's sister), which was—as it finished up with prayers in the evening, and a sermon—quite a religious solemnity.

Practically, Mrs. Davis, my nurse, was my guardian. With her I was always happy, generally having my own way in every respect, and becoming remarkably obstreperous when thwarted in the slightest degree. Still, there we were alone in our lodgings, now and then undergoing a visit of inspection from one of the above-mentioned directors.

After Nurse Davis I was much attached to my grandmother Mrs. Pritchard, and my aunt Susan, for whom, at an early age, I entertained so strong an affection, that I could not endure the notion of her marrying anybody except myself; and I remember having been very jealous of a gentleman to whom I heard she was engaged. I rather fancy now that I wouldn't shake hands with him (I was between five and six at this time), and ultimately, when he laughed at me, for something or other, in the back drawing-room, attempting a violent attack on his legs, which was the only part of him I could conveniently get at with any chance of success.

Among these relations, my body, so to speak, was distributed. Each chose a

portion, and stuck to it. For example, my Pritchard Grandmamma, representing my interests on the maternal side, looked after my head, generally; her strong points being my ears and teeth. Of the latter she had a magnificent set herself, white and regular, which she used to exhibit to me as a shining example for my imitation. It was the only pleasant way that ever occurred to me of "showing one's teeth." My Colvin Grandmamma, on the paternal side, inspected my nails before allowing me to quit her on my monthly visit. My Aunt Susan (maternal interest again) looked after my exterior as to dress, with the exception of my boots, about which my Uncle Herbert Pritchard, —who spent his time, it appeared to me, in lying on the sofa with his legs up—was very particular, taking a considerable pride in showing me the size and shape of his own foot. As for my interior, not physically but morally speaking, that, as far as it was looked after at all, fell to the lot of my Aunt Clym, who ruled her own family, and Uncle Van Clym, with a severity that caused her husband to regard her with the greatest possible respect.

Uncle Van Clym was a Dutchman, not a double-Dutchman—being, in fact, only half a one, the other half having been, long ago, naturalized as British. He was a flabby, colourless man, of whom there wasn't much left over, after measuring five feet eight. He had a quick, short laugh and a high-toned voice with a snuffle in it. On the whole, he resembled what an unappreciative mind might suppose to be the appearance of a light-haired oyster, and recent theorists would have marked him out as the perfection of a superiorly gifted mollusc.

I usually found him on the doorstep of his own house—I don't know why—but he always seemed to be either going out or coming in. Here he stopped, perched like a sparrow, and economized his power of vision by using only one eye at a time, the other being, for the nonce, screwed up.

"Hallo!" he'd exclaim on seeing me,—he was always being taken by surprise, and when he had recovered himself, he'd laugh (always with the snuffles), as if at the most humorous thing in the world, no matter what it was.

"Hallo! He-he-he! Come to dine wiz my wife—he-he-he—see your aunt an' your couzans, hey!"—and then off he'd go, with another snuffle and a chuckle, which somewhat disconcerted Nurse Davis, though she liked Uncle Van; chiefly, because he seemed to be fond of me, which was certainly more than my aunt was.

"Com in ten," he'd say—ten standing for "then" in his imperfect English, "Com in ten—he-he-he—an' zee 'ow de noisy ones are all—he-he-he!" So saying, we'd enter together, when I'd be boisterously welcomed by my three cousins, until checked by the spectre-like apparition of Aunt Clym, who was one clear inch and a half above Uncle Van's head, and represented, in a general way, height without breadth.

Aunt Clym was of a serious turn, and used to read prayers, and sermons, to the household on Sunday evenings. Uncle Van generally scandalized my aunt horribly by snoring so convulsively, that it seemed as if nothing short of a fit could relieve him. His head would drop forward, jerkily, until his chin touched his second shirt button, when he'd suddenly start up as though awakened by a violent blow, and stare about, wildly, for a few seconds, apparently in search of an invisible assailant. Becoming more collected, he'd appear surprised at finding himself where he was; and after frowning at any one of the children who might be exhibiting signs of restlessness, he'd let his head droop gradually, and again allow himself to glide down the bank into the placid waters of oblivion. Once, awaking suddenly, he jumped up and said, as he shook himself together, "Hullo! hey? he—he—he! Very good, let's join the ladies"—being under the impression that he had just been listening to a racy after-dinner story, instead of sleeping

through some prosaic discourses on the prophecies. I got on my legs, too, with the idea of following my uncle. Aunt Clym glanced at him, but, with great Christian forbearance, said nothing to him . . . *before the servants*. No one except Aunt Clym troubled me about religion, and what I could learn of it, through *her*, did not favourably impress me.

Nurse Davis sometimes took me to church on a Sunday afternoon, but I always considered it a tedious affair, and in hot summer weather I opposed it, strenuously, and successfully.

While upon this subject of first religious impressions, so important in after-life, the only instance, in my own case, that I can call to mind, is, that one afternoon, I went with my nurse and her nieces (whom I will not name here, as they will appear in their proper places in this history) to hear some friend of theirs accompany their eldest sister on the organ, during a service in a chapel somewhere in the city,—I fancy, belonging to the Catholics. Somehow I managed to stray, and found myself quietly walking down the centre, between two rows of pews, and with my back to all the lights and incense, which I ignored entirely, and of which, strange to say now, contrary to what would be expected, I have but the dimmest recollection. No; what struck me *then* was the earnest look of all the people. I was meeting their faces, but their eyes were fixed on something far away beyond me, and no one heeded me as I walked on. It was so different to the weary demeanour I had seen in similar congregations on my Sunday visits, that I felt inclined to stop at one of the pew doors, and request an explanation from the kneeling people within. Nurse Davis, however, had fortunately caught sight of me from her elevated position in the organ-loft, and, coming down, seized me, and bore me away somewhat hastily. Whatever I did I was not to mention this episode to my Aunt Clym, and this charge, as I was not fond of talking to her on any sub-

ject at all, I had very little difficulty in observing.

Indeed, on the whole, I was becoming reticent as to my usual occupations, which, though very much to my fancy, were, I felt, not suited to the tastes of my relatives. Aunt Susan was the only person to whom I ever talked on the subject. I took her into my confidence over a box of bricks, and told her a good deal, though not everything, about my nurse's relations who lived in lodgings out of Soho Square, and to whom, being thrown among them to a great extent, I was really attached.

They were poor people, that I knew; but they were very kind, and I infinitely preferred a dinner and tea there, where I was made much of, as well on account of my superior position as for Nurse Davis' sake, to the solemn dinners with either of my grandmamas, or the family-table at Aunt Clym's, where the children, my cousins, stared, or made faces at me, and where I couldn't get enough to eat. Besides, after dinner I was always forced to fight one of my cousins, and if I thrashed him I was complained of to Aunt Clym, and punished; and if I didn't, I was set upon by the united family, and treated most unmercifully. I disliked the Clyms, and have never got over it.

But my reception at the Verneys was a very different affair. I was never welcomed but with a speech from Mr. Verney, who, though in the prime of life, was an old actor, a profession in which he had been reared.

"You like my cousin Mr. Verney, don't you?" Nurse Davis asked me, after meeting him in the street for the first time, when he had, in most eloquent phrases, invited us to join them at their early repast. But from his manner it struck me, that, though he used such fine words as I had never before heard, and which caused me to stand and gape at him in admiration and amazement—whereat Mr. Verney, finding an appreciative audience, was highly gratified—I say, in spite of his high-flown words, I fancied that he didn't mean us to accept

in earnest; and experience has since proved that he must have felt a little uncomfortable at the prospect of two good appetites being suddenly added to the number about his table, for which his little daughter, a bit of a child less than myself, was now carrying home some delicacies, [from the à-la-mode beef-shop, in a piece of old newspaper.

Mr. Verney had a clear complexion, an aquiline nose, light-brown hair, showing signs of coming baldness, faded-blue eyes, of a vague and undecided character, and which were, I subsequently noticed, occasionally a trifle hazy, the effect perhaps of too much suppressed emotion. He wore turndown collars exposing his throat, and was closely shaven. With his invariably well-brushed hat very much on one side, and a chirrupy stereotyped smile on his otherwise peculiarly inexpressive lips, he would have admirably succeeded in imposing himself upon the public as the most knowing, most Don Juanish, most reckless Lothario, and the gayest dog in existence, if everybody hadn't seen at a glance how thoroughly artificial was such an assumption, which never for one moment really concealed, except from himself, the hard-working professional man, for whom, and to whose family, the stage had no poetry to be equalled by the material fact of a certain "treasury" on Saturday.

"I like him very much, Nurse," I replied to her question. I daresay it wasn't strictly true, but I felt intuitively that my appreciation would please her. And it did.

"What is his name?" I presently asked.

"Well," said Nurse Davis, with some degree of hesitation, "he calls himself Charles Mortimer Verney. But his real name is William."

"Then," I naturally inquired, "why not call him William?"

"Because people who begin with William end with Bill for short: and he doesn't like it. Those who know him always call him 'Charles Mortimer.'

And once," she added rather reflectively, "he called himself Montgomery."

"It's a long word Mont—gum——"

I was not good at spelling in those days, though, as my nurse informed my father on his return, "I had a great taste for it;" and having decided that the second syllable of Montgomery was "gum," I got as far as that, and appropriately stuck there.

I subsequently discovered that Nurse Davis was inclined to take Mr. Verney at his own valuation,—an inclination which was, to a certain extent, shared by his wife and family. It pleased them all very much, and really, instead of doing any harm, it diffused a kind of halo of romance about their humble home, of which he was the centre, which not all the hard knocks of a plain matter-of-fact, workaday world was able to dispel.

It was on the occasion of this conversation with Nurse Davis that an idea suddenly occurred to me.

"There was a little girl with Mr. Verney," I remarked.

"That, dear, was my niece, little Julie."

"I like *her*," I observed decisively.

"We will go and see them one day."

"And have dinner there?" I suggested.

My practical experience of visiting up to this time had always included dinner. Wherever I had been taken to call, and my round of visits was, as I have before mentioned, limited, there I dined. Nurse Davis acquiesced in this arrangement, which she seemed to think would be highly pleasing to *her* relatives, though she cautioned me against mentioning the subject to mine. So when I dined with my Aunt Susan, at Grandmamma Pritchard's, I refrained from speaking about my new acquaintances, and, indeed, a box of bricks and a caricature book so engrossed my attention, that Mr. Verney and his little girl entirely slipped out of my memory.

On going home that evening, I insisted upon stopping Nurse Davis at a toyshop in order to invest a part of the

new, bright half-crown which Grand-mamma Pritchard had given me (in addition to a box of tooth-powder and a brush to lay it on with), in the purchase of a small cavalry sword, price sixpence, for myself, and an elegant gold watch, price fourpence, with a real key, which would set the hands at any hour you liked. This was, I said, for little Julie. I remember it, not only as the first present I ever made, but as marking what I may fairly call, on looking back, the starting-point in my time.

I stayed awake that evening longer than usual, conversing about the morrow's visit with my nurse, who was sitting at a small table near my bed. I slept with the cavalry sword by my side, and the watch under my pillow.

## CHAPTER II.

### PRESENTED AT COURT.

THE day of the dinner-party at Mr. Verney's turned out to be little Julie's birthday, so that purchasing my present had been a perfect inspiration. Nurse Davis remembered it in the morning, and bought for her a little silver thimble, and a case for needles and cotton. Little Julie had completed her fifth year, and was such a mite, that, on our being placed back to back, it was discovered, that though I was only a year older, I had the advantage of her by two years in height, and indeed was nearly as tall as her elder sister Carlotta Lucille.

Mr. Verney at this time lived in the retired neighbourhood of Frampton Court, Soho. Three symmetrical iron posts, looking exactly like three small cannons growing out of the ground, each with a cannon-ball sticking in its mouth, guarded the entrances at both ends of Frampton Court. They were not wide enough apart to allow of a boy, with anything like long legs, attempting the popular gymnastic exercise of "overing" them. Hence, the court, being protected from these rougher spirits, offered itself as a suitable playground for the

girls out of school hours, and for such boys as might be contented to play at marbles in the four corners, where they could enjoy their amusement without danger to the upper panes of the kitchen windows, which were on a line with the ankles. The pavement of this court was so clean as to be like a sort of irregular chess-board, with nothing but white squares in it, marked out with very black lines. How it was kept in this state is a perfect marvel to me now. There was a lamp in the centre, which acted as an immovable sentry, in a queer sort of helmet with a round knob at the top, and with one eye that lighted up with intelligence at night, and, looking four ways at once, kept ward and watch over the sleeping denizens of Frampton Court. I don't know who Frampton was, whether the builder, proprietor, or architect of the court. But the central lamp-post was a really brilliant idea. The arrival of the lamplighter in the winter-time was quite the event of the day, except perhaps the appearance of the muffin-man. One represented necessity, the other luxury, and they were on excellent terms with one another. Having seen many courts in my time, I assert that Frampton's Court could (in a sporting way) give all others a mile in any direction, and beat them easily. As to the courts of the Temple, they're none of them to be compared with Frampton's as it was, and as, probably, Frampton designed it. And I'll be bound that there was more honesty and true charity in Frampton's than in most other courts, whether legal or regal. King Frampton, if alive then, might have been proud of his subjects; and if he wasn't alive, he might have come out with the ghosts at midnight, and have been perfectly satisfied with this part of his property at all events. There were flowers and birds in many of the windows, and at the side of every front door were several little bright bell-handles, with, in most cases, small brass plates, underneath each bell, indicating whom a pull would summon.

We pulled, or rather Nurse Davis pulled, at Mr. Verney's knob; and when

the knob had come out and gone back again, Mr. Verney's head imitated its example, and having come out, rapidly, from the first-floor window, to see who it was, went back again satisfied.

Then Mr. Verney descended in his shirt-sleeves, bade us welcome in the passage, and congratulated me on my being presented at court (Frampton's), for the first time.

