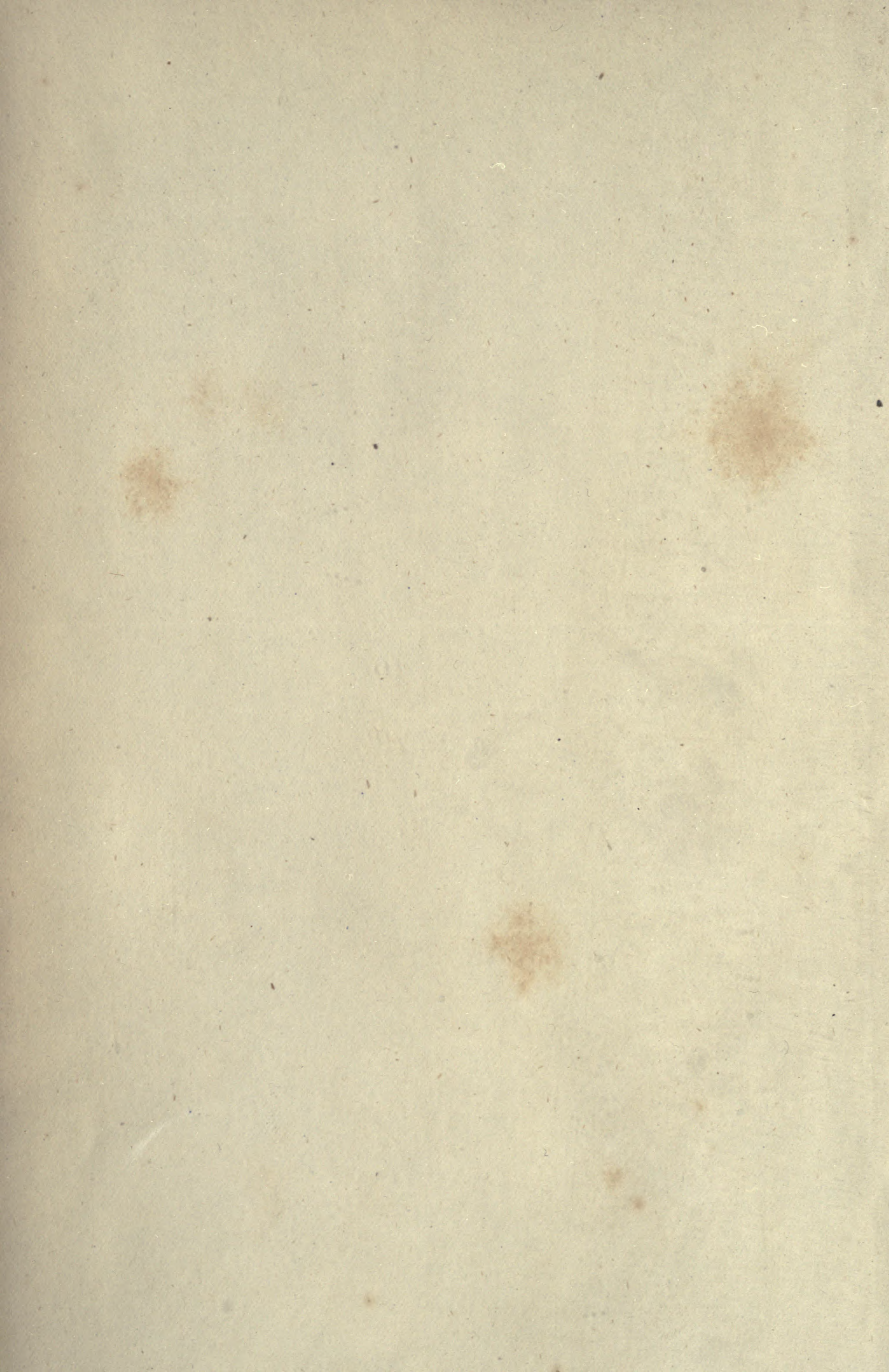

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

EXCEPT in a vague, indeterminate sort of way, the public service is little known, and still less understood, by the public at large. Of late years it has been revealed to them chiefly as a body of men who established co-operative stores as a defence against high prices, and who earned the enmity of grocers thereby. Some have perhaps made themselves acquainted with the means of entrance to the service in order to make provision for a foolish relative capable of doing nothing else; but even these, while hoping to secure a competence for an ungifted *protégé*, have cared very little to inquire what was to be done by him in return for his salary. Sufficient form of knowledge was possessed by the public to enable them to appreciate the conundrum which likened clerks in Government offices to the fountains in Trafalgar Square, because they play from ten till four. For the rest an idea prevailed—perhaps now prevails—that men in the public service belong to the human goose class: that they are idle, are too well paid for such work as they do, that though "civil" in one sense, they are constitutionally "uncivil" and disobliging to Messieurs the Public who employ them, and that they are far too numerous to do good work.

It may be that some counts in this indictment could be sustained against the service as such. May be there are some members, even some sections of the service, which might claim them all. At all events, it is not surprising that a public which rarely takes trouble to inform itself particularly about matters beside its own special occupations should have this idea of the service, between which and itself there are few points of contact. Yet the idea is not warranted by those branches of the public service with which the public is most acquainted in practice. Certainly it is not true of those excellent public servants who carry on the administration of the Post Office, of the Telegraph Office, who with infinite care secure to the public the speedy and safe delivery of its letters and messages, often in spite of the carelessness of correspondents; who for an ever-increasing proportion of the public are the bankers, the insurance-makers, and the distributors or hoarders of savings. Poll the public on the question whether they are or are not well, intelligently as a rule, faithfully, and withal very cheaply served by the Post Office, root and branch, and there will be a tremendous majority for the postmen and the telegraph women. The public would probably add a recommendation which has often been made by the Service itself, to the effect that more pay should be given for such good work.

Would the same verdict and recommendation be given in the case of the Inland Revenue and the Customs officers, with whom, after the Post officials, the public comes most in con-

tact? This would be too much to expect, whatever the merits of the case. It is not in human nature to like taxes. How is it possible to feel and speak sweetly—even justly, perhaps—of the collectors of taxes, those *argumenta ad hominem*, at once so personal and so objectionable? The association of publicans with sinners may have been originally accidental, but even a discriminating public refuses to divorce them. It loves the alliteration, and will not be deprived of the synonym. It greeted with acclaim, and still would allow, Dr. Johnson's famous definition of excise, "a hateful impost." From the tax to the tax-gatherer there is, in the public mind, not so much as one step. Both are included in the same condemnation. The unreason which can suppose that the expenditure of the country is to be defrayed without taxes, will also blind its possessor to the fact—if it be a fact—that the collectors perform their duty well, and with as much forbearance as its nature and the imperative requirements of the Treasury will admit. It is hopeless to convince a man, still more hopeless to try to convince a woman, detected in smuggling "a few" cigars, a little "Eau de Cologne," or "a few yards of lace," that the detector is otherwise than undesirable, even tyrannous and oppressive. To that large section of otherwise honest people who think it not wrong to "cheat the Government," to make false returns of income, and untruthful declarations as to their various statute liabilities, the officers of Inland Revenue and Customs will ever appear in a distinctly unfavourable light. Insufficiency of pay, and ruinously increased prices of all necessary commodities, would in the case of these officials be regarded by the public they serve as retributory—the properly provided revenges for over-zealous acts towards, and also on behalf of, the public. Whatever the favour with which a proposal to increase the wages of Post Office servants might be met, it is certain that the popular voice would be raised against any suggestion to increase the wage of the collectors of revenue.

The functions of the Revenue departments—the Post Office, Inland Revenue, and Customs—are more or less apprehended and appreciated by the public, because the two things touch. The work is seen, and, in the case of the tax-work, felt also. But as regards the rest of the Civil Service, the public knows little or nothing. This is due, no doubt, in great part, to the fact that its work is rather represented to, than seen by, the public; and that in the representation it is necessary rather to speak of the work than of the doers of it. All the very important departments of the Civil Service are governed by political personages who in one or the other House of Parliament typify and represent them. A political character is therefore affixed to the departments and their work. A department is supposed, and ought, to work in accordance with the principles laid down by its political chief for the time being. The political chief takes credit if the work be done well, no matter who actually was the doer of it. He also, by every principle of the Constitution, takes the blame if the work be ill done. To the public, through its Parliamentary representatives, he is responsible for any and all shortcomings. It is fair that he should also have the credit of good execution. Between the doers of work in his department and himself there exists the relation of employed and employer; and though this is not so personal as the same relation in private business, it is and should be quite as absolute. Thus it is quite competent to a minister to dismiss an officer on his permanent staff for incompetency, as it undoubtedly would be his duty to dismiss him for malversation. The act of dismissal would proceed upon the minister's responsibility, not only to the House of Commons, members of which might question the act on public or private grounds, but also to that public opinion which finds full expression in a free press. Similarly it is competent to the minister to reward faithful, or long, or exceptional service, by translation from an inferior to a higher post, or, as is occasionally done, by recommending the

meritorious public servant to the Sovereign for honorific distinction. But in either case the minister is to all under him the controller of official destiny. For him, in hope of his approval, or in fear of his displeasure, the public servant in his department works—pleased and encouraged if at times his work pushes itself naturally (it should never be thrust there by the worker himself) before the public attention, and wins public approval; but not discouraged if, through ignorance, self-interest, or other motive, his work be publicly misrepresented, even vilified. Professionally all he has to care about is that what he has done meets the approval of the political representative to whom alone he is responsible—and who is himself responsible for work done or undone—to a highly critical tribunal not indisposed to make political capital out of faults of administration. To the public *quâ* public most civil servants are irresponsible, their work is not seen as their work, is not labelled with their names. Some of the hardest working, most able, and most deserving of the public servants are not even known by name to the public. Small cause for wonder, therefore, if their functions are little understood, and their real place in the government of the country is unappreciated.

Yet it surely is much to be desired that the public and the public servants should be better acquainted. Better for the public that, by interesting itself more in and about those who work for it, the public service should be encouraged to work its best—thoroughly, honestly, thriftily. Better for the real interests of the service itself if, its work and the value thereof being known, it can beget in the public mind a desire to sympathize with the work and with the workers.

The Civil Service is the permanent machinery by which the administrative and governmental business of the country is carried on. It may be said to embrace all who are in receipt of public money for services rendered, excepting only the Army and Navy, though even for these a civilian administration is provided. Within this wide range are included the ministers of State for the time being, the judges and magistrates all over the kingdom, the diplomatic and the colonial governing bodies, the officials of the State-spending and the State-earning departments, the officials connected with the fiscal policy of the country, its police, its poor-law, its sanitary arrangements, and whatsoever else requires oversight and management in the public behoof. In this sense the prime minister is own brother to the letter-carrier, and the judge on the bench is yoked with the usher in his court. Officially they "are of the same flesh and blood."

This Civil Service numbers, exclusive of the legal departments, twenty-nine thousand members;[1] costs (it did cost in 1872–73) 3,821,000*l.*; dispenses through many and widely divergent channels upwards of 73,000,000*l.* a year;[2] and brings those vast sums to account and audit before the assembly which voted them. It earns no less a sum than 6,232,000*l.* a year, and that under a surveillance which is justly inquisitorial, and which is properly ever asking whether larger returns cannot be got out of the money-getting public businesses. Apart from its financial functions, both of spending and earning, it has many duties quite unconnected with money. It has to organize, to prepare measures for legislative action, to assist in bringing legislative action about, and to overlook execution after proposals become law. It dispenses justice, watches our foreign relations, and is, or should be, the guardian of guardians of all kinds all over the country. It is, on the whole, rather "a big institution," to use an Americanism. Some think it too big, too unwieldly; and would cut it down one-third. Others would throw

[1] Of the twenty-nine thousand—

The Customs	employ	7,159	at a cost of	£850,000
The Inland Revenue	,,	5,190	,,	962,000
The Post Office	,,	6;539	,,	650,000
The Admiralty	,	565	,,	148,000
The War Office	,,	460	,,	152,000

[2] This was the total amount of money grants made by Parliament in the financial year 1872–73.

upon it additional duties, now performed by local bodies or not performed at all. But people busily employed in their own avocations, if ever they give a thought to the subject, are prone to think of the Civil Service very much in the light indicated at the beginning of this paper.

The history of the Civil Service is yet to be written. When done, it will probably be found that, in the more restricted sense, *i.e.* excluding State ministers and judges, the service had no existence as a permanent institution before the Long Parliament, but had its rise then in the office staff of the various sub-committees of the House, which took upon themselves the functions of executive government. Up to the time of James I. the fiscal duties connected with Customs were frequently performed by farmers of the revenue, who discounted the vote and paid to the Exchequer an agreed sum, in consideration of which they were to have royal rights to assist them in the work of collection—the money realized on collection being their own. Where the cess was raised by the king himself, it was through bailiffs or other officers attached to the Revenue side of the Court of Exchequer, which acquired its general jurisdiction in money causes through the legal fiction which allowed a man to plead, that unless he could have the assistance of the Court in getting payment of debts due to him, he himself would be unable to pay his dues to "our Lord the King." In some instances Parliament voted supply only on condition of the money being paid to, and disbursed by, a committee of its own members. Thus, in the reign of Richard II., Sir John Philpot and Sir William Walworth (the same whose dagger figures in the City Arms) were appointed to receive the supply voted, and to account for the same to the House. Many like instances occurred in which the House refused, as it did to Charles II., to accept "the royal word that the money should be properly spent." In these cases the merchants, or the committee to whom the trust was delegated, must have provided out of their own private establishments whatever of Civil Service was needed. There are some now-a-days who would advise, as both economical and efficient, a partial return to this ancient custom. Administrative business was done either by persons in the household of the lord charged with the business in question, or by persons attached to some court of law. Thus it was the business of the scribe or registrar of the High Court of Admiralty under Henry IV. to issue safe-conducts as well as all processes of the Court. He was allowed certain fees, "for which fees the scribe shall keep charge of the register-book, and shall find parchment, paper, ink, and wax for all manner of commissions and other warrants issued out of the court for the king, without taking anything for the same, except it be such a gratuity as it may please the admiral to give him."

"The Clerk of the Admiralty" was required to collect the poundage on seamen's wages for the admiral, "that is to say, of every pound paid to the mariners fourpence." The officers of the Earl-Marshal and of the High Constable (till the latter office was abolished after the execution of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham and last High Constable, in 1521) rendered also certain civil administrative services connected with the Army; prepared articles or "ordinances" of war, as in 1385, and again in 1419, when Henry V. was in France. Most of the administrative business, as we now distinguish it, was done locally by the personal officers of the admiral or of the military commander. Sometimes special commissions were issued for special services. Sir Harris Nicholas recites how William de Wrotham, Archdeacon of Taunton, was "keeper of the king's galleys" in 1214, an office which seems to have involved the charge and provision of stores as well as of ships, and how the archdeacon "ordered ropes to be sent to Portsmouth for the engines for throwing stones, called 'petrariæ,' or 'perrieres,' and mangonels."

It is probable that, so long as the

chief office-holder was remunerated by fees, the assistant clerks were paid by the officer, and not by the State—an arrangement which, in a modified form, exists at the present time in some of the legal branches of the great public departments. But, however this may be, it is nearly certain there was no Civil Service, or body of civilians employed and paid by the State before the Long Parliament. With regard to many of the departments now existing, it is certain they could have had no representative till long after that time. The Post Office was not established till Charles II.'s reign. Without a standing army there could have been no regular War Office, though there must have been some central depôt of information as to the strength of the county forces, and some place of administration for the Royal Ordnance. A royal warrant dated 25th July, 1683, authorized the collection of certain fees for the use of the Master of the Ordnance.

Secretaries of State were creations of the Tudors, Henry VIII.'s chief secretary having been the first officer of that kind who took part in national affairs. Attorney-Generals were royal officers in Plantagenet times; but the Solicitor-General is first mentioned in Elizabeth's reign, when Queen's Counsel were first established.

The Stamps Department took its rise under the Act 5 and 6 William and Mary, c. 21, which first imposed stamp duties and authorized the appointment of commissioners. Excise duties, invented by the Commonwealth, were first regularly granted, in lieu of the royal feudal rights, by 12 Car. II. c. 23. Customs duties are of course coæval with fixed rule in England, and stretch back beyond the days when Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed Comptroller of the Customs, and subsidy of wools, skins, and tanned hides in the port of London, on this notable condition, "that he should write the rolls of his office with his own hand, and perform his duties personally, and not by deputy."

The administration of Customs, in some shape or other, is probably the oldest Civil Service department of the State. But whatever the precise history of the service, and that, as already stated, has yet to be written, it is, generally speaking, correct to say that the Civil Service took its rise in the Executive Committees of the Long Parliament, was enlarged under the Commonwealth, and became established under Charles II. and William III. Parliament in the former reign insisted, and required to be satisfied, that money voted was appropriated to certain specified heads of expenditure only; and, in the latter reign, that all the estimates of probable expenditure for Army, Navy, and Ordnance should be regularly laid before the Houses before supply was granted. Here at once was permanent employment for a civil staff.

First appointments to places in the Civil Service of the country were originally made by the ministers, so far as the superior posts were concerned. The officers so appointed at first provided their own clerks, but the patronage involved soon became an object of desire by ministers, and was made the means of obliging political friends, or of bribing political enemies. This method of nomination to first appointments was continued till the year 1869 for all the departments, only nominees of the minister being able to compete at the test-examinations before the Civil Service Commissioners. But, except in one or two of the public offices, this method has been given up, and first appointments are now given to those candidates who, having passed the best examination before the Civil Service Commissioners—an examination to which anyone of suitable age and social status is admissible—has come closest to the standard of qualifications prescribed for the particular department. Until 1855, there was no examination as to the fitness or otherwise of candidates for the public service. Nominees of the minister were *ipso facto* supposed to be capable; but when it is remembered that appointments were carefully made, not of the fittest persons, but of those whom the minister wished to oblige, it will be seen that

the chances were very much in favour of *rois fainéants*, and dullards for whom no "sphere of usefulness," as the clergy have it, offered in the ordinary walks of life. It is to this period that the Civil Service owes whatever of character for unwisdom and inefficiency may still survive. Of course "there were heroes before Agamemnon," and there were splendid public servants before test-examinations were invented—indeed, I suppose that nearly all the best public servants of the present day who are in prominent positions were educationally untested. "We are triumphantly told," said the late Mr. Mill, "that neither Clive nor Wellington could have passed the test which is prescribed for an aspirant to an Engineer cadetship. As if, because Clive and Wellington did not do what was not required of them, they could not have done it if it had been required. If it be only meant to inform us that it is possible to be a great general without these things, so it is without many other things which are very useful to great generals. Alexander the Great had never heard of Vauban's rules, nor could Julius Cæsar speak French." It is no argument against examinations "conducted by persons not engaged in politics, and of the same class and quality with the examiners for honours at the Universities"—examinations which Mr. Mill asserts give the only chance, "I do not say of honest appointment, but even of abstinence from such as are manifestly and flagrantly profligate"—to say that Sir C. Trevelyan, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Scudamore, Mr. Anthony Trollope, and Mr. Mill himself, were untested on their entry to the service. Whilst it is clear that they possessed sufficient educational ability for their work, and might have passed, had it been required of them, an examination, it by no means follows that all who were appointed at the same time with them had that ability, or were qualified for their work in life. If, without knowing the usual knowledge belonging to an average middle-class education, a man might be fit for the Civil Service, would he necessarily be fit when possessed of such unusual knowledge as is reported of a candidate who lately appeared before the Examiners? Being asked, among other things, to give a short account of Oliver Cromwell, the aspirant instructed thus: that Oliver Cromwell was a very wicked man; but repented on his death-bed, exclaiming, "Oh, that I had served my God as I have served my King!" This candidate might have made a very useful office-clerk, not perhaps in the Historical Records Office, but elsewhere; still it might fairly be argued that a youth who could give an answer more in accordance with received belief as to the authorship of this famous speech would be presumably more useful, *not* because he knew this particular scrap of history better, but because by knowing it better he would give some earnest that he was also better acquainted with other and more utilitarianly useful educational knowledge. The object of the examination is rather to get some general guarantee that the candidate has the mental power requisite to enable him to learn, and then to do, his duty, than to ascertain whether he is instructed in the details of a duty of which he cannot as yet possibly know anything. The question whether examinations should be competitive or standard-testing only, is quite open to discussion on the merits, though practice has decided in favour of competition; but that there should be an examination of some kind has been agreed by all but the most strenuous advocates of ignorance. By Order in Council, dated 21st May, 1855, the Civil Service Commissioners were appointed. They ascertained from each department of State the standard to which candidates for that particular employment should come up, and then, superseding whatever office-tests might have been applied—and they were roughly applied in some offices—proceeded to examine and report upon the qualifications of all who came to them as nominees to vacancies. For most, if not for all, departments it was at first

only required that candidates should come up to the prescribed standard of qualification. But the competitive principle was soon introduced, and by the end of 1855 was generally, though not in all cases, adopted. The Annual Reports of the Commissioners—the first was published in 1856—are full of interesting matter, and contain an account of what the Commission has done, and what it is prepared to do, year by year.

Intimately connected with appointments is the question of promotion. As to the proper solution of the quesion there are many opinions. Some, maintaining that there is no employment in the public service, short of a ministerial appointment, which cannot be as well discharged by one civilian as by another, assert the rights of seniority, and would fill all vacancies—at least, those on the clerical staff—with men who have served longest in the next grade below. Others assert that superior fitness ought, both in the public interest and in fairness to the individual possessing it, to be preferred to seniority; and these lay down the maxim that increased pay is the natural reward of mere service, promotion and increased pay the natural reward of ability.

Since the creation of tribunals to test capacity on entry, and especially since the adoption of the competitive principle, which is supposed to let in none but the best and ablest, there is much to be said for the seniority system. That, on the assumption that all candidates are equally good—and this assumption is partly involved in the examination system—is manifestly the fairest that could be, all things being equal. But whilst experience shows that length of service is not necessarily combined with efficiency—the fact of subsequent relative superiority or inferiority of candidates is not and cannot be determined by the original examination. All that the examination can determine is the probable future fitness for special duties, by testing the general fitness of the candidate for any duties. It may well be that ten or twelve years after the general examination has been passed disparities will appear, and that in the performance of the particular duties of the department certain men may show an eminent aptitude for the work, whilst others, from dislike to it, from original less ability, from circumstances of one kind or another, may develope an inaptitude, or a less fitness for control and direction of work. Upon some such grounds as these do the advocates of "promotion by merit" rest their arguments, and ask whether the State or the individual is to suffer, as upon their showing one or the other must suffer, by adopting in all cases the seniority rule. It seems better—better for the State and better for the individual workers—that no hard-and-fast line should be drawn, but that seniority being the principle on which promotion should proceed, the application of that principle should be moderated by recognition, in special cases, of special merit in juniors. The merit ought to be really special to earn a preference; and great care should be exercised to exclude favouritism, which a broad system of promotion by selection is calculated to engender. It is probable that the best tribunal to decide such cases would be the *corpus clericale* itself. The men personally concerned in the promotion, the fellow-workers with the candidates for a superior appointment, are far more likely to know the relative capacities of the candidates, and to make a sound choice, than the head of the department, who, by the conditions of his official life, cannot so well know and determine. The head, moreover, might possibly be swayed by private considerations or by a seeming special fitness in one which was really excelled by some more special fitness in another not so well known to him. At all events, the voice of the department might recommend, power being reserved to the responsible head to set the recommendation aside for reasons to be assigned by him in writing. This arrangement would probably work smoothly and well. Arbitrary preferences on the part of the chiefs would be avoided,

and the public opinion of the department—almost sure to be right in such a matter—would find full expression. Appointments to executive posts and to positions where the office-holder might compromise the administration of the department, still more of the Government, must obviously be made solely by the minister responsible for the department. It is equally obvious that the minister should, in making such appointments, be quite unfettered in his choice, and should be free to select from the staff of the department, from the public outside of it, or from the staff of another department of State. This last source of supply for executive officers, heads of sub departments, suggests the idea that much more use might be made than is made of the training and ability which circumstances have allotted to a sphere where they may be redundant, whilst there is a distinct want of both these things in another sphere.

At present the Civil Service is, so far as the public requirements are concerned, a disunited body, with very distinctive organizations and with very slight bonds of union. The Foreign Office has not, and would shrink from, any community with the Inland Revenue officers; the Home Office, metaphorically speaking, is thankful it is not as other offices are—dealers in stamps, purveyors of stationery, collectors of legacy duty, or even as these Postmen; whilst Whitehall and Downing Street generally have nothing in common with Somerset House or Thames Street, and are only on distant—*de haut en bas*—relations with St. Martins le-Grand. Caste rules. These differences, or imperfect sympathies, as they may at least be called, are the effect in part of tradition, in part of social considerations, which latter in this country go far beyond their natural scope, and affect the public as well as the private relations of man to man. They are so strongly felt and fostered, that even in private matters which affect the whole service they are allowed to operate; so that in any general movement—as for the establishment of co-operative societies for the good of the service; the starting of a club; the movement for abolishing the old oppressive 5 per cent cess upon salaries to provide a pension fund; the formation of a Volunteer Corps; and other matters of general interest—it will be found that the agitation is partial, though the object be general; and that in proportion as the East is active, the West is retiring, and *vice versâ*. Of late years something has been done through those Civil Service institutions, the Stores, the Rifle Corps, the Athletic Sports, the Musical and other Societies which bring people together, to amalgamate and weld the service; but much more might be done for the general interests of members if some stronger bond of union ran through the departments—if Whitehall would admit the brotherhood of the Strand, and the Strand would consent to an alliance with Thames Street. Then there would be some prospect of a sound and cheap mutual insurance fund; a widows and orphans' fund; a distressed members' fund; and, by legitimately-united efforts, an increased wages' concession, temporary or permanent—things which are impossible so long as the departments are in rivalry, or, as in many cases, in distinct antagonism or indifference to each other. Twenty-nine thousand educated men united, and acting like united educated men, can do a great deal for themselves and for the service to which they belong; but fragmentary action must end in small results where the effect is not altogether abortive.

But if this imposing body could do so much in a domestic direction, how much more might it not do in its public capacity? If the differences which now isolate individual offices, and which make offices on a social par rivals instead of co-operators, were removed, how much might be done for the public which is now left undone; how greatly might the country gain from the associated efforts of its servants! Already in the pages of this Magazine has the subject been mooted in connection with the public stores, and a Select Com-

mittee of the House of Commons, under the presidency of Mr. Holms (M.P. for Hackney), has been considering for some time how far the principle of departmental co-operation can be introduced into the purchase administration of the State. Under the direction of Mr. Childers, another Committee, which was appointed at the instance of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, is investigating the charges in the Civil Service Estimates, with a view to seeing what improvements can be introduced into branches of the public service which among them dispose of some eighteen millions of taxes. The result in both cases can hardly fail to be in the direction of making the several branches of the service more generally useful, if even some absolute amalgamation or systematic clubbing together of knowledge and experience be not recommended.

Admitted that the differences which exist among the departments owe their origin and their maintenance, in a great measure, to social feeling and traditions of office, there is no doubt, also, a serious want of official coherence, an element of non union, due to imperfect governmental arrangement, and to want of comprehensiveness in the Treasury's grip on the service. It is surely worth while, even at the risk of uniting the Service for its own domestic ends, to infuse into so large and important a class a sense of the unity of object which should inspire them, and to cultivate sedulously the idea that, though employments must necessarily differ in kind, the aim of all is identical, and that in his vocation, the man who faithfully labours to bring in the revenue is as worthy of esteem and consideration as the man who labours intelligently to spend it; and that there is nothing to choose between the maker of treaties and the man who provides and equips the means of defending them.

It is not easy to suggest how Government can cure a disease which, so far as the Service is concerned, is founded a good deal upon sentiment, whilst it is perfectly certain that any remedy must be very gradual in its operation. A glance at the Civil Service and Army and Navy Estimates will show the departments comprised in the Civil Service, the numbers employed, and the scales of pay prevailing in each. From these it will be seen that even in groups of offices discharging kindred functions, *e.g.* the War Office and the Admiralty, there are differences of rating and salary quite sufficient of themselves to keep the two offices apart. If consolidation cannot be effected throughout the Service—and there are doubtless many obstacles in the way—it might be applied to sections embracing all offices of the same type, what these sections should be and what should be included in them being matter for governmental decision. Within these sections there should be no inequalities, no differences of salary, no differences in the tests by which admission is obtained to the Service. The members might at need be interchangeable, regard being had to relative position and length of service of the transferred—and the whole staff of the section might for all purposes be regarded as one corporation. At present, however, to go no farther than the terms of admission, a perusal of the Civil Service Commissioners' Report will show how much these vary, not only in respect of what I have called offices of the same type, but even in respect of the staff in the same office. Thus, in the Post Office, Inland Revenue, and some others, a different set of qualifications is established for the staff working under the secretary, and the staff working under the departmental officers. The difference is very slight in the case of the Post Office, consisting only in this, that the workers in the secretary's office shall know some history, geography, and Greek, in addition to the knowledge required to be possessed by his fellow-worker in the departments; but this difference, slight—indeed, unreal—though it be, is sufficient to fix a great gulf between the two sets of workers, and to perpetuate a distinction where every true interest of the service requires there should be unity. As it is an efficient worker in the departments

cannot be transferred to the secretariat, and *vice versâ*. The Civil Service Commissioners have no power to alter this. Their position is that of filter to the departments. The departments decide what size and of what sort the sieve shall be, and the Commissioners have merely to see that none but the qualified pass through. Any alteration of this kind must proceed from the Government.

One of the main objects to be borne in mind in any re-organization of the Civil Service will be the reduction of its numbers and the increase of its pay. In certain offices steps have been taken to this end, but hardly with the best results, because of the insufficient character of the steps taken. Certain prizes, also, in those offices have been done away with; so that, though one body of men have for the time benefited, all may, to the extent of the abolished prizes, consider themselves despoiled. Any extended re-organization would have to include much more than a nominal addition to pay. The requirement of longer daily service, and the relegation to the permanent chief of the department—who, after all, is responsible for its efficient and economical working—of much of the work of selection and appointment now done irrespectively of him by the Civil Service Commissioners, would have to be features of the plan. Formerly all the clerical work of the departments of the State was performed by clerks on the establishments of the several offices—that is, by men who entered at a minimum salary, advanced by annual increments of from *5l.* to *25l.* a year, till they reached the maximum which the office gave to any of its grades. Each clerk on the establishment was entitled to a pension after a given number of years' service, if incapacitated by sickness or old age. If at any time there was pressure of work upon the office, temporary assistance was sometimes brought in; but more frequently temporary pressure was made the occasion for permanent increase to the establishment, so that, whilst a lasting addition was made to the standing burdens of the country, the office itself was demoralized by a redundant staff. About the time of the Crimean War a change came in this respect. The principle of employing temporary clerks or writers, which then had to be adopted in aid of the establishment, was thereafter more fully developed; but it was not till 1869 that this engine was made to go backwards as well as forwards. In view of the heavy permanent charges for Civil Service, the question was raised whether much of the work regularly done by clerks on the establishment was not of a kind to be naturally done by a less-skilled and a less-paid worker, and whether less expensive and at the same time better instruments might not be obtained. Concurrently with this question came a cry from the ranks of the Civil Service complaining of the slowness of promotion, and of the diminished value of promotion itself, caused by long service in the nether grade having brought the recipient already up to the minimum pay of the promotion. It was considered that if "writers"—by which was intended men of the class which furnishes law-stationer clerks—were brought in to do much of the work done by establishment clerks, that portion of the work could be more cheaply done, not only at the time, but also prospectively; for writers were not to be entitled either to permanent employment or to pension. At the same time, the ranks of the establishment being thinned in the lower classes, it was hoped to establish a more regular and more rapid flow of promotion; and to increase these chances, the first of the three classes into which most establishments were divided was abolished, and part of the value of the abolished appointments was taken to increase the value and number of the appointments in the second class. Instead of still leaving it to the permanent heads of departments—for at the first it was so left—to select and employ the new class of clerk, the Government decided to supply writers through the instrumentality of the Civil Service Commission alone.

The effect was to get, not the class of men originally contemplated, the law-stationer-clerk class, who would have been most useful, but to get in many cases men of the class on the establishment itself, distressed or necessitous people of a condition superior to what was wanted, and who, having asked to be put into one of the clerk's offices "that they might eat a piece of bread," not because it was their vocation, were not efficient servants, grumbled at the pay, the work, and the position, which in truth were never intended for them. Educationally tested, this class easily bore it over the other. Hewers of wood and drawers of water were wanted, and the steps taken to get them brought retired officers, unsuccessful schoolmasters, barristers, the unlucky of many kinds, almost all predisposed not to like, and therefore not to do, their work. Here it should be stated, in the plainest and distinctest manner, that these observations, whilst true of many instances, are not true of all. There are excellent men, admirable workers amongst the Government-writer class, who toil on under many discouragements, and under the singular ban that the fact of writership is a disqualification for the establishment, no matter how competent and deserving the writer may be. For the writer-class, which under good regulations might be far more widely used, the best course would be to revert to the practice which obtained when writers were first introduced, and to leave it to the permanent head of the department to select the fittest men for the work of his office. The necessity for the employment of writers in his office at all, and the extent to which they may be necessary, should be settled by superior authority; but those points being settled, execution should be left to the man responsible—the sense of responsibility may be indefinitely increased—for the discharge of the duties of his office. The educational test should be very slight and non-competitive, directed rather to ascertain that the person selected by the departmental head is not unfit, rather than to find out whether he is, educationally speaking, superlatively fit.

There are several other aspects under which the Civil Service may be considered; but space forbids more than just a reference to the question of pay. A study of the Estimates shows, as already stated, many inequalities, not only as between offices doing the same class of work, but even as regards the staff in the same offices. From the great body of the service, especially from those parts which are on the lower scales of pay, an "earnest cry and prayer" has come up for increase of wage. "Non possumus" has been the answer of the Government, and the men struggle on, many of them flounderingly, in the race where increased rents, increased cost of all necessaries except bread, handicap them severely. The answer to urgent appeals for more money is, that there are plenty of people ready to take the places of the appellants, and that, while the supply of labour is far in excess of the demand, it is neither wise nor right to impose further charges upon the well-laden back of the public. The rejoinder, backed up by precedents set by Bank of England directors, directors of insurance offices, large employers of clerk labour, is to the effect that the public does not desire to ruin its servants, nor to see them impaled upon that cold iron Treasury Minute, issued when Mr. Disraeli was King, whereby clerks in difficulties are to be forthwith destroyed from off the face of the official earth; that it is impossible, in view of financial facts only too apparent in the daily experience of all, to avoid these dangers; and the appellants cast themselves on the mercy of the British nation. They cannot afford to throw up—many years have made them roots in office; and then there is the pension—that Will-o'-the-Wisp towards which for years the Service was compelled, without sanction of Parliament, to contribute 5 per cent of its salary. Pension would be forfeited by resignation, or by any active steps in the nature of stout resistance. Something certainly ought to be done in this direction. Might not the country

be asked, in the face of undoubted pecuniary difficulties of a permanent kind, to help its servants? The country does not grudge fair pay for good work; and if, in making a fresh point of departure on salary questions, the country should ask to have an extra hour's attendance for additional wage, it will not ask a most reasonable set of men in vain.

There have been various departmental inquiries and reforms of late years, proceeding upon the orders of particular ministers, and ending with the departments which initiated them. Such inquiries, being so limited, cannot but be spasmodic and local in their action. No general good, but not a little general rivalry, comes out of them, working no benefit, but the contrary. Since 1837, when a public Committee inquired into the fee system as it obtained in the public service, no effort has been made to deal with the Service as a whole. Surely the time has arrived when it might be proper to revise, and, so far as possible, to harmonize, the many branches of this great body politic; to consider, through the medium of an authoritative Commission, how far the Civil Service of the country has adapted itself to the changes which have become general in the business of the kingdom since the birthdays, remote or modern, of its branches. Such an inquiry might embrace the question of more generally useful organization, the questions of pay, hours of attendance, conditions of entry, promotion, pension, inter-departmental transfers, and—what is immensely wanted to infuse and keep up a supply of young blood and energy in the higher branches of the Service—a scheme of well-considered retirement, under which civilians, like officers in the Navy, might be retireable at stated ages upon agreed rates of pension. There is abundant room for inquiry and for action. In the service itself there are many complaints which may or may not be well founded. Stifled, unexpressed, unexplored, these complaints rankle as grievances, and, allowed to accumulate, take the form of discontent and unhearty work. In the public mind there is a strong impression, well or ill founded, that the civil servants of the country are in excessive number, that they do not work enough, and that the conditions of employment are calculated to encourage idleness, and certainly do not give to heads of departments that sort of control by which private employers, or even banks and large companies, get the work of their offices done to the best advantage. The service would hail any inquiry which could not but result in increased benefits to itself—the public would at least be interested in finding out what precisely the service is, and what precisely it does; whilst it also could not fail to benefit from a thorough investigation such as never has been made since the Sub-Committees of the Long Parliament called the Civil Service into existence.[1]

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

[1] Since this article was written the Select Committee on Civil Service Expenditure, Mr. Childers, Chairman, has proposed inquiry by a Royal Commission into the administrative departments of the Law Courts. It has also made general inquiry into the clerical organization of some of the Revenue departments. What is advocated here is the application of the Royal Commission remedy to the entire Service—not piecemeal, but as a whole.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"LIKE HADRIANUS AND AUGUSTUS."

THE island of Borva lay warm, and green, and bright under a blue sky; there were no white curls of foam on Loch Roag, but only the long Atlantic swell coming in to fall on the white beach; away over there in the south the fine greys and purples of the giant Suainabhal shone in the sunlight amid the clear air; and the beautiful sea-pyots flew about the rocks, their screaming being the only sound audible in the stillness. The King of Borva was down by the shore, seated on a stool, and engaged in the idyllic operation of painting a boat which had been hauled up on the sand. It was the *Maighdean-mhara.* He would let no one else on the island touch Sheila's boat. Duncan, it is true, was permitted to keep her masts and sails and seats sound and white; but as for the decorative painting of the small craft—including a little bit of amateur gilding—that was the exclusive right of Mr. Mackenzie himself. For of course, the old man said to himself, Sheila was coming back to Borva one of these days; and she would be proud to find her own boat bright and sound. If she and her husband should resolve to spend half the year in Stornoway, would not the small craft be of use to her there, and sure he was that a prettier little vessel never entered Stornoway bay. Mr. Mackenzie was at this moment engaged in putting a thin line of green round the white bulwarks that might have been distinguished across Loch Roag, so keen and pure was the colour.

A much heavier boat, broad-beamed, red-hulled, and brown-sailed, was slowly coming round the point at this moment. Mr. Mackenzie raised his eyes from his work, and knew that Duncan was coming back from Callernish. Some few minutes thereafter, the boat was run in to her moorings, and Duncan came along the beach with a parcel in his hand.

"Here wass your letters, sir," he said. "And there iss one of them will be from Miss Sheila, if I wass make no mistake."

He remained there. Duncan generally knew pretty well when a letter from Sheila was among the documents he had to deliver; and, on such an occasion, he invariably lingered about to hear the news, which was immediately spread abroad throughout the island. The old King of Borva was not a garrulous man; but he was glad that the people about him should know that his Sheila had become a fine lady in the south, and saw fine things, and went among fine people. Perhaps this notion of his was a sort of apology to them—perhaps it was an apology to himself—for his having let her go away from the island; but at all events the simple folks about Borva knew that Miss Sheila, as they still invariably called her, lived in the same town as the Queen herself, and saw many lords and ladies, and was present at great festivities, as became Mr. Mackenzie's only daughter. And naturally these rumours and stories were exaggerated by the kindly interest and affection of the people into something far beyond what Sheila's father intended; insomuch that many an old crone would proudly and sagaciously wag her head, and say that when Miss Sheila came back to Borva strange things might be seen, and it would be a proud

day for Mr. Mackenzie if he was to go down to the shore to meet Queen Victoria herself, and the Princes and Princesses, and many fine people, all come to stay at his house and have great rejoicings in Borva.

Thus it was that Duncan invariably lingered about when he brought a letter from Sheila; and if her father happened to forget, or be pre-occupied, Duncan would humbly but firmly remind him. On this occasion Mr. Mackenzie put down his paint-brush and took the bundle of letters and newspapers Duncan had brought him. He selected that from Sheila, and threw the others on the beach beside him.

There was really no news in the letter. Sheila merely said that she could not as yet answer her father's question as to the time she might probably visit Lewis. She hoped he was well; and that, if she could not get up to Borva that year, he would come south to London for a time, when the hard weather set in in the north. And so forth. But there was something in the tone of the letter that struck the old man as being unusual and strange. It was very formal in its phraseology. He read it twice over, very carefully, and forgot altogether that Duncan was waiting. Indeed, he was going to turn away, forgetting his work and the other letters that still lay on the beach, when he observed that there was a postscript on the other side of the last page. It merely said—"*Will you please address your letters now to No. — Pembroke Road, South Kensington, where I may be for some time?*"

That was an imprudent postscript. If she had shown the letter to anyone, she would have been warned of the blunder she was committing. But the child had not much cunning; and wrote and posted the letter in the belief that her father would simply do as she asked him, and suspect nothing, and ask no questions.

When old Mackenzie read that postscript, he could only stare at the paper before him.

"Will there be anything wrong, sir?" said the tall keeper, whose keen grey eyes had been fixed on his master's face.

The sound of Duncan's voice startled and recalled Mr. Mackenzie, who immediately turned, and said, lightly—

"Wrong? What wass you thinking would be wrong? Oh, there is nothing wrong whatever. But Mairi, she will be greatly surprised, and she is going to write no letters until she comes back to tell you what she has seen; that is the message there will be for Scarlett. Sheila—she is very well."

Duncan picked up the other letters and newspapers.

"You may tek them to the house, Duncan," said Mr. Mackenzie, and then he added, carelessly, "Did you hear when the steamer was thinking of leaving Stornoway this night?"

"They were saying it would be seven o'clock or six, as there was a great deal of cargo to go on her."

"Six o'clock? I'm thinking, Duncan, I would like to go with her as far as Oban or Glasgow. Oh yes, I will go with her as far as Glasgow. Be sharp, Duncan, and bring in the boat."

The keeper stared, fearing his master had gone mad.

"You wass going with her this ferry night?"

"Yes. Be sharp, Duncan!" said Mackenzie, doing his best to conceal his impatience and determination under a careless air.

"Bit, sir, you canna do it," said Duncan, peevishly. "You hef no things looked out to go. And by the time we would get to Callernish, it wass a ferry hard drive there will be to get to Stornoway by six o'clock; and there is the mare, sir, she will hef lost a shoe——"

Mr. Mackenzie's diplomacy gave way. He turned upon the keeper with a sudden fierceness, and with a stamp of his foot.

"—— —— you, Duncan MacDonald, is it you or me that is the master? I will go to Stornoway this ferry moment if I hef to buy twenty horses!" And there was a light under the shaggy eye-

brows that warned Duncan to have done with his remonstrances.

"Oh, ferry well, sir—ferry well, sir," he said, going off to the boat, and grumbling as he went. "If Miss Sheila wass here, it would be no going away to Glesca without any things wis you, as if you wass a poor traffelin tailor that hass nothing in the world but a needle and a thimble mirover. And what will the people in Styornoway hef to say, and sa captain of sa steamboat; and Scarlett—I will hef no peace from Scarlett if you wass going away like this. And as for sa sweerin, it is no use sa sweerin, for I will get sa boat ready—oh yes, I will get sa boat ready—but I do not understand why I will get sa boat ready."

By this time, indeed, he had got along to the larger boat, and his grumblings were inaudible to the object of them. Mr. Mackenzie went to the small landing-place, and waited. When he got into the boat, and sat down in the stern, taking the tiller in his right hand, he still held Sheila's letter in the other hand, although he did not need to re-read it.

They sailed out into the blue waters of the loch, and rounded the point of the island, in absolute silence, Duncan meanwhile being both sulky and curious. He could not make out why his master should so suddenly leave the island, without informing anyone, without even taking with him that tall and roughly-furred black hat which he ordinarily wore on important occasions. Yet there was a letter in his hand; and it was a letter from Miss Sheila. Was the news about Mairi the only news in it?

Duncan kept looking ahead to see that the boat was steering her right course for the Narrows, and was anxious, now that he had started, to make the voyage in the least possible time; but all the same his eyes would come back to Mr. Mackenzie, who sat very much absorbed, steering almost mechanically, seldom looking ahead, but instinctively guessing his course by the outlines of the shore close by.

"Wass there any bad news, sir, from Miss Sheila?" he was compelled to say at last.

"Miss Sheila!" said Mr. Mackenzie, impatiently. "Is it an infant you are, that you will call a married woman by such a name?"

Duncan had never been checked before for a habit which was common to the whole island of Borva.

"There iss no bad news," continued Mackenzie, impatiently. "Is it a story you would like to tek back to the people of Borvabost?"

"It wass no thought of such a thing wass come into my head, sir," said Duncan. "There iss no one in sa island would like to carry bad news about Miss Sheila; and there iss no one in sa island would like to hear it—not anyone whatever; and I can answer for that."

"Then hold your tongue about it—there is no bad news from Sheila," said Mackenzie; and Duncan relapsed into silence, not very well content.

By dint of very hard driving indeed Mr. Mackenzie just caught the boat as she was leaving Stornoway harbour; the hurry he was in fortunately saving him from the curiosity and inquiries of the people he knew on the pier. As for the frank and good-natured captain, he did not show that excessive interest in Mr. Mackenzie's affairs that Duncan had feared; but when the steamer was well away from the coast, and bearing down on her route to Skye, he came and had a chat with the King of Borva about the condition of affairs on the west of the island, and he was good enough to ask, too, about the young lady that had married the English gentleman. Mr. Mackenzie said briefly that she was very well; and returned to the subject of the fishing.

It was on a wet and dreary morning that Mr. Mackenzie arrived in London; and as he was slowly driven through the long and dismal thoroughfares, with their grey and melancholy houses, their passers-by under umbrellas, and their smoke, and drizzle, and dirt, he could not help saying to himself, "My

poor Sheila!" It was not a pleasant place surely to live in always, although it might be all very well for a visit. Indeed, this cheerless day added to the gloomy forebodings in his mind; and it needed all his resolve, and his pride in his own diplomacy, to carry out his plan of approaching Sheila.

When he got to Pembroke Road, he stopped the cab at the corner, and paid the man. Then he walked along the thoroughfare, having a look at the houses. At length he came to the number mentioned in Sheila's letter, and he found that there was a brass plate on the door bearing an unfamiliar name. His suspicions were confirmed.

He went up the steps and knocked; a small girl answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Lavender living here?" he said.

She looked for a moment with some surprise at the short, thick-set man, with his sailor costume, his peaked cap, and his great grey beard and shaggy eyebrows; and then she said that she would ask, and what was his name? But Mr. Mackenzie was too sharp not to know what that meant.

"I am her father. It will do ferry well if you will show me the room."

And he stepped inside. The small girl obediently shut the door, and then led the way upstairs. The next minute Mr. Mackenzie had entered the room, and there, before him, was Sheila, bending over Mairi, and teaching her how to do some fancy-work.

The girl looked up, on hearing some one enter, and then, when she suddenly saw her father there, she uttered a slight cry of alarm, and shrunk back. If he had been less intent on his own plans, he would have been amazed and pained by this action on the part of his daughter, who used to run to him, on great occasions and small, whenever she saw him; but the girl had for the last few days been so habitually schooling herself into the notion that she was keeping a secret from him—she had become so deeply conscious of the concealment intended in that brief letter—that she instinctively shrank from him when he suddenly appeared. It was but for a moment. Mr. Mackenzie came forward, with a fine assumption of carelessness, and shook hands with Sheila and with Mairi, and said—

"How do you do, Mairi? And are you ferry well, Sheila? And you will not expect me this morning; but when a man will not pay you what he wass owing, it wass no good letting it go on in that way, and I hef come to London ——"

He shook the rain-drops from his cap, and was a little embarrassed.

"Yes, I hef come to London to have an account settled up; for it wass no good letting the man go on for effer and effer. Ay, and how are you, Sheila?"

He glanced about the room—he would not look at her. She stood there, unable to speak, and with her face grown wild and pale.

"Ay, it wass raining hard all the last night, and there wass a good deal of water came into the carriage; and it is a ferry hard bed you will make of a third-class carriage. Ay, it wass so. And this is a new house you will hef, Sheila ——"

She had been coming nearer to him, with her face down, and the speechless lips trembling. And then suddenly, with a strange sob, she threw herself into his arms, and hid her head, and burst into a wild fit of crying.

"Sheila," he said, "what ails you? What iss all the matter?"

Mairi had covertly got out of the room.

"Oh, papa, I have left him," the girl cried.

"Ay," said her father, quite cheerfully, "oh ay, I thought there was some little thing wrong when your letter wass come to us the other day. But it is no use making a great deal of trouble about it, Sheila; for it is easy to have all those things put right again—oh yes, ferry easy. And you hef left your own home, Sheila? And where is Mr. Lavender?"

"Oh, papa," she cried, "you must not try to see him. You must promise not to go to see him. I should have

told you everything when I wrote, but I thought you would come up, and blame it all on him, and I think it is I who am to blame——"

"But I do not want to blame anyone," said her father. "You must not make so much of these things, Sheila. It is a pity—yes, it is a ferry great pity—your husband and you will hef a quarrel; but it iss no uncommon thing for these troubles to happen; and I am coming to you this morning, not to make any more trouble, but to see if it cannot be put right again. And I do not want to know any more than that; and I will not blame anyone; but if I wass to see Mr. Lavender——"

A bitter anger had filled his heart from the moment he had learned how matters stood; and yet he was talking in such a bland, matter-of-fact, almost cheerful fashion, that his own daughter was imposed upon, and began to grow comforted. The mere fact that her father now knew of all her troubles, and was not disposed to take a very gloomy view of them, was of itself a great relief to her. And she was greatly pleased, too, to hear her father talk in the same light and even friendly fashion of her husband. She had dreaded the possible results of her writing home and relating what had occurred. She knew the powerful passion of which this lonely old man was capable; and if he had come suddenly down south, with a wild desire to revenge the wrongs of his daughter, what might not have happened?

Sheila sat down, and with averted eyes told her father the whole story, ingenuously making all possible excuses for her husband, and intimating strongly that the more she looked over the history of the past time, the more she was convinced that she was herself to blame. It was but natural that Mr. Lavender should like to live in the manner to which he had been accustomed. She had tried to live that way, too; and the failure to do so was surely her fault. He had been very kind to her. He was always buying her new dresses, jewellery, and what not; and was always pleased to take her to be amused anywhere. All this she said, and a great deal more; and although Mr. Mackenzie did not believe the half of it, he did not say so.

"Ay, ay, Sheila," he said, cheerfully, "but if everything was right like that, what for will you be here?"

"But everything was not right, papa," the girl said, still with her eyes cast down. "I could not live any longer like that; and I had to come away. That is my fault; and I could not help it. And there was a—a misunderstanding between us about Mairi's visit—for I had said nothing about it—and he was surprised—and he had some friends coming to see us that day——"

"Oh, well, there iss no great harm done—none at all," said her father, lightly, and perhaps beginning to think that after all something was to be said on Lavender's side of the question. "And you will not suppose, Sheila, that I am coming to make any trouble by quarrelling with anyone. There are some men—oh yes, there are ferry many—that would hef no judgment at such a time, and they would think only about their daughter, and hef no regard for anyone else, and they would only make effery one angrier than before. But you will tell me, Sheila, where Mr. Lavender is——"

"I do not know," she said. "And I am anxious, papa, you should not go to see him. I have asked you to promise that to please me."

He hesitated. There were not many things he could refuse his daughter; but he was not sure he ought to yield to her in this. For were not these two a couple of foolish young things, who wanted an experienced, and cool, and shrewd person to come with a little dexterous management and arrange their affairs for them?

"I do not think I have half explained the difference between us," said Sheila, in the same low voice. "It is no passing quarrel to be mended up and forgotten—it is nothing like that. You must leave it alone, papa."

"That is foolishness, Sheila," said the old man, with a little impatience. "You are making big things out of

ferry little; and you will only bring trouble to yourself. How do you know but that he wishes to hef all this misunderstanding removed, and hef you go back to him?"

"I know that he wishes that," she said, calmly.

"And you speak as if you wass in great trouble here, and yet you will not go back?" he said, in great surprise.

"Yes, that is so," she said. "There is no use in my going back to the same sort of life: it was not happiness for either of us—and to me it was misery. If I am to blame for it, that is only a misfortune."

"But if you will not go back to him, Sheila," her father said, "at least you will go back with me to Borva."

"I cannot do that either," said the girl, with the same quiet yet decisive manner.

Mr. Mackenzie rose, with an impatient gesture, and walked to the window. He did not know what to say. He was very well aware that when Sheila had resolved upon anything, she had thought it well over beforehand, and was not likely to change her mind. And yet the notion of his daughter living in lodgings in a strange town—her only companion a young girl who had never been in the place before—was vexatiously absurd.

"Sheila," he said, "you will come to a better understanding about that. I suppose you wass afraid the people would wonder at your coming back alone. But they will know nothing about it. Mairi she is a ferry good lass; she will do anything you will ask of her; you hef no need to think she will carry stories. And everyone wass thinking you will be coming to the Lewis this year, and it is ferry glad they will be to see you; and if the house at Borvabost hass not enough amusement for you, after you hef been in a big town like this, you will live in Stornoway with some of our friends there, and you will come over to Borva when you please."

"If I went up to the Lewis," said Sheila, "do you think I could live anywhere but in Borva? It is not any amusements I will be thinking about. But I cannot go back to the Lewis alone."

Her father saw how the pride of the girl had driven her to this decision; and saw, too, how useless it was for him to reason with her just at the present moment. Still there was plenty of occasion here for the use of a little diplomacy, merely to smooth the way for the reconciliation of husband and wife; and Mr. Mackenzie concluded in his own mind that it was far from injudicious to allow Sheila to convince herself that she bore part of the blame of this separation. For example, he now proposed that the discussion of the whole question should be postponed for the present; and that Sheila should take him about London and show him all that she had learned; and he suggested that they should then and there get a hansom cab and drive to some exhibition or other.

"A hansom, papa?" said Sheila. "Mairi must go with us, you know."

This was precisely what he had angled for; and he said, with a show of impatience—

"Mairi! how can we take about Mairi to every place? Mairi is a ferry good lass—oh, yes—but she is a servant-lass."

The words nearly stuck in his throat; and, indeed, had any other addressed such a phrase to one of his kith and kin there would have been an explosion of rage; but now he was determined to show to Sheila that her husband had some cause for objecting to this girl sitting down with his friends.

But neither husband nor father could make Sheila forswear allegiance to what her own heart told her was just, and honourable, and generous; and indeed her father at this moment was not displeased to see her turn round on himself, with just a touch of indignation in her voice.

"Mairi is my guest, papa," she said. "It is not like you to think of leaving her at home."

"Oh, it wass of no consequence," said old Mackenzie, carelessly—indeed he was not sorry to have met with this rebuff. "Mairi is a ferry good girl—

oh, yes—but there are many who would not forget she is a servant-lass, and would not like to be always taking her with them. And you hef lived a long time in London——"

"I have not lived long enough in London to make me forget my friends, or insult them," Sheila said, with proud lips, and yet turning to the window to hide her face.

"My lass, I did not mean any harm whatever," her father said, gently; "I wass saying nothing against Mairi. Go away and bring her into the room, Sheila; and we will see what we can do now, and if there is a theatre we can go to this evening. And I must go out, too, to buy some things; for you are a ferry fine lady now, Sheila, and I was coming away in such a hurry——"

"Where is your luggage, papa?" she said, suddenly.

"Oh, luggage?" said Mackenzie, looking round in great embarrassment. "It was luggage you said, Sheila? Ay, well, it wass a hurry I wass in when I came away—for this man he will hef to pay me at once whatever—and there wass no time for any luggage—oh no, there wass no time, because Duncan he wass late with the boat, and the mare she had a shoe to put on—and—and—oh no, there wass no time for any luggage."

"But what was Scarlett about, to let you come away like that?" Sheila said.

"Scarlett? Well, Scarlett did not know—it was all in such a hurry. Now go and bring in Mairi, Sheila; and we will speak about the theatre."

But there was to be no theatre for any of them that evening. Sheila was just about to leave the room to summon Mairi, when the small girl who had let Mackenzie into the house appeared and said—

"Please m'm, there is a young woman below who wishes to see you. She has a message to you from Mrs. Paterson."

"Mrs. Paterson?" Sheila said, wondering how Mrs. Lavender's henchwoman should have been entrusted with any such commission. "Will you ask her to come up?"

The girl came upstairs, looking rather frightened, and much out of breath.

"Please m'm, Mrs. Paterson has sent me to tell you, and would you please come as soon as it is convenient. Mrs. Lavender has died. It was quite sudden—only she recovered a little after the fit, and then sank; the doctor is there now; but he wasn't in time, it was all so sudden. Will you please come round, m'm?"

"Yes—I shall be there directly," said Sheila, too bewildered and stunned to think of the possibility of meeting her husband there.

The girl left; and Sheila still stood in the middle of the room apparently stupefied. That old woman had got into such a habit of talking about her approaching death that Sheila had ceased to believe her, and had grown to fancy that these morbid speculations were indulged in chiefly for the sake of shocking bystanders. But a dead man or a dead woman is suddenly invested with a great solemnity; and Sheila, with a pang of remorse, thought of the fashion in which she had suspected this old woman of a godless hypocrisy. She felt, too, that she had unjustly disliked Mrs. Lavender—that she had feared to go near her, and blamed her unfairly for many things that had happened. In her own way that old woman in Kensington Gore had been kind to her; perhaps the girl was a little ashamed of herself at this moment that she did not cry.

Her father went out with her and up to the house with the dusty ivy and the red curtains. How strangely like was the aspect of the house inside to the very picture that Mrs. Lavender had herself drawn of her death. Sheila could remember all the ghastly details that the old woman seemed to have a malicious delight in describing, and here they were—the shutters drawn down, the servants walking about on tiptoe, the strange silence in one particular room. The little shrivelled old body lay quite still and calm now; and yet as Sheila went to the bedside, she could hardly believe that within that forehead there was not some consciousness of the scene around. Lying almost in the same position the old woman, with a

sardonic smile on her face, had spoken of the time when she should be speechless, sightless, and deaf, while Paterson would go about stealthily as if she was afraid the corpse would hear. Was it possible to believe that the dead body was not conscious at this moment that Paterson was really going about in that fashion—that the blinds were down, friends standing some little distance from the bed, a couple of doctors talking to each other in the passage outside?