I was not, I remember, so struck with the difference between Mr. Verney's apartments and the houses of my relatives, as, perhaps, I should have been, had not we two—that is, I mean, my nurse and I—been accustomed to lodgings, which, though in a better situation, and of a more aristocratic character (this distinction I *did* notice), were but very little, if at all, larger than those old and exceedingly well-proportioned rooms in Frampton Court. The floors were of stained wood, and the walls were panelled. There was something of a Caroline character about the carvings on the old mantelpiece; but whatever was on or about the mantelpiece did not interest any of us half so much as what was being prepared, in a gigantic saucepan, on the fire. Mrs. Verney, with a red shawl crossed in front over her shoulders and pinned down at the back, was busy between this and the table, where her daughter, the eldest, a handsome girl of sixteen or more (but her age has always been a secret), was arranging some flowers in small tumblers of water, and occasionally giving a few slight finishing touches to the knives and forks.

In two minutes we were at home and perfectly at our ease. I was seated in state on a wooden chair, which Mrs. Verney having carefully wiped for me with her apron, placed by the piano, a piece of furniture which caused me to make my first observation to Nurse Davis, to the effect that "*We hadn't a piano at home.*" This easily led Mr. Verney—who never, I subsequently found, lost any opportunity of hearing himself talk—into giving us a speech

about this piano, embellished with as many brilliant figures of rhetoric, and original and striking similes, as occurred to him during its delivery. In these ornamentations he considered himself pre-eminent; and finding that in me he had obtained a ready and delighted listener, he skilfully used the piano by way of a step on to his oratorical platform, where being once fairly planted, he entered into such details of the family annals, as he considered most interesting to his audience.

"A piano," said Mr. Verney, standing by the window still in his shirt-sleeves, for which dishabille he had apologized to us, stating that in summer-time, when a room, on such an occasion as this, was used both as kitchen and drawing-room, it became a trifle hot: "A piano, you must know, my dear Jane"—this meant Nurse, and I was really quite surprised at his familiarity, and not a little jealous, especially when he subsequently kissed her, which startled me as a tremendous liberty—"a piano, you must know, is with us—not with some people, I grant you,"—this he put pointedly at me, as if I had objected; "a piano," he resumed, "is with us not the corollary of luxury and unexamined splendour, as beheld in the mansions of the wealthy, where, it may be, ignorance of the divine art is their most unblissful state; but it is with us, here in our humble abode, a matter of sheer, clear, and absolute necessity."

After this preface, with which he himself was mightily taken, he found that his pipe required some attention. Now whether it was for this purpose, or whether to make mental notes of his recent phrases, and so stereotype them for future use, I have not been able to determine. Be the motive what it might, the result was a pause in his address.

"Now then, dear," said Mrs. Verney in an undertone to her daughter, "get some more forks and knives ready, and you can finish the flowers afterwards." The young lady left the room for a few minutes.



"I suppose," said Mrs. Verney, looking in under the lid of the saucepan and shutting it down again, as if afraid of something jumping out; "I suppose you hardly knew Sally again?"

Nurse Davis was about to reply, when Mr. Verney said gravely—

"Lætitia!"

"Well, Charles?" answered his wife, whom he addressed.

"I wish you would not call our eldest girl Sally. She is Beatrice Sarah." Mrs. Verney sniffed, and saying something, quite in an undertone, about its being all "stuff-a-nonsense," continued her employment.

Nurse Davis replied—

"Beatrice Sarah! Well, I really should not have known her again. It's some time since I've seen her."

She was a handsome girl, with fair hair and a decidedly aristocratic face. It was a refinement on her father's.

"Well," said Mr. Verney, "*we* seldom see her. But, as I was observing, the piano, which has charms to soothe the savage breast, and whose tones thrill through you like the soft caresses of a mellifluously gifted woman,"—this was such a happy expression, and pleased Mr. Verney so highly, that he repeated it, looking round upon us with a beaming smile, while Mrs. Verney threw up her hands in admiration, and controlled her feelings with a sniff.

"The piano, I say," he continued, "is a necessity to us, as both Carlotta Lucille, and Julie Lucrezia, are getting on beautifully. They'll do great things one of these days, in some line; but, at present, I am not certain in what."

"How is it you so seldom see Sally— I mean Beatrice Sarah?" asked my nurse.

"She is studying with the eminent Mons. Nemorin."

"Lor, indeed!" exclaimed my nurse reverentially, though, as I subsequently ascertained, she had no notion who this distinguished foreigner might be.

"Yes," continued Mr. Verney, while the subject of their conversation was assisting her mother in various ways;

"'tis very odd that Beatrice Sarah should have shown an early and undisguised sympathy with—and, I may fairly add, has absolutely developed a genius for—the operatic line."

"Why?" asked Nurse Davis.

"Because I had destined her for the stage. She was called Beatrice after Shakespeare's splendid character. I played Benedick to her mother's Beatrice just before the event took place—she was born at Slocum in Shropshire, when we were on that circuit; and she was named Sarah after the great Mrs. Siddons."

"It's a good thing to have a god-mother who can do something for her," observed my nurse, simply.

Mr. Verney explained—

"I called her *after* Sarah Siddons; but Sarah Siddons not being in the land of the living at the time, was unable to preside over the educational studies of my child—a loss which no one could appreciate more deeply than one who, like myself, is thoroughly imbued with the artistic spirit"—here he waved his hand, as dismissing that part of the history. "As Beatrice grows up, she takes to music, and having an engagement at the Opera, I managed to hire a piano, and get her such instruction as lay within my means."

"At the Opera!" said Nurse Davis, evidently astonished; "why, that's singing, ain't it?"

"It is," answered Mr. Verney; "the muse of singing"—he was evidently not very clear on this subject—"is the goddess whom she is at present worshipping."

"And do *you* sing, Charles?" asked Nurse Davis.

At this there was a general laugh, in which I joined, entirely out of politeness, whereat they all laughed still more, and Mrs. Verney declared that "that *was* a good 'un," meaning, I suppose, what her cousin had just said.

Mr. Verney did not join in the merriment. On the contrary, he didn't seem to relish it, and, indeed, looked so cross, that I instinctively came over from the

jocose side, though we were four to one, and took his view of the question.

"As it happens," he said, severely, "I am *not* singing, Lætitia,"—he addressed himself pointedly to his wife, as much as to intimate that he would now make an example of the chief of this conspiracy to laugh him down—"because Pacini"—here he mentioned a celebrated name in the musical world—"because Pacini said, 'Verney, you must come and help me; Verney, I can't do without you:' and so all the artists said too; otherwise——"

"Otherwise you'd ha' been at them concerts at night, and Freemasonries, and Caves of 'Armony—I know 'em," says Mrs. Verney, with a wink at her cousin Jane.

"I had a first-rate offer, Lætitia, as you are very well aware," said Mr. Verney, warmly.

"Yes, Father," interposed Beatrice Sarah, "and you would have been equal to Mario, if you'd only had the chance."

"No," replied Mr. Verney, much mollified, and in a deprecatory tone, "not equal to Mario, *that* would be too much; but if I'd had your advantages and your——"

"Here's your coat, Father," said Beatrice, insisting upon helping him on with it, "and Lottie and Ju will be here in another minute."

It was as if she'd uttered an incantation, for in walked Miss Lottie, dressed in the smartest possible style—in fact, before, or since, I have never seen so smart a child—and carrying under her arm a soup-tureen, and three plates.

"What has the child got?" exclaimed Mrs. Verney.

"I bought 'em, Mother, coming along, for the soup. Some of the pupils made me presents of money; and I saved them up, and bought these for Julie's birthday."

How we straightway admired them! how we went into ecstasies over them! how I begged Nurse Davis to remark that Grandmamma Pritchard had exactly the same sort of things; and how I kept

falling in love, first with Beatrice, and then with Carlotta!

"Ned's gone to fetch Ju," said Carlotta; "she's at rehearsal, and he'll bring her back, as I didn't want her to see these things till she came."

"Carlotta is fulfilling her destiny, I believe," said Mr. Verney, with pride. "I called her after Carlotta Grisi, the celebrated dancer, whose step combined the grace of a Terpsichore with the fairy-like lightness of a Titania, and the skill of a rare artist with the piquant playfulness of a kitten. Carlotta Grisi painted, if I may be allowed the expression,"—here, as I fancied, he seemed to wish for my assent before continuing; I nodded my approbation, and he went on—"she painted with her toes."

This was so neat a description that he, as usual, smacked his lips, and stopped to make a mental note of it. Having registered it silently for further use, he resumed—

"At this present moment Carlotta is apprenticed to the celebrated Madame Glissande, whom she assists in Calisthenics"—this was a beautiful word for him, and for the family generally,—"*in* Calisthenics, and dancing. They are all making their money."

"Yes," sniffed Mrs. Verney, removing her apron and tidying herself generally, as she said with brusque good humour, "No lazybones here. All got to work hard. We ain't born with no silver spoons in our mouths, like some folks."

I fancied that there was somehow a covert allusion to me in this remark; and I determined to question my nurse afterwards on such a curious subject.

They all did work, too, with a will. Bread was cut in good stout slices, plates were put down to keep hot, glasses were put out to get dry, knives and forks came rattling on to the table in a heap, to be duly apportioned; and, finally, an assortment of spoons of various shapes and sizes, pervaded generally by a bluish hue, suggestive of having been engaged, for many years, in active tea-service. But everything as clean and

homely as the most domesticated old maid could possibly have desired. "Homely" exactly describes the Verneys' apartments in Frampton's Court.

The appearance of the spoons caused me to recur to the mention of the silver one supposed to have been found in some unfortunate (as it appeared to me) baby's mouth. I informed Mr. Verney, in return for his previous confidences, that I was possessed of a silver spoon in a leather case lined with blue. That here it lay in company with a dull silver knife, intended for fruit, and an effeminate-looking fork, made, I believed, to assist the knife should the fruit prove too much for it, and offer resistance. Further, I appealed to Nurse Davis as to the existence of a silver mug, out of which I said "when I was younger, I used to drink at dinner;" but I would have him to know, that "I had grown out of that now."

I suppose at this age I must have been very old-fashioned; indeed, I remember my nurse applying this epithet to me. And this old-fashionedness seems to have strengthened my memory for events, apparently trifling, of my very earliest years. Of course I do not pretend to recount dialogues verbatim, but my recollection of their purport and tone is unclouded, while from the more intimate knowledge I have since acquired of the speakers' characters and peculiarities, I am able, without distorting the truth, or doing them injustice, to paint the portraits of those "of my time," in their true colours.

And here, once for all, it may be well to state, clearly, that where I myself relate events which I could not have witnessed, I have subsequently learnt the precise account of whatever took place on such occasions, of which the reader will meet instances in the course of this narrative; or, failing the evidence of eye-witnesses, I have ventured to infer words and actions, from motives, which were only known to me *after* the event.

But to return to our birthday party at the Verneys'.

All the information (whereof, I need

hardly say, the foregoing explanatory digression formed no part) concerning such articles of family plate as had for me a personal and peculiar interest, I bestowed on Mr. Verney, who, smiling upon me benignly, hoped that I would not, on this occasion, object to the use of the ordinary, but serviceable, ware of Sheffield, and such metal as his poor table could afford in lieu of "metal more attractive," by which I supposed him to mean the plate above-mentioned.

"You will partake with us," he said, waving his right hand after the fashion of an old beau about to take his pinch of snuff, "of the succulent portions of the meat in a fluid shape, the nutritious joint, and a dumpling whose interior shall be redolent of Pomona, and whose exterior shall glisten like the virgin snow."

"Redolent of what?" asked Mrs. Verney.

"Of Pomona," returned Mr. Verney, with the air of a man defying contradiction.

"Oh," said Mrs. Verney, with a sniff and a laugh, "I thought you said pomatum, and I was a-goin' to say—"

Mr. Verney showed himself so supremely contemptuous of the idea that by any possibility he could have, for one moment, mistaken pomatum for Pomona, that, for some seconds, he could scarcely speak. I broke the silence by piping out deferentially,—

"If you please, who was Pomony?"

"Pomona, my good young sir," replied Mr. Verney, condescending to my ignorance, "Pomona was the Goddess of Apples."

From that day to this, I never see a dumpling—and how seldom does one see a genuine dumpling—without thinking of Pomona. Before, however, we could further investigate this important subject, little Julie—her name in full was Julie Lucrezia, in honour of Madame Grisi, in whose footsteps Mr. Verney had destined her to follow—little Julie had arrived, in her brother's care.

She was the loveliest little child, with the brightest grey eyes, and the darkest

possible hair. If Beatrice Sarah, the eldest, was a perfect blonde, as she was, Julie—this little mite of a Julie—was a perfect brunette. Carlotta came between the two with her brilliant complexion, her violet eyes, and brown hair. Julie was such a mite, that I have known people seeing her in the street staggering behind a paper parcel, stop her to give her a threepenny bit, out of sheer pity for her being so small.

This very day she came in joyously with a sixpence, presented to her, she said gaspingly, by "Madame—at—the—theatre," where she was playing in a ball-room scene the distinguished part of the *Guest-in-perspective*, in which character she had (poor little trot!) to walk a *minuet de la cour* with another guest-in-perspective of her own size; the real guests, full stature, and out of perspective, being in front near the audience; but so vast was the saloon in the King's palace (where the fête was given) supposed to be, that to the spectators the nearest guest would be six-foot-one, while the most remote, up a set of handsomely-carpeted steps, would be one-foot-six. As for Charles Edmund—so called after the distinguished Kean, and Kemble—he had no turn for the stage, and, having enlisted in the railway service, was now what I believe is called a "Greaser" at the Great Western; whence he returned home generally uncommonly dirty, and, so to speak, slippery, until he had burished himself with soap and a hard towel. After this operation he came out a trifle streaky, perhaps, but with nothing about him to be cavilled at, except his hands, whose condition he had always to defend to his father and sisters, while his mother, who said *she* knew what grubby work was, and shared his failure in this respect, stood up for him, and told him "never to mind."

On this occasion, he had taken immense trouble with himself, and was as clean as a railway whistle. But, unfortunately, the extra stickiness of his hair and the full flavour of its scent might have suggested the idea, that, in a fit of

absence, he had mistaken his head for his wheel, and had used the company's grease with considerable liberality.