They went into another room, and then Sheila, with a sudden shiver, remembered that soon her husband would be coming, and might meet her and her father there.

"You have sent for Mr. Lavender?" she said, calmly, to Mrs. Paterson.

"No, ma'am," Paterson said, with more than her ordinary gravity and formality. "I did not know where to send for him. He left London some days ago. Perhaps you would read the letter, ma'am."

She offered Sheila an open letter. The girl saw that it was in her husband's handwriting; but she shrank from it as though she were violating the secrets of the grave.

"Oh no," she said, "I cannot do that."

"Mrs. Lavender, ma'am, meant you to read it, after she had had her will altered. She told me so. It is a very sad thing, ma'am, that she did not live to carry out her intentions; for she has been inquiring, ma'am, these last few days as to how she could leave everything to you, ma'am, which she intended, and now the other will——"

"Oh, don't talk about that!" said Sheila. It seemed to her that the dead body in the other room would be laughing hideously, if only it could, at this fulfilment of all the sardonic prophecies that Mrs. Lavender used to make.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," Paterson said, in the same formal way, as if she were a machine set to work in a particular direction, "I only mentioned the will to explain why Mrs. Lavender wished you to read this letter."

"Read the letter, Sheila," said her father.

The girl took it and carried it to the window. While she was there, old Mackenzie, who had fewer scruples about such matters, and who had the curiosity natural to a man of the world, said to Mrs. Paterson—not loud enough for Sheila to overhear—

"I suppose, then, the poor old lady has left her property to her nephew?"

"Oh no, sir," said Mrs. Paterson, somewhat sadly, for she fancied she was the bearer of bad news. "She had a will drawn out only a short time ago, and nearly everything is left to Mr. Ingram."

"To Mr. Ingram?"

"Yes," said the woman, amazed to see that Mackenzie's face, so far from evincing displeasure, seemed to be as delighted as it was surprised.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Paterson, "I was one of the witnesses. But Mrs. Lavender changed her mind; and was very anxious that everything should go to your daughter, if it could be done, and Mr. Appleyard, sir, was to come here to-morrow forenoon."

"And has Mr. Lavender got no money whatever?" said Sheila's father, with an air that convinced Mrs. Paterson that he was a revengeful man, and was glad his son-in-law should be so severely punished.

"I don't know, sir," she replied, careful not to go beyond her own sphere.

Sheila came back from the window. She had taken a long time to read and ponder over that letter; though it was not a lengthy one. This was what Frank Lavender had written to his aunt:—

"My dear Aunt Lavender,—I suppose when you read this you will think I am in a bad temper because of what you said to me. It is not so. But I am leaving London; and I wish to hand over to you before I go the charge of my house, and to ask you to take possession of everything in it that does not belong to Sheila. These things are yours, as you know; and I have to thank you very much for the loan of them. I have to thank you for the far too liberal allowance you have made me for many years back. Will you think I

have gone mad if I ask you to stop that now? The fact is, I am going to have a try at earning something, for the fun of the thing; and, to make the experiment satisfactory, I start to-morrow morning for a district in the West Highlands, where the most ingenious fellow I know couldn't get a penny-loaf on credit. You have been very good to me, Aunt Lavender; I wish I had made a better use of your kindness. So good-bye just now, and if ever I come back to London again I shall call on you and thank you in person.

"I am, your affectionate nephew,
"FRANK LAVENDER."

So far the letter was almost business-like. There was no reference to the causes which were sending him away from London, and which had already driven him to this extraordinary resolution about the money he got from his aunt. But at the end of the letter there was a brief postscript, apparently written at the last moment, the words of which were these:—

"*Be kind to Sheila. Be as kind to her as I have been cruel to her. In going away from her I feel as though I were exiled by man and forsaken by God.*"

She came back from the window with the letter in her hand.

"I think you may read it, too, papa," she said; for she was anxious that her father should know that Lavender had voluntarily surrendered this money before he was deprived of it. Then she went back to the window.

The slow rain fell from the dismal skies, on the pavement and the railings, and the now almost leafless trees. The atmosphere was filled with a thin white mist, and the people going by were hidden under umbrellas. It was a dreary picture enough; and yet Sheila was thinking of how much drearier such a day would be on some lonely coast in the north, with the hills obscured behind the rain, and the sea beating hopelessly on the sand. She thought of some small and damp Highland cottage, with narrow windows, a smell of wet wood about, and the monotonous drip from over the door. And it seemed to her that a stranger there would be very lonely, not knowing the ways or the speech of the simple folk, careless perhaps of his own comfort, and only listening to the plashing of the sea and the incessant rain on the bushes and on the pebbles of the beach. Was there any picture of desolation, she thought, like that of a sea under rain, with a slight fog obscuring the air, and with no wind to stir the pulse with the noise of waves? And if Frank Lavender had only gone as far as the Western Highlands, and was living in some house on the coast, how sad and still the Atlantic must have been all this wet forenoon, with the islands of Colonsay and Oronsay lying remote, and grey, and misty in the far and desolate plain of the sea.

"It will take a great deal of responsibility from me, sir," Mrs. Paterson said to old Mackenzie, who was absently thinking of all the strange possibilities now opening out before him, "if you will tell me what is to be done. Mrs. Lavender had no relatives in London except her nephew."

"Oh yes," said Mackenzie, waking up; "oh yes, we will see what is to be done. There will be the boat wanted for the funeral——"

He recalled himself with an impatient gesture.

"Bless me," he said, "what was I saying? You must ask some one else—you must ask Mr. Ingram. Hef you not sent for Mr. Ingram?"

"Oh yes, sir, I have sent to him; and he will most likely come in the afternoon."

"Then there are the executors mentioned in the will—that wass something you should know about; and they will tell you what to do. As for me, it is ferry little I will know about such things."

"Perhaps your daughter, sir," suggested Mrs. Paterson, "would tell me what she thinks should be done with the rooms—— And as for luncheon, sir, if you would wait——"

"Oh, my daughter?" said Mr. Mackenzie, as if struck by a new idea, but determined all the same that Sheila

should not have this new responsibility thrust on her. "My daughter?—well, you wass saying, mem, that my daughter would help you? Oh yes, but she is a ferry young thing, and you wass saying we must hef luncheon? Oh yes, but we will not give you so much trouble, and we hef luncheon ordered at the other house whatever; and there is the young girl there that we cannot leave all by herself. And you hef a great experience, mem, and whatever you do, that will be right; do not have any fear of that. And I will come round when you want me—oh yes, I will come round at any time; but my daughter, she is a ferry young thing, and she would be of no use to you whatever—none whatever. And when Mr. Ingram comes you will send him round to the place where my daughter is, for we will want to see him, if he hass the time to come. But where is Sheila?"

Sheila had quietly left the room and stolen into the silent chamber in which the dead woman lay. They found her standing close by the bedside, almost in a trance.

"Sheila," said her father, taking her hand, "come away now, like a good girl. It is no use your waiting here; and Mairi—what will Mairi be doing?"

She suffered herself to be led away; and they went home and had luncheon, but the girl could not eat for the notion that somewhere or other a pair of eyes were looking at her, and were hideously laughing at her, as if to remind her of the prophecy of that old woman, that her friends would sit down to a comfortable meal and begin to wonder what sort of mourning they would have.

It was not until the evening that Ingram called. He had been greatly surprised to hear from Mrs. Paterson that Mr. Mackenzie had been there, along with his daughter; and he now expected to find the old King of Borva in a towering passion. He found him, on the contrary, as bland and as pleased as decency would admit of in view of the tragedy that had occurred in the morning; and, indeed, as Mackenzie had never seen Mrs. Lavender, there was less reason why he should wear the outward semblance of grief. Sheila's father asked her to go out of the room for a little while; and when she and Mairi had gone, he said cheerfully—

"Well, Mr. Ingram, and it is a rich man you are at last."

"Mrs. Paterson said she had told you," Ingram said, with a shrug. "You never expected to find me rich, did you?"

"Never," said Mackenzie, frankly. "But it is a ferry good thing—oh yes, it is a ferry good thing to hef money and be independent of people. And you will make a good use of it, I know."

"You don't seem disposed, sir, to regret that Lavender has been robbed of what should have belonged to him?"

"Oh, not at all," said Mackenzie, gravely and cautiously, for he did not want his plans to be displayed prematurely. "But I hef no quarrel with him; so you will not think I am glad to hef the money taken away for that. Oh no; I hef seen a great many men and women; and it wass no strange thing that these two young ones, living all by themselves in London, should hef a quarrel. But it will come all right again if we do not make too much about it. If they like one another, they will soon come together again, tek my word for it, Mr. Ingram; and I hef seen a great many men and women. And as for the money—well, as for the money, I hef plenty for my Sheila, and she will not starve when I die, no, nor before that either; and as for the poor old woman that has died, I am ferry glad she left her money to one that will make a good use of it, and will not throw it away whatever."

"Oh, but you know, Mr. Mackenzie, you are congratulating me without cause. I must tell you how the matter stands. The money does not belong to me at all—Mrs. Lavender never intended it should. It was meant to go to Sheila——"

"Oh, I know, I know," said Mr. Mackenzie, with a wave of his hand. "I wass hearing all that from the woman at the house. But how will you know what Mrs. Lavender intended? You hef only that woman's story of it.

And here is the will, and you hef the money, and—and——"

Mackenzie hesitated for a moment; and then said with a sudden vehemence—

"——and, by Kott, you shall keep it!"

Ingram was a trifle startled.

"But look here, sir," he said, in a tone of expostulation, "you make a mistake. I myself know Mrs. Lavender's intentions. I don't go by any story of Mrs. Paterson's. Mrs. Lavender made over the money to me with express injunctions to place it at the disposal of Sheila whenever I should see fit. Oh, there's no mistake about it, so you need not protest, sir. If the money belonged to me, I should be delighted to keep it. No man in the country more desires to be rich than I; so don't fancy I am flinging away a fortune out of generosity. If any rich and kind-hearted old lady will send me 5,000*l.*, or 10,000*l.*, you will see how I shall stick to it. But the simple truth is, this money is not mine at all. It was never intended to be mine. It belongs to Sheila."

Ingram talked in a very matter-of-fact way; the old man feared what he said was true.

"Ay, it is a ferry good story," said Mackenzie, cautiously, "and may be it is all true. And you wass saying you would like to hef money?"

"I most decidedly should like to have money."

"Well, then," said the old man, watching his friend's face, "there iss no one to say that the story is true; and who will believe it? And if Sheila wass to come to you and say she did not believe it, and she would not hef the money from you, you would hef to keep it, eh?"

Ingram's sallow face blushed crimson.

"I don't know what you mean," he said, stiffly. "Do you propose to pervert the girl's mind, and make me a party to a fraud?"

"Oh, there is no use getting into an anger," said Mackenzie, suavely, "when common sense will do as well whatever. And there wass no perversion, and there wass no fraud talked about. It wass just this, Mr. Ingram, that if the old lady's will leaves you her property, who will you be getting to believe that she did not mean to give it to you?"

"I tell you now whom she meant to give it to," said Ingram, still somewhat hotly.

"Oh yes, oh yes, that is ferry well. But who will believe it?"

"Good heavens, sir, who will believe I could be such a fool as to fling away this property if it belonged to me?"

"They will think you a fool to do it now—yes, that is sure enough," said Mackenzie.

"I don't care what they think. And it seems rather odd, Mr. Mackenzie, that you should be trying to deprive your own daughter of what belongs to her."

"Oh, my daughter is ferry well off whatever—she does not want anyone's money," said Mackenzie; and then a new notion struck him. "Will you tell me this, Mr. Ingram? If Mrs. Lavender left you her property in this way, what for did she want to change her will, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I refused to take the responsibility. She was anxious to have this money given to Sheila so that Lavender should not touch it—and I don't think it was a wise intention, for there is not a prouder man in the world than Lavender, and I know that Sheila would not consent to hold a penny that did not equally belong to him. However, that was her notion; and I was the first victim of it. I protested against it; and I suppose that set her to inquiring whether the money could not be absolutely bequeathed to Sheila direct. I don't know anything about it myself; but that's how the matter stands as far as I am concerned."

"But you will think it over, Mr. Ingram," said Mackenzie, quietly; "you will think it over and be in no hurry. It is not every man that hass a lot of money given to him. And it is no wrong to my Sheila at all: for she will hef quite plenty; and she would

ferry sorry to take the money away from you, that is sure enough; and you will not be hasty, Mr. Ingram, but be cautious and reasonable, and you will see the money will do you far more good than it would do to my Sheila."

Ingram began to think that he had tied a millstone round his neck.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN EXILE.

One evening, in the olden time, Lavender and Sheila and Ingram and old Mackenzie were all sitting high up on the rocks near Borvabost, chatting to each other, and watching the red light pale on the bosom of the Atlantic as the sun sank behind the edge of the world. Ingram was smoking a wooden pipe. Lavender sat with Sheila's hand in his. The old King of Borva was discoursing of the fishing populations round the western coasts, and of their various ways and habits.

"I wish I could have seen Tarbert," Lavender was saying, "but the *Iona* just passes the mouth of the little harbour as she comes up Loch Fyne. I know two or three men who go there every year to paint the fishing life of the place. It is an odd little place, isn't it?"

"Tarbert?" said Mr. Mackenzie; "you wass wanting to know about Tarbert? Ah, well, it is getting to be a better place now, but a year or two ago it wass ferry like hell. Oh, yes, it wass, Sheila, so you need not say anything. And this wass the way of it, Mr. Lavender, that the trawling was not made legal then, and the men they were just like teffles, with the swearing, and the drinking, and the fighting that went on; and if you went into the harbour in the open day, you would find them drunk and fighting, and some of them with blood on their faces, for it wass a ferry wild time. It wass many a one will say that the Tarbert men would run down the police-boat some dark night. And what wass the use of catching the trawlers now and again, and taking their boats and their nets to be sold at Greenock, when they would go themselves over to Greenock, to the auction, and buy them back? Oh, it wass a great deal of money they made then—I hef heard of a crew of eight men getting 30*l.* each man in the course of one night, and that not seldom mirover."

"But why didn't the Government put it down?" Lavender asked.

"Well, you see," Mackenzie answered, with the air of a man well acquainted with the difficulties of ruling, "you see that it wass not quite sure that the trawling did much harm to the fishing. And the *Jackal*—that wass the Government steamer—she wass not much good in getting the better of the Tarbert men, who are ferry good with their boats in the rowing, and are ferry cunning whatever. For the buying boats they would go out to sea, and take the herring there, and then the trawlers they would sink their nets and come home in the morning as if they had not caught one fish, although the boat would be white with the scales of the herring. And what is more, sir, the Government knew ferry well that if trawling wass put down then, there would be a ferry good many murders; for the Tarbert men, when they came home to drink whisky, and wash the whisky down with porter, they were ready to fight anybody."

"It must be a delightful place to live in," Lavender said.

"Oh, but it is ferry different now," Mackenzie continued, "ferry different. The men they are nearly all Good Templars now, and there is no drinking whatever, and there is reading-rooms and such things, and the place is ferry quiet and respectable."

"I hear," Ingram remarked, "that good people attribute the change to moral suasion, and that wicked people put it down to want of money."

"Papa, this boy will have to be put to bed," Sheila said.

"Well," Mackenzie answered, "there is not so much money in the place as there wass in the old times. The shopkeepers do not make so much money as before, when the men were wild and drunk in the day-time, and had plenty

to spend when the police-boat did not catch them. But the fishermen they are ferry much better without the money; and I can say for them, Mr. Lavender, that there is no better fishermen on the coast. They are ferry fine, tall men; and they are ferry well dressed in their blue clothes; and they are manly fellows, whether they are drunk or whether they are sober. Now look at this, sir, that in the worst of weather they will neffer tek whisky with them when they go out to the sea at night, for they think it is cowardly. And they are ferry fine fellows, and gentlemanly in their ways, and they are ferry good-natured to strangers."

"I have heard that of them on all hands," Lavender said, "and some day I hope to put their civility and good-fellowship to the proof."

That was merely the idle conversation of a summer evening; no one paid any further attention to it, nor did even Lavender himself think again of his vaguely-expressed hope of some day visiting Tarbert. Let us now shift the scene of this narrative to Tarbert itself.

When you pass from the broad and blue waters of Loch Fyne into the narrow and rocky channel leading to Tarbert harbour, you find before you an almost circular bay, round which stretches an irregular line of white houses. There is an abundance of fishing-craft in the harbour, lying in careless and picturesque groups, with their brown hulls and spars sending a ruddy reflection down on the lapping water, which is green under the shadow of each boat. Along the shore stand the tall poles on which the fishermen dry their nets; and above these, on the summit of a rocky crag, rise the ruins of an old castle, with the daylight shining through the empty windows. Beyond the houses, again, lie successive lines of hills, at this moment lit up by shafts of sunlight that lend a glowing warmth and richness to the fine colours of a late autumn. The hills are red and brown with rusted bracken and heather; and here and there the smooth waters of the bay catch a tinge of their varied hues. In one of the fishing-smacks that lie almost underneath the shadow of the tall crag on which the castle ruins stand, an artist has put up a rough-and-ready easel, and is apparently busy at work painting a group of boats just beyond. Some indication of the rich colours of the craft—their ruddy sails, brown nets and bladders, and their varnished but not painted hulls—already appears on the canvas; and by and by some vision may arise of the far hills in their soft autumnal tints and of the bold blue and white sky moving overhead. Perhaps the old man who is smoking in the stern of one of the boats has been placed there on purpose. A boy seated on some nets occasionally casts an anxious glance towards the painter, as if to inquire when his penance will be over.

A small open boat, with a heap of stones for ballast, and with no great elegance in shape of rigging, comes slowly in from the mouth of the harbour, and is gently run alongside the boat in which the man is painting. A fresh-coloured young fellow, with plenty of curly brown hair, who has dressed himself as a yachtsman, calls out—

"Lavender, do you know the *White Rose*, a big schooner yacht, about eighty tons I should think?"

"Yes," Lavender said, without turning round or taking his eyes off the canvas.

"Whose is she?"

"Lord Newstead's."

"Well, either he or his skipper hailed me just now and wanted to know whether you were here. I said you were. The fellow asked me if I was going into the harbour. I said I was. So he gave me a message for you; that they would hang about outside for half an hour or so, if you would go out to them, and take a run up to Ardishaig."

"I can't, Johnny."

"I'd take you out, you know."

"I don't want to go."

"But look here, Lavender," said the younger man, seizing hold of Lavender's boat, and causing the easel to shake

dangerously; "he asked me to luncheon, too."

"Why don't you go, then?" was the only reply, uttered rather absently.

"I can't go without you."

"Well, I don't mean to go."

The younger man looked vexed for a moment, and then said, in a tone of expostulation—

"You know it is very absurd of you going on like this, Lavender. No fellow can paint decently if he gets out of bed in the middle of the night and waits for daylight to rush up to his easel. How many hours have you been at work already to-day? If you don't give your eyes a rest, they will get colour blind to a dead certainty. Do you think you will paint the whole place off the face of the earth, now that the other fellows have gone?"

"I can't be bothered talking to you, Johnny. You'll make me throw something at you. Go away."

"I think it's rather mean, you know," continued the persistent Johnny, "for a fellow like you, who doesn't need it, to come and fill the market all at once, while we unfortunate devils can scarcely get a crust. And there are two heron just round the point, and I have my breechloader and a dozen cartridges here."

"Go away, Johnny,"—that was all the answer he got.

"I'll go out and tell Lord Newstead that you are a cantankerous brute. I suppose he'll have the decency to offer me luncheon; and I daresay I could get him a shot at these heron. You are a fool not to come, Lavender;" and, so saying, the young man put out again, and he was heard to go away talking to himself about obstinate idiots, and greed, and the certainty of getting a shot at the heron.

When he had quite gone, Lavender, who had scarcely raised his eyes from his work, suddenly put down his palette and brushes—he almost dropped them, indeed—and quickly put up both his hands to his head, pressing them on the side of his temples. The old fisherman in the boat beyond noticed this strange movement, and forthwith caught a rope, hauled the boat across a stretch of water, and then came scrambling over bowsprits, lowered sails, and nets, to where Lavender had just sat down.

"Wass there anything the matter, sir?" he said, with much evidence of concern.

"My head is a little bad, Donald," Lavender said, still pressing his hands on his temple, as if to get rid of some strange feeling; "I wish you would pull in to the shore and get me some whisky."

"Oh ay," said the old man, hastily scrambling into the little black boat lying beside the smack; "and it is no wonder to me this will come to you, sir, for I hef never seen any of the gentlemen so long at the pentin as you—from the morning till the night—and it is no wonder to me this will come to you. But I will get you the whushkey—it is a grand thing, the whushkey."

The old fisherman was not long in getting ashore, and running up to the cottage in which Lavender lived, and getting a bottle of whisky and a glass. Then he got down to the boat again, and was surprised that he could nowhere see Mr. Lavender on board the smack. Perhaps he had lain down on the nets in the bottom of the boat.

When Donald got out to the smack, he found the young man lying insensible, his face white, and his teeth clenched. With something of a cry, the old fisherman jumped into the boat, knelt down, and proceeded in a rough and ready fashion to force some whisky into Lavender's mouth.

"Oh ay, oh yes, it is a grand thing, the whushkey," he muttered to himself; "oh yes, sir, you must hef some more—it is no matter if you will choke—it is ferry goot whushkey, and will do you no harm whatever—and, oh yes, sir, that is ferry well, and you are all right again, and you will sit quite quiet now, and you will hef a little more whushkey."

The young man looked round him.

"Have you been ashore, Donald? Oh, yes; I suppose so. Did I fall down? Well, I am all right now; it was the glare of the sea that made me giddy. Take a dram for yourself, Donald."

"There is but the one glass, sir," said Donald, who had picked up something of the notions of gentlefolks, "but I will just tek the bottle;" and so, to avoid drinking out of the same glass (which was rather a small one), he was good enough to take a pull, and a strong pull, at the black bottle. Then he heaved a sigh, and wiped the top of the bottle with his sleeve.

"Yes, as I was saying, sir, there was none of the gentlemen I hef effer seen in Tarbert will keep at the penten so long ass you; and many of them will be stronger ass you and will be more accustomed to it whatever. But when a man iss making money—" and Donald shook his head; he knew it was useless to argue.

"But I am not making money, Donald," Lavender said, still looking a trifle pale. "I doubt whether I have made as much as you have since I came to Tarbert."

"Oh yes," said Donald, contentedly, "all the gentlemen will say that. They never hef any money. But wass you ever with them when they could not get a dram because they had no money to pay for it?"

Donald's test of impecuniosity could not be gainsayed. Lavender laughed, and bade him get back into the other boat.

"Deed I will not," said Donald, sturdily.

Lavender stared at him.

"Oh no; you wass doing quite enough the day already, or you would not hef tumbled into the boat whatever. And supposing that you wass to hef tumbled into the water, you would have been trooned as sure as you wass alive."

"And a good job, too, Donald," said the younger man, idly looking at the lapping green water.

Donald shook his head gravely.

"You would not say that if you had friends of yours that wass trooned, and if you had seen them when they went down in the water."

"They say it is an easy death, Donald."

"They neffer tried it that said that," said the old fisherman, gloomily. "It wass one day the son of my sister wass coming over from Saltcoats—but I hef no wish to speak of it; and that wass but one among ferry many that I have known."

"How long is it since you were in the Lewis, did you say?" Lavender asked, changing the subject. Donald was accustomed to have the talk suddenly diverted into this channel. He could not tell why the young English stranger wanted him continually to be talking about the Lewis.

"Oh, it is many and many a year ago, as I hef said; and you will know far more about the Lewis than I will. But Stornoway, that is a fine big town; and I hef a cousin there that keeps a shop, and is a ferry rich man whatever, and many's the time he will ask me to come and see him. And if the Lord be spared, maybe I will some day."

"You mean if you be spared, Donald."

"Oh aye; it is all wan," said Donald.

Lavender had brought with him some bread and cheese in a piece of paper, for luncheon; and this store of frugal provisions having been opened out, the old fisherman was invited to join in, an invitation he gravely, but not eagerly, accepted. He took off his blue bonnet and said grace; then he took the bread and cheese in his hand, and looked round inquiringly. There was a stone jar of water in the bottom of the boat; that was not what Donald was looking after. Lavender handed him the black bottle he had brought out from the cottage, which was more to his mind. And then, this humble meal despatched, the old man was persuaded to go back to his post, and Lavender continued his work.

The short afternoon was drawing to a close when young Johnny Eyre came sailing in from Loch Fyne, himself and a boy of ten or twelve managing that crank little boat with its top-heavy sails.

"Are you at work yet, Lavender?" he said. "I never saw such a beggar. It's getting quite dark."

"What sort of luncheon did Newstead give you, Johnny?"

"Oh, something worth going for, I can tell you. You want to live in Tarbert for a month or two to find out the value of decent cooking and good wine. He was awfully surprised when I described this place to him. He wouldn't believe you were living here in a cottage—I said a garret, for I pitched it hot and strong, mind you. I said you were living in a garret, that you never saw a razor, and lived on oatmeal porridge and whisky, and that your only amusement was going out at night and risking your neck in this delightful boat of mine. You should have seen him examining this remarkable vessel. And there were two ladies on board, and they were asking after you, too."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know. I didn't catch their names when I was introduced; but the noble skipper called one of them Polly."

"Oh, I know."

"Ain't you coming ashore, Lavender? You can't see to work now."

"All right. I shall put my traps ashore; and then I'll have a run with you down Loch Fyne, if you like, Johnny."

"Well, I don't like," said the handsome lad, frankly; "for it's looking rather squally about. It seems to me you're bent on drowning yourself. Before those other fellows went, they came to the conclusion that you had committed a murder."

"Did they really?" Lavender said, with little interest.

"And if you go away and live in that wild place you were talking of during the winter, they will be quite sure of it. Why, man, you'd come back with your hair turned white. You might as well think of living by yourself at the Arctic Pole."

Neither Johnny Eyre nor any of the men who had just left Tarbert knew anything of Frank Lavender's recent history; and Lavender himself was not disposed to be communicative. They would know soon enough when they went up to London. In the meantime they were surprised to find that Lavender's habits were very singularly altered. He had grown miserly. They laughed when he told them he had no money; and he did not seek to persuade them of the fact; but it was clear, at all events, that none of them lived so frugally, or worked so anxiously as he. Then, when his work was done in the evening, and when they met alternately at each other's rooms, to dine off mutton and potatoes, with a glass of whisky, and a pipe, and a game of cards to follow, what was the meaning of those sudden fits of silence that would strike in when the general hilarity was at its pitch? And what was the meaning of the utter recklessness he displayed when they would go out of an evening in their open sailing-boats to shoot sea-fowl, or make a voyage along the rocky coast in the dead of night, to wait for the dawn to show them the haunts of the seals? The Lavender they had met occasionally in London was a fastidious, dilettante, self-possessed, and yet not disagreeable young fellow; this man was almost pathetically anxious about his work, oftentimes he was morose and silent, and then again there was no sort of danger or difficulty he was not ready to plunge into when they were sailing about that iron-bound coast. They could not make it out; but the joke among themselves was that he had committed a murder, and therefore had grown reckless.

This Johnny Eyre was not much of an artist; but he liked the society of artists; he had a little money of his own, plenty of time, and a love of boating and shooting; and so he had pitched his tent at Tarbert, and was proud to cherish the delusion that he was working hard and earning fame and wealth. As a matter of fact, he never earned anything; but he had very good spirits, and living in Tarbert is cheap.

From the moment that Lavender had come to the place, Johnny Eyre made him his special companion. He had a great respect for a man who could shoot anything anywhere; and when he and Lavender came back together from a cruise, there was no use saying which

had actually done the brilliant deeds the evidence of which was carried ashore. But Lavender, oddly enough, knew little about sailing; and Johnny was pleased to assume the airs of an instructor on this point; his only difficulty being that his pupil had more than the ordinary hardihood of an ignoramus, and was inclined to do reckless things even after he had sufficient skill to know that they were dangerous.

Lavender got into the small boat, taking his canvas with him, but leaving his easel in the fishing-smack. He pulled himself and Johnny Eyre ashore; they scrambled up the rocks and into the road; and then they went into the small white cottage in which Lavender lived. The picture was, for greater safety, left in Lavender's bedroom, which already contained about a dozen canvases with sketches in various stages on them. Then he went out to his friend again.

"I've had a long day to-day, Johnny. I wish you'd go out with me; the excitement of a squall would clear one's brain, I fancy."

"Oh, I'll go out if you like," Eyre said, "but I shall take very good care to run in before the squall comes, if there's any about. I don't think there will be, after all. I fancied I saw a flash of lightning about half an hour ago, down in the south; but nothing has come of it. There are some curlew about; and the guillemots are in thousands. You don't seem to care about shooting guillemots, Lavender."

"Well, you see, potting a bird that is sitting on the water——" said Lavender, with a shrug.

"Oh, it isn't as easy as you might imagine. Of course, you could kill them if you liked, but everybody ain't such a swell as you are with a gun; and mind you, it's uncommonly awkward to catch the right moment for firing when the bird goes bobbing up and down on the waves, disappearing altogether every second. I think it's very good fun myself. It is very exciting when you don't know the moment the bird will dive, and whether you can afford to go any nearer. And as for shooting them on the water, you have to do that; for when do you get a chance of shooting them flying?"

"I don't see much necessity for shooting them at any time," said Lavender, as he went down to the shore again, "but I am glad to see you get some amusement out of it. Have you got cartridges with you? Is your gun in the boat?"

"Yes. Come along. We'll have a run out, anyhow."

When they pulled out again to that cockle-shell craft with its stone ballast and big brown mainsail, the boy was sent ashore, and the two companions set out by themselves. By this time the sun had gone down, and a strange green twilight was shining over the sea. As they got further out, the dusky shores seemed to have a pale mist hanging around them; but there were no clouds on the hills, for a clear sky shone overhead, awaiting the coming of the stars. Strange, indeed, was the silence out here, broken only by the lapping of the water on the sides of the boat, and the calling of birds in the distance. Far away the orange ray of a lighthouse began to quiver in the lambent dusk. The pale green light on the waves did not die out; but the shadows grew darker, so that Eyre, with his gun close at hand, could not make out his groups of guillemots, although he heard them calling all around. They had come out too late, indeed, for any such purpose.

Thither, on those beautiful evenings, after his day's work was over, Lavender was accustomed to come, either by himself or with his present companion. Johnny Eyre did not intrude on his solitude; he was invariably too eager to get a shot, his chief delight being to get to the bow, to let the boat drift for a while silently through the waves, so that she might come unawares on some flock of sea-birds. Lavender, sitting in the stern, with the tiller in his hand, was really alone in this world of water and sky, with all the majesty of the night and the stars around him.

And on these occasions he used to sit and dream of the beautiful time long ago in Loch Roag, when nights such as these used to come over the Atlantic,

and find Sheila and himself sailing on the peaceful waters, or seated high up on the rocks listening to the murmur of the tide. Here was the same strange silence, the same solemn and pale light in the sky, the same mystery of the moving plain all around them that seemed somehow to be alive and yet voiceless and sad. Many a time his heart became so full of recollections, that he had almost called aloud "Sheila! Sheila!" and waited for the sea and the sky to answer him with the sound of her voice. In these bygone days he had pleased himself with the fancy that the girl was somehow the product of all the beautiful aspects of nature around her. It was the sea that was in her eyes; it was the fair sunlight that shone in her face; the breath of her life was the breath of the moorland winds. He had written verses about this fancy of hers; and he had conveyed them secretly to her, sure that she, at least, would find no defects in them. And many a time, far away from Loch Roag, and from Sheila, lines of this conceit would wander through his brain, set to the saddest of all music, the music of irreparable loss. What did they say to him now that he recalled them like some half-forgotten voice out of the strange past?—

For she, and the clouds, and the breezes were one,
And the hills and the sea had conspired with the sun
To charm and bewilder all men with the grace
They combined and conferred on her wonderful face.

* * * * *

The sea lapped around the boat; the green light on the waves grew less intense; in the silence the first of the stars came out; and somehow the time in which he had seen Sheila in these rare and magical colours seemed to become more and more remote.

* * * * *

An angel in passing looked downward and smiled,
And carried to heaven the fame of the child;
And then what the waves and the sky and the sun
And the tremulous breath of the hills had begun
Required but one touch. To finish the whole,
God loved her, and gave her a beautiful soul!

And what had he done with this rare treasure entrusted to him? His companions, jesting among themselves, had said that he had committed a murder; in his own heart there was something at this moment of a murderer's remorse.

Johnny Eyre uttered a short cry. Lavender looked ahead and saw that some black object was disappearing among the waves.

"What a fright I got!" Eyre said, with a laugh. "I never saw the fellow come near; and he came up just below the bowsprit. He came heeling over as quiet as a mouse. I say, Lavender, I think we might as well cut it now; my eyes are quite bewildered with the light on the water; I couldn't make out a kraken if it was coming across our bows."

"Don't be in a hurry, Johnny. We'll put her out a bit, and then let her drift back. I want to tell you a story."

"Oh, all right," he said, and so they put her head round, and soon she was lying over before the breeze, and slowly drawing away from those outlines of the coast which showed them where Tarbert harbour cut into the land. And then, once more, they let her drift, and young Eyre took a nip of whisky and settled himself so as to hear Lavender's story, whatever it might be.

"You knew I was married?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you ever wonder why my wife did not come here?"

"Why should I wonder? Plenty of fellows have to spend half the year apart from their wives; the only thing in your case I couldn't understand was the necessity for your doing it. For you know that's all nonsense about your want of funds."

"It isn't nonsense, Johnny. But now, if you like, I will tell you why my wife has never come here."

Then he told the story, out there under the stars, with no thought of interruption, for there was a world of moving water around them. It was the first time he had let anyone into his confidence; and perhaps the darkness aided his revelations; but at any rate he went over all the old time until it

seemed to his companion that he was talking to himself, so aimless and desultory were his pathetic reminiscences. He called her Sheila, though Eyre had never heard her name. He spoke of her father as though Eyre must have known him. And yet this rambling series of confessions, and self-reproaches, and tender memories did form a certain sort of narrative, so that the young fellow sitting quietly in the boat there got a pretty fair notion of what had happened.

"You are an unlucky fellow," he said to Lavender. "I never heard anything like that. But you know you must have exaggerated a good deal about it—I should like to hear her story—I am sure you could not have treated her like that."

"God knows how I did, but the truth is just as I have told you; and although I was blind enough at the time, I can read the whole story now in letters of fire. I hope you will never have such a thing constantly before your eyes, Johnny."

The lad was silent for some time; and then he said rather timidly—

"Do you think, Lavender, she knows how sorry you are?"

"If she did, what good would that do?" said the other.

"Women are awfully forgiving, you know," Johnny said, in a hesitating fashion. "I—I don't think it is quite fair not to give her a chance—a chance of—of being generous, you know. You know, I think the better a woman is the more inclined she is to be charitable to other folks who mayn't be quite up to the mark, you know; and you see, it ain't everyone who can claim to be always doing the right thing; and the next best thing to that is to be sorry for what you've done and try to do better. It's rather cheeky, you know, my advising you—or trying to make you pluck up your spirits—but I'll tell you what it is, Lavender, if I knew her well enough I'd go straight to her to-morrow, and I'd put in a good word for you, and tell her some things she doesn't know, and you'd see if she wouldn't write you a letter, or even come and see you——"

"That is all nonsense, Johnny, though it's very good of you to think of it. The mischief I have done isn't to be put aside by the mere writing of a letter——"

"But it seems to me," Johnny said, with some warmth, "that you are as unfair to her as to yourself in not giving her a chance. You don't know how willing she may be to overlook everything that is past——"

"If she were, I am not fit to go near her. I couldn't have the cheek to try, Johnny."

"But what more can you be than sorry for what is past?" said the younger fellow, persistently. "And you don't know how pleased it makes a good woman to give her the chance of forgiving anybody. And if we were all to set up for being archangels, and if there was to be no sort of getting back for us after we had made a slip, where should we be? And in place of going to her, and making it all right, you start away for the Sound of Islay, and, by Jove, won't you find out what spending a winter under these Jura mountains means!

A flash of lightning—somewhere down among the Arran hills—interrupted the speaker, and drew the attention of the two young men to the fact that in the east and south-east the stars were no longer visible, while something of a brisk breeze had sprung up.

"This breeze will take us back splendidly," Johnny said, getting ready again for the run in to Tarbert.

He had scarcely spoken when Lavender called attention to a fishing-smack that was apparently making for the harbour. With all sails set she was sweeping by them like some black phantom across the dark plain of the sea. They could not make out the figures on board of her; but as she passed some one called out to them.

"What did he say?" Lavender asked.

"I don't know," his companion said, "but it was some sort of warning, I suppose. By Jove, Lavender, what is that?"

Behind them there was a strange hissing and rumbling noise that the

wind brought along to them, but nothing could be seen.

"Rain, isn't it?" Lavender said.

"There never was rain like that," his companion said. "That is a squall, and it will be here presently. We must haul down the sails—for God's sake, look sharp, Lavender!"

There was certainly no time to lose, for the noise behind them was increasing and deepening into a roar; and the heavens had grown black overhead so that the spars and ropes of the crank little boat could scarcely be made out. They had just got the sails down when the first gust of the squall struck the boat as with a blow of iron, and sent her staggering forward into the trough of the sea. Then all around them came the fury of the storm; and the cause of the sound they had heard was apparent in the foaming water that was torn and scattered abroad by the gale. Up from the black south-east came the fierce hurricane, sweeping everything before it, and hurling this creaking and straining boat about as if it were a cork. They could see little of the sea around them, but they could hear the awful noise of it, and they knew they were being swept along on those hurrying waves, towards a coast which was invisible in the blackness of the night.

"Johnny, we'll never make the harbour. I can't see a light," Lavender cried. "Hadn't we better try to keep her up the loch?"

"We *must* make the harbour," his companion said; "she can't stand this much longer."

Blinding torrents of rain were now being driven down by the force of the wind, so that all around them nothing was visible but a wild boiling and seething of clouds and waves. Eyre was up at the bow, trying to catch some glimpse of the outlines of the coast or to make out some light that would show them where the entrance to Tarbert harbour lay. If only some lurid shaft of lightning would pierce the gloom!—for they knew that they were being driven headlong on an iron-bound coast, and amid all the noise of the wind and the sea they listened with a fear that had no words for the first roar of the waves along the rocks.

Suddenly Lavender heard a shrill scream—almost like the cry that a hare gives when it finds the dog's fangs in its neck; and at the same moment, amid all the darkness of the night, a still blacker object seemed to start out of the gloom, right ahead of them. The boy had no time to shout any warning beyond that cry of despair; for with a wild crash the boat struck on the rocks, rose and struck again, and was then dashed over by a heavy sea, both of its occupants being thrown into the fierce swirls of foam that were dashing in and through the rocky channels. Strangely enough they were thrown together; and Lavender, clinging to the seaweed, instinctively laid hold of his companion just as the latter appeared to be slipping into the gulf beneath.

"Johnny," he cried, "hold on!—hold on to me, or we shall both go in a minute."

But the lad had no life left in him, and lay like a log there, while each wave that struck and rolled hissing and gurgling through the channels between the rocks, seemed to drag at him and seek to suck him down into the darkness. With one despairing effort Lavender struggled to get him further up on the slippery seaweed, and succeeded. But his success had lost him his own vantage-ground; and he knew that he was going down into the swirling waters beneath, close by the broken boat that was still being dashed about by the waves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HAME FAIN WOULD I BE."

UNEXPECTED circumstances had detained Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter in London long after everybody else had left; but at length they were ready to start for their projected trip into Switzerland. On the day before their departure Ingram dined with them—on his own invitation. He had got into a habit of letting them know when it would suit him to devote an evening to their

instruction; and it was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two ladies submitted the more readily and meekly to the dictatorial enunication of his opinions. Mrs. Kavanagh, it is true, sometimes dissented in so far as a smile indicated dissent; but her daughter scarcely reserved to herself so much liberty. Mr. Ingram had taken her in hand; and expected of her the obedience and respect due to his superior age.

And yet, somehow or other, he occasionally found himself indirectly soliciting the advice of this gentle, clear-eyed, and clear-headed young person, more especially as regarded the difficulties surrounding Sheila; and sometimes a chance remark of hers, uttered in a timid, or careless, or even mocking fashion would astonish him by the rapid light it threw on these dark troubles. On this evening—the last evening they were spending in London—it was his own affairs which he proposed to mention to Mrs. Lorraine; and he had no more hesitation in doing so than if she had been his oldest friend. He wanted to ask her what he should do about the money that Mrs. Lavender had left him; and he intended to be a good deal more frank with Mrs. Lorraine than with any of the others to whom he had spoken about the matter. For he was well aware that Mrs. Lavender had at first resolved that he should have at least a considerable portion of her wealth; or why should she have asked him how he would like to be a rich man?

"I do not think," said Mrs. Lorraine, quietly, "that there is much use in your asking me what you should do; for I know what you will do whether it accords with anyone's opinion or no. And yet you would find a great advantage in having money."

"Oh, I know that," he said, readily. "I should like to be rich beyond anything that ever happened in a drama; and I should take my chance of all the evil influences that money is supposed to exert. Do you know, I think you rich people are very unfairly treated—"

"But we are not rich," said Mrs. Kavanagh, passing at the time. "Cecilia and I find ourselves very poor sometimes."

"But I quite agree with Mr. Ingram, mamma," said Cecilia, as if anyone had had the courage to disagree with Mr. Ingram; "rich people are shamefully ill-treated. If you go to a theatre, now, you find that all the virtues are on the side of the poor; and if there are a few vices, you get a thousand excuses for them. No one takes account of the temptations of the rich. You have people educated from their infancy to imagine that the whole world was made for them—every wish they have, gratified—every day showing them people dependent on them and grateful for favours; and no allowance is made for such a temptation to become haughty, self-willed, and overbearing. But of course it stands to reason that the rich never have justice done them in plays and stories; for the people who write are poor."

"Not all of them."

"But enough to strike an average of injustice. And it is very hard. For it is the rich who buy books and who take boxes at the theatres, and then they find themselves grossly abused; whereas the humble peasant who can scarcely read at all, and who never pays more than sixpence for a seat in the gallery, is flattered, and coaxed, and caressed until one wonders whether the source of virtue is the drinking of sour ale. Mr. Ingram, you do it yourself. You impress mamma and me with the belief that we are miserable sinners if we are not continually doing some act of charity. Well, that is all very pleasant and necessary, in moderation; but you don't find the poor folks so very anxious to live for other people. They don't care much what becomes of us. They take your port wine and flannels as if they were conferring a favour on you; but as for *your* condition and prospects, in this world and the next, they don't trouble much about that. Now, mamma, just wait a moment——"

"I will not. You are a bad girl," said Mrs. Kavanagh, severely. "Here has Mr. Ingram been teaching you and making you better for ever so long back, and you pretend to accept his counsel and reform yourself; and then all at once

you break out, and throw down the tablets of the law, and conduct yourself like a heathen."

"Because I want him to explain, mamma. I suppose he considers it wicked of us to start for Switzerland to-morrow. The money we shall spend in travelling might have despatched a cargo of muskets to some missionary station, so that——"

"Cecilia!"

"Oh no," Ingram said, carelessly, and nursing his knee with both his hands as usual, "travelling is not wicked—it is only unreasonable. A traveller, you know, is a person who has a house in one town, and who goes to live in a house in another town, in order to have the pleasure of paying for both."

"Mr. Ingram," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "will you talk seriously for one minute, and tell me whether we are to expect to see you in the Tyrol?"

But Ingram was not in a mood for talking seriously; and he waited to hear Mrs. Lorraine strike in with some calmly audacious invitation. She did not, however; and he turned round from her mother to question her. He was surprised to find that her eyes were fixed on the ground, and that something like a tinge of colour was in her face. He turned rapidly away again.

"Well, Mrs. Kavanagh," he said, with a fine air of indifference; "the last time we spoke about that, I was not in the difficulty I am in at present. How could I go travelling just now, without knowing how to regulate my daily expenses? Am I to travel with six white horses and silver bells, or trudge on foot with a wallet?"

"But you know quite well," said Mrs. Lorraine, warmly—"you know you will not touch that money that Mrs. Lavender has left you."

"Oh, pardon me," he said; "I should rejoice to have it if it did not properly belong to some one else. And the difficulty is that Mr. Mackenzie is obviously very anxious that neither Mr. Lavender nor Sheila should have it. If Sheila gets it, of course she will give it to her husband. Now, if it is not to be given to her, do you think I should regard the money with any particular horror, and refuse to touch it? That would be very romantic, perhaps; but I should be sorry, you know, to give my friends the most disquieting doubts about my sanity. Romance goes out of a man's head when the hair gets grey."

"Until a man has grey hair," Mrs. Lorraine said, still with some unnecessary fervour, "he does not know that there are things much more valuable than money. You wouldn't touch that money just now; and all the thinking and reasoning in the world will never get you to touch it."

"What am I to do with it?" he said, meekly.

"Give it to Mr. Mackenzie, in trust for his daughter," Mrs. Lorraine said, promptly; and then, seeing that her mother had gone to the end of the drawing-room, to fetch something or other, she added quickly, "I should be more sorry than I can tell you to find you accepting this money. You do not wish to have it. You do not need it. And if you did take it, it would prove a source of continual embarrassment and regret to you; and no assurances on the part of Mr. Mackenzie would be able to convince you that you had acted rightly by his daughter. Now if you simply hand over your responsibilities to him, he cannot refuse them, for the sake of his own child, and you are left with the sense of having acted nobly and generously. I hope there are many men who would do what I ask you to do; but I have not met many to whom I could make such an appeal with any hope. But, after all, that is only advice. I have no right to ask you to do anything like that. You asked me for my opinion about it——Well, that is it. But I should not have asked you to act on it."

"But I will," he said, in a low voice; and then he went to the other end of the room, for Mrs. Kavanagh was calling him to help her in finding something she had lost.

Before he left, that evening, Mrs. Lorraine said to him—

"We go by the night mail to Paris

to-morrow night; and we shall dine here at five. Would you have the courage to come up and join us in that melancholy ceremony?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "if I may go down to the station to see you away afterwards."

"I think if we got you so far, we should persuade you to go with us," Mrs. Kavanagh said, with a smile.

He sate silent for a minute. Of course, she could not seriously mean such a thing. But at all events she would not be displeased if he crossed their path while they were actually abroad.

"It is getting too late in the year to go to Scotland now," he said, with some hesitation.

"Oh, most certainly," Mrs. Lorraine said.

"I don't know where the man in whose yacht I was to have gone may be now. I might spend half my holiday in trying to catch him."

"And during that time you would be alone," Mrs. Lorraine said.

"I suppose the Tyrol is a very nice place," he suggested.

"Oh, most delightful," she exclaimed. "You know, we should go round by Switzerland, and go up by Luzern and Zurich to the end of the Lake of Constance——Bregenz, mamma, isn't that the place where we hired that good-natured man the year before last?"

"Yes, child."

"Now, you see, Mr. Ingram, if you had less time than we—if you could not start with us to-morrow—you might come straight down by Schaffhausen and the steamer, and catch us up there, and then mamma would become your guide. I am sure we should have some pleasant days together, till you got tired of us, and then you could go off on a walking tour if you pleased. And then, you know, there would be no difficulty about our meeting at Bregenz; for mamma and I have plenty of time, and we should wait there for a few days so as to make sure——"

"Cecilia," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "you must not persuade Mr. Ingram against his will. He may have other duties—other friends to see, perhaps."

"Who proposed it, mamma?" said the daughter, calmly.

"I did, as a mere joke. But, of course, if Mr. Ingram thinks of going to the Tyrol, we should be most pleased to see him there."

"Oh, I have no other friends whom I am bound to see," Ingram said, with some hesitation; "and I should like to go to the Tyrol. But—the fact is—I am afraid——"

"May I interrupt you?" said Mrs. Lorraine. "You do not like to leave London so long as your friend Sheila is in trouble. Is not that the case? And yet she has her father to look after her. And it is clear you cannot do much for her when you do not even know where Mr. Lavender is. On the whole, I think you should consider yourself a little bit now, and not get cheated out of your holidays for the year."

"Very well," Ingram said, "I shall be able to tell you to-morrow."

To be so phlegmatic and matter-of-fact a person, Mr. Ingram was sorely disturbed on going home that evening, nor did he sleep much during the night. For the more that he speculated on all the possibilities that might arise from his meeting those people in the Tyrol, the more pertinaciously did this refrain follow these excursive fancies—"*If I go to the Tyrol, I shall fall in love with that girl and ask her to marry me. And if I do so, what position should I hold, with regard to her, as a penniless man with a rich wife?*"

He did not look at the question in such a light as the opinion of the world might throw on it. The difficulty was what she herself might afterwards come to think of their mutual relations. True it was that no one could be more gentle and submissive to him than she appeared to be. In matters of opinion and discussion he already ruled with an autocratic authority which he fully perceived himself, and exercised, too, with some sort of notion that it was good for this clear-headed young woman to have

to submit to control. But of what avail would this moral authority be as against the consciousness she would have that it was her fortune that was supplying both with the means of living?

He went down to his office in the morning with no plans formed. The forenoon passed; and he had decided on nothing. At mid-day he suddenly bethought him that it would be very pleasant if Sheila would go and see Mrs. Lorraine; and forthwith he did that which would have driven Frank Lavender out of his senses—he telegraphed to Mrs. Lorraine for permission to bring Sheila and her father to dinner at five. He certainly knew that such a request was a trifle cool; but he had discovered that Mrs. Lorraine was not easily shocked by such audacious experiments on her good-nature. When he received the telegram in reply, he knew it granted what he had asked. The words were merely "Certainly—by all means—but not later than five."

Then he hastened down to the house in which Sheila lived, and found that she and her father had just returned from visiting some exhibition. Mr. Mackenzie was not in the room.

"Sheila," Ingram said, "what would you think of my getting married?"

Sheila looked up with a bright smile and said—

"It would please me very much—it would be a great pleasure to me; and I have expected it for some time."

"You have expected it?" he repeated, with a stare.

"Yes," she said, quietly.

"Then you fancy you know——" he said, or rather stammered, in great embarrassment, when she interrupted him by saying—

"Oh, yes, I think I know. When you came down every evening to tell me all the praises of Mrs. Lorraine, and how clever she was, and kind, I expected you would come some day with another message; and now I am very glad to hear it; you have changed all my opinions about her, and——"

Then she rose and took both his hands, and looked frankly into his face.

"—And I do hope most sincerely you will be happy, my dear friend."

Ingram was fairly taken aback at the consequences of his own imprudence. He had never dreamed for a moment that anyone would have suspected such a thing; and he had thrown out the suggestion to Sheila almost as a jest, believing, of course, that it compromised no one. And here—before he had spoken a word to Mrs. Lorraine on the subject—he was being congratulated on his approaching marriage.

"Oh, Sheila," he said, "this is all a mistake. It was a joke of mine—if I had known you would think of Mrs. Lorraine, I should not have said a word about it——"

"But it is Mrs. Lorraine?" Sheila said.

"Well, but I have never mentioned such a thing to her—never hinted it in the remotest manner. I dare say if I had, she might laugh the matter aside as too absurd."

"She will not do that," Sheila said; "if you ask her to marry you, she will marry you. I am sure of that from what I have heard, and she would be very foolish if she was not proud and glad to do that. And you—what doubt can you have, after all that you have been saying of late?"

"But you don't marry a woman merely because you admire her cleverness and kindness," he said; and then he added suddenly, "Sheila, would you do me a great favour? Mrs. Lorraine and her mother are leaving for the continent to-night. They dine at five; and I am commissioned to ask you and your papa if you would go up with me and have some dinner with them, you know, before they start. Won't you do that, Sheila?"

The girl shook her head, without answering. She had not gone to any friend's house since her husband had left London; and that house above all others was calculated to awaken in her bitter recollections.

"Won't you, Sheila?" he said. "You used to go there. I know they like you very much. I have seen you very well pleased and comfortable there,

and I thought you were enjoying yourself."

"Yes, that is true," she said; and then she looked up, with a strange sort of smile on her lips, "but '*what made the assembly shine?*'"

That forced smile did not last long: the girl suddenly burst into tears, and rose, and went away to the window. Mackenzie came into the room; he did not see his daughter was crying.

"Well, Mr. Ingram, and are you coming with us to the Lewis? We cannot always be staying in London, for there will be many things wanting the looking after in Borva, as you will know ferry well. And yet Sheila she will not go back; and Mairi, too, she will be forgetting the ferry sight of her own people; but if you wass coming with us, Mr. Ingram, Sheila she would come too, and it would be ferry good for her whatever."

"I have brought you another proposal. Will you take Sheila to see the Tyrol, and I will go with you?"

"The Tyrol?" said Mr. Mackenzie. "Ay, it is a ferry long way away, but if Sheila will care to go to the Tyrol—oh, yes! I will go to the Tyrol, or anywhere if she will go out of London, for it is not good for a young girl to be always in the one house, and no company, and no variety; and I wass saying to Sheila what good will she do sitting by the window, and thinking over things, and crying sometimes—by Kott, it is a foolish thing for a young girl, and I will hef no more of it!"

In other circumstances Ingram would have laughed at this dreadful threat. Despite the frown on the old man's face, the sudden stamp of his foot, and the vehemence of his words, Ingram knew that if Sheila had turned round and said that she wished to be shut up in a dark room for the rest of her life, the old King of Borva would have said, "Ferry well, Sheila," in the meekest way, and would have been satisfied if only he could share her imprisonment with her.

"But first of all, Mr. Mackenzie, I have another proposal to make to you," Ingram said; and then he urged upon Sheila's father to accept Mrs. Lorraine's invitation. Mr. Mackenzie was nothing loth; Sheila was living by far too monotonous a life. He went over to the window to her and said—

"Sheila, my lass, you wass going nowhere else this evening; and it would be ferry convenient to go with Mr. Ingram, and he would see his friends away, and we could go to a theatre then. And it is no new thing for you to go to fine houses, and see other people; but it is new to me, and you wass saying what a beautiful house it wass many a time, and I hef wished to see it. And the people they are ferry kind, Sheila, to send me an invitation, and if they wass to come to the Lewis, what would you think if you asked them to come to your house, and they paid no heed to it? Now, it is after four, Sheila, and if you wass to get ready now——"

"Yes, I will go and get ready, papa," she said.

Ingram had a vague consciousness that he was taking Sheila up to introduce to her Mrs. Lorraine in a new character. Would Sheila look at the woman she used to fear and dislike in a wholly different fashion, and be prepared to adorn her with all the graces which he had so often described to her? Ingram hoped that Sheila would get to like Mrs. Lorraine; and that by-and-by a better acquaintance between them might lead to a warm and friendly intimacy. Somehow he felt that if Sheila would betray such a liking—if she would come to him and say honestly that she was rejoiced he meant to marry—all his doubts would be cleared away. Sheila had already said pretty nearly as much as that; but then it followed what she understood to be an announcement of his approaching marriage, and, of course, the girl's kindly nature at once suggested a few pretty speeches. Sheila now knew that nothing was settled; after looking at Mrs. Lorraine in the light of these new possibilities, would she come to him and counsel him to go on and challenge a decision?

Mr. Mackenzie received with a grave dignity and politeness the more than

friendly welcome given him both by Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter; and, in view of their approaching tour, he gave them to understand that he had himself established somewhat familiar relations with foreign countries by reason of his meeting with the ships and sailors hailing from these distant shores. He displayed a profound knowledge of the habits and customs, and of the natural products, of many remote lands, which were much further afield than a little bit of inland Germany. He represented the island of Borva, indeed, as a sort of lighthouse from which you could survey pretty nearly all the countries of the globe; and broadly hinted that, so far from insular prejudice being the fruit of living in such a place, a general intercourse with diverse peoples tended to widen the understanding and throw light on the various social experiments that had been made by the lawgivers, the philanthropists, the philosophers of the world.

It seemed to Sheila, as she sat and listened, that the pale, calm, and clear-eyed young lady opposite her was not quite so self-possessed as usual. She seemed shy, and a little self-conscious. Did she suspect that she was being observed, Sheila wondered; and the reason? When dinner was announced she took Sheila's arm, and allowed Mr. Ingram to follow them, protesting, into the other room; but there was much more of embarrassment and timidity than of an audacious mischief in her look. She was very kind indeed to Sheila; but she had wholly abandoned that air of maternal patronage which she used to assume towards the girl. She seemed to wish to be more friendly and confidential with her; and, indeed, scarcely spoke a word to Ingram during dinner, so persistently did she talk to Sheila, who sat next her.

Ingram got vexed.

"Mrs. Lorraine," he said, "you seem to forget that this is a solemn occasion. You ask us to a farewell banquet; but instead of observing the proper ceremonies, you pass the time in talking about fancy-work, and music, and other ordinary every-day trifles."

"What are the ceremonies?" she said.

"Well," he answered, "you need not occupy the time with crochet——"

"Mrs. Lavender and I are very well pleased to talk about trifles."

"But I am not," he said, bluntly, "and I am not going to be shut out by a conspiracy. Come, let us talk about your journey."

"Will my lord give his commands as to the point at which we shall start the conversation?"

"You may skip the Channel."

"I wish I could," she remarked, with a sigh.

"We shall land you in Paris. How are we to know that you have arrived safely?"

She looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said—

"If it is of any consequence for you to know, I shall be writing in any case to Mrs. Lavender, about some little private matter."

Ingram did not receive this promise with any great show of delight.

"You see," he said, somewhat glumly, "if I am to meet you anywhere, I should like to know the various stages of your route, so that I could guard against our missing each other."

"You have decided to go, then?"

Ingram, not looking at her, but looking at Sheila, said "Yes!" and Sheila, despite all her efforts, could not help glancing up with a brief smile and blush of pleasure that were quite visible to everybody. Mrs. Lorraine struck in, with a sort of nervous haste,—

"Oh, that will be very pleasant for mamma; for she gets rather tired of me at times when we are travelling. Two women who always read the same sort of books, and have the same opinions about the people they meet, and have precisely the same tastes in everything, are not very amusing companions for each other. You want a little discussion thrown in——"

"And if we meet Mr. Ingram we are sure to have that," Mrs. Kavanagh said, benignly.