He was so bumpy and awkward by the side of such bright creatures as his sisters, that I was not sorry to see him sent out for the beer, carrying two jugs, "which," Mrs. Verney explained to me, "makes it come exactly one halfpenny cheaper." It was a very merry dinner. The soup was excellent—that's all I know about it. We had a quarter of a leg of mutton, that being, Mrs. Verney told her cousin, "half of the half as they had had—half to boil and half to roast," and so we had the roast. There were potatoes, and bread and cheese, and Pomona's dumplings, which we finished entirely, and which, by way of retributive justice, entirely finished us.

Then Charles Edmund went out and returned with something in a bottle, about which there was a good deal of joking between Mr. and Mrs. Verney and Nurse Davis. Then Nurse produced some oranges which we had bought coming along. Then Mr. Verney, with much unction, proposed Julie's health, and we all drank it, whereupon Mr. Verney considerably returned thanks in a sympathetic manner. Some of us cried, and I am sure Mr. Verney did. Then came tea and bread and butter, and we made merry again. Then the lamp of King Frampton's court was lighted, and the shades drew in around us. Our little Julie, who was wearing my present of the watch, took a chair by me, and gave me a kiss for it, and so we sat together while Mrs. Verney dozed, and Mr. Verney smoked, and Miss Beatrice Sarah sang and played; and then Carlotta Lucrezia played and did not sing; and the lanky Charles Edmund (called Ned by his sisters) did something with a chorus to it, which he sang by himself; and then they tried something together, and then the kettle was in requisition—not for tea this time, though, for the bottle reappeared, and spoons and sugar were brought out. Then, what with the heat and the excitement, I tumbled

off to sleep on the old horsehair sofa, my arm round little Julie's neck, and hers round mine.

And so we slumbered, loving each other very much, and, in our blissful ignorance of all misery and evil to come, very, very happy.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MY PLAYTIME COMES TO AN END.

AFTER the memorable day recorded in the previous chapter, I became a constant visitor at Frampton's Court, and acquired a considerable amount of knowledge in theatrical matters. Whether my time up to eight years old might have been more profitably spent is scarcely an important question for me now; but of one thing I am certain, that no sort of education, however picked up, is to be despised. Skelt's books of plays, adapted to the same ingenious person's "Scenes and Characters," in "Blue Beard," "Der Freischutz," and, of course, "The Miller and his Men," formed my first library, and of these, with my little stage, oil-lamps, and blue and red fire, I was never weary. I was manager of a theatre where there were neither heart-burnings nor jealousies, a theatre whose expenses might be estimated at two-pence per night laid out in coloured flames and oil, and which, though it never reimbursed the proprietor for the first outlay—herein resembling some other larger theatrical establishments that I have since known—gave the greatest satisfaction to everybody, both before and behind the curtain.

Our landlady, Mrs. Gander, of the Dairy, and her bouncing daughter Polly, who at sixteen looked as if she'd been brought up on the richest butter and most nourishing cream, were always ready of an evening to take their seats, in the back parlour behind the shop, and witness a performance of a thrilling melodrama. Somehow we were a little continental in our habits as regards amusements, and I am bound to record

that our great night was invariably on Sunday, when Carlotta Lucille would bring little Julie to spend the day and be fetched by Charles Edmund, who, I fancy, had formed an attachment for Polly Gander, as he always took care to sit next her during the performance, and, also, at the early supper which terminated the entertainment.

Lottie had rather an offhand and supercilious way of interfering with the management, which, though she was my senior, I really could scarcely brook; but she was kept in check by little Julie, to whose opinion on stage effect her elder sister, being chiefly learned in the calisthenics and dancing, would generally defer. But little Julie at that age commanded the entire family, with the exception of the eldest girl, the *protégée* of Monsieur Némorin, who was always spoken of by her father as a real genius if ever there was one. As I paid return visits to the Verneys, I soon got myself mixed up with their domestic economy, and would often accompany Julie to the butcher's, where we purchased two or three pounds of "pieces"—which were the bits chopped off from the joints sold to richer customers—and thence we would go to the greengrocer's, where we usually bought three pounds of potatoes, which I insisted, in a polite and gentlemanly manner, on carrying for her; and thus weighted, we would trudge back again to Frampton's Court as pleased as in later days I have seen children coming out of Messrs. Shuger and Spyce's, at Christmas-time, with ruinous bags of biliousness in their hands. How pleased the family physician must be with the last-named spectacle. If Messrs. Shuger and Spyce should ever fail—which calamity may the kind nymphs of the Christmas Tree avert—let a committee of medical men form themselves into a company and carry on the business: it must pay them, so to speak, in the reaction.

Talking of doctors, I cannot call to mind any illnesses about this time, save one, and that was the chicken-pox. I remember it solely by its pleasures, not

by its pains. The doctor ordered me nothing but chicken in every sort of form, and Grandmamma Pritchard called, and left for me a beautiful book of the old, old fairy tales, with such pictures!—a delightful volume, which, I fancy, it is nowadays marvellously difficult to procure. Blue Beard, whom I had only known dramatically, was there, as were also the Sleeping Beauty, Graciosa and Percinet, the Beauty and the Beast—and oh! shall I, can I, ever forget those illustrations to my dearest Cinderella, whom I identified with little Julie, both because of her work at home, and of her two sisters being decked out finer than herself. And then her fairy existence at night at the theatre—where, you must know, I had actually seen her come out of a parsley-bed in a pantomime, on which occasion I attracted the attention of all our neighbours in the pit to our party, consisting of Nurse Davis and the Ganders, by exclaiming “There’s Julie!” and by bursting into passionate tears on seeing her pursued by the clown, when indeed, as she afterwards confided to me, she had been as much frightened, on her own account, as I had been for her. And when one comes to think of it, it must be startling for a nervous child of five years old to be, suddenly, before a crowd of unsympathetic people, chased by a hideous savage, painted all over white and red, without any hair on his head, and with so fearfully wide a mouth as to threaten with instant swallowing any infant, luckless enough to fall into his clutches. She ran, crying piteously, to her mother, who was waiting for her at “the wing,” and who soothed her fears by informing her that the horrible ogre was only Mr. Grimes, the clown, who had given her a penny at rehearsal for sweets, when he wasn’t dressed so fantastically as now, and had behaved in all respects like a reasonable being and a father of a large family, as indeed the poor man was.

So Julie and I used to con over this fairy book, when I assisted her in her spelling. How perfectly I got pictures

and all by heart, may be gathered from the fact, that, after these many years—no matter perhaps how many—I can vividly recall the representation of a pink prince in white tights, and two sisters gorgeously arrayed in long dresses, feathers, and turbans—pink and white again, with a touch of blue somewhere—and Cinderella herself also in pink, of which colour the artist must have had a good stock on hand, as he seemed to have used it liberally.

When next I went to my Aunt Clym’s, a wretched time for me usually, I attempted to inoculate my cousins with my dramatic taste; and being full of theatres, I wanted them to get up a pantomime in a small room out of the day nursery. My preparations were made by closing the shutters and lighting a candle, this being a sort of morning performance, wherein I was harlequin, with Annette Clym, three years older than myself, for columbine, while Arty, her brother, my senior by a year, was told off for clown. Nellie, the youngest child, being thus put down for pantaloon, turned sulky, and told my aunt what we were doing, whereupon Mrs. Clym came upstairs, and we all of us “got it” all round, my nurse coming in heavily for her share. Not content with this severe reprimand, Aunt Clym informed Nurse Davis that she should consider it her duty to let her brother know how irreligiously his child was being brought up, and bade Mrs. Davis be more careful for the future, or she might find herself dismissed, without a month’s warning, any one of these fine days. While I stood trembling, and the others dreadfully abashed—including the clown and pantaloon, the former in a nightgown over his day suit, and the latter with her small legs hidden in a pair of her father’s Wellington boots, in which costume she bore a striking resemblance to “Hop o’ my Thumb” in my book—Nurse Davis made bold to reply that “she was answerable for Master Cecil to Sir John, and that he was brought up as well and as religiously as were any of Mrs. Clym’s children,”

whereupon my aunt, who could ill conceal her passion (a failing of the Colvin family), ordered her, and me too, out of the house, adding that she would have written to her brother forthwith, had she not expected him by the next mail from India.

This announcement somewhat startled us. We left Mrs. Clym's; and my unfortunate cousins had to learn some catechism, then be lectured and sent to bed, after a lively meal of bread and water. I believe Uncle Van used to try to obtain a mitigation of the sentence on such an occasion, as he liked to have them about him when he returned from the city; but Mrs. Clym was inexorable, and so my uncle sighed, chuckled, snuffled, and dropped the subject.

"She's jealous of your boy," said Mrs. Verney to Nurse Davis, "because if it weren't for him there's them as would come to the title, unless he were to marry again and have a family, which they won't let him do in a hurry, you'll see."

"Little Pitchers," observed my nurse, with a side glance at me; for becoming interested in their conversation, I had looked up from examining a book of theatrical costumes, wherein Richard the Third's boots had immensely taken my fancy, and was listening intently.

I saw at once that either Julie, or myself, was a little Pitcher; perhaps both were intended, but, at all events, that conversation was there and then dropped—Mrs. Verney declaring, with a sniff, that she mustn't waste her time chatting, having a lot of things to attend to. She seemed to me to do the work of the house, Julie coming in as a junior assistant; and Carlotta Lucille, when not at calisthenics and dancing, occasionally lending a hand, with a scrubbing brush in it. Everything in the Verneys' lodgings looked tidy except Mrs. Verney; and everything was scrupulously clean, except, apparently, Mrs. Verney. What she did with her hair, it is almost impossible to imagine; I know that, from the first moment I met her, I never could help staring at Mrs.

Verney's hair. It seemed as if she had got in a rage with it every morning at finding it still encumbering her, and had thereupon dashed at it with a brush, somehow—first on one side, then on the other, and had then twisted it up fiercely in knots behind, as though her head were a pudding-bag, and this was her way of tying it up. She was too, so Nurse Davis informed me, a martyr to asthma and spasms, for which reason she used to wear over her shoulders, and crossed in front, such a handkerchief as I have previously described, generally of some such quiet and unobtrusive pattern as red spots on a brilliant yellow ground, which was pinned somewhere about the middle of her back in so secret a manner, that Mr. Verney—feeling in a caressing humour, and putting his arm round Mrs. Verney's waist—would suddenly withdraw it with an expression of pain and anger on his face, which would have frightened me into tears, had not the others only laughed and said, "Hush, father!" while Mrs. Verney apologized for having forgotten to inform him where the pin was. My earliest impression of her was, that she was always bustling about and sniffing in a lost-pocket-handkerchief kind of way. Indeed, that useful article was invariably mislaid, and could never be found under at least three minutes, during which time all the members of the family were engaged in the search. Then she was perpetually "tidying up" the rooms, and cleaning something or other, so indefatigably, that you'd have thought no ordinary floors, chairs, or tables would have stood the friction. If life by warmth could ever have been put into table legs and chair legs, Mrs. Verney's method would have produced the phenomenon. The wooden furniture looked quite pleased and beaming after the operation; and there's as much difference, in the aspect of a room, between dingy, sombre, sullen chairs, which seem rather inclined to kick than support you, and to have a positive objection to being moved—generally making themselves as heavy as possible—I say there's all the difference in

life 'twixt such as these, and the sharp, bright, highly-polished, dapper-looking, though common chairs, without leather or padding of any sort, but, so to speak, in a state of nature, which seem ready to step lightly on tip-toe towards you, saying, "Here we are! won't you take a chair? do take a chair and make yourself at home." Then there was the old arm-chair, whose framework had been made any number of years ago, and which had been covered and re-covered, and covered again after that, and which, like a faithful old servant, wouldn't desert the family upon any account, no matter how much it might be laughed at and sat upon. Mr. Verney smoked his pipe in it at night when at home, which was not too often, as he was a popular man at the "Kemble Tavern," and one or two other clubs of a professional and convivial character. It is on record that Mr. Verney would return home occasionally a trifle elated after these merrymakings, and would then insist upon arguing with such of the family as might be in waiting to receive him, on any point that might come uppermost, when he would use the longest words that could be found in a dictionary—experiencing no little difficulty in getting to the end of a sentence when once started. In these circumstances, Mrs. Verney, though perfectly alive to the fact that something-or-other-and-water was at the bottom of it, used to wonder at the command over the language which her husband possessed, though the command didn't include a perfect mastery, as Mr. Verney, having once brought out the long words, could not do very much with them—reminding one of a civil magistrate with power to call out the troops, but unable to manœuvre them when they'd obeyed his order. Godliness was somewhere after cleanliness in Mrs. Verney's creed, the object of which, I am convinced, was her husband, solely and only. For him she would have sacrificed everything and anybody, even the children. He was to be comfortable—that was enough for her. In return, Mr. Verney

considered her as a good sort of useful wife, beneath himself in mental power, which he saw inherited by his eldest daughter, in whom he recognized Brain, and for whom he foresaw a mighty career, which should raise them all up, and whom, in consequence, he idolized. To him, she was Genius personified, and the lady of the family. She was going to be, he predicted, an authoress, a mighty actress—everything that was, in fact, within reach of a woman striving to be professionally great. He knew by heart all the actresses' names who had married noblemen; and on this fact he would dilate, generally after a social meeting as mentioned before, with such pathos and so many long words, as brought tears to his own eyes, and even overpowered his humble wife with something like a hope of a brilliant future, in which, however, the central figure, to *her*, was not her daughter, but her husband. Her elder daughters, Beatrice and Lottie, having already perceived the necessity of respectability, insisted, on Sunday, upon her arraying herself in her best, under the superintendence of one of them, who would see her hair properly done and her bonnet placed properly; and who would put in force certain sumptuary laws of their own with respect to a fair restriction upon vivid colours on her appearance, among her neighbours, at the parish church. Nurse Davis used to take me there now and then; and I have a distinct recollection of the top half of Mrs. Verney appearing above a high pew, and I remember how she reminded me of Uncle Clym by awaking in the middle of the sermon, with such a snort and start, as frightened herself, electrified the slumbering congregation, and considerably discomfited the minister.