"And you want somebody to give you new opinions, and put things

differently, you know. I am sure mamma will be most kind to you, if you can make it convenient to spend a few days with us, Mr. Ingram."

"And I have been trying to persuade Mr. Mackenzie and this young lady to come also," said Ingram.

"Oh, that would be delightful!" Mrs. Lorraine cried, suddenly taking Sheila's hand. "You will come, won't you? We should have such a pleasant party. I am sure your papa would be most interested; and we are not tied to any route—we should go wherever you pleased."

She would have gone on beseeching and advising, but she saw something in Sheila's face which told her that all her efforts would be unavailing.

"It is very kind of you," Sheila said, "but I do not think I can go to the Tyrol."

"Then you will go back to the Lewis, Sheila," her father said.

"I cannot go back to the Lewis, papa," she said, simply; and at this point Ingram, perceiving how painful the discussion was for the girl, suddenly called attention to the hour, and asked Mrs. Kavanagh if all her portmanteaus were strapped up.

They drove in a body down to the station; and Mr. Ingram was most assiduous in supplying the two travellers with an abundance of everything they could not possibly want. He got them a reading-lamp, though both of them declared they never read in a train. He got them some eau-de-cologne, though they had plenty in their travelling-case. He purchased for them an amount of miscellaneous literature that would have been of benefit to a hospital —provided the patients were strong enough to bear it. And then he bade them good-bye at least half-a-dozen times as the train was slowly moving out of the station, and made the most solemn vows about meeting them at Bregenz.

"Now, Sheila," he said, "shall we go to a theatre?"

"I do not care to go unless you wish," was the answer.

"She does not care to go anywhere now," her father said; and then the girl, seeing that he was rather distressed about her apparent want of interest, pulled herself together and said, cheerfully—

"Is it not too late to go to a theatre? And I am sure we could be very comfortable at home. Mairi, she will think it unkind if we go to the theatre by ourselves."

"Mairi!" said her father, impatiently, for he never lost an opportunity of indirectly justifying Lavender. "Mairi has more sense than you, Sheila, and she knows that a servant-lass has to stay at home, and she knows that she is ferry different from you, and she is a ferry good girl whatever, and hass no pride, and she does not expect nonsense in going about and such things."

"I am quite sure, papa, you would rather go home and sit down and have a talk with Mr. Ingram, and a pipe, and a little whisky, than go to any theatre."

"What I would do! And what I would like!" said her father, in a vexed way. "Sheila, you have no more sense as a lass that wass still at the school. I want you to go to the theatre, and amuse yourself, instead of sitting in the house, and thinking, thinking, thinking. And all for what?"

"But if one has something to be sorry for, is it not better to think of it?"

"And what hef *you* to be sorry for?" said her father, in amazement, and forgetting that, in his diplomatic fashion, he had been accustoming Sheila to the notion that she, too, might have erred grievously and been in part responsible for all that had occurred.

"I have a great deal to be sorry for, papa," she said; and then she renewed her entreaties that her two companions should abandon their notion of going to a theatre, and resolve to spend the rest of the evening in what she consented to call her home.

After all they found a comfortable little company when they sat round the fire, which had been lit for cheerfulness rather than for warmth; and Ingram, at least, was in a particularly pleasant mood. For Sheila had seized the oppor-

tunity, when her father had gone out of the room for a few minutes, to say, suddenly—

"Oh, my dear friend, if you care for her, you have a great happiness before you."

"Why, Sheila?" he said, staring.

"She cares for you more than you can think—I saw it to-night in everything she said and did."

"I thought she was just a trifle saucy, do you know. She shunted me out of the conversation altogether."

Sheila shook her head and smiled.

"She was embarrassed. She suspects that you like her, and that I know it, and that I came to see her. If you ask her to marry you, she will do it gladly."

"Sheila," Ingram said, with a severity that was not in his heart, "you must not say such things. You might make fearful mischief by putting these wild notions into people's heads."

"They are not wild notions," she said, quietly. "A woman can tell what another woman is thinking about better than a man."

"And am I to go to the Tyrol and ask her to marry me?" he said, with the air of a meek scholar.

"I should like to see you married—very, very much indeed," Sheila said.

"And to her?"

"Yes, to her," the girl said, frankly. "For I am sure she has a great regard for you, and she is clever enough to put value on—on—but I cannot flatter you, Mr. Ingram."

"Shall I send you word about what happens in the Tyrol?" he said, still with the humble air of one receiving instructions.

"Yes."

"And if she rejects me, what shall I do?"

"She will not reject you."

"Shall I come to you for consolation, and ask you what you meant by driving me on such a blunder?"

"If she rejects you," Sheila said, with a smile, "it will be your own fault, and you will deserve it. For you are a little too harsh with her, and you have too much authority, and I am surprised that she will be so amiable under it. Because, you know, a woman expects to be treated with much gentleness and deference before she has said she will marry—she likes to be entreated, and coaxed, and made much of; but instead of that you are very overbearing with Mrs. Lorraine."

"I did not mean to be, Sheila," he said, honestly enough. "If anything of the kind happened, it must have been in a joke."

"Oh no, not a joke," Sheila said; "and I have noticed it before—the very first evening you came to their house. And perhaps you did not know of it yourself; and then Mrs. Lorraine she is clever enough to see that you did not mean to be disrespectful. But she will expect you to alter that a great deal if you ask her to marry you—that is, until you are married."

"Have I ever been overbearing to you, Sheila?" he asked.

"To me? Oh, no. You have always been very gentle to me; but I know how that is. When you first knew me, I was almost a child, and you treated me like a child; and ever since then it has always been the same. But to others—yes, you are too unceremonious; and Mrs. Lorraine will expect you to be much more mild and amiable, and you must let her have opinions of her own——"

"Sheila, you give me to understand that I am a bear," he said, in tones of injured protest.

Sheila laughed.

"Have I told you the truth at last? It was no matter as long as you had ordinary acquaintances to deal with. But now, if you wish to marry that pretty lady, you must be much more gentle if you are discussing anything with her; and if she says anything that is not very wise, you must not say bluntly that it is foolish, but you must smooth it away, and put her right gently, and then she will be grateful to you. But if you say to her, 'Oh, that is nonsense,' as you might say to a man, you will hurt her very much. The man would not care; he would think you were stupid to have a different opinion from him; but a woman fears

she is not as clever as the man she is talking to, and likes his good opinion; and if he says something careless like that, she is sensitive to it, and it wounds her. To-night you contradicted Mrs. Lorraine about the *h* in those Italian words; and I am quite sure you were wrong. She knows Italian much better than you do; and yet she yielded to you very prettily."

"Go on, Sheila; go on," he said, with a resigned air. "What else did I do?"

"Oh, a great many rude things. You should not have contradicted Mrs. Kavanagh about the colour of an amethyst!"

"But why? You know she was wrong; and she said herself a minute afterwards that she was thinking of a sapphire."

"But you ought not to contradict a person older than yourself," said Sheila, sententiously.

"Goodness gracious me! Because one person is born in one year, and one in another, is that any reason why you should say that an amethyst is blue? Mr. Mackenzie, come and talk to this girl. She is trying to pervert my principles. She says that in talking to a woman you have to abandon all hope of being accurate, and that respect for the truth is not to be thought of. Because a woman has a pretty face she is to be allowed to say that black is white, and white pea-green. And if you say anything to the contrary, you are a brute, and had better go and bellow by yourself in a wilderness."

"Sheila is quite right," said old Mackenzie, at a venture.

"Oh, do you think so?" Ingram asked, coolly. "Then I can understand how her moral sentiment has been destroyed; and it is easy to see where she has got a set of opinions that strike at the very roots of a respectable and decent society."

"Do you know," said Sheila, seriously, "that it is very rude of you to say so, even in jest? If you treat Mrs. Lorraine in this way——"

She suddenly stopped. Her father had not heard, being busy among his pipes. So the subject was discreetly dropped, Ingram reluctantly promising to pay some attention to Sheila's precepts of politeness.

Altogether, it was a pleasant evening they had; but when Ingram had left, Mr. Mackenzie said to his daughter—

"Now, look at this, Sheila. When Mr. Ingram goes away from London, you hef no friend at all then in the place, and you are quite alone. Why will you not come to the Lewis, Sheila? It is no one there will know anything of what has happened here; and Mairi she is a good girl, and she will hold her tongue."

"They will ask me why I come back without my husband," Sheila said, looking down.

"Oh, you will leave that all to me," said her father, who knew he had surely sufficient skill to thwart the curiosity of a few simple creatures in Borva. "There is many a girl hass to go home for a time while her husband he is away on his business; and there will no one hef the right to ask you any more than I will tell them, and I will tell them what they should know—oh, yes, I will tell them ferry well, and you will hef no trouble about it. And Sheila, you are a good lass, and you know that I hef many things to attend to that is not easy to write about——"

"I do know that, papa," the girl said, "and many a time have I wished you would go back to the Lewis."

"And leave you here by yourself? Why, you are talking foolishly, Sheila. But now, Sheila, you will see how you could go back with me, and it would be a ferry different thing for you running about in the fresh air than shut up in a room in the middle of a town. And you are not looking ferry well, my lass, and Scarlett she will hef to take the charge of you."

"I will go to the Lewis with you, papa, when you please," she said; and he was glad and proud to hear her decision; but there was no happy light of anticipation in her eyes, such as ought to have been awakened by this projected journey, to the far island which she had known as her home.

And so it was, that one rough and blustering afternoon the *Clansman* steamed into Stornoway harbour; and Sheila, casting timid and furtive glances towards the quay, saw Duncan standing there, with the waggonette some little distance back, under charge of a boy. Duncan was a proud man that day. He was the first to shove the gangway on to the vessel, and he was the first to get on board; and in another minute Sheila found the tall, keen-eyed, brown-faced keeper before her, and he was talking in a rapid and eager fashion, throwing in an occasional scrap of Gaelic in the mere hurry of his words.

"Oh yes, Miss Sheila, Scarlett she is ferry well whatever, but there is nothing will make her so well as your coming back to sa Lewis, and we wass saying yesterday that it looked as if it wass more as three or four years, or six years, since you went away from sa Lewis, but now it iss no time at all, for you are just the same Miss Sheila as we knew before; and there is not one in all Borva but will think it iss a good day this day that you will come back——"

"Duncan!" said Mackenzie, with an impatient stamp of his foot, "why will you talk like a foolish man? Get the luggage to the shore instead of keeping us all the day in the boat."

"Oh, ferry well, Mr. Mackenzie," said Duncan, departing with an injured air, and grumbling as he went, "it iss no new thing to you to see Miss Sheila, and you will have no thocht for anyone but yourself. But I will get out the luggage—oh, yes; I will get out the luggage."

Sheila, in truth, had but little luggage with her; but she remained on board the boat until Duncan was quite ready to start, for she did not wish just then to meet any of her friends in Stornoway. Then she stepped ashore, and crossed the quay, and got into the waggonette; and the two horses, whom she had caressed for a moment, seemed to know that they were carrying Sheila back to her own country, from the speed with which they rattled out of the town, and away into the lonely moorland.

Mackenzie let them have their way. Past the solitary lakes they went, past the long stretches of undulating morass, past the lonely shielings perched far up on the hills; and the rough and blustering wind blew about them, and the grey clouds hurried by, and the old, strong-bearded man who shook the reins and gave the horses their heads, could have laughed aloud in his joy that he was driving his daughter home. But Sheila—she sat there as one dead; and Mairi, timidly regarding her, wondered what the impassible face and the bewildered, sad eyes meant. Did she not smell the sweet strong scent of the heather? Had she no interest in the great birds that were circling in the air over by the Barbhas mountains? Where was the pleasure she used to exhibit in remembering the curious names of the small lakes they passed?

And lo! the rough grey day broke asunder, and a great blaze of fire appeared in the west, shining across the moors and touching the blue slopes of the distant hills. Sheila was getting near to the region of beautiful sunsets and lambent twilights, and the constant movement and mystery of the sea. Overhead the heavy clouds were still hurried on by the wind; and in the south the eastern slopes of the hills and the moors were getting to be of a soft purple; but all along the west, where her home was, lay a great flush of gold, and she knew that Loch Roag was shining there, and the gable of the house at Borvabost getting warm in the beautiful light.

"It is a good afternoon you will be getting to see Borva again," her father said to her; but all the answer she made was to ask her father not to stop at Garra-na-hina, but to drive straight on to Callernish. She would visit the people at Garra-na-hina some other day.

The boat was waiting for them at Callernish, and the boat was the *Maighdean-mhara.*

"How pretty she is! How have you kept her so well, Duncan?" said Sheila, her face lighting up for the first

time, as she went down the path to the bright-painted little vessel that scarcely rocked in the water below.

"Bekass we neffer knew but that it was this week, or the week before, or the next week you would come back, Miss Sheila, and you would want your boat; but it wass Mr. Mackenzie himself, it wass he that did all the pentin of the boat, and it iss as well done as Mr. McNicol could have done it, and a great deal better than that mirover."

"Won't you steer her yourself, Sheila?" her father suggested, glad to see that she was at last being interested and pleased.

"Oh, yes; I will steer her, if I have not forgotten all the points that Duncan taught me."

"And I am sure you hef not done that, Miss Sheila," Duncan said; "for there wass no one knew Loch Roag better as you, not one, and you hef not been so long away; and when you tek the tiller in your hand, it will all come back to you just as if you wass going away from Borva the day before yesterday."

She certainly had not forgotten; and she was proud and pleased to see how well the shapely little craft performed its duties. They had a favourable wind, and ran rapidly along the opening channels, until, in due course, they glided into the well-known bay over which, and shining in the yellow light from the sunset, they saw Sheila's home.

She had escaped so far the trouble of meeting friends; but she could not escape her friends in Borvabost. They had waited for her for hours, not knowing when the *Clansman* might arrive at Stornoway; and now they crowded down to the shore, and there was a great shaking of hands, and an occasional sob from some old crone, and a thousand repetitions of the familiar "And are you ferry well, Miss Sheila?" from small children who had come across from the village in defiance of mothers and fathers. And Sheila's face brightened into a wonderful gladness, and she had a hundred questions to ask for one answer she got, and she did not know what to do with the number of small brown fists that wanted to shake hands with her.

"Will you let Miss Sheila alone?" Duncan called out, adding something in Gaelic which came strangely from a man who sometimes reproved his own master for swearing. "Get away with you, you brats; it wass better you would be in your beds than bothering people that wass come all the way from Styornoway."

Then they all went up in a body to the house; and Scarlett, who had neither eyes, ears, nor hands but for the young girl who had been the very pride of her heart, was nigh driven to distraction by Mackenzie's stormy demands for oatcake, and glasses, and whisky. Scarlett angrily remonstrated with her husband for allowing this rabble of people to interfere with the comfort of Miss Sheila; and Duncan, taking her reproaches with great good-humour, contented himself with doing her work, and went and got the cheese, and the plates, and the whisky, while Scarlett, with a hundred endearing phrases, was helping Sheila to take off her travelling things. And Sheila, it turned out, had brought with her in her portmanteau certain huge and wonderful cakes, not of oatmeal, from Glasgow; and these were soon on the great table in the kitchen, and Sheila herself distributing pieces to those small folks who were so awe-stricken by the sight of this strange dainty, that they forgot her injunctions and thanked her timidly in Gaelic.

"Well, Sheila, my lass," said her father to her, as they stood at the door of the house and watched the troop of their friends, children and all, go over the hill to Borvabost, in the red light of the sunset, "and are you glad to be home again?"

"Oh, yes," she said, heartily enough; and Mackenzie thought that things were going on favourably.

"You hef no such sunsets in the South, Sheila," he observed, loftily casting his eye around, although he did not usually pay much attention to the picturesqueness of his native island; "now look at the light there iss on Suainabhal. Do you see the red on the water down there, Sheila? Oh yes, I thought you

would say it wass ferry beautiful—it is a ferry good colour on the water. The water looks ferry well when it is red. You hef no such things in London—not any, Sheila. Now we must go indoors; for these things you can see any day here, and we must not keep our friends waiting."

An ordinary, dull-witted, or careless man might have been glad to have a little quiet after so long and tedious a journey; but Mr. Mackenzie was no such person. He had resolved to guard against Sheila's first evening at home being in any way languid or monotonous; and so he had asked one or two of his especial friends to remain and have supper with them. Moreover, he did not wish the girl to spend the rest of the evening out-of-doors, when the melancholy time of the twilight drew over the hills, and the sea began to sound remote and sad. Sheila should have a comfortable evening indoors; and he would himself, after supper, when the small parlour was well lit up, sing for her one or two songs, just to keep the thing going, as it were. He would let nobody else sing. These Gaelic songs were not the sort of music to make people cheerful. And if Sheila herself would sing for them?

And Sheila did. And her father chose the songs for her, and they were the blythest he could find, and the girl seemed really in excellent spirits. They had their pipes and their hot whisky and water in this little parlour; Mr. Mackenzie explaining that although his daughter was accustomed to spacious and gilded drawing-rooms where such a thing was impossible, she would do anything to make her friends welcome and comfortable, and they might fill their glasses and their pipes with impunity. And Sheila sang again and again, all cheerful and sensible English songs; and she listened to the odd jokes and stories her friends had to tell her; and Mackenzie was delighted with the success of his plans and precautions. Was not her very appearance now a triumph? She was laughing, smiling, talking to everyone; he had not seen her so happy for many a day.

In the midst of it all, when the night had come on apace, what was this wild skirl outside that made everybody start? Mackenzie jumped to his feet, with an angry vow in his heart, that if this "teffle of a piper John" should come down the hill playing "Lochaber no more" or "Cha till mi tuilich," or any other mournful tune, he would have his chanter broken in a thousand splinters over his head. But what was the wild air that came nearer and nearer, until John marched into the house, and came, with ribbons and pipes, to the very door of the room which was flung open to him? Not a very appropriate air, perhaps, for it was—

"*The Campbells are coming, oho! oho!*
The Campbells are coming, oho! oho!
The Campbells are coming to bonny Lochleven!
The Campbells are coming, oho! oho!"

but it was, to Mr. Mackenzie's rare delight, a right good joyous tune, and it was meant as a welcome to Sheila, and forthwith he caught the white-haired piper by the shoulder, and dragged him in, and said—

"Put down your pipes and come into the house, John! Put down your pipes, and tek off your bonnet, and we shall hef a good dram together this night, by Kott! And it is Sheila herself will pour out the whisky for you, John; and she is a good Highland girl, and she knows the piper was never born that could be hurt by whisky, and the whisky was neffer yet made that could hurt a piper. What do you say to that, John?"

John did not answer; he was standing before Sheila, with his bonnet in his hand, but with his pipes still proudly over his shoulder. And he took the glass from her, and called out "Shlainte!" and drained every drop of it out to welcome Mackenzie's daughter home.

To be continued.

CHINA'S FUTURE PLACE IN PHILOLOGY.

"CHINA'S Place in Philology" is the name of a book, by the Rev. Mr. Edkins, which suggests the title to this short paper. That volume deals with the Chinese language in the past, and its relation to the origin of words. The purpose intended by these notes is much less ambitious; instead of tracing language back through the dim ages that are past, it is here simply proposed to suggest the probabilities as to the future modes of speech among the celestials. The past of all language is as yet only in a very theoretic state; and in the nature of things all speculation as to its future must be equally so. The ideas to be explained assume the continued dominance of a race—and one, moreover, which will, by means of trade or conquest, remain an influence in China; though of course it must be admitted that the continuation of this influence is an element of uncertainty in the speculation. Still, the writer is of opinion that no one who knows China, and is acquainted with the powers and influences of Westerns in the East, will refuse the assumption, that not only shall we maintain the position we have acquired, but that most probably that position will become stronger; that new ports will be opened, and our relations with the people become more intimate and powerful than ever.

Taking all this for granted, it is proposed to consider the future of that strange jargon known as "Pigeon English," a language resulting from the meeting of East and West in the ports of China. This language, if such it may be called, derives its name from a series of changes in the word *Business.* The early traders in China made constant use of this word, and the Chinaman contracted it to *Busin,* and then through the change of *Pishin* to *Pigeon.* In this last form it still retains its original meaning, and people talk of whatever business they may have in hand as their "pigeon." All mercantile transactions between the Chinese and the Europeans are carried on in this new form of speech. Domestic servants, male and female, have to learn it to qualify themselves for situations with the "Outer Barbarians;" but the newest and most important feature of all is, that the Chinese themselves are, to a certain extent, adopting this language. This is owing to the fact that men of different provinces cannot understand each other's dialect. The written Mandarin character, however, could be read and understood all over China, and the provincials used to write what they wished to say in this character, and could thus manage to do business together. But now, if they both should happen to know "Pigeon English," they use it as the means of communication. A lingua-franca was needed, and the common necessity has supplied the demand.

It may be premature to call Pigeon English a language. It is only the beginning of one. Although facts can be expressed by it, it is in a most defective condition; so much so, that an Englishman, when he first reaches China, is very much amused at what seems to him a relic of Babel. If it should be his fate to remain in the country, he dislikes to adopt it; his sense of good manners makes it distasteful to him to speak such a jargon, for it sounds like making a fool of the party addressed. Here we get an evidence of the power of growth which this infantile speech is possessed of, for however reluctant anyone may be to speak it, he is forced by the necessity of the case to do so. I was only a traveller for a few months in China, but I found myself obliged to

acquire the habit of speaking what seemed to me, at first, nonsensical rubbish. I could not get on without it. On my arrival I got a Chinese servant —servants in China are all called "boys," in fact this is one of the words of Pigeon English: and it is scarcely necessary to state that it is not derived from the Irish. It is usual to breakfast about twelve o'clock, and it is customary to have some tea, toast, and perhaps an egg served in your bed-room when you get up, and before dressing. The first morning I expressed my wishes on this matter in my usual way of talk, and the "boy" went off smiling, as if he understood my meaning; but as he did not come back, I made some inquiries at my friends in the house. They asked what I said to the "boy," and I repeated the words as near as I could recollect them, to the effect that I wanted some breakfast, and would like it immediately. I was then told that I might as well have talked Greek to him, and that I ought to have said, "Catchey some chow-chow chop-chop." *Chow-chow* is understood in this as something to eat, and the last double word is equivalent to "quick-quick." Had I been a comic actor, and the ordering my breakfast been a farce, it might have been possible to feel that I was saying the right thing in this way. That not being my "pigeon," I felt reluctant to do it; but when eating, drinking, and all your wants are found to depend upon its use, you soon give in; and here is the source of growth in the language, and the reason why it advances and spreads in China.

One would suppose that such a mode of speaking could only have a temporary existence, but these facts are given to show that such will not be the case, and that there is no chance of its dying out. On the contrary, we have the Chinese now adopting it among themselves as a means of communication. There is nothing new in this; it is only history repeating itself. We have on record the growth of other languages which must have begun under similar conditions. A noteable instance of this is the language known as Hindostanee. Its origin dates from the Mahomedan conquest of India. It was named the *Oordoo*, or "camp language," because it grew up in the "camp" of the invaders. The conquerors and the conquered spoke entirely different languages, and as a consequence their means of communication at first must have been only fragmentary. Each, however, acquired broken bits of the other's speech, and time at last welded the whole into a language. It has now a grammar based on the Hindoo or Sanscrit, and an ample dictionary, where it will be found that about three-fourths of the words belong to the language of the invading Power. This has long been the lingua-franca of India. Many languages are spoken there, but this one will carry you over nearly the whole length and breadth of the country. The pure Farsee, or Persian, remained, and is still considered the *burra-bat*, or high-court language. Of course the camp might jabber any combination of sounds it found most suited to its wants, but the dignity of a Court could not submit to the introduction of such barbarisms. And for the same reason Pigeon English would scarcely yet be a fit language for St. James's or Windsor Castle. Imagine a Chinese Embassy, with the principal personage in it explaining to Her Majesty that he is "one piecey ambassador; that belongey my pigeon. Emperor of China, one very muchy big piecey Emperor, &c." Clearly this style of talk is not likely to be used for diplomatic purposes for some time.

Pigeon English is as yet in such a very rudimentary form, that to talk of its grammar or vocabulary would only raise a smile among those familiar with it. When you hear it spoken it sounds like the utter defiance of all grammar; and yet if we are to remain in the country, as the Mahomedans did in India; if we are to retain our commercial camps—and our treaty-ports in that country are exactly such—and if we, and the Americans at the same time, go on extending our commerce, a

common language is an absolute condition of the case, and this new form of speech must progress. Already its idiomatic forms are becoming defined and understood. Chinese modes of expression are curiously mixed with English ones. The interrogative form is purely Chinese. Suppose you wish to ask a man if he can do anything for you, the sentence is put, "Can do? No can do?" and the reply is given by repeating whichever sentence expresses his abilities. It is the same with "Understand? No understand?" "Piecey" is a word that is largely used, and clearly has its origin in our own language of commerce which talks of "a piece of goods;" but with the Chinaman everything is a "piecey." He does not say "one man," but "one piecey man." There are a few Hindostanee words in use, such as "chit," for a letter, "tiffin," for lunch, and "bund," for a quay or an embankment. The word "Mandarin" is from the Portuguese; "Dios" of the same language became "Joss," and is a well-known word in China, Joss-house, or God-house—meaning a Temple—being derived from it. "Savey" is from the Portuguese, and is always used as the equivalent of "know." To have, or to be connected with, is always expressed by "belongey." If you wish to say an article is not yours, you express it thus: "That no belongey me;" or if anything is not an affair of yours, you say, "That no belongey my pigeon." This terminal *ey* of "belongey" is one of the forms which is peculiar to this new language. From it we have "supposey," "talkey," "walkey," "catchey," &c. The Portuguese "savey," which was one of the first words in use, may be the original root of this form. Many of the words in use are of unknown origin. In a number of cases the English suppose them to be Chinese, while the Chinese, on the other hand, take them to be English. "Chow-chow" is one of these words. I heard my own servant tell some of his countrymen that "Chow-chow" was the English for "food." It was on the bank of the Yang-tsee, near Nankin; they were country people, and as he could converse with me, he no doubt seemed to them a perfectly safe authority. A good many Chinese words are of course used, but the bulk of the vocabulary is English.

It is not very satisfactory to look forward even to the bare possibility of such a caricature of our tongue becoming an established language. Should this ever be the result, translations into it of our classic authors will become a necessity. Shakespeare and Milton turned into Pigeon English are fearful even to think of. There is a translation already in existence from one of our dramatists. It begins something in this way—

> "My name belongey Norval, top-
> Side galow that Grampian hill My
> Father catchey chow-chow for him piecey
> Sheep," &c.

The Missionary "pigeon" will also in due time demand a translation of the Bible into this very vulgar tongue. Death has many consolations, and to the number may be added this new one, that before the consummation foretold above can be realized, we will have passed away, and our ears will be deaf to the hideous result.

Suppose any book for which you had reverence, or even a favourite piece of poetry whose words your lips loved to repeat—imagine your feelings on hearing it converted into something like the following. It is a translation of "Excelsior" into Pigeon English. It may be necessary to explain to those whose education has been neglected in this Language of the Future, that "topside" means above, as the opposite of "bottomside." "Galow" is untranslatable, but added to "topside" the phrase becomes exclamatory, and it is the nearest equivalent to Excelsior. "Chop-chop" means quick-quick, but anything such as a stamp, monogram, or device, would be called a "chop." "Maskey" is another of those words whose origin is unknown. It has to do a great deal of duty in Pigeon English. In the following it means "notwithstanding." To "chin-chin Joss" is to worship God: to chin-

chin a person is to salute him. By placing the original alongside of the translation the reader will easily make out the remainder of the piece. The moral, it will be noticed, is by the Pigeon-English translator.

W. Simpson.

Topside-galow !

That nightey time begin chop chop,
One young man walkey—no can stop.
Maskey snow ! maskey ice !
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
"Topside-galow !"

Him muchey sorry, one piecey eye
Looksee sharp—so—all same my.
Him talkey largey, talkey strong,
Too muchey curio—all same gong—
"Topside-galow !"

Inside house him can see light,
And every room got fire all right,
He lookey plenty ice more high,
Inside him mouth he plenty cry—
"Topside-galow !"

Ole man talkey "no can walk !"
By'm bye rain come—werry dark,
"Have got water, werry wide."
"Maskey ! my must go topside"—
"Topside-galow !"

"Man-man !" One girley talkey he,
"What for you go topside looksee ?"
And one time more he plenty cry,
But all time walkey plenty high—
"Topside-galow !"

"Take care ! that spoil'um tree young man
Take care that ice ! He want man-man !"
That coolie chin-chin he good night,
He talkey "my can go all right."
"Topside-galow !"

Joss-pigeon man he soon begin,
Morning-time that Joss chin-chin,
He no man see—him plenty fear,
Cos some man talkey—he can hear !
"Topside-galow !"

That young man die, one large dog see,
Too muchey bobbery findey he ;
He hand belong colo—all same ice,
Have got flag, with chop so nice.
"Topside-galow !"

Excelsior !

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior !"

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior !"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior !"

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior !"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest,
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"Excelsior !"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night !
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior !"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior !"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
"Excelsior !"

MORAL.

You too muchey laugh ! What for sing ?
I think so you no savey what thing !
Supposey you no b'long clever inside,
More better *you* go walk topside !
"Topside-galow !"

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER I.

English people, who glean their ideas of Spanish life and character from a sojourn at Madrid or Malaga, Gibraltar, or Seville, know strangely little of the real state of education and social life in the less-visited towns of the interior.

When I arrived at Gibraltar on my way to the secluded town from which I write, I was warned not to attempt to return to Cadiz, as the line was cut, and that city "in a state of siege." Malaga was "in a condition very little better." However, I went on by sea to Malaga, hardly knowing—indeed, I should say, very doubtful whether or no I should be able to take train into the interior. At Malaga, the first token of "La Republica Democratica Federal" was a string of red-capped Voluntarios, who had taken the place of the ordinary Customs officials. They boarded our steamer, headed by their captain, and with fixed bayonets marched up to the breakfast-table on deck to confer with our captain. They seemed but ill armed, and wore no uniform, save the scarlet flannel cap, peaked over the eyes, of which every shop window was full. Some had old fowling-pieces, some Enfield rifles, some the Snider. They seemed restless, and haggard, and indeed, one of them told me, as we smoked a cigarette together, that he was dissatisfied with his Government, his faith—in a word, with everything. Our captain, a hearty Englishman, who did not like arms at his breakfast-table, good-humouredly asked them to "unfix bayonets." This the poor fellows did, after a moment's demur, with a hearty laugh. Afterwards, I met these same men at the Custom House, and they passed my luggage unopened, in remembrance of our cigar and chat together, and behaved most courteously. This was my first introduction to the Intransigentes. Next day, two thousand Malaguanese Voluntarios, who had been to proclaim the independence of Seville, entered the town, preceded by their band, and four cannon. They, too, were ill armed, and only distinguished from civilians by the red cap; they promenaded the street in triumph for some time, and at a bugle call dispersed at once, each man going to his own home. In two hours Malaga was quiet as ever, and not an armed man seen in its streets. The only active measure taken on that day was the issuing of the order for every Nun to leave her convent in twenty-four hours, which time of grace was readily extended, at the request of the English and American Consuls, to six days.

Starting up-country, *viâ* Cordoba, I was reminded only too sadly of the unhappy state of sunny, beautiful Spain. The corn, over-ripe, was ungathered in; at each small station stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Guardas Civiles. No words of mine can describe the alternate beauty and savage grandeur of the route from Malaga to Cordoba. From Malaga to Alova, the wild semi-cultivated, slopes stretched out far as eye could see, reminding one, here and there, of the Wiltshire Downs on a grand scale; but at Alova, a lovely town of some 8,000 people, the fertile plains of Andalusia Abaga (Andalusia the lower) suddenly spread around us in all their beauty, lit up by the beams of the morning sun—the orange, the vines crowning slope after slope, the full palm-tree, and the olive-patches dotting the landscape far and near; field after field separated by hedges of prickly pear, and groups of aloes here and there,

completely enchained and fascinated heart and soul, and one forgot the sorrows of one's new country, and her strife and her bloodshed, in looking on her beauty and her grace.

Suddenly all was changed—vineyards, olives, trees, were all but as a dim mist of blue far behind, and we had entered on a scene of more savage grandeur than the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Tyrol. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the country, after crossing the Guadalhorce near Bogantes Station. Far and wide there is nothing but naked rock; you look up, peak after peak of granite towers up above the line and cuts its rugged way into the deep clear blue, while to your left, seen here and there through the holes of the rock, the Guadalhorce, increased and fed by one cascade after another, foams and dashes along over its huge granite boulders. The line goes through tunnel after tunnel in swift succession, until the far-famed viaduct at Bogantes is passed at a foot's pace.

The chief spot of interest is the "Hoyo," or gorge, with the river foaming at its side as just described. This magnificent scenery is but a short distance from Bogantes station, and is called here "the pass of the Guadalhorce." It is hardly more than fifty miles from Malaga, and I can only wonder that the artist's hand and pencil are not busy here year by year, where all is so intensely new, and almost untrodden ground.

Let me pass on to the end of my journey. The road, save for the beautiful ridge of the Sierra Morena, just tinged by the setting sun; and the silver Guadalquivir—winding among its here treeless hills—was treeless, barren, and devoid of beauty. Late at night I arrived at my destination, and was only too glad to turn off to rest.

What struck me most, at first, was the wretched state of the streets, which is common to the towns of the interior; they have no pavement, but have at some remote period been "pitched" with huge stones, many of which have gone, leaving holes a foot deep. All travelling is accomplished on horse or donkey-back: or in springless mule carts, which jolt one to pieces. These carts are covered with bamboo canes, with a sacking at each end; the bottom is simply a piece of ordinary matting stretched over the iron bars that join the wheels. But, to say truth, there *is* hardly any communication between town and town. Villages, country houses, farm-houses absolutely have no existence, owing to the unsafe state of the country. The farmers live in the towns, and gather their wheat and garvancos (a sort of pea) into the camera, or attic, at the top of the house.

Walking out the next morning, I heard in the distance the well-known strains of the Marseillaise, played in the most lively way by a brass band, and presently a tiny coffin, swung between four boys, came round the corner: the coffin of a little fair-haired child of some seven summers, laid out in blue paper, with a glass lid to show its peaceful face. A crowd of boys, cutting capers, singing and shouting, ran before it, while close behind, at a swinging pace, and playing their loudest and liveliest, came the band I had heard; behind them, four abreast, walked fifty or sixty young men, chiefly of the mining or artisan class. This ceremony is peculiar to this part of Spain, and has only existed since the Republic was formed. It is called a "civil funeral." The ceremony is simple enough; the band (of advanced Republicans) marches to the house whence the funeral is to come, and forms in a semicircle around the door, with all the followers; they then march to the cemetery, play one last lively Republican air, in token that the innocent has gone to a better country, and is safe "en manos de Dios," leaving the little flimsy coffin on one of the stones, until the grave digger can find time to inter it. The law in other days was, that no funeral should take place without a priest, but this was repealed by the Republic, and permission given to all to bury with or without a religious ceremony. It is sad, I must confess, to witness such a spectacle; it is a defiance of the religion of their fathers, from men who absolutely have no faith at all to cling to in its place. Strangely enough, I have never seen a grown-up person

buried with a civil funeral. The most striking part of a Spanish funeral, is the number of those who follow. Every friend of the bereaved family, every distant relation, those in the same street, and all who knew the dead man, leave their work and follow him to his last resting-place. No women ever follow; no special mourning seems to be used.

A few days after my arrival I was introduced to the Mayor of the town, himself an Intransigente, but not an ultra-red. Here is the blot of the Spanish Republic, that there "are Republicans *and* Republicans;" the moderates are divided, the ultras are divided, and they will not, even in face of the ruin of their country, unite. This man, intransigente himself, saw the danger to our town from his advanced brethren of the same order—men who live in the mountains of the Morena, whose one idea is equality of property, and the dividing of their country into countless small "cantones," or states, and who descend on any town at will, —which is ungarrisoned,—and simply demand and receive from the frightened inhabitants any sum they choose to name. I should say that during the summer our town had absolutely no garrison at all. The Alcalde, to his honour be it spoken, equipped and armed, and kept at his own expense, some three hundred Voluntarios, to defend the property of his fellow townsmen, English and Spanish, from the descent of the insurgents. Nightly they walked the town, and guarded the threshing floors from fire. One night the rumour was spread "the Intransigentes from the Sierra are in the town." Yes. They had descended to the number of fifteen or twenty, and were drinking in the very fonda I had occupied a few nights before. They had come to levy contributions, and to proclaim our town an independent canton. You, in England, would have taken them prisoners at once, with a force of three hundred men to support you. We, however—that is, our authorities—did no such thing. Let me tell you what befell them.

At midnight the Voluntarios marched down to the fonda: armed they were to the teeth; behind them followed a string of mules and donkeys. At one o'clock that morning some fifteen or twenty men on beasts of burden, guarded on each side by a string of red-capped Voluntarios, marched out of the town, and were taken to a spot twelve miles off, and—shot?—no—but simply told to dismount, and not enter our city's walls again! I asked one of the authorities *why* this was so? "Why," said he, gravely, and sadly, "for aught I know those very men's party may hold the reins of government to-morrow, and some of them being men of position, may themselves be liberated, and hold office." "And then?" said I. "Why, *then*, where would I be?"

This little visit of gentlemen from the Morena, however, bore fruit afterwards, in a way we little expected. One night I passed at twelve o'clock up the dark and silent street in which the barracks of the Voluntarios stood. I had always been glad to see the gleam of their sentry's bayonet, and the red tips of their cigarillos, as the guard sat waiting for any fire or other emergency, and smoked the night away. To-night the barrack-door was closed; the sentry absent; the barracks deserted. I could not think what it meant. Next morning the town was in a ferment. The main body of our trusty defenders, arms and all, had marched boldly through the streets the evening before, openly announcing their intention to join the Intransigentes in the Sierra, and once more our town was undefended.

A strange picture then presented itself. Spanish families, in some cases, sent for their employés, from olive farm and mine, to come in nightly to the casas, and act as body guards. In the house next to my own, some twenty men armed sat throughout the night around and within the casa of their master, and drove away alarm with frequent copas de vino, and the tinkle of guitar, as light feet danced the fandango until morning dawned. Arms were carried by hundreds in the streets

and the Plazza; journeying outside the walls was at an end.

One morning, I was standing at the open window, looking out on the olive groves and withered plains, waiting for breakfast, and enjoying the cool morning air; suddenly, the maid who had gone for the fruit and bread for our early meal, entered the room with outspread hands. "What is the matter now?" I asked. "Mucha génte, mucha génte en la Plazza," was her excited answer, pointing out of window towards the olive groves. Scanning the avenues with my glass, I saw a little band of sixty or eighty men under arms. These were none other than our friends who had deserted a few nights before. Finding provisions run short in the Sierra, they had made a descent at early morn on the Plazza (where the market is held), and taken ample stores of bread, fruit, and meat; and were now almost within gun-shot of the town, calmly smoking their cigarillos and dividing the spoil.

Seven or eight hours after, a flying column of General Pavia's army, some 2,000 strong, bringing back peace to Andalucia, passed over the very spot where the deserters had stood, and entered the town, to restore order! They had come, flushed with victory, from the storming of Seville. Next day an edict went forth that all firearms should be delivered to the troops, under pain of punishment; the soldiers entered any disaffected house, and two mule-carts, piled with our townsmen's arms, went away with the troops.

I can hardly tell you how far behind the age, in civilization, are these towns of the interior. The streets unpaved and unlighted, save here and there with an oil lamp; children up to the age of nine and ten constantly running about the streets stark-naked,—not however *girls;* in a town of thirty thousand people not a single book-shop, the only books, chiefly of a religious order, being procurable *once a year* at the "feria," or annual fair. It may amuse you, however, to know that the first three books that met my eye were translations of Scott's "Guy Mannering," the Bible (in Spanish, of course), and a copy of "Regula Clari." Again, people talk much of Spanish ladies; and certainly the higher classes are in some cases very beautiful, and in their graceful mantillas, trailing dresses, and stately walk have no equal, but they are strangely uneducated, and their musical powers very slender; still, the Spanish women, as a rule, are good, really religious, very affectionate mothers, very generous friends. But there are no schools, and hardly any governesses, so how *can* they learn?

Let me here, as one who is neither Carlist nor Republican, nor a bigot in religion, but who simply wishes well to a country where he has received kindness from all parties, pay a passing tribute to the large-heartedness of the Spaniards. A few weeks since I was in a difficulty, and appealed to a passing stranger, a Spanish fondista (hotel-keeper) for help. The help required was readily and freely given, and, as I shook the hand of my generous friend at parting, I thanked him warmly for his help, and inquired who and what he was. "Never mind what I am," was the ready answer; "Protestant or Catholic, Republican or Carlist, you stood in need of help, and *we are brothers because we are Christians.*"

LETTER II.

You cannot think how entirely different Spanish domestic life is from what it is in England, nor would you credit it were I to tell you how rough and rude is the life of the lower—how ephemeral and purposeless the pursuits of the higher-classes.

Let us take a glimpse of family life in the middle class. The Spanish houses are built chiefly of the hard but porous sand or iron-stone, quarries of which abound in the interior; they have some ten or twelve rooms, all of which are paved with stone, or large tiles, for in this country of dust and burning heat—the thermometer has varied from 87° to 95° throughout the

summer—no carpets seem to be used, save just in one room, in the heart of the winter. The stable is at the back of the house, and horses, mules, and carriages all pass through the hall just as do the inmates of the house. I have often been taking a "refresco" with the señor and his sposa in the hall, and we have had to move the little table to let the servant and his mules pass through! Every morning the "creada," or Spanish maid-servant, takes her watering-pot, and carefully lays the dust, and cools the room with an abundant sprinkling of aqua fresca. At early morn the master rises, and his little cup of chocolati, an egg, and a slice of melon await him in the sala, or large sitting-room—to English eyes a most comfortless place; very large, stone-flagged, with a few massive chairs, walls painted in the rudest way, and one large table in the midst. The rooms, owing to the heat, are always kept darkened by means of closed shutters throughout the day: some of the windows have glass, some not: but all are strongly protected, without exception, by a strong cage of massive iron-work outside. The señora has her chocolati in her bedroom, at the open window, enjoying the fresh morning breeze.

All the Spaniards rise as a rule at five or six in the summer to enjoy the only enjoyable time of the summer day; at one o'clock they have dinner—the comida—and after that follows the two hours' siesta in a darkened room. Evening then draws on, the delicious night-breeze rises and blows freshly from the hills, and the ladies go out in groups to the alamedo for the passao, or walk. Such is the Spanish lady's day. She has, however, her creadas to look after: and, above all, her dresses to make, or superintend, and her graceful mantilla to arrange. It is quite a striking sight to pass down the streets from six to eight at night, and see the graceful carriage of the head, and the stately upright walk of the Spanish ladies, with their long white dresses trailing behind them in a cloud of dust: how they manage to walk over the rough, unpaved, uneven streets without a trip is a mystery. At about ten all retire to rest, to rise up refreshed for another uneventful day.

As regards the master of the house, he really seems to have but one interest in life, and that is, Politics. He may ride out to view his olive farm, or his mine: and you will certainly meet him in his shop, his casino, or his friend's casa, smoking the inevitable cigarillo, and chatting, or making a bargain. But there is absolutely no reading of any sort, not even a book of the calibre of a three volume novel. Politics, politics are everything to him, and of politics he seems never to tire. I was but yesterday talking with a friend here, a professional man, one who would give up all for the sake of "his cause," and during the whole weary evening we seemed to have nothing in common. At last I bethought myself of the unfailing subject, and said, "What is your opinion of Señor Castelar's enforcing the penalty of death again?" In a moment all was changed: his look of utter apathy had given place to the keenest enthusiasm, and knocking the cigarillo out of his mouth, he said, with flashing eyes, and flushed cheeks, "Castelar is a statesman, a poet, and an orator; he knows and says that, in desperate cases, desperate remedies must be applied; so he does right for awhile to enforce once more capital punishment in our army; for me, I am a Republican of Republicans, and I consider capital punishment opposed to the true spirit of Christianity. I desire nothing for my country but to see her sons free; free to serve their God as they like, as their unfettered conscience tells them; freedom in their families; freedom from slavery in their colonies; *that* is the wish of Heaven; that is my wish also."

You will say, what, then, are the pleasures of the Spaniards? I asked that question too, and received for answer, shooting in the "sierra"; a pic-nic in the "campo"; the annual "ferias" (fairs); and the "bano del rio" (river bath).

It was a piping hot evening in July last, and we were all in this house fairly exhausted with the long unbroken drought and heat, when my

friend said, "Let us join the ladies to-morrow, and get a bath in the river." The thought of any change to break the monotony of daily life, especially by the coolness of a bathe in the Guadalquivir, was tempting, and I thankfully accepted the proposal. We had a long ride (three miles) across the "campo," or open country, to get to the river, so it was arranged that we should ride down thither at sunrise, four o'clock, the following morning, the señoras going in a springless covered cart before us.

Before the sun broke into view we were in the saddle, after swallowing a glass of aquadiente, a kind of cognac and aniseed, the spirit of the Interior. I shall never forget the wildness of the ride. The morning was quite grey, and a chilly air blowing from the hills, as we passed outside the town walls, and entered upon the threshing-floors. These threshing-floors are simply strips of dusty land where the corn is brought and threshed; day by day, all round the town, the unmuzzled oxen are seen treading out the corn; and boys driving tiny little carriages, with wooden spikes, among the rich full ears, round and round the floor; as soon as all is threshed it is stored in sacks, and carried into the camera, or granary, at the top of each house; and the pága, or loose straw-chaff, piled up for the horses' and mules' provender, for Andalucian horses know no taste of hay. As we passed the floors, the guards, gun in hand, were slowly rising up, like ghosts, from their bed of straw, rubbing their eyes, and lighting their cigarillos. These men, who are generally old dependents of the owners, live all day and night on the floors, and one of them told me his health was better in the two months of that duty than all the year round. Huge dogs, too, were sharing in the duties of the guards, barking at our early footsteps, but never presuming—so well were they trained—to cross over the boundary line of their own "floor."

The ride across the "campo," or open country, was not uninteresting. It consists here of far-stretching wastes upon wastes, treeless but not barren, for corn, and peas, and oats have been reaped therefrom in *our* months of May and June. There are no sign-posts; and the roads are mere tracks, which the fierce rains of winter obliterate. They are knee-deep in fine dust, and, unless careful, you step into a "crack" and sprain your ancle. The only objects of interest I saw were the enormously high thistles, often twelve or fourteen feet high, covering what were just now corn-fields; and a cloud of white vultures from the Sierra Morena alighting to breakfast on the carcase of an ox which had dropped dead. The only persons we passed were the men and women with their donkeys, laden with fruit for the early morning's market in the plazza, who saluted us, one and all, with sleepy looks of wonder, and the inevitable Spanish salutation, "Vaya usted con Dios"—*Anglicè,* "Good-bye—God be with you, on your journey."

At last the three weary miles of dust and thistles was over, and the beautiful, silver Guadalquivir—here not far from its source—showed before and beneath us. Just as we came within sight of its silver windings the haze of grey and purple broke away from the sierra, and you saw in a moment the cloud turn into a jagged edge of dark brown rugged hills, and the whole river and landscape become one mass of hot crimson light. Just as I was gazing at the barren magnificence of the prospect, my companion called out, "Mind where you are riding to!" and as I looked sharply round, I saw that we had got on to a narrow sloping path, not five feet wide. On the right rose up great boulders of granite rock; far above, half shut out, was the sky of fast-deepening blue; on my left was a tremendous chasm, the bed of a mountain torrent now dry, sixty to two hundred feet in sheer depth, running down to the "rio!"

At last we were at the river; and for the first time I stood on the banks of the far-famed Guadalquivir. Our bathing-place and our method were as

follows: First we unsaddled our horses, put a halter on them, and gladly they plunged into our bathing-place to enjoy the bath. I stood still to see the place. A magnificent view it was. A few miles in front, stretching farther than eye could reach, lay the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena. In the river bed all was fertile and green; and all along its peaceful banks, and overhanging its waters, were the beautiful rose-pink oleanders, the "lilies of the valley" of well-loved story. An old mill-house, with its clumsy wheel, and a couple of pomegranates, shaded one corner of this part of the river, and under their shade, sitting up to their shoulders in the water, on the huge round boulders of which the bottom of the river is composed, were groups of Spanish ladies! Truly it *was* a pretty sight. They sat, as though on chairs, clothed to the neck in bathing gowns of the gaudiest colours —red, grey, yellow, and blue; and, holding in one hand their umbrellas, and with the other hand fanning themselves, they formed a most picturesque group.

Just above them we were fain to undress, and tumble in; and we too, like them, sat down on the boulder chairs (the river was not above four to five feet deep), and lazily allowed the fast-flowing yellow stream—it is *full* of iron and sulphur—to soothe our skin and nerves, and give us strength and coolness.

I thought the bathing promiscuously was enough; but suddenly I heard shouts on the further bank, and a crowd of muleteers and mules came down the rocky incline, for *their* morning's bath. In a moment two of the men were undressed, and mules and men struggling about in the yellow water. I narrowly escaped being struck with the front hoof of one of the former. They, like ourselves, sat in the cool current for one hour, then slowly left the rio, and crawled up the bank. For ourselves—ladies and men—we spread our "mantas" (rugs) on the sandy bank, and slowly dressed.

"Will you not bathe once more this summer," said I to a Spanish lady. "No, indeed not," was the answer. "I have had my baths up to the *odd number.*" What her especial odd number was I know not; but all the Spaniards have a fixed number of baths, beyond which they think it wrong to go; and in all cases it must be, they believe, for health's sake, an odd number!

LETTER III.

Let me recur for a moment to two points already mentioned.

Since giving the description of a ceremony which is common to a very few towns in the interior, and is called a "civil funeral," another, equally significant, has come under my notice. Like the before-mentioned, it is confined, I fancy, to the lower orders and those of very extreme opinions—it is a ceremony known as a "civil christening." The sympathisers march, as before, with their brass band to the house of the newly-born infant, and, after playing a succession of Republican tunes over it, the spokesman of the party names it by some expressive name, as "Liberty," or "Equality," and the like. With this the ceremony is complete. The significance of such a proceeding, as pointing out the march of things, is only too painfully obvious. The mockery of calling it a "Christening" is almost calculated, were it not too sad a subject to joke upon, to provoke a smile. Speaking to a Spaniard on this subject, she said: "Why, I said to these people, '*You can never make a child a Christian* by playing a tune over it,' and the listeners merely smiled."

The next point to which I recur is the Spanish love for politics. It may be interesting to give a short account, while on this subject, of some of the tiny photographs, sold at two or three pence apiece, with which, during a horse-fair lately held at a town in the interior, the sides of the booths were studded. Here is one: A group of gentlemen, in full dress, are standing round a female figure with flaming torch in one hand and a sword in the other—"Liberty." Around her head is a halo of lustre, and above it the words "Españoles! el rey es impossible."

On her breast is a shield with the inscription—

> "Goberno del pueblo por el pueblo.
> Hombre libre en la familia.
> Familia libre en el municipio.
> Municipio libre en la provincia.
> Nacion libre en la humanidad.
> Vivan los derectios del hombre."

Underneath the feet of Liberty lie a crown and sceptre shattered to pieces, and tied to her waist are two lion cubs; on their scarves being written "Down with capital punishment!" "Down with slavery!" Among the knot of gentlemen the well-known features of Emilio Castelar and Pi y Margall are easily distinguishable. Surely such little things as these, trivial as they may seem, show that the heart of this once great nation is panting and yearning for that freedom to which she has too long been a stranger, in religious as well as in civil affairs.

The other photographs are of a coarser nature. In one, Spain is represented as a starving gipsy-hag, shivering on the ground; at her back the palace of Madrid in flames. A frame of nine-pins, each one having for its top the head of some Republican statesman, stands on her right hand, while Carlista and Intransigente are vieing with each other in knocking them over—"one, two, three, down!" Some of the photographs publicly exhibited in the street, both of a political and of other character, were so grossly coarse and indecent that they would have been criminal in England. Notably so some of the late Queen Isabella.

And now let me come to *the lower classes* and to *the Spanish character*—two subjects closely allied; for nowhere so well-defined and marked are the outlines of Spanish character as in her wholly uneducated masses.

The dress of the lower classes is very varied and picturesque. The women wear a short skirt of some gaudy colour, especially gaudy on holidays; a red, yellow, or snowy-white handkerchief over the head, which forms their only protection (save their magnificently thick tresses of bound-up hair) against the burning, almost tropical sun. Generally they have small, well-formed feet and hands, on the latter of which one or two massive brass or silver rings are seen; on some of these I have noticed the simple word "Recibiado" ("Received"), on others "No me olbides" ("Forget me not"), while others again wear a ring with the image of the saint on whose day they were born. These rings can be bought at the various "ferias," or annual fairs, for sums varying from two pence up to two shillings.

The dress of the men consists of a coloured shirt, a short jacket, and a pair of coarse woollen trousers. They do not wear boots, as a rule, but sandals bound with string round the ancle: these sandals are of unbleached leather. Many of the women wear sandals of esparto grass, costing about fourpence; many, again, are barefoot.

There are, however, two articles of dress without which no man's toilet is complete—the "manta," or rug, used at home to sleep in, and as a covering from rain, or a bed, when on a journey; and the "faja," or waist-belt, pronounced "facca." This last is wholly indispensable: a muleteer, gardener, miner, or bricklayer would gladly do his day's work without his "sombrero," or thick felt pork-pie hat, but without his "faja" it were useless to expect it. Let me describe this necessary article of clothing. It is a long piece of very thin cloth, in length about eight feet, in width about nine inches; in colour, always bright scarlet, black, or crimson. One end is tucked into the trousers just at the waist, it is then wound round and round the waist tightly, forming an elastic bandage about nine or ten inches wide, the remaining end is tucked in tightly, and then the "faja" is complete. The support of this to the back, loins, and abdomen is marvellous, and whether your calling force you to walk, ride, lift, sit upright, or dig, it is equally a comfort. Once get used to it, and you cannot dispense with it. The cheapest of these costs about four pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence), and a silk one about four dollars. These are worn in many cases by the better classes also.

Nor is this the only use of the "faja." It serves as the *belt* for the revolver and knife, which are carried by every Spaniard—("Why do you carry a knife?" I asked of a very intelligent Spaniard, and the answer was a very significant one, "I do not know whom I may meet")—and in its ample folds the little purse, is kept concealed.

The poorer class of Spaniards carry the whole of their worldly goods about with them; the richer keep all their wealth concealed about their house. In the towns of the Interior no one makes use of a bank: if you ask the reason, and remind them that they lose interest, a Spanish gentleman will say, "Yes, but that is better than to lose the principal."

No Spanish labourer ever walks outside his door without his knife, and those who can afford it carry a revolver too. The knives are clasp-knives, opening with a spring, so as not to close without the spring being purposely loosened, when once opened; in shape they are exactly like the scimitar of old, but taper towards the point, and for about the two last inches are two-edged. Some of them, evidently made solely for the purpose of fighting, are a foot long in the handle and as much in the blade. Such an one was bought, out of curiosity, by an acquaintance of mine at a fair not long since. On reaching his house, he opened it in the presence of his creada, or maid-servant: truly it was a hungry, hideous-looking weapon; it seemed to thirst for blood. The poor creada shook her head. "Ah," she said, "Señor, Señor; a few years back, in the good old times, you would have had five years at Cuba for being in possession of such a weapon."

This is true enough: and the law to which she referred is, I believe, still unrepealed, but in these days of (almost) utter licence and anarchy, these knives, —generally with the motto on the blade, "Viva la Republica democratica federal"—are sold by the thousand, openly, in every street and market-place. An ordinary one, used either for stabbing or for eating, is from four to six inches long in the handle, and as much in the blade.

The Spaniards have regular duels with these knives: and a well-matched pair of duellists will cut and thrust for ten minutes, each turning aside the thrusts of his adversary on his "sombrero," or thick felt hat. Some men are great adepts, and are known to have killed two, and even three adversaries, though the crime may not have been brought home to them.

A short time ago a man was carried into the hospital badly hurt by a stab. One of the official guards of the town examined the wound, and shook his head, sagely: "I know well enough," said he, "whose hand dealt *that* thrust." On being asked, he said he knew by the character and disposition of the stab, and the spot where it was aimed at, whose practised hand had been at work.

While on the subject of knives, I must be allowed to make a still further digression.

There is a wide-spread impression among Englishmen, that the knife is a weapon used always by stealth, and one that needs no skill. This is far from being the truth, or, at least, the whole truth. The general run of things when the knife is used is this:—Two men have a quarrel: words wax higher and higher; they repair to a little road-side *venta*, and drink a *copa* or two of vile wine. This heats their passion still more: they repair outside the house, knives are drawn, sombreros taken off. Both receive several cuts, and at last one falls mortally wounded. As a rule, the Spanish use of the knife is not "a stab in the dark and run away" affair. It is a quarrel between two men, both of whom are on the alert. In times of festivity, such as the annual fairs, it is no uncommon thing for as many as nine or ten men to be carried off to hospital, mortally wounded.

Once more I recur to some of the other habits of the lower classes.

Their fare is the very simplest. Bread and fruit, and fruit and bread, with now and then, for the men, a "copa" (wineglass) of Val de peñas (the rough red wine of the country), is the staple of their sustenance. The only thing

about which the Spaniards, high and low, are really particular, is their water.

In a country where the women drink nothing whatever but agua (water) from year's end to year's end, and the men little else, it is quite necessary to have that little good; and good it is, in all cases. Go into the poorest hut, only tenanted by a few wood-cutters or itinerant miners, and ask for a cup of water, and the little "jarro," or porous four-mouthed water-jar, will be unhooked from the peg where it hangs in the sun, and you will have a drink of the purest, coldest water, from the choicest spring—water perhaps brought from a distance of three miles by the water-carrier. Only be sure you hold the jarro up above your head with both hands, and pour the water down your throat in a refreshing stream, for your manners are voted simply indecent if you touch the brim with your lips.