Such time as could be spared for Julie's education was found, as best it could be, out of the hours when she was not at the theatre, earning her contribution to the household. Her school time had to be accommodated to that of her rehearsals, and, thus, her learning anything at all soon became a very hap-



hazard affair. Being, however, naturally quick, intelligent, and of the most amiable and docile disposition, she not only made excellent use of such opportunities as she possessed, but also picked up with facility as many scraps of information on various subjects as her elder sisters and her brother could give her. Beatrice Sarah coming home occasionally from Mons. Némorin, talked French and Italian to her, and from her she learned something of singing and music. Lottie instructed her in calisthenics, which she didn't care about, and in dancing, in which she made rapid progress.

Beatrice Sarah professed an ambition, in accordance with her father's estimate of her own powers and exalted destination. His latest idea and hers too, was that she was to astonish the world with a play which she had already commenced to write, and of which occasionally, and quite as a treat for us, she would read portions in the presence of her admiring parents (Mr. Verney seated in the arm-chair, and seriously deluding himself into the belief that he was impartially critical) and a select circle, consisting of Nurse Davis and myself, in addition to the rest of the family. There were no comic parts, I believe, but I laughed at the sound of some strange words and at Beatrice's declamatory action, which I thought very funny. Mr. Verney severely reprimanded me for this levity, which so frightened me, that on the whole I ranked Miss Beatrice's readings next after my Aunt Clym's discourse on a Sunday evening, and preferred a regular sermon in church.

I have dwelt at some length upon this portion of my career, as my relations with the Verney family were to be summarily suspended, owing to my father's arrival from India, as my Aunt Clym had already told us.

I had often asked Nurse Davis for a description of my father, but portrait-painting was not her strong point. I had attempted to get at the truth by such artful cross-examination as was founded upon comparison with Mr. Verney.

"Was he (my father) at all like *him*?" I inquired.

"Well, no, he wasn't," she had answered, after some deliberation; "Sir John's taller and more stouter."

"Does he wear a shiny hat like Mr. Verney?" was my next "fishing interrogatory," as the lawyers term it.

"Well, Master Cecil," returned my nurse, "I don't know what he wears now, because he's in India."

"Where the tigers are?" I suggested pleasantly, as if that fact settled the fashion of hats in India.

I used to wonder to myself what he would be like, and what he had been doing. There was a book out of which Polly Gander, our landlady's daughter, used sometimes to read to me about some distinguished Indian, represented in the steel engraving as a very wild-looking person in a large white turban, and generally light and airy costume, who was turned into a mouse, an elephant, a bird of some sort, and several other things, one after the other. This fabulous individual—Indur was, I fancy, his name—was always shot, or somehow killed, in every new character; and the story pointed some moral in connection with these rapid changes, which, I suppose now, must have been that one ought to be content with one's lot, whatever it is, without wanting to be a mouse, or a bird, and so forth. To this story I was indebted for nearly all my ideas of Indian life. There was, now I think of it, another tale in the same book, about a lady, on whom, while walking through a jungle, a tiger sprang out, when she immediately frightened him away by suddenly opening her umbrella. I think this was called *Presence* of mind; and so it undoubtedly was.

That my father would be tall, with mahogany-coloured face, very glaring eyeballs, and with a white turban, I had settled in my mind to my own entire satisfaction. Weeks went by, and, occupied as heretofore with Nurse Davis and the Verneys, I had ceased to think about him. One afternoon I was summoned to Mrs. Clym's drawing-room, where, standing by the fireplace with

my aunt, I saw a gentleman with dark whiskers, and such thick eyebrows as gave a scowling look to his otherwise kindly brown face (not deeply browned as anybody from India ought to have been), and dressed much the same as any other gentleman I had ever seen. At first it occurred to me that he was a doctor, and I was considerably preparing to exhibit my tongue to him, when he exclaimed :—

“What a big fellow he's grown !”

Whereupon, as he left the hearth-rug and advanced towards me, Aunt Clym said in her sternest tone—

“Cecil, say ‘how do you do’ to your father.”

I did say “how do you do.”

That was all.

And so we stood, for a minute or two, regarding each other curiously.

*To be continued.*

## FLOWERS FOR THE POOR.

ALL those who have visited much among the London poor, whether in work-houses, hospitals, or in their own homes, have stories to tell of the softening influence of fresh flowers. We have heard of doors which were resolutely closed against the District Visitor being first opened to receive a bunch of primroses—after which the Visitor was always welcome. Of late years much has been done by the Window Gardening Societies. Few London districts are now without one; and, from the day when the plants are brought by the exhibitors to be registered, to the day fixed for the final Show, a new life is imported into the family. The plant has to be cleaned, watered, trained, and sheltered alike from dust within and storms without. At last the great day comes; and with what honest pride the exhibitors carry their pots to the appointed spot, and with what intense anxiety do they await the decision of the judges as to the awarding of the prizes! Each class has its separate division in the tent or room where the Show takes place. There is a Workhouse Class, a Hospital Class, a General Class, and a Children's Class. The morning is generally occupied in arranging the classes. Early in the afternoon the doors are open to shilling visitors; later on the public are admitted at a penny; and this is the pleasure which many and many of the working classes have been looking forward to through the spring. Flags are flying on the green grass, a band is playing, and the rich and poor meet together—the one to admire what the other has cultivated under such manifold difficulties; children are seen dancing in one spot, playing at games in another; all ages are collected—even the very old creep in, to have one bright day in the year.

Then as the shades of evening set in, preparations are made for the distribution of prizes, and the mass of visitors congregate round the platform raised for the speakers. What a proud moment for the individuals whose names are called out to come forward to receive the medal or money awarded! Sometimes the successful candidate has been so small a child that it had to be lifted up on the platform. The proceedings generally end by the singing of the Doxology, and then long trains of flower-bearers are seen wending their way home with their precious possessions.

It was seeing the delight given by these days, and knowing from experience what a love the poor have for the beauties of nature, that led to the consideration how far this wholesome and innocent taste could be extended, and whether it would not be possible to procure a weekly supply of cut flowers from country friends to distribute amongst the various classes to whom they would be such a boon.

First on this list would come the incurable wards of our great workhouses, where are to be found men and women, many of whom have known better days, and who have had homes; and may be gardens, of their own, who are now ending their lives on a narrow bed, their only view the cold whitewashed walls around them, their only companions fellow-sufferers on adjoining beds, their only change the release of one of these sufferers from his or her earthly bondage and the arrival of another to take the vacant place. Weeks, months, and years—yes, even ten or fifteen years—are spent in this cheerless atmosphere. Of late years much has been done to alleviate the state of these dismal abodes by allowing a staff of Visitors to come in, but formerly no break ever occurred in

the monotonous round of workhouse life. Besides workhouses there are general hospitals, asylums, and other institutions, whose inmates would be cheered and gladdened by the sight of anything green.

Then there are the sick, the old, and the lonely in their own wretched homes in the back courts and alleys of our great metropolis. Great attempts are annually made to give school children and others country treats, and such days are in most cases the only sight they have of green fields and unsmoked trees. Surely if one day of country sights is such an enjoyment, will anyone grudge the little time and trouble it would take to organize some plan by which flowers and verdure could be brought each week to those who are deprived of them?

For two years the experiment was made by a lady in Belgravia. She was living in a house which lent itself admirably to the plan. From the main thoroughfare a narrow flagged passage led to a small enclosed garden, into which opened the front door of a verandahed cottage, covered with creepers,—one could not help thinking it might have been a shooting-lodge at the time when Belgravia was a snipe marsh, and that the improvers of modern days had overlooked its existence. Miss —— appealed to her country friends privately and through the daily papers, and many gladly responded. The sympathies of country children were enlisted in the cause—not that they should be asked to give that which cost them nothing, but to give of that which God had bestowed so abundantly upon them, and which, though the daily enjoyment of their own lives, was never seen by their fellow-creatures in towns. To ensure a regular supply, country friends took different weeks. Some forwarded a hamper once a month, some once a fortnight. A request was made from the sixty or seventy selected recipients that the distribution should be made on a Saturday. “You see, Miss, that then our neighbours can see them when they look in on the Sunday; and my boy, he do

so love to have a flower in his button-hole when he goes to church.”

Several ladies kindly came to assist in the unpacking of the hampers and arranging the flowers. Such of the poor as liked brought basins the day before, which were then filled ready for them to fetch away. But it was very touching to see that the majority always selected the bouquets made up by the country people themselves, especially the little bunches of field daisies, buttercups, anemones, and blue bells, evidently tied up by children. “The little dears! to think of the trouble they have taken for us old folk.” Many were the softer feelings awakened by the sight of these flowers. One old woman burst into tears on seeing one of these bunches of daisies: “It reminds me of the days when I was an innocent girl.” Nothing ever came amiss. Sometimes boxes of the choicest roses arrived, the like of which they had never seen before. But whether it was the produce of a well-kept garden, or the hedges and ditches in the fields, tresses of ivy, waving plumes of fern and grasses, or cushions of emerald green moss, all were welcome. “How sweet the country earth do smell!” was a constant remark when large layers of moss were brought out. Not a scrap was ever left. When it seemed as if all that was worth carrying off was gone, a general gleaning took place. The elder women collected all the fallen rose-leaves, “to put in our drawers and make our clothes smell sweet;” the children picked up every bright petal to make what they called “poppet shows,” gumming them on to bits of broken glass to form a sort of kaleidoscope. These flower days were very happy ones to these poor people; and when the season was over and the distribution ended, nearly one hundred letters of thanks were received by Miss ——, all expressing the pleasure the flowers had given.

“They prove so very refreshing, and did my heart good.”

“They have afforded us so much pleasure, and we hope profit, as they tend to elevate and purify.”

“Indeed we have highly prized them, shut up as we are in the smoke of London, and coming as they do from the country.”

An application for a share of these flowers was made by the chaplain of one of the large lunatic asylums in London—“To the sick in mind they will be a great boon;” and he conveyed the opinion of the medical officer as to the result of the donations: “He places the highest value on the kind weekly gift of flowers to the patients of this hospital. The inquiries were endless as to when the flowers would come again. The pleasure of arranging them for the different wards and wings was great, and many a sad hour of depression has been cheered and lightened by the kind gift, and we shall be only too glad in due time to welcome the flowers again. The boon of them in one of the smokiest and dullest parts of London is untold.”

Such was the result of the experiment on a very small scale; why should it not be extended? Every lady visitor to a workhouse or hospital has a circle, more or less extensive, of country friends. Could it not be arranged that four of them should each engage to send up a hamper one week in a month? What an enlivenment to a sick or incurable ward it would be to look forward to one day in the week when they would see what was bursting forth in the country, and so be able to follow the successive seasons by their flowers! What a pleasure to the convalescent to unpack these hampers and carry the contents to the bedsides of those who cannot move!

For the poor in their own homes surely it would not be difficult to find in each locality some spare room (even the parish schoolroom on a Saturday afternoon, which is always a holiday), in which to receive and distribute such country contributions; a very little experience would prove what flowers lasted best and were therefore best worth sending.

How many energetic young ladies there must be who spend the whole year in the country, and who probably envy their town friends their oppor-

tunities of doing good, but have never thought of the pleasure they could give by sharing their country luxuries with Londoners; and unless there were some system it would be useless to send up flowers for the chance of their being made use of; but we feel sure many would gladly assist in this work if they were put in the way—and the flower packing in the country would give almost as much pleasure as the unpacking in town. One of Miss ——’s contributors assured her that it had awakened a new sense amongst his school children, and that he was obliged to make it a favour as to who should be allowed to bring a nosegay for the London basket. It would also call forth both the taste and ingenuity of country people in arranging and packing flowers.

The objections that have been made are that the flowers would die before they reached their destination; but why should they die sooner than the weekly hampers that come up to decorate dinner tables and ball-rooms! Many of those sent to Miss —— were often preserved for a fortnight. “We change the water every morning, and put a bit of salt in, and that keeps ’em fresh.” Another objection was that the carriage costs nearly as much as the flowers could be bought for at Covent Garden. We answer No. The carriage seldom exceeds one shilling and sixpence, and often is very much less, and for that sum a very small quantity of flowers could be bought; whereas a hamperful supplies between twenty and thirty persons, and few would scruple to pay a shilling per month when so much pleasure is given by it. Of course there must be some amount of time and trouble bestowed both by the senders and receivers—but what can be done without trouble? (and we do not call upon those whose time is better employed to assist)—and how many ladies there are in London who are too young or not strong enough to visit among the poor, who would be very glad to do something! Here is employment for them, harmless alike morally and physically, and yet giving a great amount of pleasure.

What a pleasure a parish depôt of flowers well supplied each week would be! District Visitors would know where to send for nosegays for their sick, and it might benefit a higher class. How many an invalid in the middle and even upper ranks of life would rejoice in finding flowers within their reach,—single ladies, reduced in circumstances, who never can afford in the lonely hours of their latter days the luxury of what they had in profusion in their youth, when all was bright. To carry it out thoroughly it ought to be kept up during the spring and autumn,—not only in the summer months. Nothing answers better in London than snowdrops, daffodils, primroses, and violets. What baskets full of these might not be gathered by school children, and mixed with ferns and evergreens! Then in the autumn, when the overworked higher classes are all going out for change and rest, what is the only change that our poorer brethren experience? Less work, less help, and fewer kind faces to visit them and cheer them onward on their toilsome road. We have gone out to visit our friends in their country houses, and wandered through their well-kept pleasure grounds and brilliant flower gardens—a couple of flowers per week from each of those well filled beds would fill a hamper, and gladden the hearts of many of those poor souls to whom change and rest are unknown.

The poor who were made so happy by the flowers last year are already beginning to ask, "When shall we have our posies again? They were a pleasure to us." And truly God's natural beauties preach sermons to the hearts of the poor. "I was walking in the park last Sunday," said an old woman, "and when I saw all the trees budding out, I could not but ask myself, Is there any good budding out in me?"

In conclusion, we will give an extract from the *New York Daily Bulletin*, to show how even the brokers on the Stock Exchange look upon flowers as a humanizing medium. It is headed "A New Missionary Work:"—

"A few days ago some of the brokers made up a pool of a small amount by subscribing twenty-five cents each for the purchase of a handsome terra-cotta vase which was placed upon the large table in the Exchange, to be filled with fresh-cut flowers every morning by Mrs. Alexander Stewart. The entire arrangement was in fact made at the instigation of Mr. Stewart, who has adopted this method of humanizing the Board. It is stated that the brokers readily handed in their quarters, particularly the young ones, many of whom remarked that the flowers would remind them of the green fields of their youth, and of the days when they were young and innocent. If the flowers upon the table are the means of giving a pleasing sentiment to a simple broker, surely their mission is not in vain. Mr. Stewart, who is head missionary in this matter, has already been the recipient of many congratulations; and well he should be, for now that he has driven the entering wedge, and opened up the way, it may be readily anticipated that most of the religious bodies in the city will be extending their missionary work to this new and most prolific field."

Will any one kindly assist in this "New Missionary Work" here in London?

Any contributions of flowers, or any suggestions towards extending the plan, may be addressed to Miss Stanley, 22, York Street, Westminster, who will gladly receive them, and will undertake to carry out the plan in that locality.

MARY STANLEY.

## OUR PRESENT POSITION AND PROBABLE FUTURE IN INDIA.

## I.

THERE is an opinion widely spread in India that no purely Indian subject ever interests the people of England, or even the Houses of Parliament. An Indian debate, the shrewd Hindoo reminds us, invariably empties the House of Commons; an Indian paper, he firmly believes, is merely "accepted as what is politely termed the "padding" of a magazine. True, he adds, you fire up unmistakably when a great battle has been fought—one more added to your many laurels of war—or when wise men, gifted with "specialities," talk of Russia on the Oxus, or Germany in the Southern Archipelago, or of troubles in Afghanistan, or fresh activity among the fanatical Mussulman Wahabees, waiting somewhere, nobody knows where, over the north-west frontier, ready to pounce down on India, in the vanguard of "the great Mahomedan Revival;" but to an Indian Budget, or to the real drift and incidence of Indian taxation, or indeed to anything Indian of a social or economical character, always excepting those profoundly religious topics, railways, cotton, opium, and promising trade routes, you are far more indifferent than if the subjects related to the dog-star. Rightly or wrongly, this is an almost general opinion in India; and certainly appearances are in its favour. Revenue, of course, we must have; hence the subject, so far, is imperial, and of late years we have become very fond of the word imperial; but the ways and means of procuring revenue very clearly belong to those "vestry duties" which can only be settled in India itself. A terrible fever has devastated for years a large

portion of Bengal, depopulating whole villages in an appalling manner; yet we really know little or nothing of it; while we have no end of information as to the rivalry or jealousy—or what is it?—that exists between the King of Burma and the Government of British Burma, and we feel inclined to virtually snub the latter on the "high imperial ground" that "our Indian policy must be settled, as a vestry duty, by his Excellency the Governor-General in Council," as indeed it must, though on more statesmanlike grounds than we, as a rule, admit. The Panthays, who have been fighting almost for a generation in the hazy region between the frontiers of Burma and China, would interest us greatly if we could comprehend the struggle, which has closed up one of the most important of those old, storied, trade routes now little known in Europe. But we cannot attempt to comprehend the Panthay struggle under present circumstances; hence Imperialism must wait. And so in a host of cases in which we may deceive ourselves, but in which we never deceive India.

Yet, after all, the opinion so prevalent in India with respect to English apathy in Indian affairs only represents half a fact. Not merely is there no subject more certainly uppermost, in even the ordinary British mind, than India; not merely is there no spot on earth, apart from the home islands, where Englishmen are more certainly resolved to hold their own against any Power or any conceivable coalition of Powers; but actually there is no subject or country in which Englishmen naturally feel a greater interest, even on historical, religious, and social

grounds, apart too from proselytism. Probe the apparent anomaly, and the reader will find that it resolves itself first of all into the manner in which Indian facts or fallacies are so often placed before Englishmen. Indian writing, as a rule, aims far more at displaying knowledge than at communicating information. Indian writers, as a rule, roundly tell people who have not been in India that they ought not to presume to deal with subjects which they do not and cannot comprehend. Indian official writing—and every civil servant is an author to some extent—is frequently not intended to be understood in England. In a civil servant, to write well and clearly, when the occasion calls for it, is to secure promotion; a sharp pen is useful to friends and dangerous to enemies; but some even of the best writers, conscious that what will be incomprehensible technicality in England will be clear to high officials in India, fall, on ordinary occasions, into the error which worse writers and less able men convert into mere technical jargon most detrimental to the right consideration in England of Indian affairs. Hence it is that to missionary writers, who certainly can make direct statements, or to journalists, who frequently and bitterly, though not invariably, represent mere class interests, the people of England are indebted for much the greater part of their often incorrect impressions of Indian life. Add to these facts the incongruities of Indian orthography, every writer spelling the simplest proper names as seems right in his own eyes, and the acute Bengalee need not wonder that Indian subjects, naturally attractive to even ordinary English readers, are by a curious union of artificial causes rendered unquestionably distasteful to the same readers; while a hint of losing India acts on the mass of Englishmen as a red rag is said to act on a bull.

Here then we have a practical unanimity, a foregone conclusion, whatever number of postulates may be set off on the side of correct theory. Many, if not most, intelligent Englishmen are

ready to admit that the means whereby that splendid Indian Empire was acquired and extended were often extremely questionable, and sometimes markedly immoral, though perhaps, in the large mass of cases, brought into being by extraneous causes for which neither the East India Company nor its active agents were responsible. Many Englishmen, also, and some of them men of the first eminence in India itself, believe that the connection with India is detrimental to England, as taking away her fresh young life, and returning to her worn-out and dried-up old men, trained in a school that has little if any sympathy with the impulses of English civilization, as seen from the strictly home point of view; and, in losing the insular narrowness, the Anglo-Indian, it is argued, and often justly argued, gains not the breadth of a world-wide catholicity but the most baneful narrowness of mere class interest. In short, England, these gentlemen say, sends out to India magnificent energy fitted for the foundation of enduring empire, and receives back what we are all acquainted with as that stage of Indian careers when the last sands are running from the glass of life.

This statement of a case would probably be unanswerable if the one object of a human being were, in the order of Providence, to simply live as long and as carefully as possible; but it is not thus that man, healthy and sound in mind and body, has read his duty in any age. Granted that the old Indian returns to his country worn out and dried up; granted that his sympathies are weaned away from strictly home affairs, and in the case of a great number of persons so entirely weaned away that their future in England is less like active human life than mere human vegetation; still, is it nothing that from the mass of these Englishmen, thrown into India, have arisen men who have done heroic work in the fever swamps of Bengal? (there are no truer heroes in India than many English medical men there)—who, like that devoted surveyor Captain Basevi, have died at their



posts in the cause of science, to the last refusing to retreat an inch from their noble aim? (heroism as yet, I believe, in Captain Basevi's case unacknowledged by the Government)—men who have led Sikhs and Goorkhas side by side with British troops over many hotly contested fields, and men who by rare skill in administration and unyielding force of character have established law and repressed disorder, and, intentionally or unintentionally, shown to India what manner of qualities are required for the building up of stable and enduring nationality. "Great benefit to India," some will say. Nay, I mean to England also. The nation that can breed heroes for India, and keep up the breed, never will fail to find heroes for herself in peace or war; no great deed done by, any Englishman in the East, if rightly represented, as well as honourably done, can fail to react beneficially upon the springs of the national life at home. That much is lost is undoubted. Old faiths frequently pass away, and early enthusiasm often becomes blunted. Men, too, like Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Henry Durand, who never lose, but rather gain, in faith as the years go on, grow sad and weary, striving against selfishness and wrongdoing, till the looker-on is inclined to think that the grave over which can be written the modest words, "who tried to do his duty," is a blessed and much-to-be-desired rest. What a lesson of rest one learns standing by the two monuments at Cawnpore, by Havelock's tomb in the Alumbagh at Lucknow, and by the graves of Lawrence and "John Nicholson"—my native guide persisted in calling him "John"—where the deadly fight was waged! That much too is gained, however, cannot be denied, taking the subject in its largest sense, as embracing both the intense earnestness and awful artificiality of Anglo-Indian life. To some features of this curiously complex life I shall have occasion to refer hereafter. At present we may leave them with the remark that if England as a nation comprehends rightly her present position,

and has a clear and just conception of what her future in India ought to be, she can afford to give out the young life, and receive back the old life, returned to her with views and sympathies altogether estranged from strictly home affairs. Whether that position is or is not comprehended, is the vital subject before the reader.

There is a third view, distinct from either of the above, though akin to both—the belief that, as a nation foremost in civilization and freedom, we never can be other than in a false position in India, since we cannot colonize to any considerable extent, and hence cannot merge the conqueror in the nationality. This view is held and maintained with even painful earnestness by some men among the purest and ablest that England has sent to India. We must, they say, rule as England, or rule as Russia. If the former is the policy adopted the rule must be weak and puerile, save in war, when the normal conditions of government are of necessity laid aside for the personal abnormal rule, which ought rather, if the lessons of experience and history are to have any weight, to be the normal rule of government in the East. Yet to halt here, these gentlemen honestly continue, in the teeth of a vast array of British Philistinism to the contrary, would be to rule, not as England, but as Russia; and that, they add, England must not attempt, be the penalty what it may. We shall ask, in the course of this inquiry, if there are not very sound grounds for maintaining that England may, if she will, rule in India as England, and still rule with all the grandeur and effect of an Eastern Power; whether, indeed, this has not been the aim of all our truest statesmen in India, checking to the utmost every effort of pure selfishness and high-handed oppression, often fearfully rampant and hard to restrain, and fostering and developing, as far as possible in the old lines of Eastern tradition, the personal manhood and right impulses of perhaps the most remarkable conglomeration of races the world ever knew.

In the meantime we shall not fail to

observe, that in spite of all such views as those stated above, there is, rightly or wrongly, little if any difference of opinion on the important point that England cannot leave India, and ought not to entertain the idea, or suffer it to be proposed to her, however indirectly. The mildest scholar and the wisest statesman concur here with the rudest British Philistines—men possibly of no ideas, but merely useful animal instincts—that the imperial position of England would diminish immensely if India were lost. Empress of Hindostan is a proud title for our Queen; and if it is worn by her Majesty's successors as worthily as it has been worn by her, with as kindly a feeling towards the people, and as genuine a wish for their welfare, it will remain one of the brightest jewels in the crown. It is remarkable, too, that when this subject arises, as it often does, in discussion or conversation, the native, of Bengal at all events, and I believe, as a rule, the intelligent native of India, find him where you may, stands for all practical purposes on exactly the same ground with Englishmen. "You cannot leave India," I have heard again and again. "Do us justice; treat us as fellow-subjects; respect our long, old history, and our customs and faiths, faulty though you may deem them; give to our chiefs, and our young men generally, nobler fields of ambition in the land of their fathers; meet us as men, not as a kind of inferior animals, and the British Raj will be our glory and pride." I shall be met here by the remark, common among Englishmen in all parts of India—"No native of India is loyal; give him a reasonable chance of success and he will rebel. Our security is in the breech-loader and cold steel." Well, take the Empire in sections, and the subject in one sense merely, and a portion of this view is correct. Not a year passes without the probability of an outbreak somewhere, or possibly of outbreaks in many different places at one time, and were it not for our unconquerable military forces nothing would be safe for an hour. But two propositions I

venture to maintain:—1st, that taking the Empire as a whole, and not mere fanatical sects, our permanent security is in wise, conciliatory, and generous statesmanship, and in a just—individually just—treatment of the people. 2ndly, I hold that a large number of intelligent natives, with "something to lose," are in favour of British rule, while it is just and merciful. Even in the great Mutiny the vast preponderance of native power was on our side. Our really bitter enemies were those who, like the Ranees of Jhansee and the Nana of Bithoor, believed that they had bitter wrongs to avenge. Standing some time ago in the fatal gorge at Cawnpore, along which Wheeler's little band were driven down to their awful doom, a military officer, diverting for a moment the conversation from the Nana to the Ranees, said to me almost grimly—"I would have forgiven that woman everything if she had not murdered the women and children; she had great wrongs."

I never saw any reason to believe that Englishmen, and above all Englishwomen, in India are as a rule unkind to their domestic servants, but the contrary. The servants are often treated with great kindness and forbearance; and they are at times provoking rogues. It is the higher walks of native life in which the mischief is done. The fine warrior Rajpoot or other chiefs are virtually condemned to idleness; eventually they must be associated with English officers in the government of districts, or the tenure of our rule will not, under certain circumstances easily conceived, be worth a year's purchase out of Bengal. The descendants of kings are snubbed by the sons of English shopkeepers, men perhaps as good as the kings, if India would only think so, but India never will; the native of India may become in opinion a hundred strange things, but he never will be democratic. A young English magistrate, fresh from a competitive examination, and utterly without knowledge of mankind, or experience in government, may, and frequently does, order respectable Hindoos, for very slight

offences, to the triangles, to be publicly flogged ; a punishment that ought never to be inflicted without serious and careful thought, for the high-caste man flogged, is degraded past recall, and remains our bitter enemy to the end. If a native of the intellectual class criticises an Englishman, in nine cases out of ten an English newspaper pounces upon him in language quite unknown to English journalism, save at its lowest ; and the criticism, sometimes perfectly fair, sometimes of course unfair, and oftener still perhaps ill-judged and injudicious, is roundly rated as "disloyalty ;" a word we cannot use too carefully or sparingly, if we wish to root up the fact of disloyalty. I was often reminded in India of an Orangeman I once met in Belfast. "Do you see *that*?" he said fiercely. "Yes," I replied, "a church." "Church? —a Papist chapel! A few years ago they wouldn't have dared to put up that *there* ;" meaning, in so prominent a position. That man had no conception that a Roman Catholic had any rights whatever, but the single right to submit ; and the same feeling exists, only in a more exaggerated form, among a class of Englishmen with respect to natives of India. We despise the people, ridicule their best efforts, call them "niggers," believe them to be bad enough while Hindoo or Mahomedan, and often ten times worse when they become Christian ; and then, as if to place the copestone on a monument of governing folly, we expect not merely their loyalty, but even their gratitude ; and we are astonished and shocked when we do not obtain both. These and like causes underlie the disloyalty that certainly does exist in India. No one can doubt, for instance, that the Wahabee treason radiating from the Black Mountain, from Sittana, from Patna, pervades, like a deadly poison, a great portion of the Mahomedan population in every part of India, though the wealthy and learned Mussulmans are its foes, and dread it more than we do. A lesser but a like danger exists among such sects and tribes as the Hindoo Kookas. Let us not forget,

however, that if disloyalty were the rule instead of the exception, no governing talent or heroism in war would suffice to maintain British rule in India.