As regards education, the lower classes have absolutely none. Seventy per cent can neither read nor write. There are no schools to speak of in the Interior: even for the higher classes there are no governesses, and it is no uncommon thing to find a well-born lady not *very* well up to writing a letter. The lower orders are, of course, grossly superstitious. Fortune-tellers abound. There is, however, a vast deal of natural courtesy, natural wit, natural intelligence. Uncultured and uneducated as he is, the Spanish poor man has the manners of a thorough gentleman. Go to the lowest road-side "venta" (public-house), and elbow your way amid the throng who are drinking their *vino tintè*, and you will find a courtesy and a kindness to which an English roadside tavern is a stranger. The space you need will be cleared; your bad Spanish will be interpreted by some bystander for you; the "copa" of wine will be freely offered you (for your Spanish peasant is *very* generous), and the inevitable cigarillo will be offered you ere you leave. You will then be politely helped on to your horse, and receive, in a chorus, the usual viaticum, "Vaya usted con Dios," from one and all.

Again, the poor Spaniard is witty, though he *has* no education. From the time of Sancho no one enjoys a joke so thoroughly as he.

A Spanish boatman, of the lowest class, had picked up a smattering of broken English. As he rowed me across the ferry, he asked for a light for his cigarillo, and when I handed him one of my last Bryant and May's patent safety matches, looking at its colossal and substantial stem, he said, "*English* INDEED—*fine-growing timber — regular deals.*" I afterwards learnt that he had been unloading "deals" with some of my countrymen.

Another instance is this. A poor little cat the other day tumbled into my well, a depth of forty feet. With the assistance of the servant, I got her out. On telling the man-servant of all the trouble we had had, and how rejoiced I was at the skill of his fellow-servant, "La salvadora de los gatos" (the saviour of the cats), he said, "Yes, you could only have done *one thing better than get her out—leave her in.*"

Again, as to the *intelligence* of the lower classes, they have a theory, and they illustrate it in practice, that you can tell every person's character by his eye and gait, and in their estimate of human character they rarely fail. Their perception partakes quite of the marvellous. Witness this instance.

Some little time ago two men were caught by the officials and charged with a robbery upon a large scale. As is usually the case in Spain, they were interrogated first by the lowest of the officials; both men stoutly swore they knew nothing whatever of it. The official scanned with a keen scrutinizing glance the bold, reckless faces of the two men before him, and then said, "Take *this* (pointing to one) outside for a few minutes till I come to speak to him; then," added he, aside, "I have a MEDICINE that will make *him* tell us all: as to the other, he is that sort of man that you can never get anything out of." He afterwards went out and administered to the one outside a good sound thrashing with a hazel-rod, and after a few strokes the hero confessed his own guilt

—a fact the truth of which was abundantly proved afterwards by other and further evidence. The other man, who subsequently received a tremendous sentence, after being clearly proved guilty, refused to acknowledge his own guilt, and would not disclose the name of the receivers, though his half-pardon was made conditional upon his so doing.

I will endeavour in my next letter to commence with that most striking of all Spanish domestic arrangements in the lower classes — the care of the daughter until her marriage.

To be continued.

MADEIRA.

How strangely on that haunted morn
Was from the West a vision born,
    Madeira from the blue!
Sweet heavens! how fairy-like and fair
Those headlands shaped themselves in air,
    That magic mountain grew!

I clomb the hills; but where was gone
The illusion and the joy thereon,
    The glamour and the gleam?
My nameless need I hardly wist,
And missing knew not what I missed,
    Bewildered in a dream.

And then I found her; ah, and then
On amethystine glade and glen
    The soft light shone anew;
On windless labyrinths of pine,
Seaward, and past the grey sea-line,
    To isles beyond the view.

'Twas something pensive, 'twas a sense
Of solitude, of innocence,
    Of bliss that once had been;—
Interpretress of earth and skies,
She looked with visionary eyes
    The Spirit of the scene.

Oh not again, oh never more
I must assail the enchanted shore,
    Nor these regrets destroy,
Which still my hidden heart possess
With dreams too dear for mournfulness,
    Too vanishing for joy.

ELODIA.

O sudden heaven! superb surprise!
  O day to dream again!
O Spanish eyebrows, Spanish eyes,
  Voice and allures of Spain!

No answering glance her glances seek,
  Her smile no suitor knows;
That lucid pallor of her cheek
  Is lovelier than the rose;—

But when she wakens, when she stirs,
  And life and love begin,
How blaze those amorous eyes of hers,
  And what a god within!

I saw her heart's arising strife,
  Half eager, half afraid;
I paused; I would not wake to life
  The tinted marble maid.

But starlike through my dreams shall go,
  Pale, with a fiery train,
The Spanish glory, Spanish glow,
  The passion which is Spain.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW HOME—LADY COLVIN—FAREWELL TO HOLYSHADE—PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE—AUNT CLYM ON THE SITUATION—UNCLES HERBERT AND VAN—MRS. CAVANDER'S COMPLAINTS—ALICE COMBERWOOD—SUSPICIONS.

MISS CAVANDER married my father the day after the dinner-party, to an account of which important ceremony the previous chapter was devoted, and, on the decease of my grandmother, the Dowager, which happened six months after my father's second marriage, Lady John Colvin obtained her social step, and became Lady Colvin.

My first instincts had been only too true. My stepmother began her rule by being excessively polite to me, and, as it seemed to the uninitiated, going out of her way to make me comfortable and happy. If she discouraged the visits of my young companions at our house, it was done so gently as to afford me no opportunity for an open rupture without my putting myself, in the eyes of my relatives, and of course and specially of my father, utterly in the wrong.

She was glacial. She had less sense of humour than any woman I have ever met; and, apart from her school-girlish education, and her proficiency at the piano, she had very scanty acquaintance with any subject in the literature or art of either the past or the present. I have before said she was an influence in the house. Exactly. I felt she was there, somewhere, probably watching me in a cat-like manner; and I knew that whatever I did which might not be precisely in accordance with her notions, would be immediately discovered, and would be certainly followed by some sort of punishment. Then I was deprived of the society of Holyshadian friends. My amusements were to be gradually curtailed, if not absolutely stopped. Formerly I had done as I liked at home; now I was to be made aware that my selfishness must be made to yield to her selfishness.

The servants curried favour with her and neglected me. Restrictions were being placed upon me for the first time in my life, just at the very moment when they were being removed from the companions of my own age. Had I not been brought up "to be a man," and forced prematurely into, as it were, the perfect freedom of bachelorhood—for, as I have shown, nothing short of this had I enjoyed as a boy—I should not have found the restraint put upon my actions by the presence of a stepmother so unbearable. But my wings were to be clipped when my companion fledgelings were preparing for flight.

I left Holyshade after an affecting interview with Dr. Courtley, who presented me with a handsomely bound copy of *Hallam's Constitutional History* in two volumes, and with great tact and delicacy, acquired by long practice, pretended to occupy himself with something out of doors which he could only see from the recess of the windows of his study, while I deposited on his drawing-room, or dining-room table, an envelope containing ten, or fifteen pounds, in notes.

Good heavens! ten or fifteen pounds—for what? Why should I have had to give my father's fifteen pounds to Dr. Courtley? For flogging me? Well, he had only had that pleasure twice, and that would have been dearly bought, including the birch itself—to which, such was the tradition, any swished Holy-

shadian had a right after his swishing —at fifteen pounds. The charge for a "swishing," including the birch to be given to the Swishee, was, I have always understood, five shillings. It was, I believe, regularly charged in the bill, but the apple-twigs were not bestowed on the boy after the punishment. They should have been made into the semsemblance of a laurel wreath. I suppose the birches were among the perquisites of Dr. Courtley's servant. In the course of My Time I regret much wasted money, whether mine by earning or by inheritance, but I have never got over that leaving gift of fifteen pounds to Dr. Courtley, and the other ten to my tutor. Why should they have been fee'd on my going away? Had not they been already well paid, both of them? What was that fee for? Had they either of them any power to detain me if I had not given them this money, or was it to console them for the loss of so delightful a companion as myself? They lost many equally delightful companions about that time, and must have been overwhelmed by such substantial consolations. Some idea lurked in my mind that Dr. Courtley would give it me back, or offer to share it with me, or at all events appear very grateful for so handsome a present. Not a bit of it. He lisped out—

"I with you ev'wy prothpewity in your future caweer. Good bye."

That was all I got for fifteen pounds. A good wish in a stereotyped formula. Perhaps, when I had retired, he quickly opened the envelope to see if the inclosed fee was in notes or a cheque.

I paid something more to old Phidler, Dr. Courtley's shuffling pantaloon of a servant, to carve my name on one of the panels of Upper School, as a memorial of My Time at Holyshade. Most Holyshadians left their mark in this way.

With a university career before me, it became necessary to examine my position. This I had to do for myself, and shape my own course.

At that renowned seat of learning, Holyshade College, Learning, as far as I was concerned, had sat remarkably still. Her ladyship seemed to have been asleep. She has, I imagine, bestirred herself since then. What gifts was I bringing away with me of her bestowing?

Well, I could make Latin verses *à la mode de Gradus ad Parnassum*, and had a respectable acquaintance with Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Homer, and their talented assistants—I mean their translators. I was well up, as are all Holyshadians, in quantities: the Holyshadian maxim with regard to verse-making having been, in my time, "Quantity, not quality."

In Greek I had never felt any interest, and the beauties of the Greek drama had never been pointed out to me. I knew enough of the language to pass an examination in the Anabasis, if the examination did not venture upon details. I had the usual Holyshadian knowledge of "Derivations," and in construing was not likely to take δε by itself and translate it baldly as "but." And what else? Nothing, except that I could play a first-rate game of Fives, was fond of "football at the wall," could row, swim, and play billiards. As to moral and religious training, I have already stated how much we had of that, and just so much I carried away; the amount being rather less than what I had brought with me. Of the value of either time or money I knew nothing, except that both could be spent pleasantly, and the more one had of both, the greater the enjoyment of existence. With English literature I was better acquainted than most boys of my age, in consequence of the bias given to my taste by my early friendship for Austin Comberwood. He started me with Scott's novels, and after that, I read everything and anything within my reach.

But when I heard from Austin that a candidate for undergraduateship at Bulford must undergo a preliminary examination, and that this was far from easy, my valour oozed away, and I decided for the sister university of Cowbridge, where I was given to understand the studies were eminently mathematical, which had the attraction for me of being an entirely new branch of learning.

There was, too, another inducement, and that was the prospect of an easy life at a private tutor's, away from the home now ruled over by Lady Colvin. My father gave me my choice, and I chose Cowbridge University, taking care to point out to him, at the same time, that I was, as yet, neither old enough nor learned enough in mathematics, to be entered on the books of Tudor College. My father consulted Cavander on this subject, as he now did on everything, and the result was that a private tutor was found for me, far away in the country, who was to take me under his care for a year or so, in order, to state it plainly, that I might make up for some of the time lost at Holyshade.

The Cavanders, brother and sister, governed my father's house both in and out of the City, and I was not aware, until later, that by this time Colvin and Cavander was the name of the firm.

The marriage did not seem to have brought my parent unalloyed happiness. He gave more parties, I believe; and Lady Colvin worked to restore him to that position in society which he ought long ago to have held. The Colvin title was like a horse's trappings, hung up in a damp room and allowed to rust for want of use; Lady Colvin had at once taken it down, and had commenced polishing bit and bridle, for Sir John was to be put through his paces and made to move in his proper circle. So far she was right, and in this respect my father had been undoubtedly wrong.

"Wrong!" exclaimed my aunt Clym; "yes, and my brother has not gone the best way to set himself right. He never could take good advice"—by this she meant her own—"but was too fond of trusting anyone who'd only flatter him enough."

My aunt seemed to feel a kind of pleasure now in making these remarks in my presence. As to the Cavander family, she was inveterate against them.

"If ever there was a man I thoroughly distrusted," said my aunt Clym, "Cavander is that man. His sister is not so clever as he is—that's the only difference between 'em. I pity that unfortunate piece of putty, his wife; but as to him, I wouldn't believe him on his oath, not if he took it on the Bible."

Uncle Van fidgetted, and looked at my uncle Herbert, to see what he would say.

"I don't think that form of swearing would offer any obstacle to him, if he thought it worth his while to take an oath," observed Uncle Herbert, languidly. He considered Cavander a sharp fellow, but Uncle Herbert's formula being "Speak of a man as you find him," he had always taken very good care to find every man so that he could be well spoken of.

Everybody was, or might be, useful to Herbert Pritchard. He did not envy his neighbour's carriage, horses, yachts, and so forth, but looked upon these luxuries as kept for his, Uncle Herbert's, use.

"If," he said, "you can't afford to keep these things yourself, take care to make yourself agreeable to those who do keep them. If you can't belong to all the best London clubs, the next best thing is to have friends in every one of them."

Cavander had been useful to him in a small way in the City, and Uncle Herbert had been assisted by him to the few odd pounds, that are to be picked up by City *flâneurs*, who keep their eyes and ears open and are ready to take good advice on the spur of the moment.

Uncle Van was not fond of Cavander, but, being of a fishy nature, he was incapable of strong emotion, and had found, by experience, that it was generally safer, and more conducive to domestic comfort, to follow his wife's lead, in likes and dislikes.

Aunt Clym did not care how freely she spoke out her mind before me. I had told her how I could not get on with my stepmother, and in spite of what Aunt Clym had said to me on the eve of the marriage, she had not, since then, ever counselled me to try. The Van Clyms gradually left off visiting at our house, and a coldness sprang up between my father and his sister, which ended in the suspension of all friendly interchanges. I used, of course, to go and see

my cousins, for the Clym family now sided with me, and considered me as decidedly and most unwarrantably injured in my rights.

"You'll see what will happen," said Mrs. Clym, oracularly, to her husband: "one of these days there'll be an exposure, and the wicked will cease to prosper."

Uncle Van intimated pleasantly to me that he hoped he, personally, should not lose by the cessation of the wicked's prosperity.

"Your uncle makes jokes on those things," said my aunt, austerely, "but—"

"I do not make jox, my dear," protested Uncle Van. It was true, he did not.

My aunt went on, addressing him—

"You trust your money where you think it safe. You will see. I am glad, for the children's sakes, that mine cannot be touched. I would not put it in Mr. Cavander's power to speculate—for speculate he does, and would lead you into it, too—not if he was twenty times the respectable man he appears to be, and five hundred times over again my brother's partner."

Uncle Van looked at me with a frightened air. I had accompanied him into the City the day before, and had heard him giving Cavander a commission.

"You shoot not mention what I too in the City," he said to me afterwards.

"I haven't said a word about it to Aunt," I told him; but I think he had lost faith in me. Fortunately, on this occasion he did take his wife's advice, and as the breach between the two families widened, so Uncle Van visited the office only at rare intervals, and his transactions with Cavander became less and less frequent, until they ceased altogether.

I was welcomed, too, by Aunt Clym, because I brought news to her about Mrs. Cavander, who often came to our house, and whom I generally discovered in tears.

She would speak to anyone and everyone of her sorrows.

"You know," she would say, after walking with me from our house to Mrs. Clym's, and talking to me all the way on her one subject and in invariably the same style, "James is very clever, and I can never expect to be as clever as he is. He is very handsome, too, and I feel that I am not equal to other women whom he meets in society. I know he doesn't wish me to go about with him."

"I should like to hear Mr. Van Clym saying such a thing as that to me," said my aunt, bristling up. "But you really ought to insist upon Mr. Cavander not going without you."

"I can't insist," returned the feeble woman; "how can I?"

Aunt Clym gave herself a little shake, as though she would have liked to perform a similar operation, only with greater violence, on Mrs. Cavander, just to shake her into action.

Here I interposed. I had heard Mrs. Cavander's Jeremiads, and they had by this time no interest for me, and obtained no sort of sympathy from her sister-in-law, now my stepmother, who evidently considered her a fool who was treated according to her deserts. The object of my visit was simply to say good-bye to the Clyms, as I was off to Ringhurst Whiteboys on a short stay, previous to my going to my private tutor's, where it had been arranged I was to make up for that portion of My Time which I had lost at Holyshade, and to prepare myself for the university.

"Miss Comberwood is considered very clever," Mrs. Cavander suddenly commenced.

"Yes, I believe so," I said, feeling that I was beginning to blush.

I was at the blushing age. It is a time when we do not care to sail under false colours, when, at the word of command, we display our flag, and acknowledge under what queen we are serving. At this season the face of a boy is like the graduated thermometer, with a heart for a bulb, and blood for mercury; you can mark off love, sin, shame, mirth, anger, on his face as certainly as you can the mean between zero and the

highest temperature on a Fahrenheit scale.

I had corresponded with Alice while at Holyshade, and no one knew of it, at least so I thought, except her brother Austin. The disparity of our ages was, I suppose, in my opinion more than equalized by the superiority of the male over the female. Of course I could not have formulated this, but I fancy some such feeling underlies all these juvenile affairs of the heart. It is always Thumbling and the Princess. In after-life, if a Thumbling marries a Glumdalca, it is ten to one that the latter is his most obedient slave, and perhaps tyrannical Thomas Thumb whops her unmercifully. However, we did not go into this question then, and it has no place here without travelling out of the record of this history.

"Miss Comberwood has stayed with you often, hasn't she?" asked Aunt Clym.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Cavander. It was a heavy, dull, stupid sigh.

"She is very clever, and James likes talking with her," continued Mrs. Cavander, with a whimper in her voice expressive of utter helplessness. "They talk of things that I really do not understand, though I try very hard to."

"Your stepmother," said my aunt, turning to me, "told me Miss Comberwood was going to be married. Have you heard?"

"I think I have," I answered.

I remembered Holyshade and Sir Frederick Sladen. I was indignant with him on the Verneys' account, for I had not forgotten the picnic, and Nurse Davis's speech on that occasion.

I did not wish, however, to prolong my interview with the two ladies, nor did they offer any opposition to my withdrawing, as they evidently had still got a good deal to say to one another which my aunt would rather I should not hear, though as to Mrs. Cavander, she, poor babbling soul, would not have been offended had the butler, footman, and all the domestics been summoned as an audience of her woes.

Austin Comberwood had by this time returned to England. He had sent me a long letter, concluding with the invitation to Ringhurst Whiteboys, of which I was now about to avail myself. His brother Dick was at Woolwich, reading for the Army. Alice was at home. No obstacle was placed in my way by Lady Colvin, who was probably as pleased at my departure as I was myself. Her objection to the presence of my schoolboy friends at our house, I should now say at *her* house, was a polite method of hinting that my room was preferable to my company; and as I was now placed under such restraints as made my former free-and-easy enjoyment of life in town impossible, I was only too glad to seize every opportunity of absenting myself, as much as I could, from the place which I could no longer regard as my home.

My father, too, seemed to shirk me as much as, at Holyshade, we had shirked masters when out of bounds. As yet my stepmother had not interfered with my father's financial arrangements in my regard, which had always been of a most openhanded character, and I felt that now he was paying me for being quiet and keeping out of the way.

Of business, of economy, of the value of a shilling, except in stamps for letters, I still knew nothing. Of such matters I had been studiously kept as ignorant as were the Egyptian neophytes of the sacred mysteries of Isis.

Other youths of my age could not, so they told me, run to this or that expense, because their allowance would not permit it; and this I was unable to understand. When Austin Comberwood informed me that his father had given him two hundred and fifty pounds a year for his university career, out of which he was to pay everything, and not to bring home a single bill, I considered Austin a very lucky fellow, and nothing would thenceforth satisfy me but a similar allowance. The distinction between Austin's and my view of this sum was, that *he* rightly considered it as intended for necessaries in the first place, and luxuries if possible, whereas I placed luxuries before necessaries, which I could

have allowed to take care of themselves, like the pounds in the old proverb; and where Austin, with a bag of sovereigns, would have carefully calculated the cost of every day in the year, I should have played the game of life with sovereigns for counters, and spent them all in one day, or one hour, under the firm conviction that there were not only more, but plenty more, in the bank whence these were issued, and which would refuse my father nothing.

That I should have adopted this view was scarcely my fault, though it was, as events proved, undoubtedly my misfortune. From the first, even from Nurse Davis, I had always been led to believe my destiny to be cast among the richest, and the Colvin City mine inexhaustible. When my Aunt Clym expressed her annoyance with me for consorting with the Verneys, when afterwards she had reasoned with her brother on his abdication of the family dignity, and of his choosing his companions from a society beneath that in which he was born to move, she never failed to allude to the resources at his command, with which she used to say he might do so much good, and if he liked, repurchase the old Colvin estates, and make a name in Parliament. But my father preferred the City for himself, and entertained such ideas of his son's future as Aunt Clym would have had him act upon for his own. Strangely enough, he saw how fitting this career was for another Colvin Baronet, but declined the honour for himself. He was to be the last of the line in business, and I was to be the first of the modern race on whom the State was to shower its rewards. I was certainly not qualifying for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of any profession I had no notion except what I had derived from Austin when he had sometimes spoken of being a clergyman. I had seen a good deal of clergymen as masters at Holyshade, and they were as other men, their title to our reverence being, not in their ecclesiastical, but in their scholastic dignity. I looked forward to the day when, as an undergraduate I should be entitled to wear a college cap and gown, in which costume, it seemed to me, I should be as good a clergyman as any one of them.

At Holyshade, as I have before remarked, I had seen something of the Army, and barrack-life had no attraction for me, as it appeared, save for the uniform, so uncommonly like Holyshade life at "my Tutor's" over again, with just a thought more liberty for smoking.

Nearing the critical age of seventeen I had no sort of bias. I had begun, partly in consequence of the change at home, to be restless and fond of wandering. The course of my education had gone far towards "making a man of me;" that is, such a man as my father had contemplated, and as I have before described in this record; but the introduction of a stepmother had suddenly braced me up to look out into the world, and act for myself. In this discontented frame of mind I went down to Ringhurst, which after the chill of our household was like walking out of a dank cave into the warm sunlight.

A change had come over Alice. Her brother had noticed it on his return. Her enthusiasm for ornate services, and her fondness for discussing any ecclesiastical or theological subject that might come up in the course of conversation, seemed to belong to a phase of her existence gradually passing away. Now she was inclined to question, where a very few years since she had been eager to teach.

"I think," said Austin to me, as we sat together one autumn evening in the fir plantation opposite the house, "this sudden love affair, if it is a love affair, has unsettled her. Perhaps one gets unsettled as one grows older."

Such a grave subject, treated, too, so gravely, was new to me, except in such novels and romances as had provided me with whatever knowledge I then had of life. But with Austin, and only with him, was I ever content to listen and speak seriously. I was, unconsciously, from time to time, yielding myself to his influence, an influence

always for good, as my retrospect proves.

"Alice will be Lady Sladen," I said, giving him, as it were, a text for his discourse.

It was a lazy evening after a hot day, and I was in the humour for being talked to.

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully, "and my mother and my father, too, are immensely pleased. Dick tells me that it was quite sudden, and he speaks of Sladen as a 'poor sort of fellow.' But Dick is hot-tempered, and I think would be inclined to resent anyone's taking Alice away from us. You know it all happened while I was away, so that I have scarcely had time to make his acquaintance."

"I don't think much of him," I said; and, in a confidential mood, I contributed my quota of scandal, saying, however, as little as possible, on my own account, about the Verneys.

Austin heard me to the end, and then remarked that at all events "no harm had come of it," meaning the affair between Sladen and Lottie, and this, as far as my information went, and I was not old enough to draw inferences, was a fair conclusion.

We then fell to comparing notes, how had Austin been occupied while I had been idling at Holyshade? and so forth. Now, with other youths, whether so much my seniors as to be almost young men, like Austin, or of my own age, my conversation would have flowed freely.

I should have talked about amusements at Holyshade, or during the holidays; I should have given my experience of life about town, of the joys and delights of a fast style; I should have boasted of my acquaintance by sight (and sometimes I romanced a good deal on this subject) with the celebrities of the day, whether famous or notorious, and would have given the rein to that sort of light and airy discourse which was, at that time, in vogue among us "Old Holyshadians." For at this distinction I had arrived, though not, as yet, at the enviable one of being dubbed a "Worthy." However, were I an "Unworthy" it would have been no more than were seven hundred out of the eight hundred scholars. The two most wicked cities this world has ever known, however, would have been saved for the sake of one godly resident: therefore, if my estimate be correct, Holyshade, after all, was in a comparatively hopeful state.

On such topics as those to which I have above alluded, I was as silent, in Austin's company, as I would have been in that of his mother or sister.

I liked, indeed, to exhibit myself to him as a lad of some mettle and anything but slow, yet I could not bear the idea of his supposing me to be a mere trifler.

In my correspondence with him, during his absence, I had been at pains to present him with the better side of my character, and though I really enjoyed writing to him, yet I experienced a certain relief when I had finished the letter, and had resumed my own natural self.

I always "felt good," as I expressed it to myself, when with Austin, and, even between sixteen and seventeen, it was through him that I occasionally opened my eyes to a brighter light than that to which I had, till then, been accustomed. But there were to be many progressive temptations by which I was to be tried, before I could live in the pure atmosphere of the planet where Austin Comberwood dwelt.

So it chanced that I had little to say, but much to hear. For my friend had travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, and had allowed few things worthy of note to escape his observation.

"And now you finish by going up to Bulford," I said, "and then you'll be a clergyman."

"I do not know," was his reply, which surprised me, as I had never known him waver in a course when he himself had fixed the goal.

"Austin says he doesn't think he'll be a clergyman," I said to Alice, who had now joined us.

"We have talked it over together," said Austin, looking up affectionately

at his sister, "though we do not talk over so many things as we used to; but I suppose that's because my Alice is to have another confidant——"

"Never mind that now," Alice interrupted him, as if annoyed by even this passing allusion to her marriage. "We don't know what may happen between now and—that time."

I had never before heard her speak with even the slightest degree of petulance to her favourite brother.

For the moment her tone shocked me, and I could have resented it for Austin's sake, but for his resuming quietly—

"No; nor do I care about anticipating our separation. Papa talks of settling in London, and Mamma considers it absolutely necessary. Dick will go abroad, probably, with his regiment, and I shall be in my cap and gown at the university. My father seems to wish that I should go to the Bar, where his interest, he says, would be of the greatest use to me. I do not care about it much myself; but, on the other hand, I begin to think of a clergyman's profession as involving a very great responsibility."

"I am sure Austin is right," observed Alice. "He would never of course be such a clergyman as is Mr. Tabberer, our rector, who looks upon Sunday as his professional day, and is a country squire and market gardener for the rest of the week. Why he is more interested in his fruits and flowers than in all his poor at Ringhurst taken together. I've visited among them, and I know it. And Austin could never be like Mr. Kershaw, at Hyde Mallow, who only took the curacy because there was good hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood, and who visits the sick cottagers with a small pack of fox-terriers at his heels. Then there's Mr. Greeve, of Wylborne, who dresses as if he were always ready for an evening party, and who drives miles to go to a dance. No, I would rather see Austin a barrister than a clergyman of that sort."

Here it suddenly occurred to me that the masters at Holyshade were clergymen, and I expressed a hope that Austin would never resemble any one of these ecclesiastics, from the unwieldy Provost, who used to puff and blow over the first part of the Communion Service, and the Vice-provost, who piped out the Commandments in a shrill perky tone, or his reverence the Bursar, who began his sentences in the pulpit with a bellow and ended in a whisper, down to my old tutor, Mr. Raab, who used to take an occasional duty for a friend three miles from Holyshade, when it was his wont to be accompanied by a few of his pupils, to whom he gave leave out of school chapel in order that they might have the treat of a pleasant walk across the meadows by the riverside on a fine summer morning, and form a portion of the scanty congregation assembled in the little parish church of Stockfield to hear him preach.

I owned I did not know what kind of clergyman I should have liked Austin to be, but my ideas on all such subjects were of the vaguest description.

I knew my catechism, because I couldn't help that, and I had been confirmed at Holyshade by the Right Rev. Father in God Bishop of Sawder, for which I had been prepared by Miss Raab, my tutor's sister, who presented me with a packet of tracts, which, with pictures, afforded us scapegraces considerable amusement; and it was on this solemn occasion that I took the opportunity of refreshing my memory of the earlier-acquired catechism.

"And then," said Austin, "you should see our clergymen abroad. I really don't know where they come from. Mr. Venn, who was with me at first, knew some of them, and I'm sure I never wished to meet any of them again: except one at Nice, who was very fond of music, and who went with me to all the grand services in the churches there."

"But they were Catholic churches, weren't they?" I asked. Had he told me they were Mahometan Mosques or Pagan Temples, I should have accepted his account of it.

"Yes," he replied, "and of course

our dreary place for Anglican Church worship wasn't to be compared for a moment with one of these splendid churches. I should have preferred my own service to any of theirs, I think, could I have had our own old church of Whiteboys, with even Alice's old enemy, the rector, to conduct it. But the carelessness, the irreverence I witnessed Sunday after Sunday——"

"In Roman Catholic churches?" asked Alice.

"No, in our English place of worship; it was simply revolting. As for the sermons, they were generally stupid. All the English went as a matter of nationality, and out of compassion for the clergyman, who, I believe, had only a small allowance to live on, in addition to his congregation's subscriptions. There was a fairly respectable specimen where we were staying. I was not impressed, personally, by him, when on meeting him, subsequently, at a *table-d'hôte* I heard him inform my tutor that he didn't make a very good thing of it."

"Was he married?" asked Alice.

"Yes," answered Austin, "and there were three daughters whom the poor man had to take to all the parties and dances throughout the season, in the hope of their making good matches, and so relieving him of a portion of his burden. I once came across a good-natured Bulford man, a married English clergyman, who tried to affect the dress of the native Catholic priests. He was very angry because our German landlady would not understand his pretensions, and when he attempted to explain to her that he was a priest, she shook her head, smiled, addressed him as *Herr Pasteur*, and asked after his wife and five grown-up daughters, who had the reputation of being the greatest flirts in the place."

Alice sighed. "It is difficult, most difficult, to believe in such men being divinely set apart for their office," she said.

"It is," returned Austin, gravely; "and, as I was saying to you yesterday, Alice dear, what proof shall I ever have, or those about me, that I should be so set apart? And if the clergy are not divinely commissioned, in what are they in the least superior to other ordinary men, who know just as much about religion, and sometimes more, than those who set themselves up to be their teachers?"

He was talking far above the capacity of my youthful intelligence, yet I have no doubt but that his words were seeds dropped on a likely soil. As tares spring up among the wheat, so, on the other hand, sweet wild strawberries grow in the rank grass by the side of a stagnant pond. Whence the seed came, when it took root, none can tell, but innocent children discover the bright red berries with shouts of delight, as Heaven's angels, who have sown as silently, but more carefully, than their fallen brethren, may point exultingly to the good fruit, dwarfed indeed, but flourishing, in the midst of nettles and noisome weeds.

Subsequent events brought this conversation vividly to my mind, and though I was wearied with the subject, which was then almost unintelligible to me, I well remember Alice's manner, as being, in its restlessness, so different from her former impassioned self. Two years before she would have attacked Austin for what she would have deemed his profanity, and would have professed herself unable to understand how he could, for a moment, admit one doubt as to the sacred character of the priesthood of her ideal Church of England.

Since then she had fallen under another influence, but it angered her to have it said, even by her dear brother, that her hold upon the standard, under which she had enlisted, had been relaxed by a force to which she had gradually been compelled to yield. This flag was no longer her pride and her encouragement; it embarrassed her movements. She made some show of still grasping her colours, but it was evident to those who understood her at that time, that she was often on the point of flinging them down on the march, and abandoning them for ever.

"It would be better," she said, "for you to be a barrister than to be teaching either what you did not believe, or did not understand."

"My dear Alice," Austin began in a tone of remonstrance, but his sister took him up quickly, and with more of her old impetuosity than I had hitherto noticed.

"I too have seen something of clergymen," she said. "Besides Mr. Tabberer and Mr. Kershaw, look at Andrew." She alluded to her brother-in-law, Mr. McCracken. "Why, old Mr. Tabberer said he admired floral decorations, and did not mind—fancy! did not mind—having a cross on the altar, only he objected to my using the word altar, not because, he said, there really was any harm in it, but because it might engender superstition. I asked him, for you know I had been reading a good deal about it,"—Alice considered herself something of a theologian—"what particular grace was conferred by the Bishop's laying on of hands at his ordination——"

"And what could he say?" asked Austin.

"Say! He had nothing to say, except that the subject was too far above me, that there were certain formal words which every candidate for orders had to read, and that on the whole he considered his ordination as a solemn ceremony; and just as the consecration of a church might be the setting apart a building, so the ordination would be the setting apart a person for a special purpose. Mr. Amphthill, his curate, who was here for a short time, gave me a very different view of the matter; *he* said he was a successor of the Apostles, and that old Mr. Tabberer was also."

"Without being aware of it," said Austin, smiling.

"That is what Mr. Cavander said—" she stopped suddenly, as though she would have recalled these words had she been able.

"I know you talked all over this with him," Austin observed, and then, as if unwilling to pursue this part of the subject any further, he reverted to her mention of Mr. McCracken, and inquired, "What did Andrew say?"

"He told me that Mr. Tabberer was too much of a Tory, and was of the old-fashioned Church and State type, which hated dissent, where, after all, there was real hearty spiritual life. He expressed his opinion that Mr. Amphthill was a Jesuit."

At this point I *was* interested. I had read about Jesuits in romances, and my notion of them was grotesque. I had never seen one, and from the flavour I had got of them in fiction, I could have described such a creature with about as much accuracy, as a man, blind from his birth, might be expected to describe a crab, only from having tasted the delicacy with pepper and vinegar. The word Jesuit conveyed to my mind inquisitions, tortures, poisoners in disguise, and a number of creeping, crawling things, half fiend, half human, with, perhaps, tails. What a Jesuit was in reality, I honestly had not the smallest idea, so powerful had been the national English traditions influencing my mind through the channels of Romances founded on so-called History. It is thus that ignorant prejudices are fostered, and how few of us in after-life have the time, or the will, to sift the rubbish of the dustbin of History on the chance of discovering the diamond of Truth.

"*Was* he a Jesuit?" I asked innocently.

Alice paid no attention to my question, for she was in earnest now.

"I told Andrew that Mr. Amphthill hoped to see confession restored in the Church of England; whereat he was horrified. I pointed out to Andrew that both he and Mr. Amphthill had to use the awfully solemn form of absolution in the Visitation of the Sick to be pronounced by an English clergyman over a dying person who had confessed. Andrew replied, that there was a great deal in the Prayer-book that wanted altering, that this particular instance was merely a form meant for the solace of a certain sort of weak mind—like mine I suppose he meant—that the use of it was optional, and that it had been allowed to

remain in order to conciliate Catholics at the Reformation, and that no one with a grain of sense believed in the existence of such a power; and that, speaking for himself, if he pretended to possess it, he would be no minister of the Church of England. Yet," she continued, meditatively, more as if communing with herself than addressing us, "were there such a mission of forgiveness, could one indeed be sure of——"

She paused, and, bending her head, plucked the grass fitfully. Austin leaned over her, and put his arm round her neck.

"We think together," he said; "and I have three years of study before me. I wish I could be a clergyman; we have both of us always wished that. Don't you remember how gravely we had settled our future; neither of us to marry, but you to keep house for me at the parsonage or the rectory?"

"Yes."

"All that, so far, is changed now. You are going to be married, and I have not yet made up my mind as to what I shall be when I leave the university. Come, dear, there's the supper bell, and we've quite tired out poor Cecil."

I call to mind now how that night, sitting alone in my room at Ringhurst, I reflected on this conversation, and was puzzled by it. A change seemed to be coming over me, and over those whom I loved best. So much I perceived distinctly, but I was too young to trace results to causes, and too much engrossed with my own domestic affairs to bestow more than a passing thought on those of others, however near or dear to me they might be.

That Austin was contemplating an alteration in the plan of his life, that his sister was going to be married (an event which was being looked forward to by Mrs. Cavander with unconcealed satisfaction), that I detested Sir Frederick Sladen on sufficient grounds, and that somehow in the midst of all this a comparison between Alice and Julie would thrust itself upon me to the disadvantage of the former,—all these subjects of interest presented themselves to my mind as in the jumble of a dream, to be ultimately absorbed into my own personal and present grievance, namely, my father's recent marriage.

My Holyshadian habit of keeping an irregular sort of diary was at this time a source of great relief to me. This diary, kept from time to time in various old-fashioned account books with clasps, served me as a confidential friend, into whose ear I would pour my griefs, my complaints, and such observations on my friends' words and deeds as I could not have made to anyone likely to repeat them. On looking over a drawer full of these sketchy records, I have been surprised to find how briskly my memory has been refreshed as to details, concerning My Time, which have been necessary to my evidence when appearing as a "witness to character," that character being my own.

I quitted Ringhurst Whiteboys a few days after. Alice had gone on a visit to some friends (she was always going away on visits now, Austin said). And only stopping in London to call at the office in the City, where, according to my father's directions, I was provided with ample funds for my journey and my residence at my private tutor's, I set out for Hillborough House, Collington, Devonshire, where I was to pass the interval between Holyshade and the University.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A FRESH SCENE—A PUPIL—PRIVATE HISTORY—THE DRIVE—NEW IDEAS—DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF HILLBOROUGH—MR. BLUMSTEAD APPEARS—FURTHER DESCRIPTION—HIS REPUTATION.

Hillborough House, near Collington, Devonshire, was the strangest possible residence for a country parson like my tutor, the Rev. John Henry Blumstead.

A curly-headed pupil in a pony-carriage was waiting to receive me at Collington Station. His name was Ashton,

and he was about eighteen. He wore a pea-jacket, boating trousers, and a tarpaulined straw hat, whence I inferred that he had lately come off the river. It appeared, however, that this nautical taste of his was the consequence, not of his having come off a river, for there was not one for miles round, but of his having been to sea, which profession he had quitted in disgust, and had come to Mr. Blumstead's to prepare himself for Bulford. This, and much more as to the amusements of Hillborough House, Ashton told me as we went along; and before we had reached my tutor's abode I was pretty well master of my companion's family history, and was prepared for the best or the worst, as it might come, at Hillborough.

It was a lovely autumn evening, and every fresh ascent (we were perpetually dipping down and coming up again in a way that reminded me of bathing), opened before us an ever-varying aspect of the undulating fields and meadows, terminating in distant hills of such a bright blue as I had never till now noticed out of a landscape-painting. The rocks about us, for it was a very rough way, were of a rich brown, not unlike the colour of a wedding-cake, and the herbage of a deep ultramarine formed a strongly marked foreground to the picture, making the distance all the brighter and lighter by the contrast. The swiftly passing clouds drew, as it were, cloth after cloth from off the face of the fields, suggesting to my Holyshadian mind the brown holland covering being rapidly removed from a series of well-kept billiard-tables.

The view was entirely new to me, who had never before seen a hill country. We bumped over a rutty road, past many hovels and a few well-kept cottages, which, I was informed, represented a portion of Hillborough parish. Ringhurst Whiteboys was a town compared with this. The country folks, too, spoke a dialect which was almost unintelligible to my ears. My companion seemed to be well up in the *patois*, and amused himself, and me, considerably by addressing the rustics in their own native tongue, and then translating the conversation for my benefit.

Altogether I was charmed with the novelty.

"You'll keep a horse or a pony and a trap here, of course," said Ashton.

This was a novel idea to me, but it was one that coincided with my own notions of luxury and self-importance. However, never having mentioned the subject to my father, I thought it as well to enquire what necessity existed for such an outlay at Hillborough. Ashton explained:—

"You see," he said, "you'll want to go about to picnics and parties, and old Blumstead doesn't keep a trap himself, and so it depends upon us whether the ladies go or not. They're very jolly, and we take them. You can't hire anything here, not even a donkey, as there's no town, bar Collington, for miles."

"And who are the ladies?" I asked, naturally enough.

"There's Miss Fowler, she's Blummy's sister-in-law; he's a widower, you know," Ashton answered. "Then there's the eldest Miss Blumstead, rather starchy, but pretty; Miss Fowler looks after her," added my knowing young friend, giving me a side glance, and the horse an encouraging flick, which caused him to go ahead with a jerk that nearly landed me on his back over the dashboard. "The other girl, I mean her sister, is away just now, staying with my aunt, who always has some companion with her whom she takes a fancy to for some time. You must know her. Very jolly, and got a beautiful yacht."

"Who has?" I enquired, thinking at first that he was alluding to the younger Miss Blumstead.

"My aunt, of course. She's great fun." So he finished, reverting, illogically, to his first theme, "You must have an animal and a trap."

This was a suggestion upon which I determined to act as soon as possible.

It had long been an ambition of mine to possess a horse and vehicle of some sort, having envied the old Holyshadians in barracks their neat turn-

outs; and now that the opportunity presented itself, I would not let a week pass without furnishing myself with what Ashton had clearly demonstrated to be an absolute necessity. As to the cost, that never troubled me for a moment. I protested that nothing but a dog-cart and a fast trotter would suit *me*, and from that moment, Ashton, who regretted his own inability to afford so expensive an equipage, was my admiring friend and sworn ally. Now for the first time I began to appreciate the advantage which a youth, who has been at Holyshade, possesses over one who has not; and as this gradually broke upon me, and we drove up to the front door, I felt more as if I had come to teach than to receive instruction.

I have already said that Hillborough House was a strange residence for a simple country parson, and I think its description will bear me out in this remark.

It was a very large house, of the Italian style, looking as though some eccentric person had brought a London club-house down here, and had set it on the top of a hill, for the benefit of the pure country air.

It was perfectly square, and painted a bright glaring white, unrelieved by any colour, whether from a venetian blind or a geranium. A colonnade, the roof of which was supported by plain columns like those in a child's box of wooden bricks, went all round it, and formed a useful promenade in wet weather.

On the plan of a Pompeian house, the rooms were in the corridors that inclosed the central hall, the height of which was that of the house itself. This hall, which was lighted by windows in a dome above, contained the grand staircase, while the servants' staircase was concealed, and within the walls on one side of the quadrangle.

On the whole it had so classic an air about it, that had the Rev. John Henry Blumstead issued from the front door and appeared in the colonnade in a toga, with a garland round his head, and sandals on his feet, I should not have been very much surprised.

The house had been built by a nobleman, who had given it up after trying it for a short time, and had then conferred it upon its present occupant, to whom he had given the small living of Hillborough.

Mr. Blumstead, who was a Bulford man, with a scholarly reputation, had soon found it necessary to follow his sister-in-law's advice, and take pupils. There was plenty of room for them, and they were more profitable than pigs or poultry. There was, too, no difficulty in obtaining them, as, thanks to the reputation for scholarship above mentioned, many of his most aristocratic friends, whom he had years before assiduously cultivated at the university, were only too glad to avail themselves of his services for their sons who were to follow in their own footsteps. Not that they remembered Mr. Blumstead's having in any way distinguished himself while at College; he had only come out as a B.A. without honours, and had subsequently taken his M.A., which step, as everyone is aware, requires only the payment of certain fees into the university chest, and something more for the good of the college of which you may happen to be a member. Yet he had been credited by everyone with the possession of high mathematical attainments, which, in his day, were, they explained to one another, of small value except at Cowbridge, to which university it was clearly his misfortune, and not his fault, that he did not belong.

Ashton informed me that he believed, from what he had heard from his father, that Mr. Blumstead owed his name for classical scholarship to the fact that he had successfully coached Lord Cricklewood through his degree, after that unlucky young nobleman had twice failed in the most gallant attempts. Lord Cricklewood, now Earl of Willesden, had never forgotten this feat of tutorship, and when Mr. Blumstead wrote to him announcing his intention of regularly taking pupils,

he recommended him to all his friends as a man of such erudition, and so skilful in imparting his knowledge to others, as to be unrivalled by any living professor. The Earl quoted himself as an instance of Mr. Blumstead's skill, saying, "'Gad, sir, he got *me* through!" which was a lifelong wonder to himself, and rendered his lordship a splendid advertisement for his former coach.

This highly recommended preceptor of youth had a pear-shaped head, big at the cranium, and diminishing towards the chin. His neck, encircled by a loose white tie, was as it were the stalk of the pear. He was bald, and grey hair rose up on each side from the temples to the back, like the sea froth about a polished boulder.

It was clear, at the first glance, that there was nothing outside his head, and, after a brief acquaintance, I arrived at the conclusion that there was very little more inside.

Allowing for Lord Cricklewood's degree as a fluke in the annals of private tuition, just as an outsider from an unknown stable may falsify all prognostications about a Derby favourite, and immortalize his trainer,—I say putting this aside as a chance hit, to what had Mr. Blumstead owed whatever success in life he had achieved? I answer, unhesitatingly, he owed it to his broad massive forehead, and his nose of the genuine Roman type. In the most flourishing era of Paganism he would have been Blumstedius, the chief augur, and had he met his most intimate friend in the whole College of Augurs, he (Blumstedius) would not for one second have tolerated a smile or a wink, but would have valued himself and the secret of his own incapacity too highly, to admit the truth even in confidence and unofficially, to the man who had best reason to know that the chief augur was only a solemn idiot.

The Rev. Mr. Blumstead's face, like that of the milkmaid in the song, had been his fortune. No one—so fathers who were acting upon my Lord Cricklewood's recommendation reasoned—no one with such a brow as Blumstead's could be a fool. And indeed it would have been difficult to convict him of folly out of his own mouth, for in society he had seldom opened it but to agree, or to utter in a sonorous tone, and with a calm air of peaceful superiority, platitudes which sounded at the time like the words of true wisdom. He manufactured sermons in his library, where he had indeed a formidable array of theological works. He belonged to no religious party in the Church. His "views" were, so to speak, held for him by his sister-in-law, and his daughters, who followed their aunt's teaching. Were all Anglican clergymen like Mr. Blumstead, the English Church would be at peace: but, it would be a corpse.

Next to being rich, it is best to have the reputation for wealth, and next to being clever, it is best to be given credit for talent. To give credit is a phrase implying no pressure for immediate payment. Mr. Blumstead presented his creditors with his forehead for their security. This, backed by that brilliant living example already quoted, namely, the Earl of Willesden, was quite sufficient. The Earl did business with Sir John's house in the City, and had there mentioned Mr. Blumstead.

He had his faults, like other great men. He was of a choleric disposition. A stupid, passionate man will go at a stone wall like a mad bull. Fortunately for him, Miss Fowler, his sister-in-law, held the reins with a tight hand, and did with him what she pleased.

He had his accomplishments, too, for he was, or pretended to be, passionately fond of the science of music; and associating this with the idea of keeping up his reputation for high mathematics, he would represent himself as passing his hours of recreation in attempting logarithms on the German flute.

The flute and the bugle were his instruments, and I had reason to sincerely wish they had not been.

Miss Fowler permitted their use, as I discovered, for a certain wise purpose. The flute had been fashioned according to his own order and design, years and

years ago, and had twice as many holes as any ordinary one. This, he thought, gave him more chance of producing such correct and exact notes as, he would explain, must lie, even though expressed in logarithms, between *b* and *c*, or between *e* and *f*, which had no semitone between them. His pupils were unable to plumb the depth of these mysteries, but of one they were all quite sure, that if the flute had twice as many holes as any other, it made, at all events, twice as much noise.

Mr. Blumstead's innocent ambition was to perfect the flute, but the difficulty increased with the size and number of the holes. Everyone in Hillborough House, except perhaps Miss Fowler, sincerely hoped that this object might be speedily accomplished. When the flute should be perfected, it was probable that he would then be satisfied, and experimentalize no more.

I have hinted that Miss Fowler had a sufficient reason for encouraging the performance. She continued to do so because when she had first come to reside with him after his bereavement, her brother-in-law discovered to her his hitherto unmanageable temper, which had been the cause of much grief and domestic sorrow during his married life. She hit upon the flute as an expedient, and whenever she saw him seized with a fearful paroxysm of passion, when his scalp would become apparently so red-hot that it seemed as if cold water would frizzle on it as on a stove, she used to insist upon his retiring to the study and playing the flute, through the holes of which he literally blew off his steam. Now, a look from her was enough, and when he felt he was no longer master of himself (the most trivial thing would make him boil over, like the "shallow pot" in the old proverb, which is "soon hot"), he would, from sheer force of habit, walk sharply out of the room, and the next instant we were sure to hear the shrieks of the flute, which was being tortured in the study.

The key-bugle he blew regularly every morning. It was used instead of a bell, or a gong, to rouse the sleepers. He only knew a few cavalry calls on it, and I often wished he had learnt a tune.

Miss Fowler was a maiden lady, sharp, clever, and a thorough woman of the world. Miss Blumstead even had what is termed, I believe, an interesting face, which was very nearly being either handsome or pretty; but she was only an automaton in her aunt's hands, being perhaps just a thought cleverer than her talented parent.

Looking back, now, to my drive from Collington to Hillborough, I little thought that the careless young sailor pupil, who volunteered his confidence so freely, was, hereafter, destined to form a link, slight perhaps but strong, in the chain which, through life, has connected my fortunes with those of one with whom it was at that time most unlikely he should ever become acquainted. Yet so it was to be.

Ashton and myself became fast friends, though his was a friendship of a very different type from Austin's. I soon found that the Hillborough party was never omitted from any of the country festivities, of which, at all times of the year there was more than enough to prevent one ever complaining of the dulness of a provincial life.

I now set to work with a will to prepare myself for Cowbridge. I rejoiced in a new kind of life which was free from the irksome restraint of Lady Colvin's presence, and, having within a very short time suited myself not only with a dog-cart, bright harness, a high-stepping bay, and a small boy out of the village, dressed in a tiger's livery, I felt that I had completely set up for myself *en garçon*, and, at the end of six weeks at Hillborough, I imagined myself at least four years older than I had been on my arrival.

For me the present time was more than a mere change of scene; it was, as it were, a new drama, with new interests, new action, and an entire novelty in the *dramatis personæ*.

For a while I could forget the Cavanders, and even became negligent in my

correspondence with Austin Comberwood. My Time at Hillborough, which was the *entr'acte* between Holyshade and Cowbridge, would not have demanded any especial notice from me here, but for one event which I must hasten to record.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HILLBOROUGH—PICNICS—MR. AND MRS. BOB—THE NEW YOUNG LADY-COMPANIONS—UNCLE HERBERT—ADVICE—COLVIN IMPULSE—AN INVITATION—CHANGES—RINGHURST WHITEBOYS ONCE MORE—PREPARATIONS.

Ashton and myself were Mr. Blumstead's only pupils, and he was therefore able to bestow on us his individual attention.

Now, for the first time, I conceived a liking for study, for our tutor was sufficiently well versed in his subjects to be able to arouse the curiosity of any pupil of an inquiring turn. He showed us difficulties in mathematics, and left us to solve them. He seldom answered a question in classics, but observed that *his* way was invariably to refer to authorities. These authorities were dictionaries, grammars, and lexicons, on accessible shelves, and Mr. Blumstead himself must have acquired a vast amount of erudition, and considerably strengthened the muscles of his calves by climbing his library ladder, in the course of his teaching *me*.

What I learnt then, I learnt thoroughly; and I pay this tribute to Blumstead's memory, that he acted as master of the ceremonies in introducing me to the "authorities" above mentioned, whose acquaintance I might, perhaps, have never made, but for his intervention.

My time at Blumstead's was not thrown away. After two harmless upsets, and consequent expenses—for there is no exception to the rule of paying for experience—I learnt to drive, and my showy dog-cart, with a tiger behind, quite threw into the shade my companion Ashton's low four-wheeled chaise, and little rough-and-ready pony.

Among the numerous picnics to which we were invited, there was one alone which, as bearing in any way on my future, I must not omit from these confidential records. It was given by Mr. and Mrs. Burdon, relations of Ashton's, who had taken a house near Dawlish for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdon were the most popular couple I have ever met. They were known everywhere as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burdon, to distinguish them from the Toms and Dicks of their family; and as Mr. Burdon had from his earliest schooldays been known familiarly as Bob, so Mrs. Robert, who was as warm-hearted, lively, and "jolly," as her husband, had been, very soon after her marriage, christened Mrs. Bob, and ever afterwards, by her own wish, so addressed by her intimates.

It was a great privilege for a youngster to be a friend of Mrs. Bob's. It was a recommendation to their own circle, and it was a *passe-partout* outside.

The Bob Burdons were very rich and spent their money well and wisely. Their house, wherever it was, and they were always changing it, prefering to have no fixed residence, was invariably open to all comers, and their hearty "Come and see us" really meant that the giver of the invitation would be honestly disappointed if it were not accepted. They had travelled much, and reckoned a number of foreigners among their acquaintances, who on coming to England were sure of a hospitable welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Bob. They had no children, but several pets, which travelled with them, and Mrs. Bob was invariably accompanied by some young lady, frequently by two, whom she had chosen for such distinguishing social qualities as would be of assistance to her in her informal and chatty receptions, and would supply the place of a grown-up daughter, when in the absence of excitement Mrs. Bob might happen to be thrown on her own domestic resources.

Their yacht was in reality their home, for this was kept in trim all the year round, and, as they always took a fur-

nished house or apartments, when on shore, it was no trouble to them, at any moment, to order their things to be packed up, to embark on board the *Stella*, and start for Norway and Sweden, or the Mediterranean, as their caprice might suggest.

When I first met this happy couple, they had been married about fifteen years, and I do not suppose there had ever been one minute in the course of their lives when they had repented their union.

Mrs. Bob informed me that she already knew one of my relations very well indeed; that, indeed, he was one of their most intimate friends, and never missed a season's yachting with them.

After this I scarcely required to be told that this relative was Uncle Herbert.

The "Bobs" were just the people he would love. The honest fellow would have said to them with fervour, "Your home shall be my home; your table my table; your yacht my yacht; and where thou goest I also will go, at your expense."

So it was not long ere he appeared in all his glory of summer costume, at Corfield, which was the name of Mr. and Mrs. Bob's temporary residence, and was the life and soul of the picnic parties, and of the house generally.

It was he who handed his host's best cigars about to friends, who commanded the servants, who suggested plans for the day's amusement, and a stranger arriving at Corfield would have concluded that Uncle Herbert was the generous and hospitable entertainer, and the "Bobs" his old friends, staying with him for some time.

Between my own willingness to make a confidante of Mrs. Bob, and my uncle's readiness to impart his information on the subject, the Colvin family history had been long known in detail to the Burdons, who sincerely condoled with me on the change which had lately taken place in Sir John's household.

The Burdon party at this time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Miss Fanny Blumstead, who was my tutor's second daughter, a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed, fresh-coloured, lively girl, and Mrs. Tom's resident *protégée*, Miss Clara Wenslow, a brunette almost to sallowness.

One evening, in Ashton's absence, Uncle Herbert drove with me to the station, on our return from a fishing excursion, off Dawlish.

"Cecil," said Uncle Herbert, abruptly.

I was all attention. He so seldom spoke with an air of conviction, that a smack of real earnestness in his tone put me immediately on the *qui vive*.

"You're a young fellow yet," said Uncle Herbert, "quite a boy, and therefore it's just as well to warn you against making a fool of yourself. I know the world, and I know young men in it, and am perfectly aware that, as a rule, with scarcely an exception, advice is utterly thrown away."

"Not on me," I ventured to reply.

"Ah!" he returned, dubiously, "we shall see. What I'm going to observe is this. You're very easily taken in. Every impulsive chap at your time of life is—by—" he paused for a second, as if considering.

"By whom?" I asked.

"By himself," answered Uncle Herbert, decidedly. "I mean by his own vanity and love of admiration. A girl expresses herself your admirer, and immediately you become hers; a girl shows a preference for you, and you fall head over ears in love with her."

I felt myself blushing, and did not feel inclined to ask at whom his allusion pointed.

"I am putting you on your guard," he went on; "there is no such mistake in life as marrying too early. I don't say that you are going to make an ass of yourself just yet, before you are even of age; but I foresee that unless you have some one at your elbow to guide you, you'll lose yourself, and be precious sorry for it afterwards."

"My dear uncle, I have no sort of intention," I began.

"Precisely. That's just it. You don't intend to fall in love when you set out in the morning, but before lunch-time you've done it. You don't intend to go one step farther than a flirtation, but half-an-hour after you've commenced,

you find you've passed the limits, and are caught. There's no way out of it: the only thing is to take my advice, and don't go in for it. If my sister had lived, and you had had a mother at home to look after you in this respect, I should not have been advising you. But you ask Mrs. Bob. I'll get her to have a chat with you, for the best companion and guide a young man can have on entering the world is a clever middle-aged married woman, who knows the ins and outs of society. Her influence will do more for him than any lectures either from father or uncles."

Herbert Pritchard was right, but of course I could not at that time be expected to agree with him on such a nice point.

I simply protested that I had no idea of anything like a serious attachment, and for that matter, speaking honestly, I did not then know the meaning of the phrase. How can the words "serious attachment" mean anything to a lad of seventeen or eighteen, however precocious he may be?

And yet it seems to me, reviewing the past, that young men now-a-days *do* understand the phrase, and more, know how to guard themselves against yielding to any such absurd sentiments. The other day I was lecturing a young friend in much the same style as Uncle Herbert had lectured me—no matter how many years ago—enough that it has been here recorded—and what does he get up and say? Why this:—

"My dear Ganache,"—he did not use this word, but it was *subauditum*, and underlay the speech—"I am not such a fool as I look. I can't afford to do any more than flirt; the merest innocent flirtation. *Je ne suis pas un parti, moi, vous comprenez*—" this is another modern affectation; we in our time did not interlard our discourse with French, but then I am bound to add that that elegant and charming language was only taught as an "extra" at Holyshade—"and so mamma runs after me for her daughters. I'm more like the *maître de ballet*, or one of his merry men—I'm hired out to dance. That's my profession at present, dancing. In return they give me suppers and dinners, and as, fortunately, I happen to sing, they add invitations to their country houses. I am not ornamental, perhaps, but I am useful, and I fill a gap. No, *mon vieux*, if I marry, I must marry money. One and one make two, and that is quite enough without going further into arithmetic. No, love is a luxury, and marriage isn't a necessity."

Now these were not the Colvin sentiments at any time in the history of our family. Impulse: *dum vivo, ago*, was the Colvin motto, and *ago* is better than *spero*.

With all my knowledge of London life, I knew at this time very little of society. That must be put to my account. Romances and novels had been my chief pabulum; and the theatres and such-like places of amusement my recreation. Sir John had never gone into society, and society had stopped short of our door. Such friends as my father gathered round him I have already described. What I wish to convey is that I was now making my *entrée* into society without such a guide as (and here Herbert Pritchard was undoubtedly right) my mother would have been.