If there is any truth in Indian history, especially as it may be read in the old records of Government in Madras and Calcutta, India was won by a course of procedure now almost out of date. John Company's greatest aims were moderate. Perhaps the French were the only European adventurers who saw the future of Indian Empire, though, French-like, they mistook the hands that were to hold the sceptre ; they saw not that the plodding, stumbling, often sorely vexed, and never really brilliant, English trading company was founding an Empire that would stretch from the Himalayas to Comorin, and from the Indus to the borders of China ; that would include among its provincial cities, not merely Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, but also Benares, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Peshawur, and Rangoon ; that would carry its arms into wild Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and Bhootan, from victory to victory, and be the chief Power—nay, the one Power—appealed to, when danger pressed, in Herat, Candahar, Omán, Ladakh, Bahmo, Momein, and, indeed, throughout Asia. There must have been some cause, apart from the exigencies of France at home, for the success of the English company, and the utter defeat of the French, as well as for the gradual but inevitable expulsion of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the Danes. Perhaps—though it is almost treason to say so—the cause was to some considerable extent in the latitudinarianism of the English adventurers. They did not aim at overgoverning the people. They were excessively sharp on interlopers, missionary or otherwise, and allowed no infringement of the popular rights as to faith or religious or social ceremonial. Sometimes this was carried even to absurdity, as when Suttee was permitted, and when the Company's troops were paraded at native festivals. Yet Suttee, as well as Thuggee, as well also as the custom of parading the troops at festivals, fell

under the Company's latitudinarian rule. The great end was answered, slowly but surely; English public opinion enforcing progress. "No Thuggee to report," has long been almost a standing paragraph in the official reports, and Suttee—never anything like as general as some suppose—lives only in its monuments, curious little stones, numerous in the holy city of Benares, and there and elsewhere marking the spots where the wifely sacrifices were made. The Company has been systematically stigmatized for its Gallo-like spirit in matters of religion, a spirit at the foundation of the "godless" colleges since created by the State, and which will be maintained in high efficiency if we are wise. The Company's agents, political or commercial, were rarely noted for religious zeal. The old English dislike to fervour and intrusion is apparent at every turn of the historic page. "Can't you let it alone?" ran through the official intercourse. The laws, though strong against the often fearfully prevalent immorality, were lenient to native faiths and customs; perhaps "sinfully lenient," but the lenient and Gallo-like men were nevertheless the founders of the Empire, and eventually enabled the less lenient and more zealous men to obtain a hearing, and Christianity a full and complete toleration, if not more. The Company also, besides punishing disloyalty, made loyalty the way to honour and personal advantage, not merely to chiefs, but also to the dim populations. Such, at least, was the rule of official life, and the exceptions prove nothing but that the rule did exist. The mere change, then, of the form of government in India does not alter or affect the principles upon which, during more than a century, sometimes dark and stormy, and never free from anxiety, the grand and imposing fabric of the British Indian Empire had been gradually reared. There are people who tell us that our glory in the East has now culminated, and is hastening to its fall. If they are right in the prediction the fault will be our own. The blow will not come from Russia, through the passes

of the North-West, nor from Nepal, ominous as that region has long seemed, nor from the Tartar region beyond, nor from China, nor from the "Mahomedan Revival," but from England's own policy, and the individual action on a large scale of England's own sons in India. We cannot take a retrogressive step; we must of necessity rule as England, or cease to rule. We cannot ignore our history; cannot put English literature any more than the English language under a bushel; we cannot undo what English education has done to instil into the native mind principles at once of patriotism and freedom. The young men of India have English history among their daily lesson-books, and the most prominent passages are of course those of which England is proudest. An able and generous scholar, Mr. S. Lobb, Principal of Kishnaghur College, lately presented India with a new and laboriously annotated edition of Milton's "Areopagitica." Think of the Hindoos imbibing the spirit of that grandest of all appeals for the freedom of the human mind! Through all parts of the Empire "Improvement Societies" exist, and in some cases with good results; only in all cases indicative of a new order of facts which we must face, not shirk, if we would be worthy of the true heroes and builders of "Our Indian Empire." This will perhaps be apparent if we consider here the character of the natives of India and of their educational agencies; and in a second paper the character of English rule under the new conditions of the competitive examinations, and especially as indicated in momentous events, social and political, during the rule of the late generous and noble viceroy, Lord Mayo.

It is generally granted, I believe, that the whole of Indian society has undergone a marked change during the last twenty years; and, intellectually at all events, Bengal, with a host of shortcomings, has come unmistakably to the front. A careful writer, of great Indian experience, the Rev. M. A. Sherring, author of "The Sacred City of the

Hindoos," and "Hindu Tribes and Castes," claims for Benares the title of "The Intellectual Eye of India;" and when we look back upon its history and note its marked place in so many religious struggles, from the Vedic period, through all the contests of Brahmin and Buddhist, it seems hard to deny the claim. Even now, too, there is at first sight something not unlike the old pre-eminence. It is still the sacred city. Rajahs and chiefs from all parts of the vast Empire, and of all creeds or shades of creed have their palaces here, on the Ganges' banks, and their temples at no great distance from the palaces. The Nepaulese, as well as the Bengalee, can worship in Benares; the "quarter" of the latter contains no fewer, I believe, than 20,000 persons. The English educational agencies, too, are numerous, and of great merit, and are represented by some accomplished scholars, including Mr. Griffith, author of a translation of the Rámayán, which probably is destined to be to the English-speaking youth of India, and to students of Indian history at home, what Pope's "Iliad" has so long been to the youth of England. It would be easy to enumerate other names which give to Benares the standing of modern scholarship. But Mr. Sherring, himself one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the sacred city, is surely mistaken in claiming so much for Benares. It is a city of grand mendicancy. Its temples and sacred water-tanks, crowded with priests, are in every street; indeed its priests are everywhere, and as a rule are beggars; its devotees, dismal to look upon, meet the eye at every turn; the Brahminical bull roams at will in the narrow crowded streets, as it roamed when Macaulay pictured the city in language that will not die.<sup>1</sup> One of the most revered spots is the Monkey Temple, devoted to hosts of the mischievous sacred race. The Brahmin rules. Immortality, without any more probation,

awaits the man who can crawl to Benares to die. The mighty temple of Buddha in ruins marks the victory of the old faith over that which for probably as long as eight centuries had disputed with it the religious empire of India, and which, driven eastward and westward, founded empires more mighty still. The gorgeous manufactures for which Benares has been famous from time immemorial, are shown to you in little dark rooms, as the same class of articles were shown ages ago. There is written everywhere in the sacred city, "Consecrated to the Past." Like the Arab desert, it is changeless. In passing through Suez recently, I rode out with a small party to see a camp of pilgrims on their way to Mecca; we had coffee with a fine old Sheik, the very counterpart of what one may suppose the men of the Patriarchal age to have been. And as in the desert so in Benares. Travelling from Calcutta through the North-West, Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, and Agra, one feels, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, that, save where the journey comes in contact with English life, we have passed from a higher to a lower civilization, till we confront the Parsee at Bombay. The Bengalee has nothing in architecture to compare with the stately beauty of Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow, with the royal palaces and the beautiful Taj. His history is tame compared with the sparkling interest of the history of the North-West. Warlike qualities he tells you frankly he has none to speak of; and he scarcely seems to deem the absence of them a defect. But none the less is he the intellectual moving power in India. His newspapers, in some cases perhaps a little silly, as many European newspapers also are, in other cases of marked ability, nearly always strike the key-note of native action. In modern science, especially modern medicine, he is in many cases quite abreast of European scientific men. His literary institutions, ryots' associations, and village schools, many of them purely native and charitable, are springing up like work of magic. I was well

<sup>1</sup> While these pages are passing through the press, a striking confirmation of the above statement appears in the *Times* of the 24th March, in a letter from Mr. Cook.

acquainted with the working of two literary societies near to Calcutta, and I have heard questions of a varied character calmly discussed by the members. One of these societies has also lately undertaken to provide female teachers for the Zenanas—the Hindoo harems; an object into which the missionaries have thrown immense labour, and to which some good ladies are devoting their lives, but apparently with small success. Zenana-teaching certainly is not popular, chiefly because the native gentlemen, whose wives and daughters the ladies would teach, believe that wherever the Zenana teacher goes out she has a proselytizing object, as indeed she avowedly has.

Passing over, for the present, the Mahomedan associations, some of which, even though small, are cheering features of native life where it has always been most difficult to move intellectually, I shall fix upon three organizations, purely Bengalee in character, as specimens of the tendency of native thought and action: the *Adi Sumaj*, that is the elder branch of the *Brahmo Church*, founded by that wise and good man *Ram Mohun Roy*; the younger branch of the same body, now termed the *Progressive Sumaj*, under the headship of *Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen*; and the *British Indian Association*, a body of native gentlemen, chiefly landowners, united for the protection of native interests and for the purpose of making native views and disadvantages known to Government in India, and to Englishmen in England. I think this is a fair statement of the objects of an association which has been condemned to bear any amount of abuse, even for daring to exist. It is necessary here to guard against being misunderstood. Neither this nor any other society is, as a rule, treated disrespectfully by the distinguished officers of the Government. It is individual action on a lower scale that has sown the seeds of an embitterment which England at home knows nothing of, and perhaps never will comprehend.

The bitterest dispute between this Association and what may be called the

new school of English officials is with respect to the *Bengal Permanent Land Settlement* of *Lord Cornwallis*, an old dispute with new phases. To understand this rightly, we must remember that the Government is legally, and of old precedent, the owner of all land in India. *Lord Cornwallis*, acting on the well-matured experience of *Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Shore*, but taking a scope far beyond what *Mr. Shore* was prepared for, offered to holders and others a permanent land settlement, on the basis of an annual payment, which would secure the land from any other charges hereafter for ever. *Mr. Shore* held for a term-of-years settlement, such as happily exists in other provinces. The *Bengal settlement*, however, is most explicit, and till lately there never seems to have been a doubt that the land, as land, was for ever free from all charges beyond the stipulated payment. The main objects of the Government were to secure a certain in place of a precarious revenue; to reclaim the land from jungle, &c., and to create a class of landed gentry similar to the same influential class in England. The first and second of these objects have been answered fully; the last, I fear, has not. The *Bengal landowners* are not, like the *English landlords*, foremost in the districts to which they are bound by sympathy and interest. They are not, generally speaking, though there are noble exceptions, eager for improvements, nor by any means ardent "reformers," though their charities are often most munificent. Of their defects in other particulars, the not unreasonable defence is, that in *Bengal* the landowners cannot take part in public affairs, cannot initiate anything, are absolutely powerless, in any official sense, in the districts to which they are bound by sympathy and interest. They have no county bench or borough bench; the municipal commissions, where they exist, are mere courts for registering the decisions of the magistrates, who are, in fact, the municipalities. I say not this to justify any churlish landlord in his churlishness, but simply to show the position occupied by the best as well as by the worst

landlords. A wealthy man has no incentive to public spirit, and naturally no heart for even charities originated and ruled by Englishmen. Upon another great drawback—the uncertainty of everything under present conditions in India—I shall touch by-and-by.

After continuing for eighty years, virtually unchallenged, certainly unbroken, the Bengal Permanent Settlement has now been declared by high authority not to cover all charges against the land as land. The “settled” estates are made to bear educational and road cesses. Three leading arguments have been adduced in defence of this course—1st, that the settlement was a huge error, since the sellers knew not the value of the land they were alienating from the Government; 2ndly, that the alienation could only refer to rent, as in England, and not to taxes or cesses; 3rdly, that at the time of the settlement the needs of new times—the necessity for improvements by which the landowners will be more benefited than any other persons—were not, and could not be, foreseen. There is also a charge that the landowners, while standing upon the letter of their engagement with the State, have absolutely ignored their own covenanted duty to the ryots—the tenants. This, however, is obviously within the reach of the district officers, who can reclaim any estate where the covenant is not fulfilled. The three points above stated are met in this way: That part of the land has increased in value enormously is not denied; but then we are reminded that the present Zemindars have not generally had the benefit of that enhanced value, since much of the land has repeatedly changed hands, at ever-increasing prices, so that the latest buyer has probably paid for his purchase the present market value. It is also pleaded that a contract, favourable or unfavourable, is still a contract, and that an argument in favour of abrogating a contract on the ground that a bad bargain had been made by one of the parties to the bargain would not be entertained in England. With respect to the exemption relating to rent, not cesses, the land-

owners point to the undoubted facts that rent meant taxes when the settlement was made, and that it was so understood in the Mogul Settlement, on which that of Lord Cornwallis was founded, and also by all the old school of English officers, civil and military, in India. Lastly, the defenders of the landed interest deny the claims of the new times, which they say are marked by nothing but fantastic changes destructive of the heretofore stable institutions upon which English rule and native loyalty so long rested. I am no defender of the landlords. I wish sincerely that as a class they would do more for their ryots, and represent more of the progress of their districts. An Englishman always feels in India that a great gulf separates him from the British Indian Association. I merely wish to picture fairly the difficulties of the native position, and also the real character of this Permanent Settlement—a fair contract, unfortunate to the Government in these times it may be granted, but useful in 1793, when the contract was made, and for long afterwards; and at all events a contract, though we have now virtually broken it, on the basis of quibbles which few Englishmen at all concerned for the national character for honesty and fair dealing care to mention unnecessarily. This, however, is far from being the only question in which the Association has made its voice heard. The charge that it acts only for personal interest is a pure misstatement. It has in a host of cases during the last three years not merely represented native opinion totally devoid of direct personal interest, but frequently has made that representation so powerful as to change the policy of the Government. In what respect, then, the Association differs from a landowners' or farmers' association in England, or why it should be treated differently from them, I never have been able to discover. Indeed, where the entire Government is in the hands of Englishmen, some outlet for native opinion in the higher walks of life, as well as in the lower, is surely not merely allowable but highly desirable. We

have no right to prevent, we have no interest in preventing, the development of native institutions tending to induce public spirit and corporate social action, any more than we have any right to throw, or any interest in throwing, obstacles in the way of Russian trade in Asia, save by the superiority of our manufactures and the generally higher nature of our commercial transactions, Russia's own course to the contrary notwithstanding.