And had I fallen in love with Miss Clara Wenslow, Mrs. Bob's *protégée*? This was what Uncle Herbert's lecture pointed at.

Fair-haired, petite, older than myself—of course—and decidedly accomplished. She wrote poetry, she sang, I thought, *then*, deliciously: she adored Tennyson, quoted Shelley, and kept an album full of scraps. I have to thank her for my introduction to a taste for poetry. A taste, not much, but enough for scraps.

Miss Clara amused Mrs. Bob vastly, and so, I suppose, did I.

As for her nephew, Frank Ashton, he was having a desperate flirtation with Miss Fanny Blumstead, and Mrs. Bob had an eye for both of us. We should not kick over the traces and bolt as long as she held the reins, and she did hold them, and knew how to manage the team perfectly.

I think this was at the time some-

what irksome to her companion, Clara Wenslow, who would have had me down on my knees before I knew where I was, and would have sent me off to her parents (her father was a retired naval officer living in the north of England) by the next train. But Mrs. Bob knew all the moves, and I was not to be the only young man in attendance.

Besides, Uncle Herbert, too, was not blind, and so, thank goodness, I was prevented from making an utter idiot of myself before I had arrived at the use of my reasoning faculties.

Legally an infant, I suppose my promise to pay on a hymeneal bond would have been worthless. But then there would have been the Colvin honour.

Talking over our mode of life with Ashton one evening, he observed,

"If a fellow must have a profession, it would be very jolly to settle down as a country parson with a nice wife."

"Yes, we see a good deal of them, don't we?" I returned. "They seem very happy."

"And it doesn't cost much," remarked Ashton, to whom money was an object.

"I don't think I shall be anything," I replied, with an assumption of indifference as to all monetary questions. "My father wants me to take to the Bar, and be a Chancellor or something. I mean after Cowbridge, of course. I've got to take my degree first."

"Well, on my word," said Ashton, returning to the subject, "I think if I were to go and take a degree I'd come back here, find a nice country girl for a wife—a clergyman's daughter's the best"—he was thinking of the younger Miss Blumstead—"and settle down with a vicarage or a curacy, or whatever it is."

"It does seem comfortable enough; and for my part I like country life immensely."

I uttered this with enthusiasm, Hillborough having been my first experience of living out of London.

In after-life I have returned to most of these first impressions, and therefore I conclude the Colvin impulsiveness to be but a froth which must be blown off before we come to the true liquor. Of course we discussed the ladies, our likes and dislikes. We disliked youths of our own age who came in the way, and we liked those who did not interfere with us.

"I've an invitation for you," said Herbert Pritchard one morning, "and most likely when you return to Hillborough you'll find yours waiting for you in due form."

"From home?"

"No. Try again."

"From Uncle Van, or," I added vaguely, with some idea of Mr. Verney and Julie flitting across my mind, "from the Baa-lambs."

"Ah, I forgot you knew all about the Lambs," said Uncle Herbert, laughing, "but it's nothing to do with either Van or them. You're not half sharp. I thought even you Holyshade fellows were quicker than that. It's an invitation to a wedding. Now then, whose?—No, Cecil, not your father's again—no, not quite so quick as that."

Oddly and stupidly enough that notion had occurred to me, of course to be dismissed as a joke, if so serious a subject ever admits of such treatment.

"Alice Comberwood," he began——

"To Sir Frederick Sladen, I know!" I cried, finishing his sentence for him. "I know him."

I did of course, and entertained for him, solely on the Verneys' account, a dislike which was of a very mild character compared with my feeling towards Mr. Cavander.

The news did not delight me.

"We'll go together," said Uncle Herbert, "we shall be back here before the end of the week."

My invitation had arrived in my absence, and we were to leave the next day. Austin sent me a short note, but said hardly anything of the important event. Alice wrote herself. It was some time since I had had a letter from her. She wrote to me as an old friend. When, as friends, we are all young together, we are all old friends. She had been, as the reader will recollect, among my first loves, when I was a mere private schoolboy. It had never occurred to me that she was so much my senior, and though I could smile at the fact when

she was going to be married to Sladen, yet I failed to see that history was repeating itself in my new attachment to Miss Clara Wenslow. Not that I would compare the two girls for one instant: nor did I at that time.

But as I sat conning the two letters and meditating on the marriage, my thoughts reverted to Cavander and to all that I had heard and seen of him and Alice. I felt certain that to his influence alone Alice owed the change that both her brother and myself had so recently noticed in her.

She had commenced a dangerous game; that of converting an older and cleverer person than herself, a person, too, whom we knew she both feared and admired. And why did he, of all men, pretend to sit at her feet? Was it that thus commencing, he could rise to his knees and so gain her ear for the serpent's whisper? Time and opportunity and inclination were not wanting, for Alice had lived an idle life, the more idle because her employment was of her own choosing, and her whole day had been composed of leisure hours. The work she had set herself was in the village and the Church. The latter she had discontinued, whereat the family were astonished, and her Evangelical brother-in-law highly pleased. When she came gradually to absenting herself from all Church services, the Rev. Andrew M'Cracken talked this over with his wife, who, however, represented it to him as a phase in her sister's character, and so cheered him.

But Austin, who knew her better, soon arrived at her real reason, and respected her honesty, though he was puzzled by the problems which she placed before him (second-hand, indeed, and *he* saw clearly enough whence they emanated), but of which none the less could he find the solution.

Yet Austin was a plodder. I have previously described how brother and sister would treat a book. So they dealt with difficulties. Alice would have cleared them at a bound, had she been able. She could not do this, nor could she break or hew her way through them. She was stopped, and must take up new open ground, which was No Man's Land, or rather No Deity's Land, and there she would wander.

Austin, with these obstacles brought before him sooner than they would otherwise have occurred to him in his career, supposing they occurred at all, set himself to work, not to scale or climb, and so surmount the wall, but to make a breach in it and then to utterly destroy it.

The above is a summary of our conversation at Ringhurst on the first evening of my arrival, the day before the marriage. I think its key-note had been struck by my report of the domestic happiness of parsonage life about Collington, and by my repeating Ashton's views on the subject to Austin, who was now at Bulford, and had just obtained one of the best scholarships of his college. This first step seemed to give a bias to his line in life, and the alteration in Alice's sentiments had, he owned to me, led him to look upon his future course as a matter for the gravest consideration.

The next day was one of bustle and excitement among the ladies. We were got out of the way, anywhere. Of Alice I saw nothing till dinner-time.

Then I thought she was livelier than I had ever seen her. Sir Frederick seemed to be a very happy man, and old Mr. Comberwood could not repress his evident exultation at the possession of a real Baronet for his son-in-law. Lady Sladen was condescending and gracious. Having been a tradesman's daughter herself, it was natural she should look with coldness on such a retrograde step as the union of her son, the Baronet, with the daughter of a solicitor.

Had she been permitted to be present behind the scenes, as I was by the merest chance, on the night before the wedding, she might have successfully interfered to prevent the tying of the knot.

To be continued.

ENGLISH AUTUMNS.

Society, when the season is over, differs from London society chiefly in the greater intimacy which it permits or encourages. People in London live in such an endless whirl during the months of May, June, and July, that any attempt at prolonged or close intercourse is not likely to be successful. A friendly nod and a short "How are you?" is the greeting which the man who has been abroad for five years will meet with as often as he who has only been out of town for a week. The succession of social gatherings is so endless, that it is impossible to pause long enough at any one to allow it to influence you at all deeply. The flow of friends, acquaintances, and strangers past your vision is so perpetual, that you are utterly unable to see more than a very little of each. Life is carried on at such a high pressure that you are at pains to study your own, and totally fail to study that of other people. There is no time to find out the character of even the person with whom you are most frequently in intercourse. You and your friends are like shot in a huge bag rattled about rapidly. You rub up against someone for a moment, but, ere you are affected by the contact, he is gone, and another is by your side. Autumn society differs from this. London, even in November, gives an opportunity for the making of friendships which London in June does not. While in the country—even in these days of short visits and rapid movements—there is a chance that two people who are thrown together should become to some extent aware of each other's real nature, and changed by each other's influence.

There is a short pause after Goodwood is over, and before country houses are filled, which is spent by many of those who make up Society in expeditions to the sea-side, to Switzerland, or to other regions of scenery and bathing. Hotel-keepers revel; and those unfortunates who, if they have been, say to Pau, Paris and London, have already paid for three years' living in one, have yet again to pay in six weeks enough to make their tradesman's profit for as many months. During these weeks Scarborough and Tenby, Interlaken and Lausanne, considerably alter their habits; and instead of dining at two, four, or six, invariably dine at the wealthier hour of eight.

What is it that makes English men and women almost always look upon any occupant of an hotel who is outside the small circle of their acquaintance with disdain? In nine cases out of ten the opinion of an Englishman as to his neighbour in the coffee-room is that he is a snob. In more than that his wife will speak of "those detestable people in the next set of rooms." The spirit which prevented the Oxonian from saving the life of a drowning man because "he had not been introduced to him," is not at all uncommon. It is most prominent at any place where there may be a concourse of holiday-makers. It leads to distinct orders "not to let the children speak to any stranger." It makes our countrymen always get into an empty railway-carriage if they can, in direct distinction to the habits of a Frenchman—who prefers a full one. If analysed, the reason must be either that objectionable people are always anxious to extend their acquaintance, or that desirable people never wish to do so. Now it is not necessary to search in novels for instances of the danger of believing too implicitly in strangers. The newspapers even out of the "big gooseberry season," give over and over again accounts of frauds practised by swindlers on flats on whose acquaintance they intrude themselves. But the fault of these flats lies not in their failing to keep closely locked the

gate of their exclusiveness, but in their throwing open all their cabinets and secret drawers directly they have opened the outer portal; in other words, there is a mean between never speaking to a man who has not been introduced to you, and lending such an one five hundred pounds directly he asks for it, on his own note of hand. And this is remarkable, that though our haughty and reserved Englishman looks upon his neighbour with whom he has not conversed, with much affectation of indifference, if not contempt, once let the ice be broken, and he is as ready to be on "hail fellow well met" terms as any.

It may be doubted whether there is anything so peculiarly ours as English country-house-life. When, towards the end of September or the beginning of October, people begin to open their houses and ask their friends to come and see them, a study of life is presented which has many interesting points essentially its own. It is not merely in the advantages of the country for enjoyment; it is not merely in the English fondness for outdoor amusement and exercise, or, in spite of all that is said, the wonderful aptitude of the climate for this fondness; it is not merely in the plenitude of occupations which the laws and customs of England allow to all who have time and money to spare, nor is it merely in the amount of time and money which many Englishmen have to spare; but it is in a combination of these and other similar characteristics that the great pleasure of English country-house-life may be found. As a race English people are rich, are hospitable, are gregarious, are fond of their home associations, are given to strong exercise, and like fresh air; so it is not a marvel if at least half the year is given up to country life and country society. It is not, however, the object of this paper to give a traveller's description of English country life, but rather to suggest the existence of certain peculiarities which have insensibly grown up or are growing up within it, and to point out some changes which the advance of years has brought about.

Perhaps the greatest distinguishing mark of the present generation, as compared with those that have preceded it, lies in the means which exist for rapid communication. Travelling is rapid, the facilities for ordinary correspondence are enormous, and those for extraordinary correspondence are increased by the development of telegraphy. The result is that we live far more rapidly than our fathers did; and the effect on country habits is greater than it might appear at first sight. When posting was the principal means of locomotion, a country house visit was a lengthened affair. No host and hostess thought of asking their friends to come and see them in Devonshire or Westmoreland unless they could stay a month. But now that there is no part of England which is more than twelve hours from London, and few parts of the United Kingdom which are more than twenty-four, country house visits are matters of a few days. "People are coming to us" not in September, or in October, or at Christmas, but "from Tuesday to Saturday." The inside of a week is the limit of a stay for one who does not wish to run the risk of overdoing a welcome or being presented with the satirical name of "staymaker." In Scotland, indeed, the case is different. Perhaps from the greater distance, or may it be from the exceeding hospitality of Scotch houses, it is still not unusual for visits to be prolonged beyond the five days which have become conventional in England.

Two things follow from this. One is that hosts and hostesses of the present day think it necessary to provide some special entertainment for their guests, and hesitate to ask them unless some such entertainment is in store. "We are going to have a county ball;" or "We are going to shoot our coverts;" or "The races take place;" or "There is to be a regatta"—these are the inducements habitually held out, and not unfrequently considered to be necessary additions to an invitation. The prolonged stay, which enabled the guest to share in the ordinary life of his host, no

onger exists; and in its place is the hurried scramble of amusement after amusement which partakes far more of the restlessness of London than the quietude of the country. It is at least open to serious doubt whether, even if there is any element of truth in the supposition that, people always want to be amused. There may, indeed, be a set of men, who, if there is no hunting, shooting, fishing, or racing, find time hang heavy on their hands. Such men are utterly unable to appreciate the pleasures of society for society's sake. Without an immediate object to suggest conversation, conversation with them is an impossibility. Men who look upon Christmas-day as "every bit like a Sunday without *Bell's Life*," find any day on which there is no special provision for their entertainment pass slowly and wearily. But this class is not numerous, though its number is apt to be increased by the rapidity of living already referred to. By far the larger number of men and women are quite able to be happy in the society of their friends, in quiet enjoyment of the physical and intellectual pleasures which need no providing. Let all those be canvassed whose departure from London at the end of July is as much a matter of course as their return at the end of February, and it will be a great question whether the pleasantest country house visit will be found to be that in which there was a ball on Tuesday, a lawn meet on Wednesday, a battue and dance on Thursday, and *tableaux vivants* on Friday, or that in which ten days or a fortnight were spent in everyday occupations and everyday pleasures.

Another thing that follows from the shortness of visits is the prevalence of acquaintanceship rather than true friendship. Who is to become intimate with the associate of four days, even if those four days are repeated at intervals? You arrive on Tuesday, you begin to find out something about the people you meet on Thursday, and Saturday you say good-bye to them at the station. Your friendship is like Juliet's love—

"Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens."

You may meet again the man or the woman in whom you have found what you think the characteristics you like. But you may also find that your brief study of their disposition was wholly insufficient, or you may never have an opportunity of changing your mind at all. No one shows his or her real self when living at a high-pressure rate of constant social "functions." For real appreciation of others, for real formation of strong attachments, for real production of the capacity of taking delight in the presence of others, the quiet visit is best calculated, and not that in which every day is furnished with something to do.

Another consideration arises here. We pride ourselves on allowing future brides and bridegrooms to choose for themselves. We disapprove strongly of those marriages which are made, not in heaven but in the paternal study. Freedom of selection is the principle on which we rely for happiness; and we defend it by all sorts of arguments as to the necessity for a thorough mutual understanding, and a thorough conviction of compatibility. And yet, what opportunities do our social laws provide for the attainment of this mutual understanding? The insight given into disposition or character by a ball-room acquaintance is manifestly inadequate; and yet many marriages are made solely on this. The opportunities given in London for ascertaining whether compatibility exists are not less inadequate. What man is to tell whether the girl whom he sees happy, *riante*, amiable, easily amused at a succession of water-parties, garden parties, five-to-seven parties, or evening parties, is able to lighten the burden of life when life is free from the influence of society? What girl is to know that the man who is ready to dance with her, to fetch her ices, to hold her parasol, or to lend her his umbrella, is of the substantial disposition which will enable him through commonplace life to soothe her when

she is sick or uphold her when mind or body is failing? And yet many marriages are made after the acquaintance of one season. In the country again, what chance have a young man and young woman of thoroughly finding each other out when they are not engaged. When they are engaged the case is different; then they are allowed to feed on each other's society to their hearts' content, and as much as they will, they may investigate each other's suitability, when it is too late to refuse to admit it without causing pain and annoyance. But before they are engaged, the watchful care of parents or guardians, or failing that, the strong arm of Mrs. Grundy, keeps possible lovers far too wide apart for either to see what the other is, underneath the glamour of social excitement or occasional display. The fact is, however disinclined we may be to allow it, that the domestic failures, the existence of which in England it would be pleasant but impossible to deny, owe not a little of their origin to the want of any opportunity of discovering each other's everyday character, under which young men and young women are placed. Our practice in this respect is inconsistent with our theory. We say that people who are likely to marry ought, before they decide on taking each other for life, to make up their minds that they are adapted to each other, and that their dispositions are likely to agree; and yet we encourage customs, and such customs are rarely broken, which prevent young people of different sexes from being in each others' presence to any adequate extent.

Has there ever been a time when in society, and especially in country society, the paths of men and women were more diverse? In country houses, from breakfast to dinner on at least four days in the week, the men see little or nothing of the women. Directly breakfast is over—that notoriously most unsociable of meals,—the men go one way and the women another. If there is shooting or hunting, and it is very rare that no form of one or the other is to be found, the brake or the hacks come round long ere all the necessary cigars are smoked or the unavoidable letters written. Shooting or hunting is not over till late in the afternoon, when, after perhaps ten minutes of most insipid exchange of conventionality while the hostess dispenses tea, the men go to the billiard-room or their own rooms, the women to talk together till it is time to dress. When amusements other than shooting or hunting are the order of the day, the distinction is perhaps less observed, but exists nevertheless. At races, for instance, the women congregate on the front seats of the grand stand, in a row of brilliance unshaded by the sombre dress of men, while the men wander to the ring, the paddock, or the course, and only return for an occasional spell of imbibing unreal conversation or real champagne. In a cricket-match the same thing holds. The men are playing cricket or lolling about in the sunshine; the women, when they do appear, which is not always, occupy themselves with tea and their own society.

Of course there are men who do not shoot, and cannot ride; men whose *forte* lies in a tenor voice, a capacity for playing waltzes on the piano, or making small talk on every occasion. But as a rule such men are not the most valuable components of society, and the women know it. There have been exceptions to this rule; and it would not be difficult to recall names of men who have been most agreeable guests and most welcome wherever they went, who have had no capacity whatever for enjoying themselves except when surrounded by petticoats—and yet whose influence on society has been distinctly for good. There have been men who never were on a horse in their lives, and who have rarely pulled the trigger of a gun, thrown a fly, or wielded a cricket bat; whose happiest moments have been spent in the drawing-room on the morning of a battue, or in those quiet evenings before dinner when the gentler sex are collected together; and yet whose character is not effeminate, nor their

influence anything but respected. But such men are few and far between, and in the large majority of cases under our present system of society, the man who stays at home when other men are out is not likely to get the esteem of those whom he deserts or of those with whom he spends most of his time.

Surely there is something anomalous in this? Men and women are not so utterly different that they should spend most of their hours of amusement apart. The sterner duties of life, even in our days of advanced civilization, are such as require the man's greater physical strength and physical and mental endurance. The time has not yet come for women to labour in the same field and under the same conditions as men. Woman's work and man's work are far asunder, and are likely to remain so. But why, in times of amusement, in hours of society, when the principal object of life is to spend it with others, are men and women to be kept on different paths? Our neighbours pass most of their hours of idleness with their sisters. Our trans-atlantic cousins do the same, though perhaps in a different manner. But our social customs lead men and women together only when it is time to eat. Such customs, too, are apt to gain force. For the more men are led to associate solely with each other the less qualified they are to appreciate the society of women. Nor is their effect good. The conversation of the smoking-room or sporting talk is excellent in its way: but if left entirely unleavened, man's conversation is apt to become less remarkable for its value than its monotony. On the whole, it seems unquestionable that much good would be effected by the introduction of some amusement of equal interest to both sexes, and in which both sexes could take an equal part. It may be too much to say that croquet was introduced with such an object as this. But the effect of croquet, as far as it has gone, has been to bring men and women together on a comparatively equal ground. Unhappily croquet has not gone very far. It is not a very popular game, its popularity is not increasing, and its influence in the way referred to is not even as great as it was. It has failed as an amalgamator. And the interest has yet to be discovered which shall lead men and women to pass more hours together than the few which are now devoted to joint society. That such an interest would be popular may be argued from the readiness with which expeditions, pic-nics, or other undertakings are welcomed which lead to union of the sexes. That such an interest would be beneficial may safely be held if we remember that man's conversation, if men are left alone, tends towards unrefinement; and that woman's conversation, if women are left alone, has—may it be said without discourtesy?—the slightest possible tendency to twaddle.

There are not wanting those who lament the decay of wit in the present day, who look back on the society of the earlier part of the century with envy of the rich intellectual treasures which were continually held out to admiration under its care. Material rather than intellectual are the amusements popular now. Balls, they say, and flower-shows, and athletic sports, we have in plenty. But collections of clever people whose cleverness is nourished by contact with that of others we have not. If there is any truth in their argument, they may not unreasonably trace the source of that of which they complain to the rapidity of modern life. Wit is intangible, is the child of quiet. People who are always provided with something definite to do, and who are perpetually passing from one gaiety to the other, are not likely to cultivate their own intellectual powers, or cause the development of those of other people. When society is rushing about from one place to the other, society has no time to foster those conditions which are necessary to wit. Wit needs, indeed, intercourse, and needs change, but is killed by undue locomotion. By far the pleasanter—and is it the less true?—theory is that modern wit contrasts by no means unfavourably with the wit

of bygone days, but that it has far fewer opportunities of being seen. In some English country houses the idea still exists that people are capable of being happy without having provided for them any far-sought amusement. And in some cases it is held that clever people can best enjoy each other's society if they are left to do so in quiet. Under such conditions wit flourishes. Nor is it impossible to name men whose public speeches show that they are possessed of wit in no wise inferior to that of the heroes of other days, and make it possible to imagine how witty may be the private life which the memoirs of some future day may unfold.

There has for many decades been a steady increase in the wealth of England. There has also been a steady increase in her luxury. How many comforts have we of the present day which our grandfathers were unable to afford! How much which they knew not how to obtain! Luxury has penetrated all classes—and the class which makes up country house society has been no exception to the rule. This is not an evil in itself, but it has had a distinct tendency to make people think those things necessaries of life which formerly were not so considered, and to greatly enlarge the income looked upon as a minimum for a head of a household. It is not many years ago that *Punch* ridiculed the "ways and means why they do not marry on 300*l.* a year." Now, three times that sum would be considered penury for married people in the class alluded to by our pictorial satirist. In times when miners have salmon at 1*s.* 9*d.* a pound for supper, it is not a matter of wonder that the ideas of all members of the community as to the good things of this world should be a little more extravagant than they were ere our iron trade had developed. But Mrs. Grundy insists on *her* young friends showing a certain share of prudence, and although she allows them to spend what money they like singly, she places a barrier of caution between the altar and those who do not come up to what she considers a proper standard of wealth. She may be right; but it is a great question whether there were ever so many unmarried people in the upper classes as there are now; and it is also a question whether rather lower an estimate of the necessaries of life would not enable a larger number to avoid at least one source of the heartache.

The wealth and luxury of country-house-life has its effect also on one portion of that much abused class "younger sons." Of these there are two distinct divisions—those who will never have to provide for themselves, and those who must do so either wholly or in part. The latter have often complained that they are illused. They are brought up as boys on exactly the same conditions as their elder brothers. They have the same ponies, the same school, the same tutor, the same pocket-money. They have an equal share in the pleasures of their father's house, they imbibe exactly the same ideas, and become educated in the same tastes as their brothers. But, when their father dies, or they reach man's estate, they are thrown out into the world to fight their way with all the disadvantages of expensive habits and an expensive frame of mind. And in the present day there really seems some ground for the argument that they are under unusual difficulties. Time was when the interest of a father, or a father's friends, was sufficient to obtain positions, if not lucrative yet to a certain extent remunerative, in the Army, the Navy, Diplomacy, or the Civil Service. The son of the city man found his entrance into commercial life easy; the son of the country gentleman found his entrance into the public service easy. In either case failure and success were duly rewarded, but the chances of each *débutant* in life lay in his own sphere. But now things are altered. Patronage does not open the outer door of the public service, it has less to do than formerly with opening the doors of the inner sanctuaries. The "younger son," then, with a small portion, is in a worse position than he was before. He has to contend for a place in the public

service with a crowd of new competitors; yet the world of commerce is not more open to him than it was. There is still no class so exclusive in regard to preferment as the class of business men. Entrance into an established house of business is as much a matter of favour as ever. In one respect, indeed, there has been a change. The old antipathy which once existed to a commercial life no longer exists; and there are not a few instances of members of the best houses in Great Britain taking readily and successfully to "business." But it is not all who have a chance. Perhaps it would be well if the difficulties in this respect were less. The throwing open of the Civil Service and the gradual abolition of class advantages in other public services, was a liberal measure eminently calculated to diminish class prejudice and to bring about harmony and equality in the relations of life. Without the expression of any opinion as to the qualifications for the public service, it may be said that the system of making all men compete for its prizes—if prizes it has—on fair terms has great advantages. But it seems equally true that similar advantages would possibly accrue from the absorption into commerce of other classes than those which now swell its ranks, especially when there are noisy questionings of commercial morality. The commercial interests have not more to lose by the introduction of fresh blood, than the public service has by the introduction of men not personally selected by statesmen, and have probably as much to gain. "Rem, si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo rem," is happily not the motto of our city world; but it would not be difficult to find reasons for thinking that it would be of advantage to British commerce if a somewhat similar removal of exclusiveness to that which has opened out Downing Street, were to open out Lombard Street and Mincing Lane. But this is not yet. And meanwhile younger sons, pressed upon by a host of competitors in the fields which were formerly their own, find it difficult to choose a profession; though they can console themselves with the thought that hard work and a steady application of that education which has been more within their reach than the reach of many of their competitors, must result in ultimate success. It has not, however, been without pain, nor will it be without further pain, that the knowledge is acquired that hard work alone will pay, and that "friends" can do little, if any, good.

But there are many younger sons who are not likely to be troubled with the duty of warding off the *res angusta domi.* Primogeniture, strong as is its hold upon English owners of property, does not debar younger sons from claims upon their fathers; and such is the wealth of England that a large number of young men emerge into manhood every year who are, and will be, quite independent of any exertions of their own. What do these men do now; what will they do hereafter? There never was a time when the dearth of young statesmen was so remarkable; and in the world of scholarship, literature, science, or art, the number of those young men who pursue learning for learning's sake is very scant. It is not likely that a man of twenty-three will ever again hold the chancellorship of the Exchequer, or refuse the first lordship of the Treasury; but there is no reason why younger sons of the great houses should not take a more leading part in politics than they do now. Except a small number of men on the Conservative side of the House of Commons, and as small a number on the Liberal side of the House of Lords, there are none from whom a political prophet would select the statesmen of coming years. The leaders of both parties in the State are men well past middle age, and the question has not lacked attention, Where are their successors? The present tendency of constituencies is to return middle-aged men of local influence, who have spent their lives in careers widely differing from that of the statesman. This House of Commons is composed almost entirely of such men, and it is not unreasonable to attribute some of its proceedings to

the want of training in statesmanship under which many of its members labour. Now, statesmanship requires more education than perhaps any other career. It is not true that *nascitur non fit* may be said of every statesman. The youth of the greatest "born" statesman the world ever saw, William Pitt, was spent in laborious practice of every accomplishment which stands a statesman in good stead. Do any of the wealthy younger sons of the present day follow in his steps? Pitt used to learn the best of Burke's speeches, and make a habit of speaking them to himself. Pitt was always cultivating the power of expressing himself fluently and with effect. Pitt left no stone unturned in his efforts to acquire true eloquence. The result was that his first speech took the House of Commons by storm, and his leadership was recognized at an age when most men have not begun to read Hansard. It is partly the fault of the constituencies and partly the fault of younger sons themselves, that few men have the opportunity of serving a sufficient apprenticeship to politics when apprenticeship is easiest. The training afforded by a seat in the House of Commons is the best training in the world. But few young men have the privilege of undergoing it, and fewer appear at present to show the combination of desire and ability necessary, if the full profit is to be obtained from it. It is a great question whether the State benefits by the absence of young men from the ranks of her administrators. Experience, indeed, is essential in statesmanship as in everything else. But the experience which is acquired late in life is inclined to attach an undue importance to the part of valour occupied by discretion. Again, where men only attain to high office very late in life, they are inclined to retire from public affairs after a short tenure, and experience therefore loses some of its advantages. But whether Cabinet ministers under forty are men in their proper place or not, there is no doubt that the State is distinctly a loser if there is a lack of young men inclined and able to take a prominent part in the Houses of Parliament. That it is so now may be the fault partly of a certain indolence in men who have just left Eton or Harrow; partly of the preference shown by electors for men who have made themselves a name in a locality, as compared with men who are anxious to devote themselves steadily to politics. Whether the one cause or the other, or a combination of both is to blame, it certainly is a fact that it is difficult to answer the question, Where are the men likely to compete for places in the Cabinet fifteen years hence?

What will the independent younger sons of the next few years do? The conditions of service in the army have changed, and a colonelcy in the Guards will mean far longer and far harder work than heretofore. A love of learning is not likely to be inculcated by a year or two of undergraduate life at Oxford or Cambridge, where little or no attempt is made at education in any high sense of the word. And in these days of rapidity, a few years spent in travelling is likely to satisfy most sightseers. It may therefore be that politics will be pursued more keenly by men of from three-and-twenty to thirty than is now the case. But it will be a great boon to England if, amid the great attractions of idleness in a country house, those who make up country house society become generally convinced, that there is a higher ambition than a silent seat in the House of Commons, a mastership of hounds, or a chairmanship of Quarter Sessions.

COURTENAY BOYLE.

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GALILEO AND PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

The history of Galileo's condemnation by the Roman Inquisition, whether written by papal apologists anxious to put the most favourable construction on the proceedings of the Holy Office, or by protestant controversialists eager to paint the hated tribunal in the darkest possible colours, laboured, till quite recently, under a most serious defect—the almost entire silence of the principal witness in the case. The contemporary record of the trial, drawn up from day to day by the Secretary of the Inquisition, was accessible only in a fragmentary form. A Roman prelate, *Marino Marini*, prefect of the papal archives, had published, in 1850, a certain number of extracts from this document; but the work in which they appeared exhibited so strong a desire to whitewash the Inquisition, that suspicions of garbled citation and unfair handling were necessarily aroused.

When thoroughly trustworthy facts, in adequate number, are not within the historian's reach, his task degenerates into the mere fitting of a few isolated stones into a mosaic of arbitrary hypothesis. It did so in the case before us. Those who undertook to describe Galileo's trial practically allowed their own attitude towards the church of Rome to determine the tendency of their work—conditioned only by the necessity of making their theories account for such scanty facts as had been conclusively established. The extensive literature which arose under these conditions was little more than the utterance of Roman, or anti-Roman, prepossessions under the form of historical inquiries. The case remained in this unsatisfactory condition until 1867, when a most important addition to the facts previously known was made through *M. Henri de l'Epinois*. A paper entitled *Galilée et l'Inquisition*, published by him in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* for that year, contains a series of extracts which he was permitted to make from the trial-record in the archives of the Holy Office at Rome. Many of these are of the utmost interest, and throw a new and vivid light on the hitherto obscure subject with which they deal. One particular entry in the trial-record appears to me to have an important bearing on the question of papal infallibility, and this I propose to examine in the present paper. It fortunately happens that the view taken by infallibilists of the relation of Galileo's case to the central dogma of their system has been deliberately expounded in an article of the *Dublin Review* (New Series, No. X., 1865).[1] I shall make use of the theological materials collected by the learned author of the article in question, and examine how far his conclusions require modification in consequence of the facts for the first time unearthed by M. de l'Epinois.

[1] Vols. XVI. and XVII. contain articles which further develope the same view.

A reply to certain remarks of the Reviewer which reflect unfairly, as I think, on the characters of Galileo and his predecessor Copernicus, will conclude my paper.

The Reviewer begins by defining the position which believers in papal infallibility are bound to take up with respect to the *doctrinal decrees of pontifical congregations*, *i.e.* decisions on matters of belief published by certain standing committees of Cardinals appointed by the Pope. When these are sanctioned by the Pope's authority and promulgated by his express command, they are to be regarded as his instructions *ex cathedra*, and therefore as infallible. The arguments alleged in support of this view are as follows. A doctrinal declaration emanating directly from the Pope himself, and couched in language which shows that it is intended for the whole church, is beyond all doubt a decision *ex cathedra*. It may, however, happen that what is, in form, only the decision of a pontifical congregation, may be in fact a decree of the Pope. When the Pope authorizes a doctrinal decree and commands its publication by a particular congregation, he thereby confers upon it the papal origination and universal destination which together characterize a decision *ex cathedra*. This inference, besides its inherent reasonableness, rests further on direct authoritative statements of the present Pope. In declarations the infallibility of which no Romanist can dispute, Pius IX. has claimed submission for "the doctrinal decisions put forth by the pontifical congregations;" and also laid it down, by way of example, that a particular decree of the congregation of the Index, sanctioned by papal authority and published by papal command, must be understood as finally decisive, and demanding "from all who boast of the catholic profession" complete obedience.

The case of Galileo presents us with two congregational decrees, to which the Reviewer applies the test of infallibility above laid down. The first is that issued by the congregation of the Index on March 5, 1616, declaring the doctrine of the mobility of the earth and immobility of the sun to be *false and altogether opposed to the divine Scripture*, and suspending the work of Copernicus in which it was taught. The Reviewer argues that, since this decree undoubtedly possessed the first of the two conditions to be satisfied by an *ex cathedra* utterance—viz. papal *approval*, "the whole question turns on one single issue, whether the publication of this decree was, or was not, expressly and personally commanded by the Holy Father himself." The issue is decided in the negative, on the ground that there is no evidence connecting the Pope with the *publication* of the decree, and consequently the decree itself is declared to lack this essential mark of a pronouncement *ex cathedra*. Accordingly, the Pope's infallibility is not involved in the congregation's erroneous condemnation of Copernicanism.

The second instance is contained in the final judgment pronounced by the Inquisition on Galileo in 1633. The essential passage of the sentence is as follows:—". . . . We say, judge, and declare, that you, the above-named Galileo, ... have rendered yourself by this Holy Office vehemently suspected of heresy—that is, that you believed and held that doctrine which is false and contrary to the sacred Scriptures, namely, that the sun is the centre of the orbit of the world and that it moves not from east to west, and that the earth moves and is not the centre of the world."

The Reviewer argues that here, again, we have to do with a declaration to which infallibility does not attach; inasmuch as no evidence is forthcoming to show *either* that the sentence of the Inquisition had the Pope's approval, *or* that it was published at his command. His conclusion therefore is that the Pope's infallibility is as little committed against Copernicanism by the verdict of the Holy Office as by that of the congregation of the Index.

A proposition, the truth of which rests merely on the absence of contradictory

evidence, is obviously in a precarious state so long as it cannot be shown that hostile evidence is *non-existent*, as well as *non-producible*. This is why, for instance, reasoning against Darwinism based on the absence of "missing links" is so inconclusive. If the *e silentio* argument is more used in Theology than elsewhere, it is because in that subject there is far less risk than in other branches of knowledge that new and unexpected facts may make their appearance, and demand recognition. Even there, however, this danger cannot be safely disregarded, as will presently be seen in the case in hand.

The reader's special attention is requested to the following extract from the trial-record, the original of which is appended in a note.[1] Its latinity hardly admits of a verbatim translation. "June 16, 1633.—Case of Galileo dei Galilei.—His Holiness having been informed as above, ordered that he should be questioned as to his intention, threatened with the torture, and if he still stood to his previous statement, compelled to sign a recantation on grave suspicion of heresy in a solemn assembly of the Holy Office, and sentenced to imprisonment during the pleasure of the sacred congregation, with an injunction to him in future not to discuss the mobility of the earth or the stability of the sun, either in writing or by word of mouth in any manner whatever, on pain of being treated as a relapsed heretic. Also that the book written by him entitled *Dialogue of Galileo Galilei, member of the Lincean Academy*, be prohibited. Further, in order that these things may become universally known, he commanded copies of the sentence, to be passed as above, to be forwarded to all apostolic nuncios, and to all Inquisitors into heretical pravity (and especially to the Inquisitor of Florence), who should cause it to be publicly read in their solemn assembly after having taken measures to secure the attendance of the principal professors of the mathematical art."

The concluding scenes of Galileo's trial took place in exact conformity with these directions. On June 21 he was required by the Inquisition to state whether, and if so when, he had held the Copernican theory. On his asserting that he had not done so since that doctrine had been condemned by the congregation of the Index, he was pressed with the presumption which his Dialogue afforded to the contrary, and urged to tell the truth freely. He still, however, adhered to the statement he had made, and was thereupon twice warned that, unless he made up his mind to tell the truth, the tribunal would order the application of the torture. Even this menace proved ineffectual, and, in the language of the trial-record, "as nothing further could be done to carry out the (Pope's) order, he was sent back to his place of confinement."

The sentence of the Inquisition, pronounced the following day, declared Galileo to have incurred the penalties imposed on persons vehemently suspected of heresy, and required, as the condition of absolving him from them, that he should abjure his error in a set form prescribed by the tribunal. In order to "make him more cautious for the future," his Dialogue was to be prohibited, and his person imprisoned during the pleasure of the congregation. As a "salutary penance" he was enjoined to recite the seven penitential

[1] "Die Junii, 1633. Galilei de Galileis de quo supra proposito cautus Sanctissimus decrevit ipsum interrogandum esse super intentione et comminata ei tortura ac si sustinuerit previa abjuratione de vehementi in plena congregatione S. officii, condemnandum ad carcerem arbitrio sâcre congregationis, injuncto ei ne de cætero scripto vel verbo tractet amplius quovis modo de mobilitate terre nec de stabilitate solis et e contra sub pœna relapsus. Librum vero ab eo conscriptum cui titulus est *Dialogo de Galileo Galilei Linceo*, prohibendum fore. Preterea ut hæc omnibus innotescant, exemplaria sententie de supra ferende transmitti jussit ad omnes nuncios apostolicos et ad omnes heretice pravitatis inquisitores, ac precipue ad inquisitorem Florentie qui eam intimarent in ejus plena congregatione accersitis etiam et coram plerisque mathematice artis professoribus publice legi."—*Galilée et l'Inquisition*, p. 129.

psalms once a week for the space of three years.

In his recantation Galileo was made to promise absolute silence as to the Copernican theory, and to undertake that, if he knew a heretic, or any one suspected of heresy, he would denounce him to the Holy Office.

The reader will observe how sedulously the members of the court moulded their sentence on the mandate issued to them by the Pope. The psalm-reciting penance, and the extorted promise to inform against heretics, are the only points on which they appear to have exercised an independent power of origination.

The terms of the Pope's order fully warrant the conclusion that he authorized at least so much of the sentence of the Inquisition as merely embodied his own direct instructions. Thus, the proposition that Galileo had rendered himself suspected of a heresy, viz. of believing that the earth moved and the sun stood still, unquestionably received the papal assent.

That the sentence was published at the Pope's command is manifest from his detailed directions as to the sending out of copies to the nuncios and Inquisitors: its universal destination is rendered equally certain by the words "omnibus innotescant" of the Pope's order.

The trial-minute, which has now been adequately examined for the purpose in hand, establishes the following proposition :—

Pope Urban VIII. authorized the statement that it was heresy to believe in the motion of the earth and the non-motion of the sun, and ordered such statement to be published by the congregation of the Holy Office.

Thus the two conditions which, according to the Dublin Reviewer, suffice to render the decree of a pontifical congregation equivalent to an *ex cathedra* papal utterance are satisfied by the sentence of the Inquisition against Galileo; at least as far as the heretical character of Copernicanism is concerned. The Reviewer's argument, therefore, when the additional facts contained in the trial-minute are duly taken into account, proves that a decision possessing the essential marks of infallibility declared that to be an heretical opinion which we now know to be an ascertained and unquestionable fact. Such a conclusion cannot, of course, be admitted for a moment by any infallibilist. It appears, however, to have been legitimately arrived at from the premises laid down by the Dublin Reviewer. I leave it to him, either to point out the inconclusiveness of my reasoning, or else to refute his own theory as to the doctrinal decrees of pontifical congregations.

I now pass to the Reviewer's derogatory suggestions about Copernicus and Galileo, which an adequate acquaintance even with secondary sources of information would have enabled him to avoid.

The first is, the oft-repeated insinuation that Copernicus advocated the heliocentric theory only as a serviceable hypothesis, and not as a probable truth. An authority on this point shall be at once cited to which the Reviewer ought to be the last to take an objection. The congregation of the Index published in 1620 the corrections with which the work of Copernicus, suspended in 1616, was to be allowed to reappear. Its decree on this occasion begins by saying that the members of the congregation thought the book ought in strictness to have been absolutely forbidden, because in it the author undertakes not merely to treat hypothetically, but to establish as absolutely true, doctrines which contradict the Holy Scriptures taken in their veritable catholic meaning.[1] To most persons, however, the opinion of Galileo on this point will be more satisfactory than that of a Roman congregation. We have it in a letter to Monsignor Dini, dated March 23, 1614 :[2]—

"The assertion that Copernicus did not believe the motion of the earth to

[1] *Riccioli.* Almagestum, vol. ii., pp. 496, 497.

[2] This and other passages from Galileo's letters which follow are translated from the Florentine edition of his collected works.

be a reality cannot, in my opinion, meet with support, except perhaps among those who have not read him, inasmuch as his book is full of matter dependent on, or else explaining and maintaining, the motion of the earth. In his dedication he confesses himself well aware that this supposition would cause him to be reputed a fool by the mass of mankind, to whose opinion, however, he declares himself indifferent. With far greater justice would he have been esteemed such, had he been willing to incur the stigma of folly for the sake of an opinion which he merely advanced, but did not internally and actually believe."

A reference to the book of Copernicus itself fully bears out the above statements. It is true that the prefatory pages speak only the most guarded and hypothetical language; but, in the main body of the work, the real belief of the author in the truth of his theory is unmistakeably, if only incidentally, manifested. Thus he tells his readers why "the Ancients thought that the earth was at rest in the centre of the universe," and points out the inadequacy of their reasons. He entitles a particular chapter, a "proof" of the earth's motion—language which the congregation of the Index were at the pains to soften down into "proof of the hypothesis of the earth's motion;" and so on. But the most decisive passage is that at the end of the tenth chapter of the first book, where, after describing the earth as a planet circling about the sun with the six others then known, he exclaims, in a burst of religious feeling, "so great, of a truth, is this godlike handiwork of the Almighty!" This passage, as absolutely incompatible with a hypothetical view, was expunged by the Index-congregation, nor, I apprehend, will the Dublin Reviewer propose to render it, "so great is my godlike hypothesis about the Almighty's handiwork!"

The criticism on Galileo to which I take exception is as follows:—

"It is often taken for granted by Galileo's admirers that throughout he interiorly accepted Copernicanism as undoubtedly true. They represent him therefore in fact, as one of the most mendacious and cowardly poltroons who ever appeared in public life, and we would fain, if possible, 'deliver him from his friends.' That he was greatly attached to the theory: earnestly desired the church's permission to believe it; and would at once have heartily and delightedly believed it, could he have obtained this permission;—is clear enough: but to our minds it is by no means clear that he was prepared deliberately to accept it in defiance of her authority."

Let us see whether the facts bear out such an opinion.

Prior to the condemnation of the heliocentric theory by the congregation of the Index in 1616, Galileo avowed his belief in it with much directness. As early as 1597 we find him informing the German astronomer, Kepler, that he had many years before become a convert to this tenet. In 1615, the year preceding the congregation's decision, he wrote his celebrated letter to the Grand Duchess Christina, which contains the following explicit declaration:—"In my studies of Astronomy and Philosophy I hold, as to the world's system, that the sun, without changing place, is situate in the centre of the revolution of the celestial orbs, and that the earth turns about its own axis and moves round the sun."

Galileo does not content himself, in this admirably reasoned letter, with stating his own opinion, but goes on to show the unwisdom and futility of any attempt to check the unwelcome theory by means of ecclesiastical censures. The passages in which he does this shall be cited in full: they are well worthy of careful perusal, and have an application far wider than their obvious and immediate one.

"It may be doubted whether some ambiguity will not continue to exist as long as the nature of the pre-eminence which renders Sacred Theology worthy the name of Queen of the Sciences remains undefined. For she may be such either because all that they teach is

contained and demonstrated in her, only with more excellent means and with sublimer learning—in the way, for instance, that the rules of book-keeping and land-surveying are contained in a higher form in arithmetic and in Euclid, than in the manuals of Accountants and Surveyors—or because the subject with which Theology is occupied surpasses in dignity all the subjects which are treated by the other sciences, and also because her teaching is carried on by higher methods. That the sovereign title and authority is rightfully due to Theology in the first of these senses, cannot, I think, be affirmed by such Theologians as have had any experience in the other sciences; not one of whom, I believe, will say that Astronomy, Music, and Medicine are more admirably and exactly contained in the Sacred Scriptures than in the works of Archimedes, Ptolemy, Boetius, and Galen. It seems, therefore, that the royal pre-eminence is due in the second sense, by virtue of the sublimity of the subject and the admirable teachings of divine revelations in those conclusions which the mind of man could grasp by no other means, and which most highly concern the obtaining of everlasting salvation. If, therefore, Theology, occupying herself with the highest of divine contemplations, and seated, by reason of the supreme authority committed to her, in the throne of regal dignity, descends not to the lower and humbler speculations of the inferior sciences, to which, as not concerning salvation she is indifferent; her professors ought not to claim authority to issue decrees in crafts which they have not practised or studied. Indeed, to do so would be as if an absolute prince, knowing his power freely to command and to enforce obedience, were to determine (he being neither physician nor architect), that medicine and architecture should be practised according to his directions, to the grave peril of the wretched patients' lives and the manifest ruin of the buildings. Moreover, to command these same professors of astronomy to be on their guard against their own observations and demonstrations, as being such as cannot be other than fallacies and sophisms, is to command them to do what is more than impossible, since it is to require them not merely not to see what they see, and not to understand what they understand, but also by searching to find out the contrary of that which spontaneonsly presents itself. Hence, before doing this, it would be necessary to show them how to make the powers of the mind mutually command each other, and set the inferior over the superior; so that the imagination and the will should be both able and willing to believe the opposite of that which the intellect perceives. I am still speaking of purely natural propositions, which are not matters of faith, not of supernatural ones which are so. I would beg the wise and learned fathers (of the church) to consider with all diligence the difference which exists between matters of mere opinion and matters of demonstration, in order that, bringing clearly before their minds the stringent force of necessary inference, they may the better convince themselves that it is not in the power of professors of the demonstrative sciences to alter their opinions at will, so as to be now of one way of thinking and now of another. In this manner they will see how great a difference there is between directing a mathematician or philosopher, and disposing of a merchant or lawyer; and that demonstrated conclusions about things in nature or in the heavens, do not admit of being altered with the same ease as opinions as to what is permissible or not, under a contract, mortgage, or bill of exchange.

[1] "If, in order utterly to extinguish this opinion (*i.e.* the heliocentric theory), it were enough to silence a single individual, this end could be easily compassed. The case, however, stands otherwise, since to carry out such a determination it would be necessary to prohibit not only the book of Copernicus, and the writings of the other authors who follow

[1] From this point to the end of the extract I have followed Salusbury's English version.

the same opinion, but to interdict the whole science of astronomy, and which is more, to forbid men looking towards heaven, that so they might not see Mars and Venus at one time near to the earth, and at another farther off . . . and many other sensible phenomena, which can never by any means be reconciled to the Ptolemaic system, but are unanswerable arguments for the Copernican.

"But the prohibiting of this writer, now that by many new observations, and by the application of many of the learned to the reading of him, his hypothesis and doctrine appear every day to be more true; having admitted and tolerated it for so many years, whilst he was less followed, studied, and confirmed, would seem, in my judgment, an affront to truth, and a seeking the more to obscure and oppress her, the more she shows herself clear and perspicuous.

"The abolishing and censuring, not the whole book, but only so much of it as concerns this particular tenet would, if I mistake not, be a still greater detriment to souls; it being an occasion of great scandal to see a position proved, and to see it afterwards made a sin to believe it. The prohibiting the whole science, what other would it be but an open contempt of an hundred texts of the Holy Scriptures, which teach us that the glory and the greatness of Almighty God are admirably discerned in all his works, and divinely read in the open book of heaven?"

The above extracts not only define Galileo's attitude towards the heliocentric theory, but show very plainly how little his conviction was likely to be shaken by the adverse verdict of a committee of Cardinals. That after the formal deliverance of the Index congregation, in 1616, he adopted a guarded tone, and avoided any expression of personal opinion was, in Italy at the opening of the 17th century, only the inevitable consequence of an ecclesiastical censure: indeed had he, during the remainder of his life, never made another reference to the subject, his silence would have afforded no warrant for inferring any change of internal belief. We are not, however, without positive indications that during the period which elapsed between that event and his own condemnation in 1633, Galileo's opinion remained unaltered. Thus, in a letter dated September 23, 1624, after saying that a certain Padre Grassi, was not altogether opposed to the earth's motion, he adds "This shows that he leans considerably to my opinions." Again, on November 19, 1629, he mentions what he supposed to be the cause of the flow and ebb of the sea. His explanation,[1] as he himself tells us in a letter of December 7, 1624, "involved the truth of the Copernican system."

Even in the miserable years which succeeded his condemnation — years spent under the spying vigilance, the watchful suspicion, and the reiterated menaces of the Holy Office—Galileo still occasionally mentions the earth's motion in his letters, but it is now in that tone of irony, veiling the keenest contempt under language of profound submission to the will of his ecclesiastical superiors, which he had employed with such wonderful effect, and with consequences so disastrous to himself, in his celebrated dialogue on the two rival systems of the world. A specimen of this mode of finding a vent for his pent-up feelings of just indignation, is preserved to us in a letter written on March 29, 1641, only nine months before his death. It is addressed to an old pupil, who was a decided Copernican, and opens with a preface so pompously papal, that, but for a sly sally against "Ptolemy and his allies," and a hint to his correspondent to read up a particular point in his "unlucky dialogue," it might easily be taken to indicate a real abandonment of his cherished tenet.

The reader is, I hope, by this time convinced that from his thirtieth year until his death at the age of eighty-seven, Galileo held firmly and unwaveringly to the truth of the Copernican system.

It remains to enquire whether, such

[1] The erroneousness of this explanation does not, of course, affect the object with which I mention it here.

being the case, his conduct at the bar of the Inquisition must cause us to regard him as, in the language of the Dublin Reviewer, "one of the most mendacious and cowardly poltroons who ever appeared in public life." Let us try to place ourselves in the position of the persecuted philosopher when he was making up his mind what line to adopt in the approaching trial. We may imagine him reasoning with himself somewhat as follows :—

"If I declare my belief in Copernicanism, and refuse to abandon it, the consequences to myself will probably be that after undergoing cruel tortures, I shall be left to linger out the remnant of my days in a dungeon of the Holy Office. The new ideas which a few more years might have ripened into important discoveries, especially those which I believe are destined to form the basis of the yet unborn science of motion, will thus be utterly lost to the world. All my books will, of course, be put upon the Index; and the work of my whole life all but obliterated. I shall not even have the satisfaction of giving an open testimony to the truth before the world : all that can ever be known of my fate will be that I entered the gates of the Inquisition, and was never seen to quit them again. I shall simply go down noiselessly into silence. On the other hand, if I make an absolute submission to the will of the tribunal, I may reasonably hope to escape without any other punishment than the prohibition of my dialogue, and thus be able to devote my remaining years, without let or hindrance, to the advancement of science."

Other influences, both physical and moral, undoubtedly threw their weight into the scale of submission. The efficacy of protracted bodily suffering in loosening the tenacity of the will is notorious. Galileo had long laboured under more than one painful malady, and, just at the crisis of his trial, was visited with a paroxysm of gout. After a most trying journey, in a litter, from Florence to Rome, undertaken in the very depth of winter, in obedience to the threatening and peremptory summons of the Holy Office, and involving a quarantine of eighteen days at a wretched station, destitute of all comforts for a sick man, Galileo reached Rome on February 13, 1633. In accordance with the cruelly deliberate procedure of the Inquisition, he was kept in suspense for two months before his case came on, and then his examinations took place at long intervals, separated by weeks of terrible anxiety. The last was on June 21, the day before that on which sentence was pronounced. No one can doubt what the effect of all this was likely to be on a suffering invalid who was entering his 70th year.

The wishes of those persons to whom Galileo was bound by the strongest feelings of loyalty and friendship, were expressed with the utmost emphasis in favour of his adopting a submissive line of conduct. The Tuscan ambassador, Niccolini, who showed himself, throughout the affair, the warmest and staunchest supporter of the persecuted old man, urged this policy upon him as approved by the Government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whose personal service Galileo was attached. The Grand Duke himself had caused letters to be addressed to all the Cardinals who were members of the Holy Office, entreating their favourable consideration of his servant's case. It is most satisfactory to know that, even under the combined pressure thus brought to bear upon him from every quarter, Galileo did not come to the resolution of denying the truth to which the best part of his life had been devoted, without an agonizing internal struggle. A despatch of Niccolini to his Government enables us to be witnesses of the conflict, and to watch the iron of the Inquisition slowly entering into his soul. The ambassador, writing three days before the first examination, describes how, finding that Galileo spoke of maintaining his opinions before the Inquisition, he had exhorted him to abandon such an intention, and to submit to whatever the tribunal required him to believe or hold in the matter. "He," continues Niccolini, "is

in terrible affliction, and, as far as my opinion goes, I find him so sunk since yesterday, that I entertain fears for his life."

Had Galileo stood by his opinions to the last, he would have performed an act of almost superhuman heroism, in sacrificing himself for a mere speculative opinion, to believe which could make no man morally better, or to disbelieve it morally worse. That he failed to attain this sublime height of self-abandonment affords no ground for inferring that he would have succumbed under a less exceptionally severe temptation: it does not even show that he would have lacked the martyr's courage, had the truth to be maintained been a religious belief deemed vitally bound up with eternal weal or woe. Huss, or Savonarola, might well have declined martyrdom for some abstract opinion in speculative Theology, and even the Dublin Reviewer, though he calls Galileo a "cowardly poltroon," might object to be racked in defence of his theory of the infallibility of pontifical congregations.

By nothing short of absolute submission to the will of his judges, could Galileo hope to attain the immunity he desired: even the unconditional surrender which he actually made barely saved him from the torture, and failed to save him from condemnation and sentence of imprisonment. While, therefore, a slight stain of unveracity unquestionably attaches to Galileo's memory, the heavy responsibility involved in driving a fellow-creature by the fear of torture and ruin, to declare solemnly before God that to be false, which he inwardly believes to be true, must rest mainly on Pope Urban VIII.

It is a most remarkable circumstance, that by declining the crown of martyrdom on behalf of the Copernican theory, Galileo took the very step which ensured its ultimate triumph. In the subsequent years of study purchased by his humiliating submission, he laid down the great elementary principles of dynamics; Kepler contributed his discovery of the laws of planetary movement; and Newton reared on the firm basis thus made ready to his hand the magnificent structure of universal gravitation.

Sedley Taylor.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PHŒBE."

It was a cold morning in January, and up here among the Jura hills the clouds had melted into a small and chilling rain that fell ceaselessly. The great "Paps of Jura" were hidden in the mist; even the valleys near at hand were vague and dismal in the pale fog; and the Sound of Islay, lying below, and the far sea beyond, were gradually growing indistinguishable. In a rude little sheiling, built on one of the plateaus of rock, Frank Lavender sat alone, listening to the plashing of the rain without. A rifle that he had just carefully dried lay across his knees. A brace of deer-hounds had stretched out their paws on the earthern floor, and had put their long noses between their paws to produce a little warmth. It was, indeed, a cold and damp morning; and the little hut was pervaded with a smell of wet wood, and also of peat-ashes, for one of the gillies had tried to light a fire, but the peats had gone out.

It was Lavender who had let the fire go out. He had forgotten it. He was thinking of other things—of a song, mostly, that Sheila used to sing; and lines of it went hither and thither through his brain, as he recalled the sound of her voice:—

> "*Haste to thy barque,*
> *Coastwise steer not;*
> *Sail wide of Mull,*
> *Jura near not!*
>
> "*Farewell, she said,*
> *Her last pang subduing,*
> *Brave Mac Intyre,*
> *Costly thy wooing!*"

There came into the sheiling a little, wiry, old keeper, with shaggy grey hair and keen black eyes.

"Cosh bless me!" he said, petulantly, as he wrung the rain out of his bonnet, "you hef let the peats go out, Mr. Lavender, and who will tell when the rain will go off?"

"It can't last long, Neil. It came on too suddenly for that. I thought we were going to get one fine day when we started this morning; but you don't often manage that here, Neil."

"Indeed no, Sir," said Neil, who was not a native of Jura, and was as eager as anyone to abuse the weather prevailing there, "it is a ferry bad place for the weather. If the Almichty were to tek the sun away a' tagether, it would be days and weeks and days before you would find it oot. But it iss a good thing, sir, you will get the one stag before the mist came down; and he is not a stag, mirover, but a fine big hart, and a royal, too, and I hef not seen many finer in the Jura hills. Oh, yes, sir, when he wass crossing the burn, I made out his points ferry well, and I wass saying to myself, 'Now, if Mr. Lavender will get this one, it will be a grand day this day, and it will make up for many a wet day among the hills.'"

"They haven't come back with the pony yet?" Lavender asked, laying down his gun and going to the door of the hut.

"Oh no," Neil said, following him, "it iss a long way to get the powny, and maybe they will stop at Mr. MacDougall's to hef a dram. And Mr. Mac Dougall was saying to me yesterday that the ferry next time you wass shoot a royal, he would hef the horns dressed and the head stuffed to make you a pre-

sent, for he is ferry proud of the picture of Miss Margaret, and he will say to me many's sa time that I wass to gif you the ferry best shooting, and not to be afraid of disturbing sa deer, when you had a mind to go out. And I am not sure, sir, we will not get another stag to tek down with us yet, if the wind would carry away the mist, for the rain that is nearly off now, and as you are ferry wet, sir, already, it is no matter if we go down through the glen and cross the water to get the side of Ben Bheulah."

"That is true enough, Neil; and I fancy the clouds are beginning to lift. And there they come with the pony."

Neil directed his glass towards a small group that appeared to be coming up the side of the valley below them, and that was still at some considerable distance.

"Cosh bless me!" he cried, "what is that? There iss two strangers—oh yes, indeed, and mirover—and there is one of them on the pony."