Another difficulty under which India labours is the great unrest, so contrary to all Hindoo habits and traditions, forced upon the people by English administration. There is a foolish cry among a class of Anglo-Indians for "strong Personal Government." What that means is often intrusion and interference in all manner of native affairs. The Governor-General must be strong; the Lieutenant-Governor must be strong; the district officer must be strong. They must rule on Eastern, not Western principles, &c. A most baneful school of politicians this, and possessing nothing in common with the really strong, just men like Wellesley, Bentinck, Outram, and Durand, who did so much for India. The *Times* lately, in concluding an article on "Russian Difficulties in Turkestan," said of Oriental races: "They can contrive to put up with a tyrant, but a busybody they cannot tolerate;" a very comprehensive fact in a nutshell. Yet what is it we are fostering now but a race of busybodies? If there is one thing which, more than anything else, has heretofore been relied upon for binding India to England, it has been the English language; and great efforts, legally sanctioned by Mr. Macaulay's wise decision for English as against Oriental learning in 1833, have resulted in English being the spoken and written language of large masses of the natives of India of all races. For a number of years, however, there has been a loud outcry against Government using State money to teach the English language. "Instead of English," say these gentlemen, "let us give education

in the vernacular, and so at once reach and raise the masses of the people; or, better still, let us have aided colleges," which, it will be perceived, would give the missionary colleges State support. There are good grounds for an incurable suspicion of many of these arguers, who are of two classes; first, persons of the civilian class, who complain that English-speaking natives compete for the Civil Service; secondly, persons of the missionary class, who never took kindly to the "godless State colleges." This, of course, does not apply to either body as a body, but to individuals and classes of both.

Let us consider the result of giving effect to their demand. The wisdom of making the English language general in India will scarcely be disputed by thoughtful persons. The Mahomedan conquerors attempted a like revolution on their own behalf, but gave it up as unnecessary in consequence of the Mussulmans themselves, in great aggregates, learning the vernacular tongues, as settlers in India. Arabic or Persian was not needed for a Hindoo to attain to the Government offices which, during some of the better reigns, were open to him. England, however, has taken a course at once wiser and nobler than the Mahomedan conquerors understood as an abiding policy. Akbar could only give effect to his wishes while he lived, but English legislation abides, at least in theory, and in practice too at times. Lord Auckland in 1836, in the teeth of great opposition, making native judges to have power over Englishmen in civil suits, and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen the other day, in the teeth of a like opposition, making native judges to have power over Englishmen in criminal cases, are two parts of one beneficent reform, with more than thirty years between the two parts. The first reform required a generation to consolidate before the second was won. But the Law Courts will eventually become supreme irrespective of race. So with English education. The missionary colleges, it must be granted, have always given mixed English and vernacular educa-



tion. I have, however, heard some missionaries, and many civilians, argue that the State ought not to expend money in teaching English. This, and all high education, they deem a luxury more than a need, and it ought, they say, to be left to private persons, who can pay for the luxury if they want it. The Hindoos are very sore on this point. They have grown into the habit of looking to English education as their passport to official employment. Without it they can hold no office of any value. In reply to the statement that those who want English education should pay for it, they remind us that England took a far wiser view of her responsibilities in early days when learning needed fostering care; and a second still more powerful argument is at hand in the fact that many, indeed most, of the English-speaking natives are poor, in many cases in receipt of not more than ten shillings a week, and utterly unable to provide English education for their children. It is curious that when, forty years ago, the English and Oriental tongues fought their great fight as to which was to be the vehicle of learning in India, a very powerful part of the Civil Service, and nearly all influential natives, fought for Orientalism; and now that the same natives are in almost mortal dread that the English language is to be withdrawn. No better tribute to the justice of the course taken in 1833 could be desired.

This subject, then, is included in that great unrest which so many persons think is undermining our rule in India. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal recently issued for his Province a comprehensive scheme for vernacular education. No one had an idea that any such scheme was in contemplation till it appeared, and when it did appear few natives looked into it without apprehension. Its main provisions are to remove district schools from the control of the Education Department, and vest the management in the local authorities of the several districts, virtually in the magistrates; to assign a small sum—a few rupees per month—to each school

from the State, and to give to the supporters of the schools a share, to the extent of their subscriptions, in the management. The scheme seems fair, and I believe contains the germ of the future vernacular educational system of Bengal; but no one could induce the natives of Bengal to look upon it favourably. They deem it a direct blow at English education. There was no conciliation or considerateness in the promulgation of the scheme. The chief men of districts, whose co-operation the magistrates are directed to invite, had not been in the slightest degree consulted as to what the measure should be; and yet if those chief men refuse the co-operation to which they are invited, they cannot well be on good terms with the magistrate, whose interest it will be to succeed in procuring what the Lieutenant-Governor demands. This and much besides has resulted from a change of one Lieutenant-Governor. The same fact may be observed elsewhere. Mr. Hobhouse, the new Law Member of the Viceregal Council (with the Council's concurrence), arrested, on the eve of passing into operation, measures carried in the same council not a year previously by Mr. Stephen. It is not necessary at present to give an opinion as to which of the learned gentlemen was in the right; sufficient to say that a change of one man can, as in old Mahomedan times, change an entire policy.

The strongest case, however, in point, as far as I know, is in British Burma. Sir Arthur Phayre, on assuming the government of that province, directed his attention to the pecuniarily magnificent educational machinery provided by Buddhist benefactions, and left in the hands of the Phoongees—the priests. By means of it almost every Burmese child “reads, writes, and counts.” But the system being Buddhist, was obsolete, especially in science, and the able and generous Governor threw all his great administrative power into grafting on the Buddhist foundation a modern educational structure. The fight was won when the Phoongees consented to the innovation, and agreed, for a reasonable “con-

sideration"—that is, a grant-in-aid—to place their old schools under Government inspection. Surely, one might have supposed, there could be no retrogression here. In fact, however, a change of ruler reversed the whole scheme. Happily there was another change, and the present Chief Commissioner, Mr. Eden, has returned to Sir Arthur's policy, and is carrying it out on the basis of one of the noblest educational minutes ever framed in India. Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, some months ago, in the face of ominous warnings from many quarters, took an equally important step in favour of Mahomedan education, and if Lord Hobart's successor is of the same spirit as himself, the step will have effect for immense good. If not, the policy may be reversed by a stroke of the pen. Give us strong government, then, by all means, but let it be government just and considerate, and above all, let it be subject to the check of English public opinion as represented in Parliament. A whole province may be turned into disorder that some governor may appeal from India to an English constituency for a place in the House of Commons.

Turning to the Brahmaes, we are faced by two most important educational organizations. The founder of Brahmaism, Ram Mohun Roy, died in England in 1833, and his mantle, after an interval of ten years or so, fell on Baboo Debender Nath Tagore. The sect at that time seems to have held that Ram Mohun Roy had rested his great reform on simply bringing back Hindooism to its earliest books, the Vedas, and to a pure theism; a faith which had been taught by many Brahmans in different times, but never till now with success marked enough to attract attention in Europe. On this ground of the old Hindoo books the elder body of the Brahmaes—the Adi Sumaj—stands at present. But a few years after the new headship was accepted suspicions began to creep into the body, chiefly through the appeals of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, that the Vedas were not quite sure ground, and eventually, in 1866, the

Progressive Sumaj became an independent church. I am sorry to add that the two bodies can, on occasions, attack each other as Christian sects do in England. The elder body, resting on the Vedas, maintains that a theism, high, pure, and holy, exists there; and on this ground its minister, an able speaker and, I believe, scholar, recently claimed for Hindooism superiority to all other faiths, as not merely inculcating the worship of one God, but also a worship so calm and tranquil that nothing of earth, and in particular no thought of rewards and punishments, can disturb its serenity. The Progressive Sumaj disputes this, and maintains that the Adi Sumaj still clings to Hindoo idolatry. The younger body discards all Hindoo ceremonies from its marriage and other rites, and disowns the Hindoo name as applied to faith. It will be obvious that while the elder body is much the more endurable to the mass of the Hindoo people, the latter should be the more complacently treated by Christian missionaries, who believe, I think erroneously, that the Progressive Sumaj has been "almost persuaded to become Christian." The Sumaj replies with an emphatic "No," but still the missionaries persevere in their assertion. "You suppose 'No,'" they say, "but none the less are you being brought by slow degrees to the Christian faith." I never saw the slightest reason to believe that the missionaries are right in this belief, which, however, it is not to be wondered at that they hold. Certainly the Progressive Brahmaes will have none of it. Their young men leave the missionary colleges as they entered them, believers in Our Lord as one of the best of men, but no more. When the Progressive Sumaj is charged with paving the way for Christianity it repudiates the charge as warmly as do the members of the Adi Sumaj, who do not mince matters in the least. The younger Sumaj has a number of secular societies in operation—for science, for charity, &c.—but not one is on the basis of Christianity. Ought we to distinguish too nicely the differences of two such

bodies? Ought we not, while flattering neither, and courting no one for sectarian purposes, to act courteously and considerately towards both, not weighing what we may deem their shortcomings, but trying to meet the intelligent men of both, and of all other bodies of Hindoos and Mahomedans, not immoral, on the broad ground of humanity?

The English educational agencies in operation in India are diverse. Christian churches have of late found their way, apart from minuter differences, into two great camps, Ritual and Evangelical, and their disputes are angry ones. The chaplaincies, filled in some cases by excellent men—think what we may of their views—are the stronghold of Ritualism, as the Church Missionary Society is of Evangelicalism. Out of these differences the Free Church of Scotland has made a claim to originate "Union Churches," in which all Protestants can worship God. Curiously, the place selected for one of the first of these churches was Simla, the summer seat of Government; the first minister also was a Free Churchman sent out from Scotland; and the worship was Presbyterian: facts never lost sight of by the opponents of the Union. As far as I was able to judge, the scheme has not been by any means cordially received either by English Churchmen or English Dissenters, though a few influential Churchmen attend the Union Church at Simla. The native Christians labour under the disadvantage of being taught the most levelling faith on earth, so far as race and caste are concerned, and then of finding themselves cut off from the sahib missionary as effectually as if their common faith had not been the faith of Christ, but that of Socrates and Alcibiades. It is not perhaps the fault of the men on either side; it arises from the fact that the sahib is of the conquering and the native of the conquered race; a distinction which English society, in the mass, tries to keep up, and with success. When the native Christians can produce one great teacher this will change; but as yet there is no sign of any such teacher, and till there

is the native missionary—often a gentle, earnest man—will continue to find that Christianity itself, with all its grandeur, will not secure to him that brotherhood which, if history may be trusted, belonged to the early Christian Church, and for which many of the best native Christians of India pant in their dreams.

These are some of the agencies that work in India. The Jesuit and Dominican, too, are busily engaged, and in the former case, of which I chance to know something, with frequently great self-denial. All manner of views, indeed, are represented among the foreign populations of India, comprising men of nearly all European and all Asiatic nations. The great complaint, sometimes made in real sadness of heart and in a spirit of charity, by missionaries, is that they cannot induce a Bengalee to be in earnest; he listens, and laughs if he has nothing to gain, or listens gravely if he has a purpose to serve, never for a moment departs from the rules of courtesy, but ends as he begins, by saying that there are good men of all faiths, and that whatever the future may be there will be some safe and reliable place for all who are kind to their parents and just and merciful in their dealings with other men. The mind of young Bengal has, by some process, or union of processes, been brought to a state which is a curious mixture of blind observance and the most daring scepticism. Take one side of a young man's mind, and you are surprised at the incredible things he can accept as truth. Take another turn, and you are apt to suppose that he believes in nothing spiritual or material. Old faiths have been broken up. Have old loyalties also been broken up, or are they being broken up? The official records are dumb here. The most eloquent expositions of Ministers in Parliament or in India are silent on this vital point. It cannot be represented in the laboriously compiled figures of the ablest Administration Reports. The traveller, curious about mighty monuments handed down from dead ages, only occasionally finds, or tries to find, his way

beneath the surface of native life. The missionary, who might be expected to have a far more intimate relation with the people than any other foreigner, hardly ever breaks the shell of a conservatism so solid and impenetrable as to scarcely present a crevice for the finest arrow, and, if by chance an arrow does enter a crevice, the archer never knows that it has done so. The wound bleeds inwardly. But the native of Bengal is grateful to Englishmen for every real kindness and every token of respect and friendliness. The bold and generous legislation that abolished Suttee and Thuggee, that refused to permit troops to be paraded at festivals, that made justice to prevail over partial and one-sided race laws, Hindoo and Mahomedan, that gave the English language to all the races of the Empire, and that protects all creeds not immoral, has strengthened, not weakened, our hold on India. These are seen to be the reverse of a meddling and intrusive policy. Where old loyalties die, there is a cause apart from great acts of justice; there is cause in a supercilious race-pride, in the open, blatant advocacy, by individuals, of cruelty and of the right of the strong hand to strike down and oppress; there is cause in the persistence in maintaining a class of taxes opposed to all the traditions of Eastern races.