Lavender's heart leaped within him. If they were strangers, they were coming to see him; and how long was it since he had seen the face of any one of his old friends and companions? It seemed to him years.

"Is it a man or a woman on the pony, Neil?" he asked, hurriedly, with some wild fancy flashing through his brain. "Give me the glass!"

"Oh, it is a man," said Neil, handing over the glass. "What would a woman be doing up sa hills on a morning like this?"

The small party below came up out of the grey mist; and Lavender in the distance heard a long view-halloo.

"Cott tam them!" said Neil, at a venture. "There is not a deer on Ben-an Cabrach that will not hear them!"

"But if these strangers are coming to see me, I fear we must leave the deer alone, Neil."

"Ferry well, Sir, ferry well, Sir, it is a bad day whatever; and it is not many strangers will come to Jura. I suppose they hef come to Port Ascaig, and taken the ferry across the Sound."

"I am going to meet them on chance," Lavender said, and he set off along the side of the deep valley, leaving Neil with the dogs and the rifles.

"Hillo, Johnny!" he cried, in amazement, when he came upon the advancing group. "And you, Mosenberg! By Jove, how did you ever get here?"

There was an abundance of hand-shaking and incoherent questions when young Mosenberg jumped down on the wet heather, and the three friends had actually met. Lavender scarcely knew what to say: these two faces were so strange, and yet so familiar; their appearance there was so unexpected, his pleasure so great.

"I can't believe my eyes yet, Johnny. Why did you bring him here? Don't you know what you'll have to put up with in this place? Well, this does do a fellow's heart good. I am awfully pleased to see you, and it is very kind of you——"

"But I am very cold," the handsome Jew boy said, swinging his arms and stamping his feet. "Wet boats, wet carts, wet roads, wet saddles, and everywhere cold, cold, cold——"

"And he won't drink whisky, so what is he to expect?" Johnny Eyre said.

"Come along up to a little hut here," Lavender said, "and we'll try to get a fire lit. And I have some brandy there ——"

"And you have plenty of water to mix with it," said the boy, looking mournfully around. "Very good. Let us have the fire and the warm drink; and then, you know the story of the music that was frozen in the trumpet, and that all came out when it was thawed at a fire? When we get warm we have very great news to tell you—oh, very great news indeed."

"I don't want any news—I want your company. Come along, like good fellows, and leave the news for afterwards. The men are going on with a pony to fetch a stag that has been shot —they won't be back for an hour, I suppose, at the soonest. This is the sheiling up here, where the brandy is secreted. Now, Neil, help us to get up

a blaze. If any of you have newspapers, letters, or anything that will set a few sticks on fire——"

"I have a box of wax matches," Johnny said, "and I know how to light a peat-fire better than any man in the country."

He was not very successful at first, for the peats were a trifle damp; but in the end he conquered, and a very fair blaze was produced, although the smoke that filled the sheiling had nearly blinded Mosenberg's eyes. Then Lavender produced a small tin pot and a solitary tumbler; and they boiled some water, and lit their pipes, and made themselves seats of peat round the fire. All the while a brisk conversation was going on, some portions of which astonished Lavender considerably.

For months back, indeed, he had almost cut himself off from the civilized world. His address was known to one or two persons; and sometimes they sent him a letter; but he was a bad correspondent. The news of his aunt's death did not reach him till a fortnight after the funeral; and then it was by a singular chance that he noticed it in the columns of an old newspaper.

"That is the only thing I regret about coming away," he was saying to these two friends of his; "I should like to have seen the old woman before she died. She was very kind to me."

"Well," said Johnny Eyre, with a shake of the head, "that is all very well; but a mere outsider like myself—you see, it looks to me a little unnatural that she should go and leave her money to a mere friend, and not to her own relations——"

"I am very glad she did," Lavender said. "I had as good as asked her to do it long before. And Ted Ingram will make a better use of it than I ever did."

"It is all very well for you to say so now, after all this fuss about those two pictures; but suppose she had left you to starve?"

"Never mind suppositions," Lavender said, to get rid of the subject. "Tell me, Mosenberg, how is that overture of yours getting on?"

"It is nearly finished," said the lad, with a flush of pleasure, "and I have shown it in rough to two or three good friends, and—shall I tell you?—it may be performed at the Crystal Palace. But that is a chance. And the fate of it, that is also a chance. But you—you have succeeded all at once, and brilliantly, and all the world is talking of you; and yet you go away among mountains, and live in the cold and wet, and you might as well be dead."

"What an ungrateful boy it is!" Lavender cried. "Here you have a comfortable fire, and hot brandy-and-water, and biscuits, and cigars if you wish; and you talk about people wishing to leave these things and die! Don't you know that in half-an-hour's time you will see that pony come back with a deer—a royal hart—slung across it; and won't you be proud when Mac Dougall takes you out and gives you a chance of driving home such a prize? Then you will carry the horns back to London, and you will have them put up, and you will discourse to your friends of the span, and the pearls of the antlers, and the crockets? To-night after supper you will see the horns and the head brought into the room, and if you fancy that you yourself shot the stag, you will see that this life among the hills has its compensations."

"It is a very cold life," the lad said, passing his hands over the fire.

"That is because you won't drink anything," said Johnny Eyre, against whom no such charge could be brought. "And don't you know that the drinking of whiskey is a provision invented by nature to guard human beings like you and me from cold and wet? You are flying in the face of Providence if you don't drink whiskey among the Scotch hills."

"And have you people to talk to?" said Mosenberg, looking at Lavender with a vague wonder, for he could not understand why any man should chose such a life.

"Not many."

"What do you do on the long evenings when you are by yourself?"

"Well, it isn't very cheerful; but it does a man good service sometimes to be alone for a time; it lets him find himself out."

"You ought to be up in London, to have all the praise of the people about your two pictures. Every one is talking of them; the newspapers, too—have you seen the newspapers?"

"One or two. But all I know of these two pictures is derived from offers forwarded me by the Secretary at the Exhibition-rooms. I was surprised when I got them at first. But never mind them. Tell me more about the people one used to know. What about Ingram now? Has he cut the Board of Trade? Does he drive in the Park? Is he still in his rooms in Sloane Street?"

"Then you have had no letters from him?" Mosenberg said, with some surprise.

"No. Probably he does not know where I am. In any case——"

"But he is going to be married!" Mosenberg cried. "You did not know that? And to Mrs. Lorraine?"

"You don't say so! Why, he used to hate her—but that was before he knew her. To Mrs. Lorraine?"

"Yes. And it is amusing. She is so proud of him. And if he speaks at the table, she will turn away from you, as if you were not worth listening to, and have all her attention for him. And whatever is his opinion, she will defend that, and you must not disagree with her—oh, it is very amusing!" and the lad laughed, and shook back his curls.

"It is an odd thing," Lavender said; "but many a time, long before Ingram ever saw Mrs. Lorraine, I used to imagine these two married. I knew she was just the sort of clever, independent, clear-headed woman to see Ingram's strong points, and rate them at their proper value. But I never expected anything of the sort, of course; for I had always a notion that some day or other he would be led into marrying some pretty, gentle, and soft-headed young thing, whom he would have to take through life in a protecting sort of way, and who would never be a real companion for him. So he is to marry Mrs. Lorraine, after all! Well, he won't become a man of fashion, despite all his money. He is sure to start a yacht, for one thing. And they will travel a deal, I suppose. I must write and congratulate him."

"I met them on the day I went to see your picture," Mosenberg said. "Mrs. Lorraine was looking at it a long time, and at last she came back and said 'The sea in that picture makes me feel cold.' That was a compliment, was it not? Only you cannot get a good view very often; for the people will not stand back from the pictures. But every one asks why you did not keep these two over for the Academy."

"I shall have other two for the Academy, I hope,"

"Commissions?" Johnny asked, with a practical air.

"No. I have had some offers; but I prefer to leave the thing open. But you have not told me how you got here yet," Lavender added, continually breaking away from this subject of the pictures.

"In the *Phœbe*," Eyre said.

"Is she in the bay?"

"Oh no. We had to leave her at Port Ellen to get a few small repairs done, and Mosenberg and I came on by road to Port Ascaig. Mind you, she was quite small enough to come round the Mull at this time of the year."

"I should think so. What's your crew?"

"Two men and a lad, besides Mosenberg and myself, and I can tell you we had our hands full sometimes."

"You've given up open boats with stone ballast now," Lavender said, with a laugh.

"Rather. But it was no laughing matter," Eyre added, with a sudden gravity coming over his face. "It was the narrowest squeak I ever had, and I don't know now how I clung on to that place till the day broke. When I came to myself and called out for you, I never expected to hear you answer;

and in the darkness, by Jove! your voice sounded like the voice of a ghost. How you managed to drag me so far up that seaweed I can't imagine; and then the dipping down and under the boat ——!"

"It was that dip down that saved me," Lavender said. "It brought me to; and made me scramble like a rat up the other side as soon as I felt my hands on the rock again. It was a narrow squeak, as you say, Johnny. Do you remember how black the place looked when the first light began to show in the sky; and how we kept each other awake by calling; and how you called 'hurrah!' when we heard Donald; and how strange it was to find ourselves so near the mouth of the harbour, after all? During the night I fancied we must have been thrown on Battle Island, you know——"

"I do not like to hear about that," young Mosenberg said. "And always, if the wind came on strong, or if the skies grew black, Eyre would tell me all the story over again when we were in this boat coming down by Arran and Cantyre. Let us go out and see if they come with the deer. Has the rain stopped?"

At this moment, indeed, sounds of the approaching party were heard, and when Lavender and his friends went to the door, the pony, with the deer slung on to him, was just coming up. It was a sufficiently picturesque sight —the rude little sheiling with its peat-fire, the brown and wiry gillies, the slain deer roped on to the pony, and all around the wild magnificence of hill and valley clothed in moving mists. The rain had, indeed, cleared off; but these pale white fogs still clung around the mountains, and rendered the valleys vague and shadowy. Lavender informed Neil that he would make no further effort that day; he gave the men a glass of whiskey all round; and then, with his friends, he proceeded to make his way down to the small white cottage fronting the Sound of Islay, which had been his home for months back.

Just before setting off, however, he managed to take young Mosenberg aside for a moment.

"I suppose," he said, with his eyes cast down, "I suppose you heard something from Ingram of—of Sheila?"

"Yes," said the lad, rather bashfully. "Ingram had heard from her. She was still in Lewis."

"And well?"

"I think so; yes," said Mosenberg; and then he added, with some hesitation, "I should like to speak to you about it when we have the opportunity. There were some things that Mr. Ingram said—I am sure he would like you to know them."

"There was no message to me?" Lavender asked, in a low voice.

"From her? No. But it was the opinion of Mr. Ingram——"

"Oh, never mind that, Mosenberg," said the other, turning away wearily. "I suppose you won't find it too fatiguing to walk from here back? It will warm you, you know; and the old woman down there will get you something to eat. You may make it luncheon or dinner, as you like, for it will be nearly two by the time you get down. Then you can go for a prowl round the coast; if it does not rain, I shall be working as long as there is daylight. Then we can have a dinner and supper combined in the evening. You will get venison and whisky."

"Don't you ever have anything else?"

"Oh yes. The venison will be in honour of you. I generally have mutton and whisky."

"Look here, Lavender," the lad said, with considerable confusion, "the fact is—Eyre and I—we brought you a few things in the *Phœbe*—a little wine, you know, and some such things. To-morrow, if you could get a messenger to go down to Port Ellen—but no, I suppose we must go and work the boat up the Sound."

"If you do that, I must go with you," Lavender said, "for the chances are that your skipper doesn't know the currents in the Sound, and they are rather peculiar, I can tell you. So Johnny and

you have brought me some wine. I wish we had it now, to celebrate your arrival; for I am afraid I can offer you nothing but whiskey."

The old Highland woman who had charge of the odd little cottage in which Lavender lived was put into a state of violent consternation by the arrival of these two strangers; but as Lavender said he would sleep on a couple of chairs, and give his bed to Mosenberg, and the sofa to Eyre, and as Mosenberg declared that the house was a marvel of neatness and comfort, and as Johnny assured her that he had frequently slept in a herring-barrel, she grew gradually pacified. There was a little difficulty about plates and knives and forks at luncheon, which consisted of cold mutton and two bottles of ale that had somehow been overlooked; but all these minor inconveniences were soon smoothed over; and then Lavender, carrying his canvas under his arm, and a portable easel over his shoulder, went down to the shore, bade his companions good-bye for a couple of hours, and left them to explore the winding and rocky coast of Jura.

In the evening they had dinner in a small parlour which was pretty well filled with a chest of drawers, a sofa, and a series of large canvasses. There was a peat-fire burning in the grate, and two candles on the table; but the small room did not get oppressively hot, for each time the door was opened a draught of cold sea-air rushed in from the passage, sometimes blowing out one of the candles, but always sweetening the atmosphere. Then Johnny had some fine tobacco with him; and Mosenberg had brought Lavender a present of a meerschaum pipe; and presently a small kettle of hot water was put in requisition, and the friends drew round the fire.

"Well, it *is* good of you to come and see a fellow like this," Lavender said, with a very apparent and hearty gratitude in his face, "I can scarcely believe my eyes that it is true. And can you make any stay, Johnny? Have you brought your colours with you?"

"Oh no, I don't mean to work," Johnny said. "I have always had a fancy for a mid-winter cruise. It's a hardening sort of thing, you know. You soon get used to it, don't you, Mosenberg?"

And Johnny grinned.

"Not yet—I may afterwards," said the lad. "But at present this is more comfortable than being on deck at night when it rains and you know not where you are going."

"But that was only your own perversity. You might just as well have stopped in the cabin, and played that cornopean, and made yourself warm and comfortable. Really, Lavender, it's very good fun; and if you only watch for decent weather, you can go anywhere. Fancy our coming round the Mull with the *Phœbe* yesterday! And we had quite a pleasant trip across to Islay."

"And where do you propose to go after leaving Jura?" Lavender asked.

"Well, you know, the main object of our cruise was to come and see you. But if you care to come with us for a few days, we will go wherever you like."

"If you are going further north, I must go with you," Lavender said, "for you are bound to drown yourself some day, Johnny, if some one doesn't take care of you."

There was no deep design in this project of Johnny's; but he had had a vague impression that Lavender might like to go north, if only to have a passing glimpse at the island he used to know.

"One of my fellows is well acquainted with the Hebrides," he said; "if you don't think it too much of a risk, I should like it myself; for those northern islands must look uncommonly wild and savage in winter; and one likes to have new experiences. Fancy, Mosenberg, what material you will get for your next piece—it will be full of storms, and seas, and thunder—you know how the wind whistles through the overture to the *Diamants de la Couronne*——"

"It will whistle through us," said the boy, with an anticipatory shiver;

"but I do not mind the wind if it is not wet. It is the wet that makes a boat so disagreeable—everything is so cold and clammy—you can touch nothing, and when you put your head up in the morning—pah! a dash of rain and mist, and salt water altogether gives you a shock——"

"What made you come round the Mull, Johnny, instead of cutting through the Crinan?" Lavender asked of his friend.

"Well," said the youth, modestly, "nothing except that two or three men said we couldn't do it."

"I thought so," Lavender said. "And I see I must go with you, Johnny. You must play no more of these tricks. You must watch your time, and run her quietly up the Sound of Jura to Crinan; and watch again, and get her up to Oban; and watch again and get her up to Loch Sligachan. Then you may consider. It is quite possible you may have fine, clear weather, if there is a moderate north-east wind blowing——"

"A north-east wind!" Mosenberg cried.

"Yes," Lavender replied, confidently, for he had not forgotten what Sheila used to teach him; "that is your only chance. If you have been living in fog and rain for a fortnight, you will never forget your gratitude to a north-easter when it suddenly sets in to lift the clouds and show you a bit of blue sky. But it may knock us about a bit in crossing the Minch."

"We have come round the Mull, and we can go anywhere," Johnny said. "I'd back the *Phœbe* to take you safely to the West Indies; wouldn't you, Mosenberg?"

"Oh no," the boy said. "I would back her to take you, not to take me."

Two or three days thereafter the *Phœbe* was brought up the Sound from Port Ellen, and such things as were meant as a present to Lavender were landed. Then the three friends embarked; for the weather had cleared considerably, and there was, indeed, when they set out, a pale, wintry sunshine gleaming on the sea, and on the white deck and spars of the handsome little cutter which Johnny commanded. The *Phœbe* was certainly a great improvement on the crank craft in which he used to adventure his life on Loch Fyne; she was big enough, indeed, to give plenty of work to everybody on board of her, and when once she had got into harbour, and things put to rights, her chief state-room proved a jolly and comfortable little place enough. They had some pleasant evenings in this way after the work of the day was over; when the swinging lamps shone down on the table that was furnished with wine-glasses, bottles, cigars, and cards. Johnny was very proud of being in command, and of his exploit in doubling the Mull. He was continually consulting charts and compasses, and going on deck to communicate his last opinion to his skipper. Mosenberg, too, was getting better accustomed to the hardships of yachting, and learning how to secure a fair amount of comfort. Lavender never said that he wished to go near Lewis; but there was a sort of tacit understanding that their voyage should tend in that direction.

They had a little rough weather on reaching Skye, and, in consequence, remained in harbour a couple of days. At the end of that time a happy opportunity presented itself of cutting across the Little Minch—the Great Minch was considered a trifle risky—to Loch Maddy in North Uist. They were now in the Western Islands; and strange indeed was the appearance which the bleak region presented at this time of the year—the lonely coasts, the multitudes of wild fowl, the half-savage, wondering inhabitants, the treeless wastes, and desolate rocks. What these remote and melancholy islands might have looked like in fog and misty rain could only be imagined, however; for fortunately, the longed-for north-easter had set in, and there were wan glimmerings of sunshine across the sea and the solitary shores. They remained in Loch Maddy but a single day; and then, still favoured by a brisk north-east breeze, made their way through the Sound of

Harris, and got to leeward of the conjoint island of Harris and Lewis. There, indeed, were the great mountains which Lavender had seen many a time from the north; and now they were close at hand, and dark, and forbidding. The days were brief at this time, and they were glad to put into Loch Resort, which Lavender had once seen in company with old Mackenzie, when they had come into the neighbourhood on a salmon-fishing excursion.

The *Phœbe* was at her anchorage, the clatter on deck over, and Johnny came below to see what sort of repast could be got for the evening. It was not a very grand meal, but he said—

"I propose that we have a bottle of champagne to celebrate our arrival at the island of Lewis. Did you ever see anything more successfully done? And now, if this wind continues, we can creep up to-morrow to Loch Roag, Lavender, if you would like to have a look at it."

For a moment the colour forsook Lavender's face.

"No, thank you, Johnny," he was about to say, when his friend interrupted him.

"Look here, Lavender; I know you would like to see the place, and you can do it easily without being seen. No one knows me. When we anchor in the bay, I suppose Mr. Mackenzie—as is the hospitable and praiseworthy custom of these parts—will send a message to the yacht and ask us to dine with him. I, at any rate, can go up and call on him, and make excuses for you; and then I could tell you, you know——"

Johnny hesitated.

"Would you do that for me, Johnny?" Lavender said. "Well, you are a good fellow."

"Oh," Johnny said, lightly, "it's a capital adventure for me; and perhaps I could ask Mackenzie—Mr. Mackenzie, I beg your pardon—to let me have two or three clay pipes, for this brier-root is rapidly going to the devil."

"He will give you anything he has in the house; you never saw such a hospitable fellow, Johnny. But you must take great care what you do."

"You trust to me. In the meantime, let's see what Pate knows about Loch Roag."

Johnny called down his skipper, a bluff, short, red-faced man, who presently appeared, his cap in his hand.

"Will you have a glass of champagne, Pate?"

"Oh, ay, sir," he said, not very eagerly.

"Would you rather have a glass of whiskey?"

"Well, sir," Pate said, in accents that showed that his Highland pronunciation had been corrupted by many years' residence in Greenock, "I was thinkin' the whiskey was a wee thing better for ye on a cauld nicht."

"Here you are, then. Now, tell me, do you know Loch Roag?"

"Oh, ay, fine. Many's the time I hiv been in to Borvabost."

"But," said Lavender, "do you know the Loch itself? Do you know the bay on which Mackenzie's house stands?"

"Weel, I'm no sae sure aboot that, sir. But if ye want to gang there, we can pick up some bit body at Borvabost that will tak' us round."

"Well," Lavender said, "I think I can tell you how to go. I know the channel is quite simple—there are no rocks about—and once you are round the point you will see your anchorage."

"It's twa or three years since I was there, sir," Pate remarked, as he put the glass back on the table; "I mind there was a daft auld man there that played the pipes."

"That was old John the Piper!" Lavender said. "Don't you remember Mr. Mackenzie, whom they call the King of Borva?"

"Weel, sir, I never saw him, but I was aware he was in the place. I have never been up here afore wi' a party o' gentlemen, and he wasna coming down to see the like o' us."

With what a strange feeling Lavender beheld, the following afternoon, the opening to the great Loch that he knew so well. He recognized the various rocky promontories, the Gaelic names of which

Sheila had translated for him. Down there in the south were the great heights of Suainabhal, and Cracabhal, and Mealasabhal. Right in front was the sweep of Borvabost Bay, and its huts, and its small garden patches; and up beyond it was the hill on which Sheila used to sit in the evening, to watch the sun go down behind the Atlantic. It was like entering again a world with which he had once been familiar, and in which he had left behind a peaceful happiness he had sought in vain elsewhere. Somehow, as the yacht dipped to the waves, and slowly made her way into the loch, it seemed to him that he was coming home—that he was returning to the old and quiet joys he had experienced there—that all the past time that had darkened his life was now to be removed. But when, at last, he saw Mackenzie's house high up there over the tiny bay, a strange thrill of excitement passed through him, and that was followed by a cold feeling of despair, which he did not seek to remove.

He stood on the companion, his head only being visible, and directed Pate until the *Phœbe* had arrived at her moorings; and then he went below. He had looked wistfully for a time up to the square, dark house, with its scarlet copings, in the vague hope of seeing some figure he knew; but now, sick at heart, and fearing that Mackenzie might make him out with a glass, he sat down in the state-room, alone, and silent, and miserable.

He was startled by the sound of oars, and got up and listened. Mosenberg came down and said—

"Mr. Mackenzie has sent a tall, thin man—do you know him?—to see who we are, and whether we will go up to his house."

"What did Eyre say?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is going."

Then Johnny himself came below. He was a sensitive young fellow; and at this moment he was very confused, excited, and nervous.

"Lavender," he said, stammering somewhat, "I am going up now to Mackenzie's house. You know whom I shall see. Shall I take any message—if I see a chance—if your name is mentioned—a hint, you know——"

"Tell her," Lavender said, with a sudden pallor of determination in his face: but he stopped, and said abruptly, "Never mind, Johnny. Don't say anything about me."

"Not to-night, anyway," Johnny said to himself, as he drew on his best blue jacket, with its shining brass buttons, and went up the companion to see if the small boat was ready.

Johnny had had a good deal of knocking about the Western Highlands, and was familiar with the frank and ready hospitality which the local lairds—more particularly in the remote islands, where a stranger brought recent newspapers and a breath of the outer world with him—granted to all comers who bore with them the credentials of owning a yacht. But never before had he gone up to a strange house with such perturbation of spirit. He had been so anxious, too, that he had left no time for preparation. When he started up the hill, he could see, in the gathering dusk, that the tall keeper had just entered the house; and, when he arrived there, he found absolutely nobody about the place.

In ordinary circumstances he would simply have walked in, and called some one from the kitchen. But he now felt himself somewhat of a spy; and was not a little afraid of meeting the handsome Mrs. Lavender, of whom he had heard so much. There was no light in the passage; but there was a bright-red gloom in one of the windows, and, almost inadvertently, he glanced in there. What was this strange picture he saw? The red flame of the fire showed him the grand figures on the walls of Sheila's dining-room, and lit up the white table-cover and the crystal in the middle of the apartment. A beautiful young girl, clad in a tight blue dress, had just risen from beside the fire to light two candles that were on the table; and then she went back

to her seat, and took up her sewing, but not to sew. For Johnny saw her gently kneel down beside a little bassinet that was a mass of wonderful pink and white, and he supposed the door in the passage was open, for he could hear a low voice humming some lullaby-song, sung by the young mother to her child. He went back a step, bewildered by what he had seen. Could he fly down to the shore, and bring Lavender up to look at this picture through the window, and beg of him to go in and throw himself on her forgiveness and mercy? He had not time to think twice. At this moment Mairi appeared in the dusky passage, looking a little scared, although she did not drop the plates she carried.

"Oh, sir, and are you the gentleman that has come in the yacht? And, Mr. Mackenzie, he is upstairs just now, but he will be down ferry soon; and will you come in and speak to Miss Sheila?"

"*Miss Sheila?*" he repeated to himself, with amazement; and the next moment he found himself before this beautiful young girl, apologizing to her, stammering, and wishing that he had never undertaken such a task, while he knew that all the time she was regarding him with her large, calm, and gentle eyes, and that there was no trace of embarrassment in her manner.

"Will you take a seat by the fire until papa comes down?" she said. "We are very glad to have anyone come to see us; we do not have many visitors in the winter."

"But I am afraid," he stammered, "I am putting you to trouble——" and he glanced at the swinging pink and white couch.

"Oh no," Sheila said, with a smile, "I was just about to send my little boy to bed."

She lifted the sleeping child and rolled it in some enormous covering of white and silken-haired fur, and gave the small bundle to Mairi to carry to Scarlett.

"Stop a bit!" Johnny called out to Mairi; and the girl started and looked round, whereupon he said to Sheila, with much blushing, "Isn't there a superstition about an infant waking to find silver in its hand? I am sure you wouldn't mind my——"

"He cannot hold anything yet," Sheila said, with a smile.

"Then, Mairi, you must put this below his pillow—is not that the same thing for luck?" he said, addressing the young Highland girl as if he had known her all his life; and Mairi went away proud and pleased to have this precious bundle to carry, and talking to it with a thousand soft and endearing phrases in her native tongue.

Mackenzie came in, and found the two talking together.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, with a grave courtesy. "You are ferry welcome to the island, and if there is anything you want for the boat, you will hef it from us. She is a little thing to hef come so far."

"She's not very big," Johnny said, "but she's a thorough good sailer; and then we watch our time, you know. But I don't think we shall go further north than Lewis."

"Hef you no friends on board with you?" Mackenzie asked.

"Oh yes," Johnny answered; "two. But we did not wish to invade your house in a body. To-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" said Mackenzie, impatiently. "No, but to-night! Duncan, come here! Duncan, go down to the boat that has just come in and tell the gentlemen——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Johnny cried, "but my two friends are regularly done up—tired—they were just going to turn in when I left the yacht. To-morrow, now, you will see them——"

"Oh, ferry well, ferry well," said Mackenzie, who had hoped to have a big dinner-party for Sheila's amusement. "In any way, you will stop and het some dinner? It is just ready—oh, yes—and it is not a ferry fine dinner; but it will be different from your cabin for you to sit ashore."

"Well, if you will excuse me," Johnny was about to say, for he was so full of the news that he had to tell that he would have sacrificed twenty

dinners to get off at this moment. But Mr. Mackenzie would take no denial. An additional cover was laid for the stranger, and Johnny sat down to stare at Sheila in a furtive way, and to talk to her father about everything that was happening in the great world.

"And what now is this," said Mackenzie, with a lofty and careless air, "what is this I see in the papers about pictures painted by a gentleman called Lavender? I hef a great interest in these exhibitions; perhaps you hef seen the pictures?"

Johnny blushed very red; but he hid his face over his plate; and presently he answered, without daring to look at Sheila—

"I should think I have seen them! Why, if you care for coast landscapes, I can tell you you never saw such thorough good work all your life! Why, everybody's talking of them—you never heard of a man making such a name for himself in so short a time."

He ventured to look up. There was a strange, proud light in the girl's face; and the effect of it on this bearer of good tidings was to make him launch into such praises of these pictures as considerably astonished old Mackenzie. As for Sheila, she was proud and happy, but not surprised. She had known it all along. She had waited for it patiently, and it had come at last, although she was not to share in his triumph.

"I know some people who know him," said Johnny, who had taken two or three glasses of Mackenzie's sherry, and felt bold; "and what a shame it is he should go away from all his friends and almost cease to have any communication with them. And then, of all the places in the world to spend a winter in, Jura is about the very——"

"Jura!" said Sheila, quickly, and he fancied that her face paled somewhat.

"I believe so," he said; "somewhere on the western coast, you know, over the Sound of Islay."

Sheila was obviously very much agitated; but her father said in a careless way, "Oh yes, Jura is not a ferry good place in the winter. And the west side, you said? Ay, there are not many houses on the west side; it is not a ferry good place to live in. But it will be ferry cheap, whatever."

"I don't think that is the reason of his living there," said Johnny, with a laugh.

"But," Mackenzie urged, rather anxiously, "you wass not saying he would get much for these pictures? Oh no, who will give much money for pictures of rocks and seaweed? Oh no!"

"Oh, won't they, though?" Johnny cried. "They give a good deal more for that sort of picture now than for the old-fashioned cottage-scenes, with a young lady, dressed in a drugget petticoat and a pink jacket, sitting peeling potatoes. Don't you make any mistake about that. The public is beginning to learn what real good work is, and, by Jove, don't they pay for it, too! Lavender got 800*l*. for the smaller of the two pictures I told you about."

Johnny was beginning to forget that the knowledge he was showing of Frank Lavender's affairs was suspiciously minute.

"Oh no, sir," Mackenzie said, with a frown. "It is all nonsense the stories that you hear. I hef had great experience of these exhibitions. I hef been to London several times, and every time I wass in the Exhibitions."

"But I should know something of it, too; for I am an artist myself."

"And do you get 800*l*. for a small picture?" Mackenzie asked, severely.

"Well, no," Johnny said, with a laugh. "But then I am a duffer."

After dinner, Sheila left the room; Johnny fancied he knew where she was going. He pulled in a chair to the fire, lit his pipe, and said he would have but one glass of toddy, which Mackenzie proceeded to make for him. And then he said to the old King of Borva—

"I beg your pardon, sir; but will you allow me to suggest that that young girl who was in here before dinner should not call your daughter Miss Sheila before strangers?"

"Oh, it is very foolish!" said Mackenzie, "but it is an old habit, and

they will not stop it. And Duncan, he is worse than anyone."

"Duncan, I suppose, is the tall fellow who waited at dinner?"

"Oh aye, that is Duncan."

Johnny's ingenious bit of stratagem had failed. He wanted to have old Mackenzie call his daughter Mrs. Lavender, so that he might have had occasion to open the question and plead for his friend. But the old man resolutely ignored the relationship between Lavender and his daughter, so far as this stranger was concerned; and so Johnny had to go away partly disappointed.

But another opportunity might occur; and in the meantime was not he carrying rare news down to the *Phœbe?* He had lingered too long in the house; but now he made up for lost time, and once or twice nearly missed his footing in running down the steep path. He had to find the small boat for himself, and go out on the slippery stones and seaweed to get into her. Then he pulled away from the shore, his oars striking white fire into the dark water, the water gurgling at the bow. Then he got into the shadow of the black hull of the yacht, and Pate was there to lower the little gangway.

When Johnny stepped on deck, he paused, in considerable doubt as to what he should do. He wished to have a word with Lavender alone; how could he go down with such a message as he had to deliver to a couple of fellows probably smoking and playing chess?

"Pate," he said, "tell Mr. Lavender I want him to come on deck for a minute."

"He's by himsel', sir," Pate said. "He's been sitting by himsel' for the last hour. The young gentleman's lain doon."

Johnny went down into the little cabin; Lavender, who had neither book, nor cigar, nor any other sign of occupation near him, seemed in his painful anxiety almost incapable of asking the question that rose to his lips.

"Have you seen her, Johnny?" he said, at length, with his face looking strangely careworn.

Johnny was an impressionable young fellow. There were tears running freely down his cheeks, as he said—

"Yes I have, Lavender; and she was rocking a child in a cradle."

CHAPTER XXVI.

REDINTEGRATIO AMORIS.

That same night Sheila dreamed a strange dream; and it seemed to her that an angel of God came to her, and stood before her, and looked at her with his shining face and his sad eyes. And he said, "*Are you a woman, and yet slow to forgive? Are you a mother, and have you no love for the father of your child?*" It seemed to her that she could not answer. She fell on her knees before him, and covered her face with her hands, and wept. And when she raised her eyes again, the angel was gone; and in his place Ingram was there, stretching out his hand to her, and bidding her rise and be comforted. Yet he, too, spoke in the same reproachful tones, and said—

"What would become of us all, Sheila, if none of our actions were to be condoned by time and repentance? What would become of us if we could not say, at some particular point of our lives, to the bygone time, that we had left it, with all its errors, and blunders, and follies, behind us, and would, with the help of God, start clear on a new sort of life? What would it be if there were no forgetfulness for any of us—no kindly veil to come down and shut out the memory of what we have done—if the staring record were to be kept for ever before our eyes? And you are a woman, Sheila—it should be easy for you to forgive, and to encourage, and to hope for better things of the man you love. Has he not suffered enough? Have you no word for him?"

The sound of her sobbing in the night-time brought her father to the door. He tapped at the door, and said—

"What is the matter, Sheila?"

She awoke with a slight cry; and he went into the room and found her in a

strangely troubled state, her hands outstretched to him, her eyes wet and wild.

"Papa, I have been very cruel. I am not fit to live any more. There is no woman in the world would have done what I have done."

"Sheila!" he said, "you hef been dreaming again about all that folly and nonsense. Lie down, like a good lass. You will wake the boy if you do not lie down and go to sleep; and to-morrow we will pay a visit to the yacht that hass come in, and you will ask the gentlemen to look at the *Maighdean-mhara.*"

"Papa," she said, "to-morrow I want you to take me to Jura."

"To Jura, Sheila? You cannot go to Jura! You cannot leave the baby with Mairi, Sheila."

"I will take him with me," she said.

"Oh, it is not possible at all, Sheila. But I will go to Jura. Oh yes, I will go to Jura. Indeed, I was thinking last night that I would go to Jura."

"Oh no, *you* must not go," she cried. "You would speak harshly—and he is very proud—and we should never see each other again. Papa, I know you will do this for me—you will let me go——"

"It is foolish of you, Sheila," her father said, "to think that I do not know how to arrange such a thing without making a quarrel of it. But you will see all about it in the morning. Just now, you will lie down, like a good lass, and go to sleep. So good night, Sheila, and do not think of it any more till the morning."

She thought of it all through the night, however. She thought of her sailing away down through the cold wintry seas to search that lonely coast. Would the grey dawn break with snow; or would the kindly heavens lend her some fair sunlight as she set forth on her lonely quest? And all the night through she accused herself of being hard of heart; and blamed herself, indeed, for all that had happened in the bygone time. Just as the day was coming in she fell asleep; and she dreamed that she went to the angel whom she had seen before, and knelt down at his feet, and repeated in some vague way the promises she had made on her marriage morning. With her head bent down, she said that she would live and die a true wife, if only another chance were given her. The angel answered nothing; but he smiled with his sad eyes, and put his hand for a moment on her head, and then disappeared. When she woke Mairi was in the room, silently stealing away the child; and the white daylight was clear in the windows.

She dressed with trembling hands, and yet there was a faint suffused sense of joy in her heart. She wondered if her father would keep to his promise of the night before, or whether it had been made to get her to rest. In any case, she knew that he could not refuse her much; and had not he himself said that he had intended going away down to Jura?

"Sheila, you are not looking well this morning," her father said; "it is foolish of you to lie awake and think of such things. And as for what you wass saying about Jura, how can you go to Jura? We hef no boat big enough for that. I could go—oh yes, I could go—but the boat I would get at Stornoway you could not go in at all, Sheila; and as for the baby——"

"But then, papa," she said, "did not the gentleman who was here last night say they were going back by Jura? And it is a big yacht; and he has only two friends on board. He might take us down."

"You cannot ask a stranger, Sheila. Besides, the boat is too small a one for this time of the year. I should not like to see you go in her, Sheila."

"I have no fear," the girl said.

"No fear!" her father said, impatiently. "No, of course you hef no fear—that is the mischief. You will tek no care of yourself whatever."

"When is the young gentleman coming up this morning?"

"Oh, he will not come up again till I go down. Will you go down to

the boat, Sheila, and go on board of her?"

Sheila assented; and some half hour thereafter she stood at the door, clad in her tight-fitting blue serge, with the hat and sea-gull's wing over her splendid masses of hair. It was an angry-looking morning enough; rags of grey cloud were being hurried past the shoulders of Suainabhal; a heavy surf was beating on the shore.

"There is going to be rain, Sheila," her father said, smelling the moisture in the keen air. "Will you hef your waterproof?"

"Oh no," she said; "if I am to meet strangers, I cannot wear a waterproof."

The sharp wind had brought back the colour to her cheeks; and there was some gladness in her eyes. She knew she might have a fight for it, before she could persuade her father to set sail in this strange boat; but she never doubted for a moment—recollecting the gentle face and modest manner of the youthful owner—that he would be really glad to do her a service, and she knew that her father's opposition would give way.

"Shall we take Bras, papa?"

"No, no!" her father said; "we will hef to go in a small boat. I hope you will not get wet, Sheila—there is a good breeze on the water this morning."

"I think they are much safer in here than going round the islands just at present," Sheila said.

"Ay, you are right there, Sheila," her father said, looking at the direction of the wind. "They got in in ferry good time. And they may hef to stay here for a while before they can face the sea again."

"And we shall become very great friends with them, papa; and they will be glad to take us to Jura," she said, with a smile; for she knew there was not much of the hospitality of Borvabost bestowed with ulterior motives.

They went down the steep path to the bay, where the *Phœbe* was lurching and heaving in the rough swell, her bowsprit sometimes nearly catching the crest of a wave. No one was on deck. How were they to get on board?

"They can't hear you in this wind," Sheila said. "We will have to haul down our own boat."

And that, indeed, they had to do; though the work of getting the little thing down the beach was not very arduous for a man of Mackenzie's build.

"I am going to pull you out to the yacht, papa," Sheila said.

"Indeed you will do no such thing," her father said, indignantly. "As if you wass a fisherman's lass, and the gentlemen never wass seeing you before. Sit down in the stern, Sheila, and hold on ferry tight, for it is a rough water for this little boat."

They had almost got out indeed to the yacht before anyone was aware of their approach; but Pate appeared in time to seize the rope that Mackenzie flung him, and, with a little scrambling, they were at last safely on board. The noise of their arrival, however, startled Johnny Eyre, who was lying on his back smoking a pipe after breakfast. He jumped up, and said to Mosenberg, who was his only companion—

"Hillo! here's this old gentleman come on board. He knows you? What's to be done?"

"Done?" said the boy, with a moment's hesitation; and then a flush of decision sprang into his face. "Ask him to come down. Yes; I will speak to him, and tell him that Lavender is on the island. Perhaps he meant to go into the house; who knows? If he did not, let us make him!"

"All right," said Johnny; "let's go a buster."

Then he called up the companion to Pate, to send the gentleman below, while he flung a few things aside, to make the place more presentable. Johnny had been engaged, a few minutes before, in sewing a button on a woollen shirt; and that article of attire does not look well beside a breakfast-table.

His visitor began to descend the narrow wooden steps; and presently Mackenzie was heard to say—

"Tek great care, Sheila. The brass is ferry slippery."

"Oh, thunder!" Johnny said, looking to Mosenberg.

"Good morning, Mr. Eyre," said the old King of Borva, stooping to get into the cabin; "it is a rough day you are getting. Sheila, mind your head till you have passed the door."

Mackenzie came forward to shake hands, and in doing so caught sight of Mosenberg. The whole truth flashed upon him in a moment; and he instantaneously turned to Sheila, and said, quickly—

"Sheila, go up on deck for a moment."

But she, too, had seen the lad; and she came forward, with a pale face, but with a perfectly self-possessed manner, and said, "How do you do? It is a surprise, your coming to the island; but you often used to talk of it."

"Yes," he stammered, as he shook hands with her and her father, "I often wished to come here. What a wild place it is! And have you lived here, Mrs. Lavender, all the time since you left London?"

"Yes, I have."

Mackenzie was getting very uneasy. Every moment he expected Lavender would enter this confined little cabin; and was this the place for these two to meet, before a lot of acquaintances?

"Sheila," he said, "it is too close for you here, and I am going to have a pipe with the gentlemen. Now if you wass a good lass, you would go ashore again, and go up to the house, and say to Mairi that we will all come for luncheon at one o'clock, and she must get some fish up from Borvabost. Mr. Eyre, he will send a man ashore with you in his own boat, that is bigger than mine, and you will show him the creek to put into. Now go away, like a good lass, and we will be up ferry soon—oh yes, we will be up directly at the house."

"I am sure," Sheila said to Johnny Eyre, "we can make you more comfortable up at the house than you are here, although it is a nice little cabin." And then she turned to Mosenberg, and said, "And we have a great many things to talk about."

"Could she suspect?" Johnny asked himself, as he escorted her to the boat, and pulled her in himself to the shore. Her face was pale, and her manner a trifle formal; otherwise she showed no sign. He watched her go along the stones till she reached the path; then he pulled out to the *Phœbe* again, and went down below to entertain his host of the previous evening.

Sheila walked slowly up the rude little path, taking little heed of the blustering wind and the hurrying clouds. Her eyes were bent down; her face was pale. When she got to the top of the hill, she looked, in a blank sort of way, all round the bleak moorland; but probably she did not expect to see anyone there. Then she walked, with rather an uncertain step, into the house.

She looked into the room, the door of which stood open. Her husband sate there, with his arms outstretched on the table, and his head buried in his hands. He did not hear her approach, her footfall was so light; and it was with the same silent step she went into the room, and knelt down beside him, and put her hands and face on his knee, and said simply—

"I beg for your forgiveness."

He started up and looked at her as though she were some spirit, and his own face was haggard and strange.

"Sheila," he said, in a low voice, laying his hand gently on her head, "it is I who ought to be there, and you know it. But I cannot meet your eyes. I am not going to ask for your forgiveness just yet—I have no right to expect it. All I want is this—if you will let me come and see you just as before we were married—and if you will give me a chance of winning your consent over again—we can at least be friends until then—— But why do you cry, Sheila? You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

She rose, and regarded him for a moment with her streaming eyes; and then, moved by the passionate entreaty of her

face, and forgetting altogether the separation and time of trial he had proposed, he caught her to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, and talked soothingly and caressingly to her, as if she were a child.

"I cry," she said, "because I am happy—because I believe all that time is over—because I think you will be kind to me. And I will try to be a good wife to you; and you will forgive me all that I have done."

"You are heaping coals of fire on my head, Sheila," he said, humbly. "You know I have nothing to forgive. As for you—I tell you I have no right to expect your forgiveness yet. But I think you will find out by and by that my repentance is not a mere momentary thing. I have had a long time to think over what has happened—and what I lost when I lost you, Sheila."

"But you have found me again," the girl said, pale a little, and glad to sit down on the nearest couch, while she held his hand and drew him towards her. "And now I must ask you for one thing."

He was sitting beside her: he feared no longer to meet the look of those earnest, meek, affectionate eyes.

"This is it," she said. "If we are to be together, not what we were, but something quite different from that, will you promise me never to say one word about what is past—to shut it out altogether—to forget it?"

"I cannot, Sheila," he said. "Am I to have no chance of telling you how well I know how cruel I was to you—how sorry I am for it?"

"No," she said, firmly. "If you have some things to regret, so have I; and what is the use of competing with each other as to which has the most forgiveness to ask for? Frank, dear, you will do this for me. You will promise never to speak one word about that time."

How earnest the beautiful, sad face was! He could not withstand the entreaty of the piteous eyes. He said to her, abashed by the great love that she showed, and hopeless of making other reparation than obedience to her generous wish—

"Let it be so, Sheila. I will never speak a word about it. You will see otherwise than in words whether I forget what is passed, and your goodness in letting it go. But, Sheila," he added, with downcast face, "Johnny Eyre was here last night—he told me——" He had to say no more. She took his hand, and led him gently and silently out of the room.

Meanwhile the old King of Borva had been spending a somewhat anxious time down in the cabin of the *Phœbe.* Many and many a day had he been planning a method by which he might secure a meeting between Sheila and her husband; and now it had all come about without his aid, and in a manner which rendered him unable to take any precautions. He did not know but that some awkward accident might destroy all the chances of the affair. He knew that Lavender was in the island. He had frankly asked young Mosenberg as soon as Sheila had left the yacht.

"Oh yes," the lad said, "he went away into the island early this morning. I begged of him to go to your house; he did not answer. But I am sure he will. I know he will."

"My Kott!" Mackenzie said, "and he has been wandering about the island all the morning, and he will be very faint and hungry; and a man is neffer in a good temper then for making up a quarrel. If I had known the last night, I could hef had dinner with you all here, and we should hef given him a good glass of whisky, and then it wass a good time to tek him up to the house."

"Oh, you may depend on it, Mr. Mackenzie," Johnny Eyre said, "that Lavender needs no stimulus of that sort to make him desire a reconciliation. No, I should think not. He has done nothing but brood over this affair since ever he left London; and I should not be surprised if you scarcely knew him, he is so altered. You would fancy he had lived ten years in the time."

"Ay, ay," Mackenzie said, not listening very attentively, and evidently

thinking more of what might be happening elsewhere; "but I was thinking, gentlemen, it wass time for us to go ashore, and go up to the house, and hef something to eat."

"I thought you said one o'clock for luncheon, sir," young Mosenberg said.

"One o'clock!" Mackenzie repeated, impatiently; "who the teffle can wait till one o'clock, if you hef been walking about an island since the daylight with nothing to eat or drink!"

Mr. Mackenzie forgot that it was not Lavender he had asked to lunch.

"Oh yes," he said, "Sheila hass had plenty of time to send down to Borvabost for some fish; and by the time you get up to the house, you will see that it is ready."

"Very well," Johnny said, "we can go up to the house, any way."

He went up the companion, and he had scarcely got his head above the level of the bulwarks when he called back——

"I say, Mr. Mackenzie, here is Lavender on the shore, and your daughter is with him. Do they want to come on board, do you think? Or do they want us to go ashore?"

Mackenzie uttered a few phrases in Gaelic, and got up on deck instantly. There, sure enough was Sheila, with her hand on her husband's arm; and they were both looking towards the yacht. The wind was blowing too strong for them to call. Mackenzie wanted himself to pull in for them; but this was over-ruled; and Pate was despatched.

An awkward pause ensued. The three standing on deck were sorely perplexed as to the forthcoming interview, and as to what they should do. Were they to rejoice over a reconciliation; or ignore the fact altogether, and simply treat Sheila as Mrs. Lavender? Her father, indeed, fearing that Sheila would be strangely excited, and would probably burst into tears, wondered what he could get to scold her about.

Fortunately, an incident, partly ludicrous, broke the awkwardness of their arrival. The getting on deck was a matter of some little difficulty; in the scuffle Sheila's small hat with its snow-white feather got unloosed somehow, and the next minute it was whirled away by the wind into the sea. Pate could not be sent after it just at the moment, and it was rapidly drifting away to leeward, when Johnny Eyre, with a laugh and a "Here goes!" plunged in after the white feather that was dipping and rising in the waves like a sea-gull. Sheila uttered a slight cry, and caught her husband's arm. But there was not much danger. Johnny was an expert swimmer; and in a few minutes he was seen to be making his way backward with one arm, while in the other hand he held Sheila's hat. Then Pate had by this time got the small boat round to leeward; and very shortly after Johnny, dripping like a Newfoundland dog, came on deck and presented the hat to Sheila, amidst a vast deal of laughter.

"I am so sorry," she said; "but you must change your clothes quickly—I hope you will have no harm from it."

"Not I," he said, "but my beautiful white ducks have got rather into a mess. I am glad you saw them while they were dry, Mrs. Lavender. Now I am going below to make myself a swell, for we're all going to have luncheon on shore, ain't we?"

Johnny went below very well pleased with himself. He had called her Mrs. Lavender without wincing. He had got over all the awkwardness of a second introduction by the happy notion of plunging after the hat. He had to confess, however, that the temperature of the sea was not just that he could have preferred for a morning bath.

By and by he made his appearance in his best suit of blue and brass buttons, and asked Mrs. Lavender if she would now come down and see the cabin.

"I think you want a good glass of whiskey," old Mackenzie said, as they all went below, "the water it is ferry cold just now."

"Yes," Johnny said, blushing, "we shall all celebrate the capture of the hat."

It was the capture of the hat, then,

that was to be celebrated by this friendly ceremony. Perhaps it was; but there was no mirth now on Sheila's face.

"And you will drink first, Sheila," her father said, almost solemnly, "and you will drink to your husband's health."

Sheila took the glass of raw whiskey in her hand; and looked round timidly.

"I cannot drink this, papa," she said. "If you will let me——"

"You will drink that glass to your husband's health, Sheila," old Mackenzie said, with unusual severity.

"She shall do nothing of the sort if she doesn't like it!" Johnny Eyre cried, suddenly—not caring whether it was the wrath of old Mackenzie or of the devil that he was braving; and forthwith he took the glass out of Sheila's hand, and threw the whiskey on the floor. Then he pulled out a champagne bottle from a basket and said, "This is what Mrs. Lavender will drink."

Mackenzie looked staggered for a moment. He had never been so braved before. But he was not in a quarrelsome mood on such an occasion; so he burst into a loud laugh, and cried——

"Well, did ever any man see the like o' that? Good whiskey—ferry good whiskey—and flung on the floor as if it was water; and as if there wass no one in the boat that would hef drunk it. But no matter, Mr. Eyre, no matter; the lass will drink whatever you give her, for she's a good lass; and if we hef all to drink champagne that is no matter too; but there is a man or two up on deck that would not like to know the whiskey was spoiled."

"Oh," Johnny said, "there is still a drop left for them. And this is what you must drink, Mrs. Lavender."

Lavender had sat down in a corner of the cabin, his eyes averted. When he heard Sheila's name mentioned he looked up, and she came forward to him. She said, in her simple way, "I drink this to you, my dear husband," and at the same moment the old King of Borva came forward and held out his hand, and said, "Yes; and by Kott, I drink to your health, too, with ferry good will."

Lavender started to his feet.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Mackenzie. I have got something to say to you before you ought to shake my hand."

But Sheila interposed quickly. She put her hand on his arm, and looked into his face.

"You will keep your promise to me," she said; and that was an end of the matter. The two men shook hands; there was nothing said between them, then or again, of what was over and gone.

They had a pleasant enough luncheon together, up in that quaint room, with the Tyrolese pictures on the wall; and Duncan for once respected old Mackenzie's threats as to what would happen if he called Sheila anything but Mrs. Lavender before these strangers. For some time Lavender sat almost silent; and answered Sheila, who continuously talked to him, in little else than monosyllables. But he looked at her a great deal, sometimes in a wistful sort of way, as if he were trying to recall the various fancies her face used to produce in his imagination.

"Why do you look at me so?" she said to him in an undertone.

"Because I have made a new friend," he said.

But when Mackenzie began to talk of the wonders of the island and the seas around it, and to beg the young yachtsmen to prolong their stay, Lavender joined with a will in that conversation, and added his entreaties.

"Then you are going to stay?" Johnny Eyre said, looking up.

"Oh, yes," he answered, as if the alternative of going back with them had not presented itself to him.

"For one thing, I have got to look out for a place where I can build a house. That is what I mean to do with my savings just at present; and if you would come with me, Johnny, and have a prowl round the island, to find out some pretty little bay with a good anchorage in it—for you know I am going to steal that *Maighdean-mhara*

from Mr. Mackenzie—then we can begin and make ourselves architects, and plan out the place that is to be. And then some day——"

Mackenzie had been sitting in mute astonishment; but he suddenly broke in upon his son-in-law.

"On this island? No, by Kott, you will not do that. On this island? And with all the people at Stornoway? Hoots, no, that will neffer do; Sheila, she hass no one to speak to on this island as a young lass should hef; and you—what would you do yourself in the bad weather? But there is Stornoway—oh yes, that is a fine big place, and many people you will get to know there, and you will hef the newspapers and the letters at once; and there will be always boats there, that you can go to Oban, to Greenock, to Glasgow—anywhere in the world—whenever you hef a mind to do that; and then when you go to London, as you will hef to go many times, there will be plenty there to look after your house when it is shut up, and keep the rain out, and the paint and the paper good, more as could be done on this island. Oh, this island!—how would you live on this island?"

The old King of Borva spoke quite impatiently and contemptuously of the place. You would have thought his life on this island was a species of penal servitude; and that he dwelt in his solitary house only to think with a vain longing of the glories and delights of Stornoway. Lavender knew well what prompted these scornful comments on Borva. The old man was afraid that the island would really be too dull for Sheila and her husband; and that, whereas the easy compromise of Stornoway might be practicable, to set up house in Borva might lead them to abandon the north altogether.

"From what I have heard of it from Mr. Lavender," Johnny said, with a laugh, "I don't think this island such a dreadful place; and I'm hanged if I have found it so, so far."

"But you will know nothing about it—nothing whateffer," said Mackenzie, petulantly. "You do not know the bad weather, when you cannot go down the Loch to Callernish; and you might hef to go to London just then."

"Well, I suppose London could wait," Johnny said.

Mackenzie began to get angry with this young man.

"You hef not been to Stornoway," he said, severely.

"No, I haven't," Johnny replied, with much coolness, "and I don't hanker after it. I get plenty of town life in London; and when I come up to the sea and the islands, I'd rather pitch my tent with you, sir, than live in Stornoway."

"Oh, but you don't know, Johnny, how fine a place Stornoway is," Lavender said, hastily, for he saw the old man was beginning to get vexed. "Stornoway is a beautiful little town, and it is on the sea, too——"

"And it hass fine houses, and ferry many people, and ferry good society whatever," Mackenzie added, with some touch of indignation.

"But you see, this is how it stands, Mr. Mackenzie," Lavender put in, humbly. "We should have to go to London from time to time, and we should then get quite enough of city life, and you might find an occasional trip with us not a bad thing. But up here I should have to look on my house as a sort of work-shop. Now, with all respect to Stornoway, you must admit that the coast about here is a little more picturesque. Besides, there's another thing. It would be rather more difficult at Stornoway to take a rod or a gun out of a morning. Then there would be callers, bothering you at your work. Then Sheila would have far less liberty in going about by herself."

"Eighthly and tenthly, you've made up your mind to have a house here," cried Johnny Eyre, with a loud laugh.

"Sheila says she would like to have a billiard-room," her husband continued. "Where could you get that in Stornoway?"

"And you must have a large room for a piano, to sing in, and play in,"

the young Jew-boy said, looking at Sheila.

"I should think a one-storeyed house, with a large verandah, would be the best sort of thing," Lavender said, "both for the sun and the rain; and then one could have one's easel outside, you know. Suppose we all go for a walk round the shore by and by; there is too much of a breeze to take the *Phœbe* down the loch."

So the King of Borva was quietly overruled, and his dominions invaded in spite of himself. Sheila could not go out with the gentlemen just then; she was to follow in about an hour's time; meanwhile they buttoned their coats, pulled down their caps tight, and set out to face the grey skies and the wintry wind. Just as they were passing away from the house, Mackenzie, who was walking in front with Lavender, said, in a cautious sort of way——

"You will want a deal of money to build this house you wass speaking about—for it will hef to be all stone and iron, and ferry strong whatever, or else it will be a plague to you from the one year to the next with the rain getting in."

"Oh yes," Lavender said, "it will have to be done well once for all; and what with rooms big enough to paint in, and play billiards in, and also a bedroom or two for friends who may come to stay with us, it will be an expensive business. But I have been very lucky, Mr. Mackenzie. It isn't the money I have, but the commissions I am offered, that warrant my going in for this house. I'll tell you about all these things afterwards. In the meantime I shall have 2,400*l.*, or thereabouts, in a couple of months."

"But you hef more than that now," Mackenzie said, gravely. "This is what I wass going to tell you. The money that your aunt left, that is yours, every penny of it—oh yes, every penny and every farthing of it is yours, sure enough. For it wass Mr. Ingram hass told me all about it; and the old lady, she wanted him to take care of the money for Sheila; but what wass the good of the money to Sheila? My lass, she will hef plenty of money of her own; and I wanted to hef nothing to do with what Mr. Ingram said—but it wass all no use, and there iss the money now for you and for Sheila, every penny and every farthing of it."

Mackenzie ended by talking in an injured way, as if this business had seriously increased his troubles.

"But you know," Lavender said with amazement, "you know as well as I do that this money was definitely left to Ingram, and—you may believe me or not—I was precious glad of it when I heard it. Of course it would have been of more use to him if he had not been about to marry this American lady——"

"Oh, you hef heard that, then?" Mackenzie said.

"Mosenberg brought me the news. But are you quite sure about this affair? Don't you think this is merely a trick of Ingram's, to enable him to give the money to Sheila? That would be very like him. I know him of old."

"Well, I cannot help it if a man will tell lies," said Mackenzie. "But that is what he says is true. And he will not touch the money—indeed, he will hef plenty, as you say—but there it is for Sheila and you; and you will be able to build whatever house you like. And if you wass thinking of having a bigger boat than the *Maighdean-mhara*——" the old man suggested.

Lavender jumped at that notion directly.

"What if we could get a yacht big enough to cruise anywhere in the summer months?" he said. "We might bring a party of people all the way from the Thames to Loch Roag, and cast anchor opposite Sheila's house. Fancy Ingram and his wife coming up like that in the autumn: and I know you could go over to Sir James and get us some shooting."

Mackenzie laughed grimly.

"We will see, we will see about that. I think there will be no great difficulty about getting a deer or two for you; and as for the salmon, there will be one or

two left in the White Water—oh yes, we will hef a little shooting and a little fishing for any of your friends. And as for the boat, it will be ferry difficult to get a good big boat for such a purpose, without you wass planning and building one yourself; and that will be better, I think; for the yachts now-a-days they are all built for the racing, and you will hef a boat fifty tons, sixty tons, seventy tons, that hass no room in her below, but is nothing but a big heap of canvas and spars. But if you wass wanting a good, steady boat, with good cabins below for the leddies, and a good saloon that you could hef your dinner in all at once, then you will maybe come down with me to a shipbuilder I know in Glasgow — oh, he is a ferry good man—and we will see what can be done. There is a gentleman now in Dunoon—and they say he is a ferry great artist too—and he hass a schooner of sixty tons that I hef been in myself, and it wass just like a steamer below for the comfort of it. And when the boat is ready, I will get you ferry good sailors for her, that will know every bit of the coast from Loch-Indaal to the Butt of Lewis, and I will see that they are ferry cheap for you, for I hef plenty of work for them in the winter. But I wass no saying yet," the old man added, "that you were right about coming to live in Borva. Stornoway is a good place to live in; and it is a fine harbour for repairs, if the boat was wanting repairs——"

"If she were, couldn't we send her round to Stornoway?"

"But the people in Stornoway—it iss the people in Stornoway," said Mackenzie, who was not going to give in without a grumble.

Well, they did not fix on a site for the house that afternoon. Sheila did not make her appearance. Lavender kept continually turning and looking over the long undulations of rock and moorland; and at length he said—

"Look here, Johnny, would you mind going on by yourselves? I think I shall walk back to the house."

"What is keeping that foolish girl?" her father said, impatiently. "It is something about the dinner, now, as if any one wass particular about a dinner in an island like this, where you can expect nothing. But at Stornoway—oh yes, they hef many things there."

"But I want you to come and dine with us on board the *Phœbe* to-night, sir," Johnny said. "It will be rather a lark, mind you; we make up a tight fit in that cabin. I wonder if Mrs. Lavender would venture: do you think she would, sir?"

"Oh no, not this evening, any way," said her father, "for I know she will expect you all to be up at the house this evening; and what would be the use of tumbling about in the bay when you can be in a house. But it is ferry kind of you—oh yes, to-morrow night, then we will go down to the boat — but this night, I know Sheila will be ferry sorry if you do not come to the house."

"Well, let's go back now," Johnny said, "and if we've time, we might go down for our guns and have a try along the shore for an hour or so before the daylight goes. Fancy that chance at those wild-duck!"

"Oh, but that is nothing," Mackenzie said, "to-morrow you will come with me, up to the loch, and there you will hef some shooting; and in many other places I will show you, you will hef plenty of shooting."

They had just got back to the house when they found Sheila coming out. She had, as her father supposed, been detained by her preparations for entertaining their guests; but now she was free until dinner-time, and so the whole party went down to the shore to pay a visit to the *Phœbe*, and let Mackenzie have a look at the guns on board. Then they went up to the house, and found the tall and grim keeper with the baby in his arms, while Scarlett and Mairi were putting the finishing touches on the gleaming white table and its show of steel and crystal.

How strange it was to Sheila to sit at dinner there, and listen to her husband talking of boating and fishing and what not as he used to sit and talk in the

olden time to her father, on the summer evenings, on the high rocks over Borvabost. The interval between that time and this seemed to go clean out of her mind. And yet there must have been some interval, for he was looking older, and sterner, and much rougher about the face now, after being buffetted about by wind and rain and sun during that long and solitary stay in Jura. But it was very like the old times when they went into the little drawing-room, and when Mairi brought in the hot water, and the whisky, the tobacco and the long pipes; when the old King of Borva sate himself down in his great chair by the table, and when Lavender came to Sheila, and asked her if he should get out her music, and opened the piano for her.

"Madame," young Mosenberg said to her, "it is a long time since I heard one of your strange Gaelic songs."

"Perhaps you never heard this one," Sheila said, and she began to sing the plaintive "Farewell to Glenshalloch." Many a time, indeed, of late had she sung its simple and pathetic air as a sort of lullaby, perhaps because it was gentle, monotonous, and melancholy, perhaps because there were lines here and there that she liked. Many a time had she sung—

Sleep sound, my sweet babe, there is nought to alarm thee,
The sons of the valley no power have to harm thee!
I'll sing thee to rest in the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad for the slain of Culloden.

But long before she had reached the end of it her father's patience gave way, and he said—

"Sheila, we will hef no more of those teffles of songs! We will hef a good song; and there is more than one of the gentlemen can sing a good song, and we do not wish to be always crying over the sorrows of other people. Now be a good lass, Sheila, and sing us a good cheerful song."

And Sheila, with great good-nature, suddenly struck a different key, and sang, with a spirit that delighted the old man—

The standard on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely!
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar,
Is sounding lang and clearly!
The Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
In martial hue, with bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids, and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early!

"Now that is a better kind of song—that is a teffle of a good song!" Mackenzie cried, keeping time to the music with his right foot, as if he were a piper playing in front of his regiment. "Wass there anything like that in your country, Mr. Mosenberg?"

"I don't know, sir," said the lad, meekly; "but if you like I will sing you one or two of our soldiers' songs. They have plenty of fire in them, I think."

Certainly, Mackenzie had plenty of brilliant, and cheerful, and stirring music that evening, but that which pleased him most, doubtless, was to see—as all the world could see—the happiness of his good lass. Sheila, proud and glad, with a light on her face that had not been there for many a day, wanted to do everything at once to please and amuse her guests, and most of all to wait upon her husband; and Lavender was so abashed by her sweet service and her simple ways that he could show his gratitude only by some furtive and kindly touch of the hand as Sheila passed. It seemed to him she had never looked so beautiful; and never, indeed, since they left Stornoway together, had he heard her quiet low laugh so full of enjoyment. What had he done, he asked himself, to deserve her confidence; for it was the hope in her proud and gentle eyes that gave that radiant brightness to her face? He did not know. He could not answer. Perhaps the forgiveness she had so freely and frankly tendered, and the confidence she now so clearly showed in him sprang from no judgment or argument, but were only the natural fruit of an abounding and generous love. More than once that night he wished that Sheila could read the next half-dozen years as though in some prophetic scroll, that he might show her how he would endeavour to prove himself if not worthy—for he

could scarcely hope that—at least conscious of her great and unselfish affection, and as grateful for it as a man could be.

They pushed their enjoyment to such a late hour of the night that when they discovered what time it was, Mackenzie would not allow one of them to venture out into the dark to find the path down to the yacht; and Duncan and Scarlett were forthwith called on to provide the belated guests with some more or less haphazard sleeping accommodation.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said Johnny, "I don't mind a bit if I sleep on the floor. I've just had the jolliest night I ever spent in my life. Mosenberg, you'll have to take the *Phœbe* back to Greenock by yourself. I shall never leave Borva any more."

"You will be sober in the morning, Mr Eyre," young Mosenberg said; but the remark was unjust, for Johnny's enthusiasm had not been produced by he old King's whisky, potent as that was.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE *PRINCESS SHEILA.*

"I SHOULD like," said Mrs. Edward Ingram, sitting down and contentedly folding her hands in her lap, "I should so much like, Edward, to have my own way for once—it would be so novel and so nice."

Her husband was busy with a whole lot of plans all stretched out before him, and with a pipe which he had some difficulty in keeping alight. He did not even turn round as he answered—

"You have your own way always. But you can't expect to have mine also, you know."

"Do you remember," she said, slowly, "anything your friend Sheila told you about your rudeness to people? I wish, Edward, you would leave those ragged children and their school-houses for three minutes. Do! I so much want to see some places when we go to Scotland; for who knows when we may be there again? I have set my heart on the Braes of Yarrow. And Loch Awe by moonlight. And the Pass of Glencoe——"

"My dear child," he said, at last turning round in his chair, "how can we go to those places? Sheila says Oban on the fifteenth."

"But what Sheila says isn't an Act of Parliament," said the young American lady, plaintively and patiently. "Why should you regulate all your movements by her? You are always looking to the north—you are like the spires of the churches that are said to be always telling us that heaven is close by the Pole Star."

"The information is inaccurate, my dear," Ingram said, looking at his pipe, "for the spires of the churches on the other side of the world point the other way. However, that does not matter. How do you propose to go rampaging all over Scotland, and still be at Oban on the fifteenth?"

"Telegraph to Mr. and Mrs. Lavender to come on to Edinburgh, and leave the trip to Lewis until we have seen those places. For once we have got to that wild island, who knows when we shall return? Now do, like a good boy. You know this new house of theirs will be all the drier in a month's time. And their yacht will be all the more ship-shape. And both Sheila and her husband will be the better for coming down among civilised folks for a few weeks' time—especially just now, when numbers of their friends must be in the Highlands—and of course you get better attention at the hotels when the season is going on, and they have every preparation made — and I am told the heather and fern on the hills look very fine in August—and I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Lavender will enjoy it very much, if we get a carriage somewhere and leave the railways altogether, and drive by ourselves all through the prettiest districts."

She wished to see the effect of her eloquence on him. It was peculiar. He put his pipe down, and gravely repeated these lines, with which she was abundantly familiar—

"*Sez Vather to I, 'Jack, rin arter him, du!'*
Sez I to Vather, 'I'm darned if I du!'"

"You wont ?" she said.

"The proposal comes too late. How can you expect Sheila to leave her new house, and that boy of hers that occupies three-fourths of her letters, just at this time ? I think it was very kind of her, mind you, to come away down to Oban to meet us; and Lavender too, is giving up the time out of the best working-season of the year. Bless you, you will see far more beautiful things as we go from Oban to Lewis than any you have mentioned. For we shall probably cut down by Scarba and Jura before going up to Skye; and then you will see the coast that you admired so much in Lavender's pictures."

"Is the yacht a large one, Edward ?" his wife asked, somewhat timidly.

"Oh, big enough to take our party, a dozen times over."

"Will she tumble about much, do you think ?"

"I don't know," Ingram said, with an unkindly grin. "But, as you are a weak vessel, Lavender will watch the weather for you, and give it you as smooth as possible. Besides, look at the cleanliness and comfort of a smart yacht! You are thinking of one of those Channel steamers, with their engines and oil."

"Let us hope for the best," said his wife, with a sigh.

They not only hoped for it, but got it. When they left the Crinan and got on board the big steamer that was to take them up to Oban, all around them lay a sea of soft and shining blue, scarcely marred by a ripple. Here and there sharp crags that rose out of the luminous plain seemed almost black; but the farther islands lay soft and hazy in the heat, with the beautiful colours of August tinting the great masses of rock. As they steamed northward through the shining sea, new islands and new channels appeared, until they came in sight of the open Atlantic, and that, too, was as calm and as still as a summer night. There was no white cloud in the blue vault of the sky; there was no crisp curl of a wave on the blue plain of the sea; but everywhere a clear, radiant, salt-smelling atmosphere, the drowsy haze of which was only visible when you looked at the distant islands, and saw the fine and pearly veil of heat that was drawn over the soft colours of the hills. The sea-birds dipped and disappeared as the big boat churned its way onward. A white solan, far away by the shores of Mull, struck the water as he dived and sent a jet of spray into the air. Colonsay and Oronsay became as faint clouds on the southern horizon; the jagged coast of Lorne drew near. And then they went up through the Sound of Kerrara, and steamed into the broad and beautiful bay of Oban, and behold! here was Sheila on the pier, already waving a handkerchief to them, while her husband held her arm, lest in her excitement she should go too near the edge of the quay.

"And where is the boat that we have heard so much of ?" said Mrs. Kavanagh, when all the kissing and hand-shaking was over.

"There!" said Sheila, not without some shame-faced pride, pointing to a shapely schooner that lay out in the bay, with her white decks and tall spars shining in the afternoon sun.

"And what do you call her ?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh's daughter.

"We call her *Princess Sheila*," said Lavender. "What do you think of the name ?"

"You couldn't have got a better," Ingram said, sententiously, and interposing as if it was not within his wife's province to form an opinion of any sort. "And where is your father, Sheila ? In Borva ?"

"Oh no, he is here," the girl said, with a smile. "But the truth is, he has driven away to see some gentlemen he knows, to ask if he can have some grouse for you. He should have been back by this time."

"I would not hurry him, Sheila," Ingram said, gravely. "He could not have gone on a more admirable errand. We must await his return with composure. In the meantime, Lavender, do make your fellows stop that man:

he is taking away my wife's trunk to some hotel or other."

The business of getting the luggage on board the yacht was entrusted to a couple of men whom Lavender left on shore; whereupon the newly-arrived travellers put off in a little pinnace and were conveyed to the side of the handsome schooner. When they were on board, an eager exploration followed; and if Sheila could only have undertaken to vouch for the smoothness of the weather for the next month, Mrs. Ingram was ready to declare that at last she had discovered the most charming, and beautiful, and picturesque fashion of living known to civilized man. She was delighted with the little elegancies of the state-rooms; she was delighted with the paintings on the under skylights, which had been done by Lavender's own hand; she was delighted with the whiteness of the decks and the height of the tapering spars; and she had no words for her admiration of the beautiful sweep of the bay, the striking ruins of the old castle at the point, the rugged hills rising behind the white houses, and out there in the west, the noble panorama of mountain, and island, and sea.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Ingram," Lavender said, "you will have cause to know Oban before we leave it. There is not a breath of wind to take us out of the bay."

"I am content," she said, with a gracious calm.

"But we must get you up to Borva somehow. There it would not matter how long you were becalmed; for there is plenty to see about the island. But this is a trifle commonplace, you know."

"I don't think so at all. I am delighted with the place," she said. "And so are you, Edward."

Ingram laughed. He knew she was daring him to contradict her. He proposed he should go ashore and buy a few lines with which they might fish for young saithe or lythe over the side of the yacht; but this project was stopped by the appearance of the King of Borva, who bore triumphant proof of the success of his mission in a brace of grouse held up in each hand as a small boat brought him out to the yacht.

"And I was seeing Mr. Hutcheson," Mackenzie said to Lavender, as he stepped on board, "and he is a ferry good-natured man whatever, and he says if there is no wind at all he will let one of his steamers take the yacht up to Loch Sunart, and if there is a breeze at all we will get it there."

"But why should we go in quest of a breeze?" Mrs. Ingram said, petulantly.

"Why, mem," said Mackenzie, taking the matter seriously, "you wass not thinking we could sail a boat without wind? But I am no sure that there will not be a breeze before night."

Mackenzie was right. As the evening wore on, and the sun drooped in the west, the aspect of affairs changed somewhat, and there was now and again a sort of shiver apparent on the surface of the lake-like bay. When, indeed, the people on board came up on deck just before dinner, they found a rather thunderous-looking sunset spreading over the sky. Into the clear saffron glory of the western sky, some dark and massive purple clouds had risen. The mountains of Mull had grown light and milk-like; and yet they seemed near. The glass-like bay began to move; and the black shadow of a ship that lay on the gleaming yellow plain began to tremble, as the water cut lines of light across the reflection of the masts. You could hear voices afar off. Under the ruins of the castle, and along the curves of the coast, the shadows of the water were a pure green; and the rocks were growing still more sharp and distinct in the gathering dusk. There was a cold smell of the sea in the air. And then swiftly the pale colours of the west waxed lurid and fierce; the mountains became of a glowing purple; and then all the plain of the sea was dashed with a wild glare of crimson, while the walls of Dunolly grew black, and overhead the first scouts of the marshalling forces of the clouds came up in flying shreds of gold and fire.

"Oh aye, we may hef a breeze the night," Mackenzie said.

"I hope we shan't have a storm," Mrs. Ingram said.

"A storm? Oh no, no storm at all. It will be a ferry good thing if the wind lasts till the morning."

Mackenzie was not at all sure that there would be storm enough; and went down to dinner with the others rather grumbling over the fineness of the weather. Indeed, when they came on deck again, later on in the night, even the slight breeze that he had hoped for seemed impossible. The night was perfectly still. A few stars had come out overhead, and their light scarcely trembled on the smooth waters of the bay. A cold, fresh scent of seaweed was about, but no wind. The orange lights in Oban burned pale and clear; the red and green lamps of the steamers and yachts in the bay did not move. And when Mrs. Ingram came up to take Sheila forward to the bow of the boat, to sit down there, and have a confidential talk with her, a clear and golden moon was rising over the sharp black ridge of Kerrara into the still and beautiful skies, and there was not a ripple of the water along the sides of the yacht to break the wonderful silence of the night.

"My dear," she said, "you have a beautiful place to live in."

"But we do not live here," Sheila said, with a smile. "This is to me as far away from home as England can be to you, when you think of America. When I came here the first time I thought I had got into another world, and that I should never be able to get back again to the Lewis."

"And is the island you live in more beautiful than this place?" she asked, looking round on the calm sea, the lambent skies, and the far mountains beyond, which were grey and ghost-like in the pale glow of the moon.

"If you see our island on such a night as this, you will say it is the most beautiful place in the world. It is the winter-time that is bad, when we have rain and mist for weeks together. But after this year I think we shall spend all the winters in London; although my husband does not like to give up the shooting and the boating, and that is very good amusement for him when he is tired with his work."

"That island life certainly seems to agree with him," said Mrs. Ingram, not daring even to hint that there was any further improvement in Sheila's husband than that of mere health; "I have never seen him look so well and strong. I scarcely recognized him on the pier—he was so brown and—and—and I think his sailor-clothes suit him so well. They are a little rough you know—indeed, I have been wondering whether you made them yourself."

Sheila laughed.

"I have seen you look at them. No, I did not make them. But the cloth, that was made on the island, and it is very good cloth whatever."

"You see what a bad imitation of your costume I am compelled to wear. Edward would have it, you know. I think he'd like me to speak like you, if I could manage it."

"Oh no, I am sure he would not like that," Sheila said, "for many a time he used to correct me, and when he first came to the island I was very much ashamed, and sometimes angry with him——"

"But I suppose you got accustomed to his putting everybody right?" said Mr. Ingram's wife, with a smile.

"He was always a very good friend to me," Sheila said, simply.

"Yes, and I think he is now," said her companion, taking the girl's hand, and forcing herself to say something of that which lay at her heart, and which had been struggling for utterance during all this beating about the bush. "I am sure you could not have a better friend than he is, and if you only knew how pleased we both are to find you so well—and so happy——"

Sheila saw the great embarrassment in her companion's face, and she knew the good feeling that had driven her to this stammering confession.

"It is very kind of you," Sheila said, gently, "I am very happy—yes—I d

not think I have anything more to wish for in the world."

There was no embarrassment in her manner as she made this simple avowal; her face was clear and calm in the moonlight, and her eyes were looking somewhat distantly at the sea and the island near. Her husband came forward with a light shawl, and put it round her shoulders. She took his hand, and for a moment pressed it to her lips. Then he went back to where Ingram and old Mackenzie were smoking; and the two women were left to their confidences. Mrs. Kavanagh had gone below.

What was this great noise next morning, of the rattling of chains and the flapping of canvas overhead? There was a slight motion in the boat and a plashing of water around her sides. Was the *Princess Sheila* getting under weigh?

The various noises ceased; so also did the rolling of the vessel, and apparently all was silent and motionless again. But when the ladies had dressed, and got up on deck, behold they were in a new world! All around them were the blue waters of Loch Linnhe, lit up by the brilliant sunshine of the morning. A light breeze was just filling the great white sails; and the yacht, heeling over slightly, was cutting her placid way through the lapping waves. How keen was the fresh smell of the air! Sea-gulls were swooping down and around the tall masts: over there the green island of Lismore lay bright in the sunshine; the lonely hills of Morven and the mountains of Mull had a thousand shades of colour glowing on their massive shoulders and slopes; the ruins of Duart Castle, out at the point, seemed too fair and picturesque to be associated with dark legends of blood. Were these faint specks in the south the far islands of Colonsay and Oronsay? Lavender brought his glass to Mrs. Ingram, and, with many apologies to all the ladies for having woke them up so soon, bade her watch the flight of two herons making in for the mouth of Loch Etive.

They had postponed for the present that southward trip to Jura. The glass was still rising; and the appearance of the weather rendered it doubtful whether they might have wind enough to make such a cruise anything but tedious. They had taken advantage of this light breeze in the morning to weigh anchor and stand across for the Sound of Mull; if it held out, they would at least reach Tobermory, and take their last look at a town before rounding Ardnamurchan and making for the wild solitudes of Skye.

"Well, Cis," Ingram said to his wife, as he busied himself with a certain long fishing line, "what do you think of the Western Highlands?"

"Why did you not tell me of these places before?" she said, rather absently; for the mere height of the mountains along the Sound of Mull—the soft green woods leading up to the great bare shoulders of purple, and grey, and brown above—seemed to draw away one's eyes and thoughts from surrounding objects.

"I have, often. But what is the use of telling?"

"It is the most wonderful place I have ever seen," she said. "It is so beautiful and so desolate at the same time. What lovely colours there are everywhere, on the sea, and on the shores there, and up the hills; and everything is so bright and gleaming. But no one seems to live here. I suppose you couldn't. The loneliness of the mountains and the sea would kill you."

"My dear child, these are town-bred fancies," he said, in his usual calm and carelessly sententious manner; "if you lived there, you would have plenty to do besides looking at the hills and the sea. You would be glad of a fine day to let you go out and get some fish, or go up the hills and get some black-cock for your dinner; and you would not get sad by looking at fine colours, as town-folks do. Do you think Lavender and Sheila spend their time in mooning up in that island of theirs?—and that, I can tell you, is a trifle more remote and wild than this is. They've got their work to do; and when that is

done they feel comfortable and secure in a well-built house, and fairly pleased with themselves that they have earned some rest and amusement. I daresay, if you built a cottage over there, and did nothing but look at the sea and the hills, and the sky at night, you would very soon drown yourself. I suppose if a man were to give himself up for three months to thinking of the first formation of the world, and the condition of affairs before that happened, and the puzzle about how the materials ever came to be there, he would grow mad. But few people luckily have the chance of trying. They've got their bread to earn; if they haven't, they're bent on killing something or other—foxes, grouse, deer, and what not—and they don't bother about the stars, or what lies just outside the region of the stars. When I find myself getting miserable about the size of a mountain, or the question as to how and when it came there, I know that it is time to eat something. I think breakfast is ready, Cis. Do you think you have nerve to cut this hook out of my finger; and then we can go below?"

She gave a little scream, and started up. Two drops of blood had fallen on Lavender's white decks.

"No, I see you can't," he said. "Open this knife, and I will dig it out myself. Bless the girl, are you going to faint because I have scratched my finger?"

Lavender, however, had to be called in to help; and, while the surgical operation was going forward, Mrs. Ingram said—

"You see we have got town's-folks hands as yet. I suppose they will get to be leather by and by. I am sure I don't know how Mrs. Lavender can do those things about a boat with the tiny little hands she has."

"Yes, Sheila has small hands, hasn't she?" Lavender said, as he bound up his friend's finger, "but then she makes up for that by the bigness of her heart."

It was a pretty and kindly speech, and it pleased Mrs. Ingram, though Sheila did not hear it. Then, when the doctoring was over, they all went below for breakfast, and an odour of fish, and ham, and eggs, and coffee, prevailed throughout the yacht.

"I have quite fallen in love with this manner of life," Mrs. Ingram said. "But, tell me, is it always as pleasant as this? Do you always have those blue seas around you, and green shores? Are the sails always white in the sunlight?"

There was a dead silence.

"Well, I would not say," Mackenzie observed, seriously, as no one else would take up the question; "I would not say it is always ferry good weather off this coast—oh no, I would not say that; for if there wass no rain, what would the cattle do, and the streams?—they would not hef a pool left in them. Oh, yes, there is rain sometimes; but you cannot always be sailing about, and when there will be rain, you will hef your things to attend to indoors. And there is always plenty of good weather if you wass wanting to tek a trip round the islands, or down to Oban—oh yes, there is no fear of that; and it will be a ferry good coast whatever for the harbour, and there is always some place you can put into, if it wass coming on rough, only you must know the coast, and the lie of the islands, and the rocks about the harbours. And you would learn it ferry soon. There is Sheila there; there is no one in the Lewis will know more of the channels in Loch Roag than she does—not one, I can say that; and when you go further away, then you must tek some one with you who wass well acquaint with the coast. If you wass thinking of having a yacht, Mr. Ingram, there is one I hef heard of just now in Rothesay that is for sale, and she is a ferry good boat, but not so big as this one——"

"I think we'll wait till my wife knows more about it, Mr. Mackenzie," Ingram said. "Wait till she gets round Ardnamurchan, and has crossed the Minch, and has got the fine Atlantic swell as you run in to Borvabost."

"Edward, you frighten me," his wife

said ; "I was beginning to give myself courage."

"But it is mere nonsense !" cried Mackenzie, impatiently. "Kott pless me! There is no chance of your being ill in this fine weather ; and if you had a boat of your own, you would ferry soon get accustomed to the weather—oh, ferry soon indeed—and you would hef no more fear of the water than Sheila has."

"Sheila has far too little fear of the water," her husband said.

"Indeed, and that is true," said her father ; "and it is not right that a young lass should go about by herself in a boat——"

"But you know very well, papa, that I never do that now."

"Oh, you do not do it now," grumbled Mackenzie. "No, you do not do it now. But some day you will forget, when there is something to be done, and you will run a great danger, Sheila."

"But she has promised never to go out by herself ; haven't you, Sheila ?" her husband said.

"I did. I promised that to you. And I have never been out since by myself."

"Well, don't forget, Sheila," said her father, not very sure but that some sudden occasion might tempt the girl to her old deeds of recklessness.

The two American ladies had little to fear. The Hebrides received them with fair sunshine and smooth seas ; and all the day long their occupation was but to watch the wild birds flying from island to island, and mark the gliding by of the beautiful coasts, and listen to the light rushing of the waves as the fresh sea-breeze flew through the rigging. And Sheila was proud to teach them something of the mystery of sailing a small craft, and would give them the tiller sometimes, while her eye, as clear and keen as her father's, kept watch and ward over the shapely vessel that was making for the northern seas. One evening she said to her friends—

"Do you see that point that runs out on this side of the small islands ? Round that we enter Loch Roag."

The last pale light of the sun was shining along the houses of Borvabost as the *Princess Sheila* passed. The people there had made out the yacht long ere she came close to land ; and Mackenzie knew that twenty eager scouts would fly to tell the news to Scarlett and Duncan, so that ample preparation would be made in the newly-finished house down by the sea. The wind, however, had almost died away ; and they were a long time getting into Loch Roag in this clear twilight. They who were making their first visit to Sheila's island sat contentedly enough on deck, however, amazed and bewildered by the beauty of the scene around them. For now the sun had long sunk, but there was a glow all over the heavens, and only in the far east did the yellow stars begin to glimmer over the dark plain of the Loch. Mealasabhal, Suainabhal, Cracabhal, lifted their grand shoulders and peaks into this wondrous sky, and stood dark and clear there, with the silence of the sea around them. As the night came on the yellow stars grew more intense overhead, but the lambent glow in the north did not pale. They entered a small bay. Up there on a plateau of the rocks stood a long, low house, with all its windows gleaming in the dusk. The pinnace was put off from the yacht ; in the strange silence of the night the ripples plashed around her prow ; her oars struck fire in the water as the men rowed in to the land. And then, as Sheila's guests made their way up to the house, and when they reached the verandah, and turned to look at the sea, and the Loch, and the far mountains opposite, they beheld the clear and golden sickle of the moon rising from behind the black outline of Suainabhal into the soft and violet skies. As the yellow moon rose in the south, a pathway of gold began to tremble on Loch Roag, and they could see the white curve of sand around the bay. The air was sweet with the cold smell of the sea. There was a murmur of

the far Atlantic all around the silent coast.

It was the old familar picture that had charmed the imagination of Sheila's first and only lover, when as yet she was to him as some fair and wonderful Princess, living in a lonely island, and clothed round about with the glamour of old legends and stories of the sea. Was she any longer this strange sea-Princess, with dreams in her eyes, and the mystery of the night and the stars written in her beautiful face? Or was she to him now—what all the world had long ago perceived her to be—a tender wife, a faithful companion, and a true and loyal-hearted woman? Sheila walked quietly into the house; there was something for her friends to see; and, with a great pride, and gentleness, and gladness, Scarlett was despatched on a particular errand. The old King of Borva was still down at the yacht, looking after the landing of certain small articles of luggage. Duncan had come forward to Ingram and said, "And are you ferry well, sir?" and Mairi, come down from Mackenzie's house, had done the same. Then there was a wild squeal of the pipes in the long apartment where supper was laid—the unearthly gathering cry of a clan; until Sheila's husband dashed into the place and threatened to throw John into the sea if he did not hold his peace. John was offended, and would probably have gone up the hill-side, and in revenge, played "Mackrimmon shall no more return," only that he knew the irate old King of Borva would, in such a case, literally fulfil the threat that had been lightly uttered by his son-in-law. In another room, where two or three women were together, one of them suddenly took both of Sheila's hands in hers, and said, with a great look of kindness in her eyes—"My dear, I can believe now what you told me that night at Oban."

And Sheila's heart was too full to make answer.

THE END.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE.

The parentage of great men is like that of the legendary beings of Greek mythology: their father is one of the gods, and their mother is one of the daughters of man. The divine element, by virtue of which they stand above their fellow-men and their age, in a word, that which constitutes genius—we shall not now dwell upon. The human side, so to speak, in the nature of great men, brings them much nearer to us. They are representative men: they embody in a visible, distinct form, and proclaim in an audible, unmistakeable tone, the instincts, the yearnings, the aspirations which are semi-dormant in the hearts of the noblest and best of the people of their epoch, and which struggle in vain for utterance. In this consists their greatness, that they feel and express the wants and desires of their age as no one else does. Hence, their history is one of great interest to us, for it is the history of a certain people at a certain period. But on account of the divine element alluded to, it is more than this: it is a glass in which humanity finds itself reflected; it is the echo of the world's voice.

It is, therefore, a question not prompted by idle curiosity, but by anxious interest, when men ask in what relation Shakespeare or Goethe stood towards those moral and intellectual facts which constitute Christianity. Christianity claims a paramount position and power in the world: it professes to have given an absolute statement, and, as far as possible, a solution, of the great problems of humanity. It has undeniably created a new world of thoughts and feelings, a new state of affairs, politically and socially; in one word, a new civilization. What position have the Titans of humanity taken up in regard to Christianity, which is not satisfied with being looked upon as a record of past events, but which claims to be a living power in the present? This is our question.

There are few greater names in the history of humanity than that of Goethe. One of the greatest poets of the world, he was also one of its deepest thinkers. It is now forty years since, amidst unclouded splendour, his life drew to a close. For more than three score years he had been a centre of illumination, and had stood out from amongst his contemporaries like some divinely tranquil starry night looking down pityingly and lovingly upon a troubled and distracted world. During all those years this very incarnation of light, this man who was altogether light and form and colour, had shed his rays across every path of humanity, and preached the gospel of divine repose and everlasting harmony. And the sky is still glowing, and will glow for centuries to come, with the light that emanated from him, and men lifting up their eyes will never cease to wonder at the beauty of the scene and revel amidst the grandeur and glory of his mighty revelation. "For the sun is glorious even when he sets."

In what relation stood Goethe to Christianity? That he was not what is called an orthodox man need hardly be remarked. You might as well say that a lion's place is in a narrow cage, to be stared at by women and children; you might as soon tie up the winds of heaven in a bag labelled with your monogram. But if Goethe's intellect and his whole nature had not been opposed to such confinement, there would have been nothing to make the thought of imprisonment sweet or even endurable. The old struggle between Sarah and Hagar, theology and philosophy, had been renewed, and for once Hagar and

Ishmael were triumphant. Thought long kept in chains and serfdom, in the name of a conventional theology embodied in the Church, claimed its freedom in the name of Christianity. And whether the request was granted or not, it took what it wanted, and spread out its wings vigorously, and came down with full swoop, shivering traditions into numberless atoms.

Against this philosophy—a cold rationalism utterly repellent to Goethe, and a sensualism which soon led to utter scepticism—the unfortunate doctors of the Church, amongst whom Minerva had never been a favourite, had nothing to oppose but the very narrowest system of orthodoxy. It was an age of Revolution. "Liberty, equality, fraternity," was the cry of the spirit of the age; the old order of things was crumbling away. Criticism alone could save the age from rushing into headlong destruction. But the clergy walked in the midst of men like somnambulists. Carefully gathering up all the fragments of tradition, they presented to their congregations a collection of antiquated dogmas and lifeless formulas. Accept this our theory, they said, and salvation is yours; reject it, and you will be lost. Thus they became themselves the unwilling fathers of Rationalism in the Church; their theory and their intellectual propositions were unable to regenerate either the Church or the world. And thinking men laughed at them, and wondered how they could be so blind, and turned to other sources to quench their thirst. Goethe laughed at their *ragoût*, and he immortalised their splendid sermons in the following words:—

> " Im Auslegen seid frisch und munter
> Legt ihr's nicht aus so legt was unter."

But the worst of it was that, identifying Christ's Christianity with Church Christianity, he was often led to say most bitter things which were exceedingly unjust. And for this the Church was herself to blame. But, as we shall see, this great Pagan, this "decidedly non-Christian," as he delighted to call himself, is as far removed from the shallowness and conceit of those who claim him as one of theirs, as the sun in his noon-day glory from a miserably spluttering night-light. Once upon a time he was not "far from the kingdom." Read the confessions of the "schöne Seele." His mother was a cheerful, good woman, who could not live without excitement. She would have enjoyed the world amazingly, but was compelled to lead a retired life. If one cannot have the opera at Covent Garden, one must needs have it at Exeter Hall. Goethe's mother had pious friends who considerably influenced her son. He lived in the midst of a religious atmosphere. But Protestantism was not congenial to his nature; the boy Goethe soon tried to have a religion of his own. He sought God in Nature, and he built him an altar which was symbolical of the world, whilst the fire was to represent the heart lifting itself up towards God. The worship of the boy Goethe was significant; it revealed the tendency which developed more and more as he grew up.

In those days he regularly went to church, and took notes of the sermons which he heard. "Dans quel esprit faut-il écouter un sermon? Dans l'esprit de resignation." Goethe soon gave up taking notes, but biblical subjects continued to occupy his attention, and his heart was filled with earnestness. He went so far as to study Hebrew, and we know that he felt great scruples when partaking for the first time of the Sacrament. This is all the more remarkable because the clergyman who taught him was one of those "high and dry" men who seem to belong to a former age, long since dead.

When the young man Goethe returned from the University he fell in with Frau von Klettenberg. He was very ill, and mentally was in a state of crisis. Rationalism and Protestant Christianity were alike distasteful to him. Frau von Klettenberg was pretty —Goethe was fond of women; he could not conceive of the ideal, except in the form of a woman—with laughing eyes

and silvery voice, and the sundry accompaniments of grace. She was a capital nurse, and pious, with a strong leaning to superstition. Her heart preached many sermons to Goethe, and she almost succeeded in making him a Moravian. She was fond also of dabbling in the mysteries of alchemy, and she and Goethe spent many an hour in poring over the "opus magocabbalisticum et theosophicum." At last the dream came to an end. The mysticism of that charming quaint sect of Moravians ceased to have attractions for Goethe, and he found that the whole fabric rested on "noble delusions and the most delicate confusion between the subjective and the objective." He forgot all about Moravianism, but he never ceased to remember Frau von Klettenberg.

However, he had not yet done with the Pietists; dead orthodoxy had never had any attractions for him, but Pietism was able to enchant him, be it but for a few brief moments. Jung Stilling became his friend, and Goethe wrote two pamphlets in which he showed his great sympathy with the Pietists. He also continued his biblical studies with great zeal. But even then there were indications of the rupture which could not fail to come sooner or later. When Goethe pleads warmly the cause of tolerance; when he says "The Evangelists may contradict each other, but the Gospel never contradicts itself;" when he says, "Man's knowledge grows gradually, and he is the best gardener who knows how to meet the wants of a certain plant at a certain stage of its development," it is clear that he has not learnt these utterances in the school of the Pietists.

One of the most remarkable episodes of his life was the friendship between him and Lavater. Men are generally best known by their oddities and eccentricities. But Lavater was more than the author of a book on physiognomy; he was a thoroughly good man, with intense convictions, which he endeavoured to carry out in a pious, simple life. They met at Ems, and though Goethe was decidedly not of a homogeneous nature,[1] the friendship between the two was great. Lavater was really a tolerant man, and Goethe was liberality personified. He told Lavater that the best thing to do was to draw up their respective creeds in two parallel columns, and then to conclude an alliance of mutual forbearance and peace. "In our Father's Apothecary-shop are many prescriptions," Goethe said. The first flaw in their friendship was caused by a book of Lavater "On the Revelation of St. John." Goethe preferred one of the parables to the seven candlesticks, and could not share the strange enthusiasm which the decorations of Jerusalem the Golden seemed to call forth. Afterwards Lavater published a book under the title of "Pontius Pilate," which contained an apology for Christianity. This widened the gulf between the two friends, and at last their friendship came to an end. Goethe passed Lavater's house without visiting him, and afterwards gave his portrait to the world in the shape of an ostrich.

The specimens of piety which Goethe had seen were not likely to attract his nature, leaving the question of intellect altogether out of sight. Goethe once said that he hoped that the Germans would not pronounce the word "Gemüth" for at least thirty years. "Gemüthlichkeit" is a species of internal comfort, a kind of sentimentality made up of moonshine, sighing whispers, laughing breezes, and all such like. Goethe loved sentiment, but he could not bear sentimentality. The Christianity which at all showed signs of life, and with which he came in contact, was of a very sentimental character. Besides, there was an entire absence of backbone. Jonah's sojourn in the whale would have been to Lavater and his friends one of the cardinal articles of faith by which Christianity stands or falls.

[1] He wrote the following lines in allusion to his sojourn with Lavater and another friend:—

> "Und wie nach Emmaus weiter ging
> Mit Sturm und Feuerschritten,
> Propheten rechts, Propheten links
> Das Weltkind in der Mitten."

If any one man could have saved Goethe, it was the poet-theologian Herder. A man of great intellect and large heart, endeavouring to keep free from the ultras on both sides, he made a daring attempt, with all the powers of his genius, to reconcile the spirit of the age with what the Church believed to be the spirit of Christianity. But Herder, with his manly spirit, failed to influence Goethe; his words left no lasting impression on him. And when Herder was appointed chiefly through Goethe's influence to a position of great dignity in the Church, and to be preacher at the brilliant Court of Weimar, Goethe wrote to him to congratulate him on the fact that "whilst our Lord rode upon one ass, he would have to ride on a hundred and fifty [1] donkeys." Of all this period of Goethe's life it may be said: "Die Bothschaft hör ich wohl; allein mir fehlt der Glaube."

A journey to Italy is not conducive to the development of Christianity. Under that intoxicating sky, amidst that richly beautiful nature, in the midst of those undying recollections of a mighty past, an ever-living source of inspiration, one might almost wish to have been born a Pagan. Æsthetics seem the only religion which is congenial to the soil. It was this element which most probably attracted Goethe slightly towards the Catholic Church. She has recognized the existence of imagination, and the right of poetry and art in Christianity. She has embodied "das ewig Weibliche" in her conception of the pure Virgin-mother of Nazareth. If the Church of Rome had done nothing more than this, she would have enriched the world with one of the noblest poetical ideas; she would have given humanity a centre for its tenderest feelings, its most sacred yearnings, its holiest aspirations. The Madonna and the Mater Dolorosa have done more to keep Christianity alive than any creed or confession.

But if the senses were thus impressed, the spirit recoiled more and more from what it saw and witnessed. With "Julian hatred" Goethe returned. If formerly he had been passive, if he had even not been averse to slight flirtations, he now would hear no longer of any compromise. The rupture between him and "Christianity" was complete. Sometimes, indeed, a softening influence stole over him; the child-like hearts of pious women worked on him with irresistible magic. Then he would listen quietly, and once he wrote beautifully, "Let us be ever at work, whilst the day lasts, and ever realize the eternal." "In our Father's kingdom are many provinces. May we all one day find ourselves together in the arms of the all-loving Father." But such a declaration would scarcely satisfy the pious souls to whom departure from their special shibboleth is heresy. And Goethe attacked the shibboleth sometimes with great vehemence, at all times with great firmness. He had a religion, and to it he ever remained faithful: he found it in the books of Spinoza.

That sombre Portuguese Jew may be called the Father of Pantheism. Goethe did not study his works deeply, but he felt attracted by that conception which made God and the world one, and by that intense belief in a divine, eternal order reigning throughout the universe. He admired that cool mathematical method applied to the world and humanity. The spirit of that philosophy, one of utter unselfishness and humility—for what is the individual but an infinitesimal part of the infinite, and what, after all, can we know of the idea of the Divine?—the entire resignation which it preached, not the *blasé* resignation of the author of Ecclesiastes, but a manly, cheerful submission to laws eternal and necessary to the very centre of the world—the infinite calm which it seemed to impart, appeared to Goethe as truly Christian. "Spinoza non atheum sed carissimum et christianissimum" he called him. In the faith of Spinoza, though he arrived at it by a method of his own, he lived, and wrote, and died.

We have thus briefly touched on Goethe's personal history, because it affords us a key to much which other-

[1] The number of the clergy of Weimar.

wise seems inexplicable. Let us now turn to his writings. Men have done so, and they have found many passages, some of which are very favourable to Christianity, whilst others are decidedly the reverse. To remind you of a few of the former, what can be more beautiful than this: "Christianity is a mighty power, by means of which fallen and sinking humanity has from time to time lifted itself up; and in ascribing to her this great effect, she is far above philosophy, and needs not her aid." Or this: "The greater culture becomes, the more the Bible will be made use of; partly as a foundation, partly as a means of education." Or this: "I look upon the Gospels as genuine throughout; for there is in them the reflection of a grandeur which emanated from the person of Christ, and which is as divine as anything of the Divine which ever appeared on earth." And thus one might go on multiplying quotations. Undoubtedly, on the other hand, passages might be pointed out, speaking in a very different way. But the question may well be put, *Cui bono?* There is nothing more unfair (though it is the ordinary modern method pursued towards the writers of the Bible) than taking a quantity of isolated passages from a man's writings and putting them forward as his system. In such a way a writer may be made to say anything. But not merely is it unfair; it is eminently unsatisfactory. The question is not what did Goethe say in certain passages, but what is the character of his writings taken as a whole; or the spirit that pervades them? And thus only is it possible to arrive at a conclusion as to the relation in which the gospel of Goethe stood towards the Gospel of Christ.

Goethe, as we have seen, became, under the influence of Spinoza, a Pantheist; and his "Faust," to which we shall refer hereafter, has been called the "Bible of Pantheism." Not for centuries had the world seen such a child of nature as Goethe was, and most probably it will never see the like again. It is not the cold, stately Pantheism of the Dutch Jew with his mathematical demonstration; it is the Pantheism not so much of the head as of the heart. It is such a Pantheism as was the religion of the children of India. When the sun set himself on his majestic throne, the heart of the people was filled with gladness; when the last sunbeam lit up the horizon, and darkness laid hold of the vacant throne, sadness seized every breast. But joy came again, for soon the moon was seen with numberless stars, and the light was reflected far and wide, and carried on the rippling river on whose banks men and women stood in wonder. And with the light of moonbeams and thousands of stars transforming night into a younger sister of the day, they moved on merrily, and sang, and danced, and were joyful. They felt the majesty of the thunder and the glory of the herald lightning; they sympathised with the clouds as they rested languidly in the bosom of the sky, or passed hurriedly and anxiously as if pursued by some bitter enemy; they were familiar with every accent of the wind, from its most commanding, threatening tones, to that gentle, coaxing whisper passing into the softest of sighs. No tint of the sky could pass without being reflected in their hearts; no flower could blossom without calling forth feelings of emotion, for were they not all children of that great Nature which is everywhere, in which we "live, and move, and have our being," without which is nothing? Thus the people, knit together in infinite sympathy with Divine Nature, lived their short lives with holy calm—they were wavelets sporting in the sun for a few brief hours, to return, ere long, to the repose of the great ocean.

Such, as much as the nineteenth century will allow it, was the Pantheism of Goethe, "who sought the Divine in herbis et lapidibus." Let others pore till they blind themselves over some musty parchment—

> "Das Pergament, ist das der heil'ge Bronnen
> Woraus ein Trunk den Durst auf ewig stillt."—

Let others examine themselves and

endeavour to discover any signs of moral tattooing or special marks—

> "Dem ist es schlecht in seiner Haut
> Der in seinen eignen Busen schaut."

But Goethe knows of a better source to quench his thirst, and has a better method to arrive at self-knowledge, than that of Mediævalism. He goes to Nature—

> "Ich wandle auf weiter, breiter Flur
> Ursprünglicher Natur;
> Ein holder Born in welchem ich bade
> Ist Tradition, ist Gnade."

He opens his eyes and ears wide, and observes reverently every phenomenon which passes before him, and listens silently to the many voices which sound around him. He turns from the thousands of books, a very Tower of Babel, to that great Nature which ushered him into life, which shall guide him through it, and lead him out of it. Is he not surrounded on every step by mystery? Does he not see men on all sides toiling and struggling, and leading wretched lives in the hopeless attempt to penetrate to the substance of things which must ever be hidden? Yes, but "man is not born to solve the problems of the world; all he is called upon to do is to find out where the problem commences." With this grand belief, the very essence of wisdom, he sets out, so to speak, in his way through the world. Not hampered by any *à priori* theories, not believing that he has got an infallible *passe partout*, or a measure which all things must fit or be made to fit, he demands but one thing—to live, in order that he may learn. No more reverent mind ever studied Nature. Others have asked whether this world was the best that could have been made; and to hear them speak, one would think, with the Spanish King, that if they had been consulted in the act of creation, things would look very differently, and, need I add, much better than they do now? But not so Goethe, for he is not a jobber or a tinker, "Was machst du an der Welt; sie ist schon gemacht." With deep humility he accepts the world as it is, and throws himself with his great intellect and throbbing heart into her ever-open arms. In the world, in humanity, in Nature, he sees everywhere the Divine life—life, it is true, beset by what seem great hindrances and obstacles, yet all the while growing and conquering, and ripening for its final triumph. God seems to him so great that he cannot possibly look upon Him as a mathematical problem; he has such a sense of His life and activity pervading all things, that he cannot think of Him as far removed in some immeasurable distance:—

> "Was wär ein Gott der nur von aussen stiesse
> Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse?
> Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen
> Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen
> So dass was in Ihm lebt und webt und ist
> Nie seine Kraft, nie seinen Geist vermisst."

He hears the Divine voice, not from without, but within. "It is not God that speaks, it is thine own heart;" and he can never be in doubt, for "quite softly a god speaks in our breast, and gently, yet distinctly, shows us what to lay hold of and what to avoid." And this fact that he sees and hears, and feels everywhere the Divine, leads him to think of himself, for what else is he but a part of the Divine?

> "Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft
> Die Sonne könnt' es nie erblicken;
> Läg' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft
> Wie könnt' uns Göttliches entzücken?"

And thus Goethe, contemplating the life all around him, and kneeling before it that he may learn, is taught to know himself. For, to quote the words of Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta,"

> "Im andern seh' ich wie ich bin,
> Im andern fühl' ich meine eigne Wahrheit."

If, as we have seen, he seems to despise self-examination, it is not the thing itself which he denounces, but a special form of it. For he himself goes to the universal life, in which all things are as it were reflected, that he may learn to know himself.

In Nature Goethe found everything. He required space, and light, and air; he could not live without a vast belief. He looked around him and obtained

what he sought. Not in some imaginary world, the fruit of a brain more or less diseased; not amidst phantasms and shadows, but in the world of reality, in the midst of men and women with flesh and blood, he moved, a very Agamemnon amongst them all. To be filled more and more with a sense of that great reality, to find in it the ideal—such was his endeavour. For this he lived, and with great simplicity, and earnestness, and energy, moved by great and holy love, he clung to his Mistress till he died. His last words, "More light," were a revelation of his life. He had humbly received every ray of light, however faint, and endeavoured to unite them, so that they might illumine others. Absolute darkness this modern Prometheus could not believe in, but even the uncertain twilight affected him painfully. So much did he love the light.

From this slight sketch we are able to understand the characteristic tone of Goethe's poetry. The great ALL fills his mind and soul, and the sight of it enraptures him. Every single phenomenon has a relative character—he cannot understand a historical person or an isolated religion endowed with the attributes of the absolute—and occupies a place assigned to it by eternal laws; and all are working together in their own way for the good of the whole. Such a conception, which, to say the least, is majestic, imparted to Goethe's poetry its wondrous combination of perfect serenity and ceaseless activity. What can be grander than the well-known lines:—

> "Wie das Gestirn
> Ohne Hast
> Aber ohne Rast,
> Drehe sich jeder
> Um die eigne Last."

Or the verses in which he bids man not to be anxious, and not to torment himself:—

> "Lass nur die Sorge sein,
> Das giebt sich alles schon;
> Und fällt der Himmel ein,
> Kommt doch eine Lerche davon.'

The true idea of repose, calmly and steadily fulfilling our destiny, was never more beautifully expressed, and resignation never wore a more joyful aspect than in the lines last quoted. He tells men why they are in this world, "Uns zu verewigen sind wir ja da," and bids them look on the things of this world as on a parable. He hides not the mysteries which surround man from the cradle to the grave:—

> "Ein Wunder ist der arme Mensch geboren;
> In Wundern ist der irre Mensch verloren;
> Nach welcher dunklen schwer-entdeckten Schwelle
> Durchtappen pfadlos ungewisse Schritte."

But man need not despair:—

> "Halte dich im Stillen rein
> Und lass es um dich wettern;
> Jemehr du fühlst ein Mensch zu sein
> Desto ähnlicher bist du den Göttern."

Is not this the "enthusiasm of humanity?" And if you ask what is his morality, he will tell you: "Let man be noble and good, and abound in helping others." Or this:—

> "Der Zweifel ist des Guten böse Macht,
> Bedenke nicht, gewähre wie du's fühlst."

And in the following way he describes repentance:—

> "Und so lang du das nicht hast
> Dieses: stirb und werde:
> Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
> Auf der dunklen Erde."

And at last man will be healed, for human nature has the power to recover from its wounds by means of a certain inward power. And with hearty welcome will he be received:—

> "Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
> Den können wir erlösen,
> Und hat an ihm die Liebe gar
> Von oben Theil genommen,
> Begegnet ihm die selige Schaar
> Mit herzlichem Wilkommen."

It is the salvation of Goethe; the highest word of Goethe's poetry.

Looking at Goethe's volumes as they lie before me, it seems a hopeless attempt to give the reader who is not acquainted with them even a faint idea of the riches scattered through those pages with incredible prodigality. It would require a large volume to do so, and

In a short article one feels at a loss what to transcribe where almost everything deserves to be quoted. But before I sum up in a few sentences what seems to me the very essence of Goethe's poetry, we will look for a few moments at one of his greatest and best known poems, "The First Part of Faust."

The prologue opens with the proposed attempt to make Faust unfaithful to the Lord whom he serves. Permission is given to Mephistopheles to endeavour to draw away this spirit from its great source. Mephistopheles has no doubt that he will succeed, and sets to work. Faust is the representative of humanity; he is not a picture of the poet himself. Far from it; he is the symbol of the restlessly toiling masses, of a selfish nature, supposing that all the universe is made for him, and that he is the sun around which everything must turn; of a heart dissatisfied, not contenting itself with the reality around him, which has the stamp of truth; not endeavouring to serve it faithfully, and therein finding his freedom; but looking for some ideal in an imaginary realm which has no reality, which cannot give him what it promises, for it is nothing else but the shadow cast off by his own whims and caprices. Goethe once expressed his chief desire in the words, "Nie Mangel des Gefühls, und nie Gefühl des Mangels." Faust comes before us as one who does indeed feel a great want, but who wants feeling. He has studied Philosophy, Law, Medicine, and, alas! Divinity; he is thoroughly *blasé*, and feels no longer an interest in anything, and is incapable of simple earnest application; he sees no beauty in what surrounds him; it does not attract him, and it is impossible for him to love it. His only salvation seems to him in a departure from Nature; he forsakes a true and healthy philosophy for magic and secret arts. At the very outset he has misgivings:—

> "Und fragst du noch, warum dein Herz
> Sich bang' in deinem Busen klemmt?
> Warum ein unerklärter Schmerz
> Dir alle Lebensregung hemmt?
> Statt der lebendigen Natur
> Da Gott die Menschen schuf hinein
> Umgiebt in Rauch und Moder nur
> Dich Thiergeripp' und Todtenbein."

That departure from Nature is the great sin of Faust. The Spirit of Nature upbraids him with it; its voice sounds in his ears, as did once the words that startled our first parents in the fatal garden of Eden:—

> "Wo bist du, Faust, dess Stimme mir erklang
> Der sich an mich mit allen Kräften drang."

He thinks he is near that great Spirit; Faust still believes that he is a child of Nature. At any rate he wishes it to be:—

> "Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
> Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst."

But the Spirit tells him:

> "Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst
> Nicht mir!"

This word makes him despair. "Ein donnerwort," says Faust, "hat mich hinweg gerafft." He feels himself intensely wretched:—

> "Den Göttern gleich ich nicht! Zu tief ist es gefühlt,
> Dem Wurme gleich ich, der den Staub durchwühlt."

And as the night deepens the darkness in his soul grows denser, and the dawning of the morning makes the contrast which there is between him and Nature all the more intense. Nature rejoices all around him, for the light has come, and darkness is put to flight, and in its gladness every particle throbs with life; but Faust turns his back to the glorious sun, and his only salvation seems to him in a phial, containing poison:—

> "Der letzte Trunk sei nun mit ganzer Seele
> Als festlich hoher Gruss, dem Morgen zugebracht."

What influence can possibly restrain him, and bid the despairing heart hope? In the distance he hears the bells ushering in the Easter morning—the symbol of the world's new life—and on the morning breezes are wafted the sounds of a triumphant melody, announcing to

a slumbering world that it is time to awake, to shake off sloth and languor, to "tear themselves loose from all fetters":—

> "Christ is erstanden!
> Aus der Verwesung Schooss
> Reisset von Banden
> Freudig euch los."

The recollections of childhood, when the bells had to him a deep meaning, when he could pray, when Easter was to him a season of joy, overpower the man who is about to commit suicide. He feels deeply—

> "Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder."

But if he is thus arrested in the rash deed which was to put an end to his existence, he is far from being saved. The impression made is not deep; it is not lasting; it fades, it passes away. A traditional belief cannot possibly save anyone; the memories of a great and holy symbol are not enough to regenerate us. Faust soon returns to his old ways, and once more becomes a prey to despair.

Not, however, without having made an attempt to overcome it. He goes in the world; he mixes with the holiday-making crowd. "Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein," he exclaims. If he had really felt this, and carried it into practice, he might have been saved. But he deceives himself, and when the opportunity arises he shows the real feeling by which he is animated. A farmer goes up to him to remind him of what his father had done for the people during a great epidemic, and thanks him for the part which he also had taken in alleviating pain and allaying suffering. This leads Faust to sad reflections, and the conclusion at which he arrives is—

> "O glücklich wer noch hoffen kann
> Aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen."

Why? Because he comes to the scene full of prejudices and theories. He shuts his eyes resolutely to facts, and refuses to acknowledge that all he has to do is to patiently obey the commands of Nature, and that he can do no more. To labour calmly in accordance with the light of Nature is not enough for him; he therefore longs for another world, and prays to the Spirits to descend,

> "Und führt mich weg zu neuem bunten Leben."

And now the Geist, which had once appeared to him, comes not again. Faust has chosen his path, and at the end of it seems to him to be the land of promise. He is determined to be unfaithful to Nature; let him try where this resolution will lead him. In the evening he sits in his study, and knowing not what to do, and being dissatisfied with Nature, he turns to Revelation. But the parchment does not become to him a source of life; he becomes a critic of the Revelation, and he turns from it without finding the relief he stood in need of.

Whilst he is thus engaged, Mephistopheles appears on the scene,

> "Er ist ein Theil von jener Kraft,
> Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft."

Mark, *en passant*, the light this passage sheds upon the philosophy of Goethe. He is "der Geist der stets verneint." Between Faust, given to magic, and that Spirit, there is great affinity. "Der Teufel ist ein Egoist," says Faust; he little knows that he paints himself. Between the devil and himself a contract is made; Faust wishes to feel—

> "Mein Busen, der vom Wissensdrang geheilt ist
> Soll keinen Schmerzen künftig sich verschliessen
> Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist
> Will ich in meinem Innern selbst geniessen."

The devil promises to gratify his desire, and he consoles himself with the reflection that if Faust had not given himself up to him, he would have perished in any case. He is now taken to the world; he leaves behind his books and learning, to be taught in the great empirical school of life. Whilst standing one day in a street, a beautiful young girl passes him. He sees Gretchen, and her appearance is like a firebrand. He has but one thought—to win her, to possess her. Gretchen de-

serves a separate study; this charming *naïveté*, this pure love, this instinctive dread of all that is evil, might have saved Faust had it yet been possible to arrest him in his downward career. As it is, he describes his own state—

> "Es facht in meiner Brust ein wildes Feuer
> Nach jenem schönen Bild geschäftig an;
> So taumel' ich von Begierde zu Genuss,
> Und im Genuss verschmacht' ich nach Begierde."

Margaret in the end sacrifices herself to him; unconscious of evil, she helps to destroy the man she loves, whom she would fain have saved. Faust, in yielding to his passions, destroys himself, and has done all he can utterly to ruin another human being. There is no more tragical scene in all poetry than that where Faust goes to meet his doomed love within the prison walls. The agony of Margaret as she bids Faust kneel and call upon the saints; the revival of hope, and the dawning of joy as she recognises the voice of her beloved; the silent despair of Faust, and his urgent entreaties to flee with him and to be once more free; the sad but firm refusal of Gretchen, the calm resignation with which she meets her fate; and the climax of it all—her salvation, "Heinrich! mir graut's vor dir"—who can read all this without being stirred to the very inmost of the heart?

But what is it that has destroyed Faust and leaves him unsaved, for the last word to him is that of Mephistopheles, "Her zu mir," and the faint echo of Margaret's voice dies sadly away? What is it that has brought Margaret to the very verge of ruin and saves her in the end, so that the voice from above is able to announce, in answer to the "Sie ist gerichtet" of Mephistopheles, that "Sie ist gerettet"? The destruction and the way to it lie in the departure from Nature, which is, as it were, concentrated in the act of Faust when he deceives Margaret. For the great teaching of Nature is to be unselfish, to leave everything in its own place, not to encroach upon the Divine order, but calmly to submit to it. Faust has left the way of Nature and makes Margaret forsake it; he assumes a position to which he has no right, and he places Margaret in a relation to him which she ought never to have occupied. He sacrifices the individual to the individual, and he errs in doing so. And what saves Margaret is that she accepts Nature. She sees what Heinrich does not see, that thus alone she can be saved. To flee with Heinrich would lead to nothing else but to a more or less prolonged misery, for it is against Nature. But now that she calmly gives herself up to the "Gericht Gottes," which is that of Nature, now that she recognizes the relation in which she stands to the whole, now that she obeys Nature, she is saved. And for Faust, too, there is no other way of salvation: "Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns heran" concludes the second part of Faust. What is this? It is the spirit of child-like receptivity, of single-mindedness and single-heartedness, of patient labour, of love, of resignation, of sacrifice.