Passing from old loyalties to the English rule, what of old faiths? Are they dying? A few illustrations may show more of the real fact than any argument. The reader may need reminding that Englishmen scarcely ever associate with natives of India save on business. When we see a man of good education at a religious festival, we stare as if we were looking on some enormity. Yesterday we met the same man elsewhere, and concluded that with all our boasted civilization, faith, and sahibism, we had merely made him a pure sceptic—a believer in nothing. Here, all at once, we find him, after his manner and the traditions of his race, a profoundly religious being, though we, of course, as becomes a race of conquerors, give to the religiousness

some other name proper to be stigmatized. I have known cases, however, in which there was religion woven into every act of life, and so potent that a man who would not for any consideration contradict you on any other subject would dare you to the death for that. Now and then an Englishman with the proselytizing gift has found a spirit so gentle and docile, so devoid of the Bengalee irony, which can cut deeply, that he has hailed the evidently plastic material as delightful to operate upon. I have seen the experiment tried, and the supposed plastic material become like adamant at the first touch; still gentle, always polite, not for a moment, even by chance, guilty of self-assertion, but far beyond the hand even of the most skilful operator in matters of faith. I never, on my own part, tried the experiment with any man, proud or humble, and never would; but I have been compelled in courtesy to try another kind of experiment. I have asked a Hindoo gentleman if he could not eat with me. To put this question is not now an insult, as it might have been in older times, for a great many Hindoos have so far thrown away caste prejudices as to eat freely with Englishmen. The Progressive Bramoes have no obligation to the contrary, though they eat only simple food, and will not touch intoxicating drink. The question, however, "Can you dine with me?" is always a delicate one, and I have more than once or twice had this answer from men of years and staid character: "I should have no personal objection, and I think that a generation hence will see our strict rule materially modified, but I should not like to do out of the presence of my parents what I could not do before them, and if they saw me so far forget the traditions of my race and faith they would die."

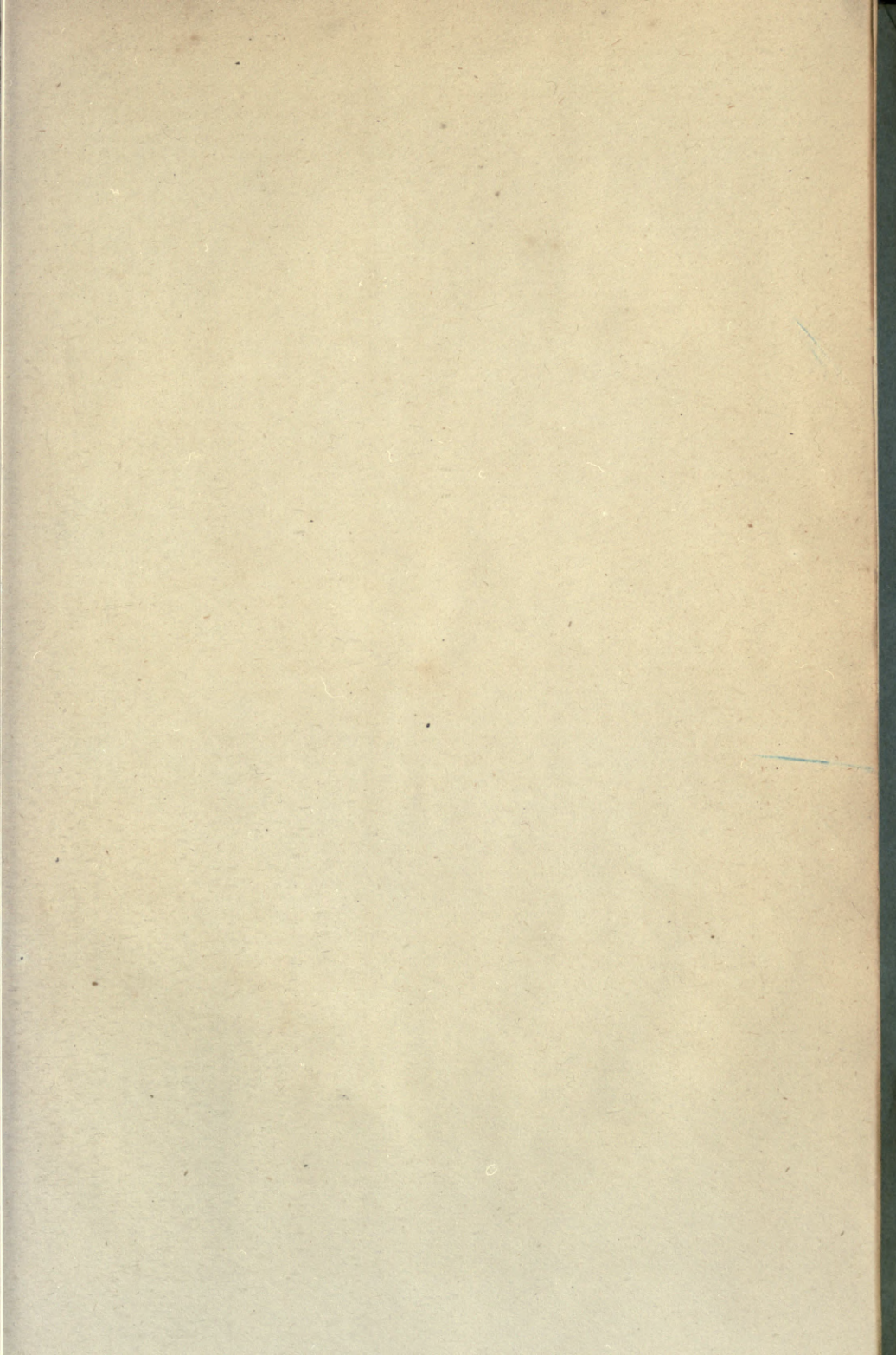
The reader will from these instances, correctly taken from the real life of India, form an opinion as to the upheavings of Indian life. I cannot see that those upheavings are tending to Christianity. But I think it is impossible to avoid seeing,

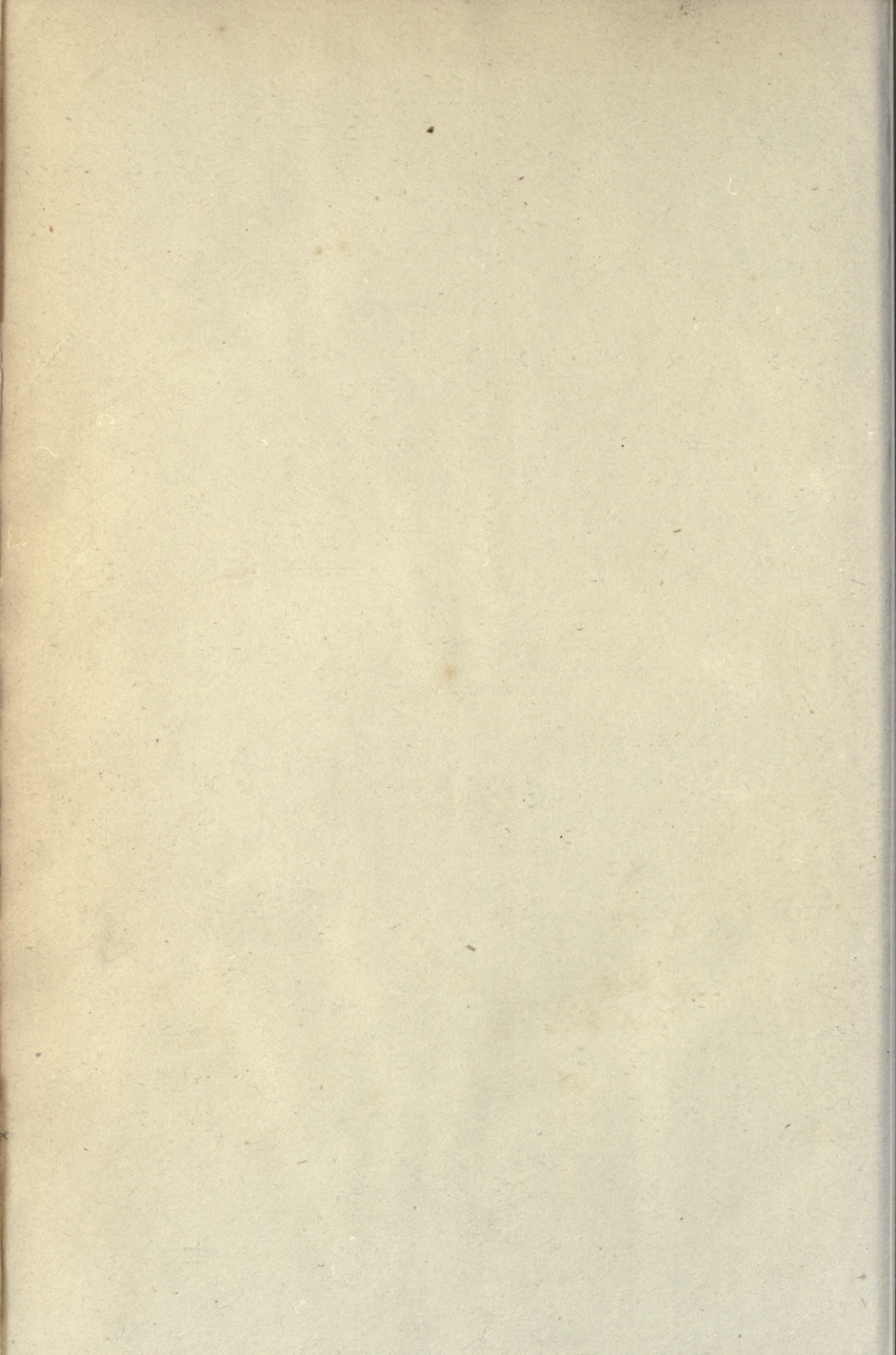
if one looks honestly and candidly, that the Almighty is working out in India some great problem of His Divine will. The order in disorder may be said to have once more become a moral void, and Chaos and Old Night reign. Look where we may there is—"yeast." When the word will be given that again there be light, or what the light will be—moral, spiritual, or material—is far beyond human knowledge. It is impossible to divine whether India, in its mighty masses of intense conservatism, with which are interwoven the acutest thought and the subtlest imagination, is tending to a guiding faith or to a mere philosophy. This only we know, that

man having done his best has done his duty: and that England's duty is to be to India merciful and considerate as well as strong; to allow no stupid race-jealousy to stand in the way of the development of the character of the peoples, any more than of the material resources of the country. Taking this course we may safely appeal to posterity for a justification, and more than a justification, of our rule in India. So much is in England's power; so much is to some extent in the power of every Englishman in India. What remains beyond this is not England's to carve out or secure. The Almighty fiat, with us or without us, will be fulfilled.

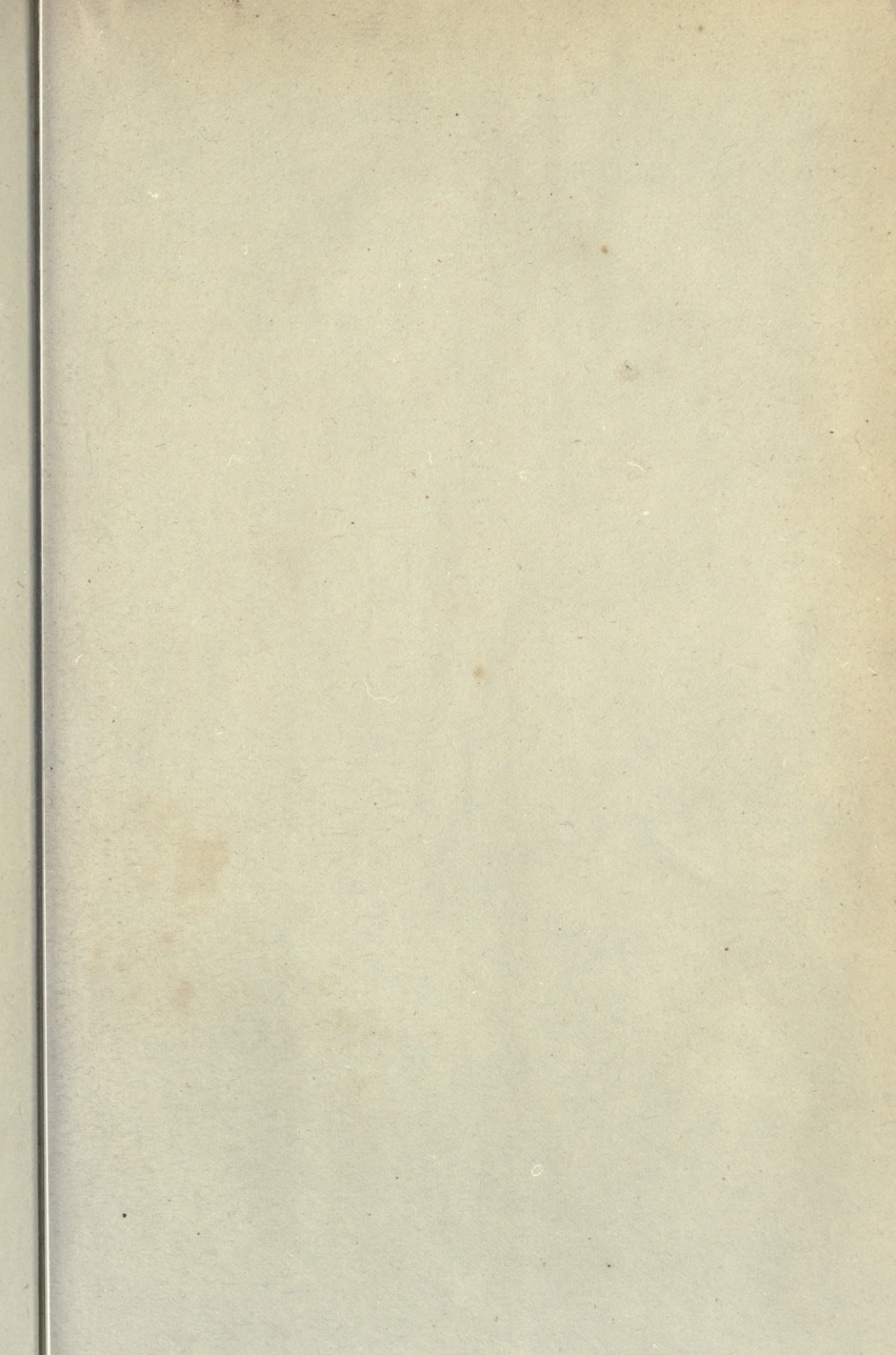
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