This is the message which Goethe brought to the world—Do what thou hast to do with all thy might; but be calm, be patient, and never be dismayed. Look at Nature, listen to her, follow her, obey her; do thine own part, and the end will be that in the salvation of the all thou wilt find thine own.

Is this Christianity or not? Margaret once told her lover that "he had not Christianity;" and at another time, after she had listened to Faust's creed, she said, "This is all very beautiful and nice; the clergyman tells me almost the same things, though in somewhat different words." When was she right? in the former instance, or the latter?

A. Schwartz.

MIRAGE.

"I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and will speak comfortably unto her."

"I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face."

No happy change my garden knew
  Of morn or rosy eventide;
One fragrant gloom of green and blue
Lived always there, the flowers that grew
  All turned to face the sun outside.

No summer drank the fountain dry,
  Some shady trees were always green;
But all my heart was hot to try
What lay beneath the open sky,
  Beyond my garden's sombre screen.

A fainting silence filled the air
  With brooding horror of blind heat,
I bent my eyes, which did not dare
Affront the all-pervading glare,
  Upon the haze about my feet.

The flowers were fading as I past,
  I marked them not, nor cared to know
Whither I wandered, till at last
I felt the sun was overcast
  And lifted up my eyes, and lo!

Near, full in view, and clear as day,
  A City, with a diadem
Of everlasting bulwarks, lay,
The guerdon of the dreadful way,
  The heavenly Jerusalem.

Methought for very joy and dread
  I could not move; I staid my hand
Upon a riven rock, whose head
Seemed hidden up in heaven and shed
  A shadow o'er that weary land.

Then the sun set, and from the right,
  Over the waste, a hissing wind
Came up, and opened to my sight
The empty coolness of the night
  And the dim garden close behind.

I leant upon a broken reed;
  My heedless steps had hardly won
That wilderness, where God will plead
With all whom He vouchsafes to lead
  From Egypt, or from Babylon.

AFTER THE CHINESE.

Although I am a slave,
  Although I am alone,
Although I cannot find the grave
  Of those who were my own;
I care not to be dead,
  I find my life is sweet,
While the moon is over head
  And the flowers about my feet.

The heavy scented air
  Is laden with a balm,
To ease Love's heart of aching care
  And turn desire to calm;
The pleasant things Love said
  The silence shall repeat,
While the moon is overhead
  And the flowers about my feet.

It is but for a night;
  Love was but for a day;
We know not when he takes his flight,
  We know he will not stay:
The night will soon be sped,
  I know the hours are fleet,
Though the moon is overhead
  And the flowers about my feet.

The flowers are closing fast,
  The moon is sinking low;
Sleep falls upon my eyes at last,
  I will arise and go;
But still upon my bed
  My throbbing heart shall beat
As the moon were overhead
  And the flowers about my feet.

I shall awake to thrall,
  But strong to struggle on;
The day is much the same for all
  When night and Love are gone.
We live on bitter bread
  In the burden and the heat,
Till the moon is overhead
  And the flowers about our feet.

The patient moon will shine
  On other slaves like me,
When other flowers as fair will pine
  Or bloom, when I am free,
At home among the dead,
  Who find their life most sweet,
Though no moon is overhead
  No flowers about their feet.   G. A. Simcox.

LINCOLNSHIRE SCENERY AND CHARACTER AS ILLUSTRATED BY MR. TENNYSON.

As a Lincolnshire man, and long familiar with the district in which Mr. Tennyson was born, I have often been struck with the many illustrations of our county's scenery and character to be found in his poems. What Virgil has done for Mantua and its slow, winding river, what Horace has done for Bandusia and the Apulian Apennines, what Wordsworth has done for the English Lakes and Scott for the Highlands, that our poet has done for the homelier scenes of his boyhood and early manhood in Mid-Lincolnshire.

They live for us in his pages depicted with all the truth and accuracy of a photograph. This, I think, will appear from the following paper, in which I have sought to bring together the chief passages that bear upon Lincolnshire scenery out of Mr. Tennyson's poems.

And to begin with, his birthplace, Somersby—of which parish Mr. Tennyson's father was the rector, and where he passed with little interval the first twenty-five years of his life—is a quiet wooded village, "pleasantly situated," as the guide-books say, at the foot of the South Wold. The country about it is soft and pastoral, with small villages lying close together. To the north rises the long back of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford: to the south the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden. This home-scene is pictured to us in the "Ode to Memory, written very early in life," first published 1830.

"Come forth, I charge thee! arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye
Divinest memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried;
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress, and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthern urn,
In every elbow and turn
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thickfleeced sheep from wattled folds
Upon the ridged wolds;
When the first matinsong hath waked loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

Surely very remarkable verse for a boy still in his teens! "Non sine Dîs animosus infans." But mark the illustration of the local scenery—"the woods that belt the gray hill-side"—the trees of the spot—elm and poplar—and, above all, the brook. This brook will occur again and again in Mr. Tennyson's poems. It rises, we have seen, a little way above Somersby, runs beneath the village, as here described, over "matted cress and ribbed sand," "narrow"—for a boy could jump it—with deep banks, eating its way with innumerable links and turnings, and serving to drain a large district, "drawing into its narrow earthern urn every elbow and turn, the filtered tribute of the rough woodland." A little below Somersby it is dammed up to turn a small water-mill. And there by its banks we find the poet, in another exquisite lyric—"The Miller's Daughter"—published in 1833.

"How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill,
The black and silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still:

> The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
> The dark round of the dripping wheel,
> The very air about the door
> Made misty by the floating meal!
> I loved from off the bridge to hear
> The rushing sound the water made,
> And see the fish that everywhere
> In the back-current glanced and played:
> Low down the tall flag-flower that sprung
> Beside the noisy stepping-stones,
> And the massed chestnut boughs that hung
> Thick studded over with white cones."

The brook has a sandy bottom, where shoals of small fish delight to disport themselves. And it may be that it was here that Mr. Tennyson took his *simile* in Enid, where the panic-stricken followers of false Lémours vanish at the charge of Geraint,

> ——"Like a shoal
> Of darting fish that on a summer morn
> Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand.
> But if a man who stands upon the brink
> But lift a shining hand against the sun,
> There is not left the twinkle of a fin
> Betwixt the cressy islets white with flowers."

Allusions to the same brook may be seen in "In Memoriam," No. xcviii., where it is described as swerving

> "To left and right thro' meadowy curves
> That feed the mothers of the flock."

It flows in an easterly direction below Somersby, "a rivulet, then a river," and after a course of some length, through thorp and village, taking its name from each in turn, it enters the sea at a spot called Gibraltar Point, where it forms Wainfleet haven. Here begins that long line of sand-hills or dunes which stretches northward to the Humber, and which by a narrow ridge wards off the German Ocean from the rich Lincolnshire marsh, a tract of pasture land varying from four to eight miles in width, which lies between the sea and the wold.

These sand-hills, with the flat shore on the one side and the fertile marsh on the other, find frequent mention in Mr. Tennyson's poems. His first sight of the sea was on the Lincolnshire coast; and there it is known that many of his earlier poems were written and revised, *παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*.

The quotations will show how accurately he has seized the peculiar features of our coast, its long-retreating tides, its salt creeks, its heavy-plunging seas. Thus, to go back to the "Ode to Memory"—

> "Artist-like
> Ever retiring thou dost gaze
> On the prime labours of thine early days:
> No matter what the sketch might be,
> Whether the high field or the bushless Pike:
> Or even a sand-built ridge
> Overblown with murmurs harsh,
> Or even a lowly cottage, whence we see
> Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
> When from the frequent bridge,
> Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
> The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

In the "Palace of Art" we have these picturesque lines:—

> "A still salt pool locked in with bars of sand
> Left on the shore, that hears all night
> The plunging seas draw backward from the land
> Their moon-led waters white."

There we see our coast at low water, with its shallow creeks banked in by amber bars of sand; and in "Locksley Hall" we have that same coast in another aspect:—

> "Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy flats,
> And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

We hear in this the mighty sound of the breakers as they fling themselves at full tide with long-gathered force upon the slope sands of Skegness or Maplethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. Nowhere is ocean grander in a storm; nowhere is the thunder of the sea louder, nor its waves higher, nor the spread of their waters on the beach wider. Mr. Tennyson has pictured it all in a splendid passage in one of his latest works, "The Last Tournament,"—

> "Arthur—deigned not use of word or sword—
> But let the drunkard . . . .
> Fall. As the crest of some slow dashing wave
> Heard in dead night along that table shore
> Drops flat, and after the great waters break
> Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
> Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
> From less and less to nothing."

The only fault here is the unworthiness of the object which suggests the comparison. But the *simile* itself is magnificent, and reminds one of Virgil's "neque ipso monte minor procumbit," (Georg. III., 1177) a poet with whom Mr. Tennyson offers many points of resemblance.

Three other passages I find which bear evidence of being composed on recollections of the Lincolnshire shore.

This from "A Dream of Fair Woman":—

> "So shape chased shape as swift as when to land
> Bluster the winds and tides the selfsame way,
> Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray."

And this from the "Lotos Eaters":—

> "How sweet it were . . .
> To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
> And tender curving lines of creamy spray."

And this from the same poem—

> "The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
> In the red west . . . . .
> They sat them down upon the yellow sand
> Between the sun and moon upon the shore."

With regard to the last, I may remark that Sir H. Holland, in his very interesting "Life Recollections," expresses surprise that no writer in prose or verse has noticed the phenomenon of the sun and moon both at full above the horizon at the same time. But he must have overlooked these lines, which show that long ago Mr. Tennyson had seen and recorded this very sight. Where he saw it admits of hardly a doubt—on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, where at one time the red sun may be seen setting over the wide marsh, and the full moon rising out of the eastern sea.

Probably it was from the same position that Mr. Tennyson watched those glorious autumn sunsets which painters are familiar with on our flat coast, one of which he has sketched for us in a single line—

> "The wide-winged sunsèt of the misty marsh."

Further illustration of the Lincolnshire landscape, and particularly the landscape about Somersby, are met with in "In Memoriam," lxxxvii., xciii., xcviii., xcix., c.—Edition 1850. Here we find many a characteristic of the county. The "sheep-walk up the windy wold"; the "knoll," where the cattle love to lie in summer, adorned with "ash and haw," the ash being pre-eminently the Lincolnshire tree, and noticed elsewhere by the poet for its backwardness in coming into leaf:—

> "Delaying as the tender ash delays
> To clothe herself when all the woods are green."

And again—

> "Black as the ash-buds in the front of March."

The "quarry," trenched along the chalk hill, the brook, "pleasant fields and farms," the trees with unlopped boughs, not trimmed up to the likeness of radishes as is the case in some counties, but free to spread their "dark arms" over field and lane. One other mark of the district may be noticed from "In Memoriam," xxviii., and that is the nearness of the Lincolnshire villages to each other—as evidenced by the poet hearing at one time four peals of Christmas bells. It is the custom in Lincolnshire to ring for a month or six weeks before Christmas, and a late traveller at that period of the year may often realize for himself the following description—

> "The time draws near the birth of Christ.
> The moon is hid: the night is still,
> The Christmas bells from hill to hill
> Answer each other in the mist.
>
> Four voices of four hamlets round
> From far and near on mead and moor,
> Swell out and fail, as if a door
> Were shut between me and the sound.
>
> Each voice four changes on the wind
> That now dilate, and now decrease;
> Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
> Peace and goodwill to all mankind."

Such are some of the many illustrations of Lincolnshire scenery to be derived from Mr. Tennyson's works, and these by no means exhaust the list. "Mariana," "The Dying Swan," and "The May Queen," are full of reminiscences of Lincolnshire—Lincolnshire landscape, Lincolnshire skyscape, and Lincolnshire wild-flowers.

Take this from "Mariana":—

"From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange."

The grange itself still exists amongst us, with its old moat unhealthily near, and sluggish, stagnant waters thick-coated with duck-weed, just as it is here described:—

"About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd water slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept."

These marish-mosses, "green and still," appear again in "The Dying Swan," which opens with a sketch sad enough, but which will be recognised as Lincolnshire under its least cheerful aspect, when the east-wind prevails:—

"The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray."

The desolate feeling called forth here is kept up in the closing lines of the poem —lines of matchless melody, descriptive of common, familiar growths, such as the locality presented to his view:—

"And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wan-worn thorns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song."

From "The May Queen" I may quote, as illustrative of the landscape—

"You'll never see me more in the lone, gray fields at night:
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool."

This enumeration of the various grasses leads us to the allusions in Mr. Tennyson's poems to the wild-flowers of our land. A whole garland of these might easily be gathered from the "May Queen" alone; and conspicuous among them would be the marsh-marigold, "which shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray." Nor is it for our wild-flowers only that we look in these poems. In one short piece entitled "Song," which stands next to the "Ode to Memory" and with it was published in 1830, Mr. Tennyson has given us a garden—an old-fashioned English garden, with old-fashioned English flowers, in the season of decay—such a garden as may still be found attached to quiet, simple homes in Lincolnshire. I shall ask for space to quote the whole of it:—

"A Spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid their yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.
The air is damp, and hush'd, and close
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves,
At the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the last year's rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

What true and faithful painting! And this was written more than forty years ago!—before the Pre-Raphaelite was heard of. Painter and poet, not a few of them have since trodden in Mr. Tennyson's footsteps, and earned a just renown by careful and minute delineation of Nature. "More can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." All honour to him who first introduced it amongst us—who "once in a golden hour" cast this seed into the earth, who has opened our eyes to the glory of common things—enforces more than any man of this generation the Master's lesson, "consider the lilies, how they grow"—taught us to see in the meanest object at our feet the work of a Divine Architect, full of wisdom and full of beauty, "a miracle of design."

For illustration of Lincolnshire character we naturally turn to those well-known personages, "The Northern Farmers," old and new style. As regards the first, I will only say that he is a type of the past: that the man, like the mastodon, no longer exists amongst us. That he did exist, and that Mr. Tennyson saw him, I have no doubt. But he has long been in his grave, and a more refined heir stalks about his fields.

With regard to the second, he, too, with his horse "Proputty," is of a bygone age. The present Lincolnshire farmer goes to market in a gig, or more commonly by rail. But though the outward man has perished, not so has his teaching. Not to marry the governess; to look out for a wife with a dowry; the value of money; how the having it makes a "good un"; the want of it, the thief; these are sentiments by no means obsolete, not confined to one class, or one country, or one age. Materfamilias in her London house is entirely in accord with the Northern Farmer on all these points. Only she hardly expresses herself so forcibly. And it is for this, for the wonderful vigour and raciness of the language, that the poem before us, and its pendant, are so truly admirable and valuable. Our dear old Doric dialect is—I grieve to say—dying out. H.M. Inspector is robbing us of our father's tongue. We see the spoiler everywhere at his ruthless work, and we are powerless to stop him. In a few years we shall all talk alike and spell alike, and all alike use words to conceal our real thoughts. The more the reason that we should be grateful to Mr. Tennyson for thus preserving to us two types of the yet unsophisticated Lincoln farmer in these imperishable poems.

I am no critic, but when I hear what the critics say, the talk there is of Mr. Tennyson wanting force, and the power to individualize, I wish to ask where will you find these qualities if not in the two "Northern Farmers"?

Perhaps I might add to their portraits—as distinct as they in individuality—the sketch of Sir Walter Vivian in the epilogue to the Princess, whom as a Lincolnshire man, I would fain claim for a compatriot:—

"No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd, genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano, and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn.
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—
Who spoke few words and pithy."

But I must close. If my reader has been interested in the subject, I would invite him, when he has leisure, to verify Mr. Tennyson's illustrations by visiting the district to which they refer.

Lincolnshire has hitherto had scarce justice done her. Viewed by the hasty traveller from the railroad which passes over the fens and avoids the hill country, she has been denied a claim to beauty—"a flat land, a prosaic land, a land of corn and cattle; rich if you like, as old Bœotia was rich in material riches, in fat sheep and oxen, but not rich in interest for the tourist, not a land to foster genius and feed the imagination."

But surely the truth is otherwise. Lincolnshire—a great part of it—in home pastoral scenery is not behind other counties, while in her wide-extended views, in her open wolds, in her sounding shore and shining sands, in her glorious parish churches, with their gigantic steeples, she has charms and beauties of her own. And as to fostering genius, has she not proved herself to be the "meet nurse of a poetic child"? For here, be it remembered, here in the heart of the land, in Mid-Lincolnshire, Alfred Tennyson was born; here he spent all his earliest and freshest days; here he first felt the divine afflatus, and found fit material for his muse—

"The Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Eshtaol."

D. R.

A Lincolnshire Rector.

September, 1873.

CRIME, CRIMINALS, PUNISHMENT.

A WELL-GROUNDED impression has fixed itself upon the public mind, that our social condition is unhealthy, that, with all our wealth pauperism is spreading; with all our philanthropy, crime is increasing.

Legislation fails to arrest the danger framed upon the obsolete practice of the punishment, not the reformation of the offender; it leaves untouched the root of the disease, which again crops up with its noxious and baneful fruit.

When the transportation of the criminal ceased, a new order of things commenced. We have never conformed to it; we still deal with crime as if we could banish it from our hemisphere; we have grafted upon an unsound stock —failure is the consequence.

In the infancy of a nation, few laws are required to meet its simple wants. As commerce increases, new vices are created to corrupt mankind.

Enterprise and science minister to the luxuries of a people, but they bring with them their attendant evils, and remind us that they are not unmixed blessings. Crime follows in the wake of civilization—the demon that dogs its footsteps and revels in its shadow.

In the days of transportation we removed the burden from ourselves, and cast it upon distant colonies. Careless whether it raised or ruined the society that received it—that convenient outlet is closed—we have it amongst us—a monster, hideous in its deformity—appalling in its magnitude.

We require a thorough remodelling of our criminal code—classification both of crime and of punishment.

A judicious treatment of the present, as well as the future, of the criminal. Above all, a National Reformatory System, to check that incipient vice which expands into social disease.

We do not adapt the punishment to the offence. No fixed rules to guide the decision of our Judges. No moral or physical training for the freedman on his re-entrance into society.

Crime, to be successfully opposed, ought to be brought under different heads—that against society at large, and that against individuals.

In the first, we would place treason and political offences.

In the second, those against individuals to be met by punishment disabling and deterring.

In the third, those against property.

The fourth we would bring under the head of Reformatories.

All punishment to be disabling, deterring, and reforming.

Political offences are so rare that we pass them by; but we would include in the first class of crime, those which by their atrocity terrify mankind; the false signaller at sea; the murderer; the man, who shows by the depravity of his character, that he is dangerous to his fellow creatures—his punishment should be disabling either by death or life-long imprisonment.

The second class, the professional criminal, whose practical talent preys upon the resources of a country; the housebreaker, the forger, the robber, should be removed from the sphere of his mischief by long imprisonment. Punishment, disabling and deterring.

The third class, by far the most difficult to deal with; the occasional thief, the pickpocket, the man who shows that he is not as yet an adept in crime, still to be reclaimed by care, that vast and ever-increasing army, ready at any time for an attack upon property, whose constant and petty annoyance cause more real injury to society than the less frequent outrage of the footpad or the burglar. Punishment, disabling, deterring and reforming.

The fourth class we should assign to Reformatories; those numbers running

wild in our streets, deserted by parents, neglected by parish authorities, the raw material of crime, easily converted into the finished article, by the skilful tuition of the old offender.

Classification of crime will never be complete without analysing its causes, and making the punishment analogous to the offence. Shedding of blood is the result of ungoverned passions, robbery of cupidity, arson and personal violence of revenge. We find that forgery follows commercial prosperity, riot that of national distress, theft hangs upon wealth, petty larceny appropriates carelessness. Yet with society bleeding with wounds, so vast and so various, we apply the same remedy—the gaol. No immediate punishment to bring before the mind of the culprit, crime and its consequences. No association of ideas to make him feel cause and effect; he knows that he is in the grip of the law, to expiate, not atone, for his crime; he may have robbed his neighbour, burnt his ricks, or broken his head. Yet no restitution is required in the one case, or satisfaction in the other. A fine should be the antidote to revenge; *the cat and solitary confinement* should correct the brutality which injures a man or maltreats a woman.

We would make the penalty for crime a fixed one. A man on conviction should know the exact measure of his fate; he should step into the grade of his punishment as he does into the number of his cell.

It might be varied according to the consequence of the offence, or the character of the offender; but the principle remains the same—classification of punishment; and that opens up the question of Prison Discipline. We wish we could expunge from our vocabulary, the term Gaol, with all the horrid associations connected with it, and view a prison as an hospital for the cure of moral disease—care for the convalescent—rigour for the riotous—discipline for all.

But with ideas unchanged by the new order of things imposed upon us, we still look upon a prison as it were a lock-up house, before removal to a penal settlement, instead of a means for the reformation of the offender—a moral sanatorium to ensure a healthy readmission to society.

And when we have the man safely housed what do we do with him? Do we endeavour to elevate the intellect? or encourage industrial pursuits? Any latent talent within him? Not a bit of it. We deaden his faculties in picking oakum, or weary his limbs on the treadmill. As if the object of punishment was to stamp vice out of him, instead of extracting the poison by the surer agencies of education and kindness. What principles of morality can be educed by reducing a human being to the level of a beast? What feeling of reawakened good can be cultivated on a frame worn down by labour?

The corporeal capabilities of man are called out, his thews and sinews are stretched by a hard and monotonous employment, but the mind, uncared for and neglected, remains a hotbed of sensuality and mischief.

After all, human nature bears the stamp of Divinity upon it, which we are bound to honour, however much obscured by evil, or disfigured by vice.

We should banish from our prisons all employment that tends to degrade a man. Our endeavour must be to raise the moral tone within him, if his future life is to be useful to himself and innocuous to others.

All prisons should be subject to general rules, both as to diet and discipline. We would leave nothing to the discretion of an officer, however successful may have been his efforts in making his own a model. Praise to himself, however well merited, is a reflection upon others; it proves a system defective, which is so varied in its operation, that success depends upon individual action; it converts what ought to be the fixed rules of a public office, into the shifty regulations of a private establishment.

Prisons should be self-supporting. It is an injustice upon the ratepayers to be mulcted by a double tax. One

from the injury consequent upon the crime; the other from the punishment which follows it—the prisoner should pay every item of his incarceration—every expense to which he would be liable in a state of freedom—except lodging and the salaries of his keepers—society is bound to defray charges which it incurs for its own protection. Every indulgence which may tend to mitigate the rigours of prison discipline should be earned by the labour of its inmates. A man can have no cause for complaint: society which he has injured restrains him from further mischief; but it gives domicile most healthy—food most nutritious—instruction for moral improvement. The superfluities it is not bound to furnish—they should be the gains of industry. We would build a prison as we do an hospital for the reception and cure of disease; we would keep body and soul together on the same principle that we support poverty in a workhouse; but we would do nothing more: let a man procure anything beyond the necessaries of life as he can. Prisons we would make the receptacles of the worst class of crimes, retaining its victim until his social regeneration might be relied on, and compelling him to work for his own and his country's good.

Under no pretence would we make the term less than five years; we would hold out no hopes of shortening sentences by strict observance of prison rules: nine times out of ten, the promise is a premium upon hypocrisy. Good behaviour we would enforce, if punishment is necessary for the refractory, let it be short, sharp and severe; there let it end. Let an end be put to the useless barbarity of the crank and shot drill; plant self-respect into the man; raise the moral tone within him, by making him feel that the labour of his head or his hands is of use to his fellow creatures—principles impossible to drive into a mind depressed by the senseless degradation of unprofitable toil.

We have dealt with Punishment Disabling, to which we have assigned the first order of crime; we approach the second class, which we would treat with Punishment Disabling and Deterring; feeling that the line of demarcation between them is a faint one, both marked by depravity of character; both by crimes of malignity; the professional thief, the instructor in dishonesty, the organiser of robberies, we would remove from society by long imprisonment; and when the day of liberation arrives, the ticket-of-leave should be granted, not within one hundred miles of the scene of the man's former avocations. It may be argued that precautions are useless to ensure the public security when dens of infamy disappear under the vigilance of police, and their inmates scattered by the progress of improvements; possibly so, but we would save the freed man from even the chance of temptation, and compel the probation period of his life—his moral convalescence—to be passed under supervision in a distant locality; there should be no association before his mind between the past and present; no relic of evil, to test with its allurements the good which seclusion from the world may have implanted within him.

Houses of correction, under proper management, should be as nearly as possible, self-supporting. And when the day of liberation arrives, the nature of the offence should determine whether the ticket-of-leave should be given to a man in a distant part of the country, or whether he should be placed under the surveillance of the police as a protection to society.

We would allow, for the minor order of crime, a system of responsibility, in which friends might guarantee the safe conduct of the freed man; those most painful cases, for instance, in which the member of some respectable family sinks into crime, and becomes lost in its abyss, when the helping hand might enable him to disappear from the country, and hide his misery and his shame from the world like an animal that crawls into his hole to die.

We should have one difficult phase of crime provided for by the benevolence

of individuals, a mercy to the man, a boon to society.

We are aware how difficult it is to handicap immorality; to place the right weights upon crime; to poise the scales with such accuracy as not to allow prejudice to draw down justice, or leniency to lighten it; to strike a fair balance between the varying degrees of vice.

And where there is so little to guide, previous character and the consequences of the deed must have an important bearing on the decision of the case.

The literary demerit of the forger, and the unscientific effort of the burglar, cannot be ranked in the same category; the stealthy approach of malice, and the knock-down blow of violence, cannot be placed on the same level. There are crimes of atrocity, such as arson or false signalling, which, although the first faults of the offender, mark such depravity of character as fairly to rank their authors in the first order of punishment; but deeds of brutality we would meet with punishment short and sharp. Those of malice, which have not even the goadings of impulse to impel them, we would have no mercy for. The slanderer, the extortioner, the robber who preys upon the weakness and fears of the timid —that vice which follows hard riches —deserves no pity.

Those insidious attacks upon private character, which feed the cupidity of the tout; those most dangerous insinuations against the stability of our semi-public establishments, which supply the gains of unprincipled speculation, should be put an end to by means however arbitrary. The comforts of social life and the security of property demand checks upon an evil of which our Law Courts furnish such painful examples; the villain who whispers his doubts against public and private credit that he may reap the benefit of his fraud—moral stains upon character, which are hardly effaced by the white-washing of truth, but, like the trail of the slug, remain after the beast has vanished from sight—merit the utmost severity of punishment.

We would draw a broad distinction between offences of malice and those of impulse: the injury to society is greater by that slow plotting in mischief which, like the coil of the serpent, gradually unfolds until it encloses its victim, than by the unpremeditated attack which spares nothing it can master—the cat to punish the abuse of personal strength, solitary confinement and bread and water to correct the poison of treachery. We would make a man feel that his punishment was analogous to his offence —brutality by chastisement, robbery by restitution, skilled vice by refined employment and scanty fare.

We would bring into the House of Correction all who render themselves amenable to justice by vagrancy, professional begging; all who are a constant tax upon the community by acts of petty dishonesty.

The proof of honest livelihood should be thrown upon the man. We cannot but think that under the screw of distasteful employment the trade of the mendicant will disappear, and leave us in time nothing but real indigence to deal with.

One we should punish in the House of Correction, the other relieve in the Workhouse, fit objects for public care and private benevolence. Our wish is to extinguish the practice of begging, not to discourage almsgiving, that feeling which finds a relief in relieving the wants of others. By separating vice from poverty we should remove that dread of imposition which affords a ready excuse for the denial of the skinflint, and even drives warm-hearted philanthropy into the cold-blooded prudence of doling out cards and tickets.

We honour the generous impulse which compassionates a Lazarus starving in the shade of the world's neglect. Dives we detest—sordid and suspicious, trusting to the rates to ease his conscience and save his pocket-money.

We wish we could see a more liberal administration of our Poor-law, to supplement the hard-earned gains of age and infirmity; a relaxation of the strin-

gent provisions of out-door relief to those whom the caprice of trade or the accidents of life may have reduced to temporary want, when assistance may enable a man to tide over momentary difficulties. Anything to check the descent by that easy gradient from destitution to vice.

Our Poor-laws should be worked on the principles of sympathy with misfortune, kindness to indigence, stern rigour to idleness.

We have alluded to the worst orders of crime, which we maintain it is impossible to deal with without classification and making the punishment analogous to the offence. We now come to the last branch of the subject, the most important of all; for upon its successful application depends the future welfare of England.

Legislation may break up the mass of crime which surrounds us, police regulations may prevent its adhesion to any particular spot, but to eliminate the evil from our social condition we must rely upon a sound reformatory system. The State must stand in *loco parentis* to the neglected cast-offs whose daily bread too often depends upon successful cunning or ready adroitness. It is bound by every principle of national safety and of national morality to control and correct that youthful vice which soon hardens into crime; by industrial training to encourage habits of order, by moral discipline to cultivate the feelings.

We have allowed masses of our population to grow up uncared for and unheeded. When any of its members, through ignorance or want, infringe upon the laws, we make them its victims. We punish the ignorance our apathy has fostered, and neglect the poverty we were too careless to relieve.

It may be too late to reclaim the old offender; for old-established crime there may be no help. It must then die a natural death; but to allow another generation to grow up in the ignorance and vice of the present one is a disgrace to a civilized country.

If ever the history of the Reformatory movement is written, the names of Baker and of Bengough will stand out in bold relief amongst the benefactors of mankind, to whose practical philanthropy England may be indebted for a diminution of crime and a higher standard of public morality.

Under their auspices Reformatories originated in Gloucestershire. Wishing to repress the local crime of their neighbourhood, they introduced a system of industrial training. It has since spread over the country. Gaols, which had obtained unenviable notoriety, are closed, and converted to other purposes. Crime, which had polluted the social atmosphere of its towns, is well-nigh extinguished. It reappeared under the mistaken lenity of short sentences; was re-extinguished on a return to those of long duration. The best safeguard against relapse into vice was adopted —employment after liberation. Occupiers of land were invited to receive into their farms one offshoot of these schools, a charity which would not tax a man more than once in the duration of a long lease, to place him amongst the cultivators of the soil—the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet—until habits of industry were confirmed, and he could with safety be launched into the labour market of the world: a contrast to the custom of our prisons, which turns a freed man into the street without provision or care for his future. No money was wasted in expensive and imposing buildings, none in an education unsuited to the condition and prospects of its inmates. Sound teaching to enable a boy to hold his own in the world, sufficient restraint to curb unruly wills, withdrawal from his former associates lengthy enough to check the influence of evil recollections, to convert irregularity into order, idleness into industry. The modest attempt of two Gloucestershire magistrates to raise the moral tone of the youthful population of their own neighbourhood bids fair to become a national institution, working the social regeneration of England.

The example set by Mr. Baker and Mr. Bengough has been followed both by town and country magistrates bringing

their local experience to bear upon the repression of youthful immorality. By their efforts they have directed the broad stream of public benevolence, too often wasted in the overflow of desultory charity, to the source of an evil which, if unchecked, will sooner or later engulf our national resources.

Large towns, by the adoption of industrial schools and reformatories, have caught up that vast mass of pauperism, and its satellite incipient vice. Our urban magistrates have most ably seconded the labours of their country coadjutors, breaking up those schools of vice which applied their unholy industry in instructing the dissolute and vitiating the idler. We no longer witness the painful spectacle of juvenile delinquency developing into crime in the polluted atmosphere of our prisons; but subjected to the wholesome restraint of a reformatory, the culprit may be restored to liberty, a blessing, not a curse, to society.

Vagrancy and vice no longer allowed to conceal themselves in the nooks and corners of our towns, are driven into broad daylight; we are brought face to face with the evil; it is our own fault if we are unable to cope with it.

Statistics prove that already youthful commitments are decreasing; that the efforts of our magistrates, by aiming at the sources of crime, are reducing its area, bringing it under the notice of the authorities and the supervision of police. By thus destroying the early shoot, we may stamp out the plague of educated vice, and leave to a future generation nothing more than the depravity of human nature to deal with it unskilled by the genius—untutored in the arts of evil—the devil without his fangs.

To carry out the aim and object of the reformatory system much remains to be done. More ample powers should be given to magistrates to deal with the suppression of crime. Police should be invested with authority to enter all houses of doubtful repute. All resorts of immorality and vice should be closed as a private nuisance and a public danger.

It is idle to talk about the liberty of the subject when the property of the subject is imperilled. All places of public assembly condemned by the verdict of the neighbourhood, should be under the control of the police, and their owners fined and held to bail if the attractions they offer are opposed to the cause of order and morality.

Whether for the repression of crime, the relief of pauperism, or the distribution of charity, all towns should be divided into blocks; the population would be known to the local authorities; the respectable portion of its inhabitants would aid the police with information and assistance in clearing away the dens from their respective localities; and were committees formed to inspect and report upon the social condition of the neighbourhood, the harbours of crime and refuges for criminals would soon disappear.

The area for inspection ought to be reduced to a manageable compass, to enable the practised eye of the policeman to detect the arrival and departure of suspicious characters, and with photography to stamp its reminiscences, and telegraphy to flash its warning, the life of a criminal would be an uneasy one.

The task of clearing crime from our towns, may appear to a superficial observer, almost a hopeless one, but if the subject is viewed in detail, many of its difficulties will vanish.

The bad characters of a town are soon known to the police: they are troublesome from their activity, dangerous from their ubiquity; but their numbers are comparatively small and decreasing. Recommitments and numerous aliases; tend to swell the numerous returns, and induce the belief of an increase of crime; when the same individual, under different names, is produced before different police offices.

How often do we find that some particular locality acquires a painful notoriety by the number and variety of its offences, until the capture of some leader in mischief restores tranquillity to the spot, and discloses the fact that he alone was the author of the social dis-

comfort: like a ringing fox in a covert, giving the appearance of numbers by showing himself at odd corners, till his death proves that he has been the sole cause of the noise and confusion.

As a class, the evil disposed of in a country is short-lived. What with its own disease-inviting habits, and the precarious nature of its calling, its members soon become scattered and lost sight of. The den of the trader in crime gives place to local improvements, the rookery is metamorphosed into a model lodging-house, some leading thoroughfare derives daylight through the dark recesses which concealed destitution and vice.

Long sentences we look upon as a necessity for the reformation of the offender, to eradicate the evil which habit may have ingrained in his disposition, and to sow upon it the seeds of educational training, which may flourish and fructify for his own and his country's benefit.

If long sentences are required for the safety of a country, they are more so for the man himself, and were he compelled, at the expiration of his term, to seek an abode where his antecedents were unknown, where, from the lapse of time, his very name, and the nature of the crime for which he suffered, forgotten, he might re-enter society with no impediments to clog his actions in regaining the paths of industry, and rejoin his fellow creatures in the struggle for existence, and become lost sight of in the labour market of the country.

Our present system of short sentences —neglect of the freed man, and then granting a ticket-of-leave in the very neighbourhood of the conviction— checks the growth of any permanent improvement in the man, affords him no help to regain a footing in society. On the contrary, by keeping him before the public, it drags him down in his attempts to mount the social ladder; like making a man swim with a weight tied to him, he can with difficulty keep his head above water. We could not well adapt a better expedient than our present one for replenishing our prisons. We open the door, tell a man to walk out, and take care of himself; he returns to society, which, without the passport of character, refuses to readmit him, he falls back from inability to sustain himself upon the pursuits of his former life. The circle of events finds him again in durance, probably under a different name, to swell the numbers of our criminal statistics.

England requires a great national training ground—a half-way house between the prison and the industrial world—a refuge for those unable to procure a livelihood for themselves. The spasmodic philanthropy of prisoners' aid societies may do much; but the question, now that we may not drive crime from our shores, becomes a national one. We are bound to care for the future of the freed man, to remove temptation from him, to guide him, help him, and point out the road to honest employment.

On looking back upon the subject of punishment, disabling and deterring, we feel that our present laws are inoperative for the repression of crime, inefficient for its extinction. We trace the cause to the half cure of the ticket-of-leave; we leave him, as the eagle does its half-fledged young, to the mercies of others; too often the only chance offered to him is starvation or crime. As we are compelled to bear the burden we cannot cast upon others, we must utilise what we cannot get rid of, make the evil of the world subservient to its good, and by compulsory labour upon public works, develop the latent wealth of the country.

There is one branch of the subject of punishment disabling—Death—we approach with reluctance. Painful to all, doubly so to those who view the object of punishment to be the reformation of a human being.

We care not to enter into the question —whether a community is justified in hurrying a soul into eternity, or whether mercy might not be extended to the wretch condemned, for the safety of his fellow creatures, to life-long seclusion from the outer world. Excluded from

converse with mankind—politically dead—harmless to others as a caged animal—he might be drawing to his darkened soul the lights of a brighter and purer state, and preparing a pardon for his future, which is denied to his present existence.

We pass no opinion on the punishment of death; but we maintain that our present mode of executions is useless as a deterrent example. The moral effect of the death of a criminal loses all weight by being gazetted at different places, at different times of the year, as if the object of our revengeful law was to get rid of the unhappy being as soon as possible. Fortunately we are spared the revolting scenes which but a few years ago disgraced England—when a hanging-day was an attraction to the sightseer—the occasion of some sensational newspaper paragraph, gloating over the mock heroism of the desperado.

A far higher moral might be drawn by appointing one particular day for the horrid example—a black-letter day to be set apart for executions—on which the clergy might expatiate on the enormity of a crime, which a country, merciful as England, was unable to bear, on which the funeral-knell, in places far removed from the scene, might well strike awe into the minds of the thoughtful, and remind them that a great criminal was departing from the world.

We turn from the contemplation of a subject so painful as the punishment of death—happily so rare—and that brings us to the office of judge. What code of modern law places such power under the control of any man? The severity, as well as duration of punishment, is regulated by him. To his caprice and his knowledge, the liberties and properties of the subject are entrusted. He may be a man stern and vindictive of temperament, or mild and placable of disposition; he may be guided to his decision by the demeanour of the prisoner, or by those numberless secret influences which often cause a verdict to be a puzzle to the outside public. He has nothing to direct him but perhaps some precedent which the ever-varying usages of society has rendered obsolete, so that we constantly witness the anomaly of a difference of punishment for the same offence, at different places, at the same time. With that extraordinary tenacity for antique customs which forms one of our national characteristics, we continue to invest our judges with supreme authority, as if they alone understood jurisprudence. They are not like the hierophants of old, expounders of occult mysteries; but men raised to eminence by their talents and their character, who may be conversant with the details of law, but not its general principles better than a reflecting public, who in these days of hypercriticism, may not appreciate the advantage of a code so elastic in its operation as to admit of such various interpretations in its administration.

It is true that we have that palladium of our liberties, a British jury, men pushed into a box regardless of talent or position. It may be composed of men of intelligence: to such the charge of the judge is matter of supererogation. It may, on the other hand, resemble the jury in Kent, who acquitted the prisoner, but advised him not to do it again; or like the Irish lot who ignored the capital charge, but found the culprit guilty of a great "undacency."

Such a body of men, under the control of an astute lawyer, can have no chance, it is nothing more than a reflection of his own views. Practically, the judge is the arbiter of a prisoner's destinies—the controller of his fate—too much power to place in the hands of any fallible being. There can be no uniformity of punishment under a system which tolerates such a range of opinion.

We require a board comprising the Chancellor for the time being, and six judges, to whom all doubtful cases of punishment might be referred; a register kept, which might regulate and guide decisions. It would ensure greater steadiness in practice, and place more weight upon judicial sentences.

Above all, we would remove from the sphere of the Home Office all jurisdic-

tion in matters of crime. It is a burlesque upon justice to suppose that a man engaged in the distractions of political life, can with safety overrule the decisions of our legal functionaries. He might act *ex officio* in virtue of his position; but the unprofessional view of the temporary occupant of an office, adds to that uncertainty of punishment which would be rendered certain by the fixed rules of a board.

We have every respect for our judges, our objection is directed to a system which places such an amount of power in the hands of one man, when the united wisdom of the heads of a profession might impart similarity of views and uniformity of practice into the working of our criminal jurisprudence.

We have done with prisons, the stronghold of the worst class of offenders.

We come to punishment deterring and reforming; which we would remove from prisons, and consign to houses of correction.

The unprofessional thief—that mass of juvenile delinquency ever ready to be moulded into vice by those plotters in mischief who act as a decoy to the idle, and a guide to the dissolute; that lower order of crime which we cannot treat with the long sentences which belong to our prisons, but must subject to the doubtful benefit of short terms of imprisonment.

We would exact the same discipline in houses of correction as in prisons—stern and unflinching—the same object in view: the reformation of man; the same means adopted to raise the moral and intellectual standard. There should be no degrading punishment, no debasing employment; the culprit should expiate the full term of his sentence; he should work for his maintenance, and himself bear the burden of his expenses.

But the main source of metropolitan vice is the supply which comes up from the country, attracted by the prospect of plunder or of a gilded idleness. Magistrates should be enabled to check that steady flow which sets in towards our large towns; to keep a hold over the tramp, the mendicant, the dealer in small wares—too often scouts put forward by older criminals to discover the approaches to unguarded property. They should have authority to close the thieves' houses of our small towns, which pass their lodgers with the regularity of so many stages to the centres of our commercial wealth.

They should deal summarily with persons who patrol the country with no ostensible means of sustenance, a heavy tax upon occupiers of land by their petty larcenies—light in individual cases, but onerous in the aggregate—tools worked by the practical cunning of the educated offender.

In the scattered population of our country districts every resident ought to be known to the local police. It should be sufficiently numerous to note the advent or egress of strangers, and to telegraph its suspicions to the different offices of the country.

With local vice disappearing through the exertions of our county magistrates, and urban vice diminishing from the failure of the supply which fed it, the road is cleared for carrying to the utmost the provisions of the Reformatory Act, both in the country districts and in the dense population of our towns.

Education should be compulsory. Competitive examination secures the efficiency of our public offices; the efficiency of our public men should be tested by the growing intelligence of the elective body. The illiterate voter is a disgrace to England. Industrial schools are open to those who can afford to train their children to a middle-class education. There are others unable or unwilling to procure education; we should consign them to ragged schools. Vagrant children, neglected by parents, houseless wanderers who never have known the sympathy of home, whose refuge has been a night-house, whose domicile a prison, should be educated by and for the State—a reserve to furnish supplies for our military establishments, or better still, a class whose instructed labour will support itself, and

add indirectly to the resources of the country.

We cannot afford to tolerate ignorance and pauperism, the great preserve which keeps up the rogue-market of England.

We would have a register kept of all who have received State education, as far as could be to ascertain the condition of its recipients. England has a right to know how her finances have been expended upon an experiment so vital to her moral and material interests—a barometer by which the country could test the rise and fall of national morality, and enable it to adapt the means at its disposal to suit the varying changes of society.

It is impossible to deal with the mass of pauperism and vice which surrounds us, without feeling that a social danger threatens the comforts, if not the existence, of society.

That laws passed to meet a totally different order of things are obsolete and useless, and should be expunged from the statute-book.

Fresh lights should be thrown upon the great problem of the day—the repression of crime and relief of pauperism.

The solution we maintain is State education, and State employment. We do not expect an Elysium in which sin and misery have left the land. As long as wealth exists to tempt the cupidity of man, or depravity to degrade it, we shall find it polluting and defiling humanity. There will always be a night-side of nature, where the spawn of evil will fructify unseen, sometimes spreading into the light of day, scattering its poison, diffusing its noxious power around it. Its exuberance we must check, reduce the limits of its mischief, nullify an evil we are unable to get rid of. The fungus, starting from the rank luxuriance of some secluded spot, may escape our notice; but the rings which it throws out we may deal with; by care and cultivation convert its unwholesome properties into elements of nutrition. It is a disgrace to England to allow the existence of education in vice. It may not be able to check the picking of pockets, but the skilled pickpocket ought to be a thing of the past. The housebreaker may effect his purpose by brute force; but the ingenuity which enables the thief to baffle the science which promises security to our doors and safes ought to be a matter of history. By tolerating the evil we encourage it. By suffering training in nefarious pursuits to continue, the supply is kept up of instructed wickedness.

Talk of capital in a commercial country—the best and safest is the moral and physical stamina of its people.

No one can study the police reports without perceiving that talents of a high order are exerted for the subversion, not the support of society. No one can see the squalor of the inhabitants of our by-lanes and over-crowded courts without feeling that the thew and sinew of its power is weakened by excess, and relaxed by sloth; the mind debased by profligacy, the physical powers incapacitated by idleness and vice. A class exists viewing property as communistic, knowing nothing of the laws except the punitive; hostile to society, which has neglected and punished it—from numbers and organization perilous to the immediate future of England. Nothing more anxious to the nation than that of a body of men without patriotism to bind it, or the ties of morality to control it—in times of political disturbance licentious; in national danger unreliable.

Penal colonies formerly rid us of this social scum, which now floats over the surface of society, its bane and its curse. Our laws were framed for the expulsion, not the retention of crimes; to render them effective we must alter them to meet a new order of things; we must adapt them to the changes which the progress of civilization elsewhere has entailed upon us.

We must summon to our aid our energies, our experience, and our wisdom, to extinguish an evil which is a reflection on our morality, a slur on our legislation, and a risk to our future.

De Mauley.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOLYSHADIAN HABITS—A REMAINDER—AT RINGHURST AGAIN — UNDER RESTRAINT—SELFISHNESS—FANCIED NECESSITY—THE CIGAR—DIFFICULTIES—A LOVELY NIGHT—I AM PLACED IN AN AWKWARD POSITION—I OVERHEAR—I BECOME THE MASTER OF A SECRET—MY DIARY—A DREAM—AWAKENING—AN ENTRY — THE WEDDING — PUZZLEMENTS—I AM INFORMED OF MY FATHER'S ILL-HEALTH — AFTER THE WEDDING — THOUGHTS — SOMETHING ABOUT UNCLE HERBERT — THE BLANK PAGE—THE UNFINISHED SENTENCE.

I HAD brought with me from Holyshade several habits more or less expensive. Not that I then considered them in that light; on the contrary. I really was unacquainted with the word expense; but the habits were none the less deserving of the epithet on that account.

Among these habits I do, undoubtedly, include smoking. Not as the luxury of after years when friends and loves having failed us, the pipe is sought as the sure confidant and sympathiser.

To the smoker it is the pipe, not time, that is the consoler.

But the grave and philosophic pipe is not for the jaunty season of youth. This latter is best fitted with the cigar, which carried as easily between the lips as the protestations of a flirt, is for public display and not for private comfort. Frivolity is associated with the notion of cigars; gravity with that of the pipe. Of course I speak of the pipe that gives constant employment to the hands as well as to the mouth; and what I praise, is the lawful use, and not the abuse which has often caused the pipe to share with wine the reproach of being the enemy that man has put into his mouth to steal away his brains.

At Holyshade, of course, smoking was a necessary complement of "fastness," and we imitated our elders. Many of us suffered martyrdom in the cause, and experienced strange sensations. We smoked, not because we liked it, but because we liked to smoke.

At Hillborough I was my own master, and cultivated the habit to such an extent, that, to visit Ringhurst, where no smoking was allowed, except in the greenhouse, where it was supposed to hurt nobody, and benefit the plants, was to me, now, a deprivation of no ordinary character. I ought to add here, that, in all frankness (for which I trust this record is remarkable) I must omit the words "of an ordinary character," as implying that I *was* accustomed to some deprivations; this would convey to the reader an idea of my life, at this time, scarcely in accordance with facts. I knew nothing of deprivations. I could only see around me everybody living for themselves, and it had never occurred to me that I or anyone should live for anybody else. I indeed was of opinion that my father ought to have considered my happiness before his own, when the idea of a second Lady Colvin had first entered his head, but as he had not done so, his example was only another confirmation of my view of the general selfishness of life.

The "independent spirit," which it was the boast of Holyshade training to cultivate in its *alumni*, comes very easily to mean, simply, selfishness.

Had it not been for the special occasion of Alice's wedding, and that my

dear Austin was there, I fancy that Ringhurst Whiteboys would not have been honoured with my presence, because of the general restriction placed on tobacco by Mrs. Comberwood, who rather looked upon it as something questionable if not absolutely wicked; and by Mr. Comberwood, who disliked it, not only on account of the feeling of nausea which it usually caused him, but because it was in his mind generally associated with what he styled "young puppyism."

I could not understand why he could tolerate a cigar in Sir Frederick's, or Cavander's, or my Uncle Herbert's mouth, and sneer at it as "puppyism" in mine.

However, my pipe, I mean my cigar, was to be put out on this occasion, and I felt myself therefore under a restraint perfectly new to me.

On retiring for the night (everybody wanted to go to bed more or less early, and neither Austin nor his brother were inclined to stop up and "talk"), I moodily opened my *valise* and took out my diary, so negligently kept about this time, as to resemble a partly finished house, with the parlours and second story taken, and no one in the drawing room or attics; and, with my diary, out came my cigar-case.

There was the temptation.

My little room was without a fireplace; indeed, it was only an out-of-the-way store-closet, temporarily used for sleeping accommodation, and there was no exit for the tell-tale smoke that way.

The window was, evidently, not a bad notion, *faute de mieux*, but then I was sure that the smoke would obstinately persist in entering my apartment, and I firmly believed that the unaccustomed perfume would have roused the household.

The longer I eyed my cigars, the greater the obstacles to their enjoyment, the stronger grew my desire to achieve the feat of smoking on the forbidden ground.

It was a fine warm night; other windows besides mine might be open, and the smell of the tobacco would be everywhere.

I looked out on to the garden. Immediately below me, not three feet from the window sill, was a sort of landing-place, about six feet square, with a leaden gutter running round it. Nothing could have been easier than to have stepped out, placed a chair for myself, shut my window, and smoked comfortably.

I stepped out. The other windows were all closed. Lights out and everybody asleep, or, at all events in bed. Not a sound. Now, as the merest chance would have it, a careless gardener, contrary, of course, to reiterated orders of the strictest character, had left a ladder against the side of this projection. He had, probably, been interrupted in nailing up some trellis, which I noticed to be in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and, without a thought, had left his ladder where it now stood.

My mind was made up. I locked my door, put out my candle, took my cigars, cautiously shut my window after me, and descended the ladder.

I landed on the dewy lawn, and was congratulating myself on not having forgotten the fuzees (smokers are generally dependent upon accident for their lights), when it occurred to me that one of the seats now under the verandah would make my position more comfortable.

Ringhurst was (I have before described) Elizabethan, and as angular as the plan of a fortification by Vauban. The verandah had been carried well-nigh all round the house, and had been ingeniously contrived to fit into the several triangles of the building.

Thus Mr. Comberwood's study was situated in a recess, at, so to speak, the apex of the triangle, at one extreme corner of whose base I had just descended. As I turned into the verandah to carry into execution my idea about the chair, I saw the window of Mr. Comberwood's study suddenly opened, and the window thrown up.

The little light that there was within

came from the green-shaded candles which only lit a small circle around them on a table covered with books and papers. At the window stood Mr. Comberwood himself, with his necktie off, and, in an easy dressing-gown, was evidently refreshing his head after some work of reading and writing.

I thought I would wait quietly, for it would not be long before he would close the window and withdraw.

He could not see me, as I was blotted into the shade of a corner, but I felt certain that he would have heard the striking of a light, and would have scented the forbidden weed after the first puff.

The night air seemed to have the desired effect, for he passed his hand over his forehead, as if smoothing away the wrinkle of some recent trouble, and half turning towards the chair whence he had, I suppose, just risen, he said, in a low voice, but perfectly audible to me where I stood—

"There, that's enough. You are not a child, and yet you really seem to wish me to think you one, by your extraordinary behaviour."

Whom was he addressing? It was evidently the finish of a conversation, and the opening of the window had served as a relief perhaps to its intensity, and as a signal to the person with whom he had been engaged, that it was now time to make an end of it.

Such was my impression from his whole manner. Whatever it was I ought not to hear it; still there was, I felt sure, not much more to be heard, and every instant I fully expected to see him close the window; and then, when the light should have disappeared, I would indulge in my cigar.

He quitted the window, and, as well as I could see, reseated himself at his table.

Somebody was standing by him, I fancied, but as his chair was on the same side as my hiding-place, I could only catch a glimpse of him now by stretching forward, and this I fancied might lead to discovery.

I dared not move, and began to hope that I might not be able to hear.

But neither dared I, in my own behalf, stop my ears; so, trusting to the speedy termination of the conference whatever it might be, I remained where I was, and against my will, I was forced to listen.

"Must it be to-morrow? Oh, papa, it cannot be too late even now."

It was Alice speaking, in a tone so earnest, so imploring, that even had I been able to stir from the spot without risking detection, I should have felt myself spell-bound by the force of my own suddenly awakened interest.

Mr. Comberwood replied. He was evidently vexed, and spoke in his most abrupt manner.

"Nonsense, Alice; this is a whim, a fancy—a fancy. You are nervous, you know, and—and—over excited."

"No," she answered, almost despairingly. "I have struggled with myself, and against myself till now. And now—" she paused, and presently added, in a voice that died away, as though hope too had died in the heart that gave utterance to the words, "I dread to-morrow."

I think she must have been kneeling by his chair, and that at this moment Mr. Comberwood rose and paced the room for a few seconds. Then he spoke, this time severely.

"Alice, this is folly, sentimental folly. You have been encouraged too much in this sort of thing—always spoilt—from a child—so that you never knew your own mind."

He waited, as if expecting some interruption on her part; none came, however, and he continued, with less severity, but with increasing firmness.

"This match was deferred once on your account. Your mother yielded to your wishes, so did we all. The Sladens were satisfied, and Sir Frederick behaved uncommonly well—very well. You must understand, Alice, that you cannot play fast and loose with a serious engagement, as you can with sentiments and opinions, taking up one view one day, and another the next."

A heavy sigh was the only comment upon this part of her father's speech.

He seemed to take it as corroborative evidence of the truth of his statement, and in some sort as an expression of repentance for the past.

He resumed—

"You do not sufficiently consider others. You owe a duty to your parents, a duty which seems to be omitted in some of the new religious notions you've adopted from time to time."

"No, indeed, father," she broke in with, but wearily. "It is for mamma's sake and for yours, more than for mine, that I speak now."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, at all events," returned Mr. Comberwood, catching at an admission which he saw he could turn to his own account, "as, if you are sincere in your desire to please us, we have only to intimate what our wishes in this matter really are, in order to insure your compliance."

"But, father," said Alice, speaking slowly, as though she were picking her way along a path beset by difficulties at every step, "if you knew—if I tell you—that this marriage cannot bring me happiness—if I own that I was wrong in giving my consent——"

Mr. Comberwood dashed his fist down on the table, and broke out angrily—

"*If* you told me that *now*, I should tell you that it's all of a piece with your character, that you don't know what you're talking about, that we cannot be made fools of in the eyes of everyone; and that—that if you didn't want to marry him you should not have accepted, and that having accepted, you cannot go from your word. It's too late, too late. Get up, and don't let me hear any more of such trash."

When next Alice spoke, her voice trembled through her effort to be calm.

"You will not forget this night, father; you will remember that at the last moment I implored you to defer this marriage,"—I heard Mr. Comberwood's movement of impatience—"but do not be afraid for mamma's and your sake, and for the sake of those whose good opinion you seem to consider of greater importance than my happiness—hear me out, father; it is of no use to be angry and impatient with me now. I will do what you consider to be my duty in this wretched matter."

There was by this time a third person on the scene. It was Mrs. Comberwood. I gathered her observation rather from Alice's reply than from what I heard her say.

"If Alice would but give us a reason——"

"There is no reason, mother, that I can give you."

"Of course not—she has no reason," said Mr. Comberwood, brusquely, as though his patience had reached its limits. "She is unreasonable—always was, always has been."

"It will do no good to speak like that," said his wife, reprovingly.

"Nothing will do any good now," was the irritable reply; "I've done with it—I wash my hands of it. To-morrow she'll be married, and years hence she'll be very glad we didn't listen to her fanciful whimsies." Then he added, with a return of his old hearty manner, "*There!* we'll all be looking like chief mourners to-morrow if we don't get to bed. Come, Alice, kiss me. God bless you. Now, wife! wife!" And therewith followed the closing of the windows, the extinction of the candles, and then the door was closed softly, and that scene in the drama of Alice's life was over.

I did not smoke my cigar.

I stole back to my room by the way I had come, and sat down before my diary which I had left on the table.

At this distance of time, I have a clear recollection of the immediate effect produced on me by the conversation I had just heard.

It occurred to me at once, to write down, not the conversation itself but my remarks on it; and as I set myself to this task the whole scene reproduced itself to my mind, so vividly, as to give the impression of its being rather a continuation of what I had partially witnessed in the study than its mental representation. My imagination coming to my aid, added dramatic action to the

incident, which, clear at first, gradually became merged harmoniously into other past events, the line of demarcation being gradually softened by the moist brush with which Sleep, the artist of dreams, blends subject with subject, until we are no longer able to distinguish cloud and sky from mountain and sea.

Bending over my diary, I fell asleep.

In an hour's time I awoke to find myself shivering, and the candle guttering in the socket.

Nothing was real, then, except the cold at my knees, and in my feet.

In a few minutes, I was in bed and asleep.

The next morning commenced with a tremendous bustle and excitement.

I thought I was still at Hillborough, and expected every minute to hear the bugle-call with which Mr. Blumstead was wont to summon the sleepers.

A servant came for my clothes, and then I awoke thoroughly to a consciousness of the business of the day.

Alice's wedding.

Then recurred to me the dream of the past night. Was it a dream, or had I indeed heard her imploring that the ceremony of this day might be deferred?

I decided, in bed, upon its having been a dream.

On rising I saw my diary open on the table.

I had written, evidently with some hesitation, as there were several erasures, some sentences under a date, and the time of night. The first few sentences betrayed remembrance of the style of the latest novel I had been reading, and were descriptive, but the last, where I had been interrupted and taken by force into dreamland, stood thus:—"*She begged she might not be married to-morrow, and told her father that if he sought her happiness*——"

Here the entry ceased.

I questioned with myself whether I should tell Austin or not, but when I came to stow away the diary in my bag (for I was to leave in the afternoon), I packed up with it the memory of what it contained, and as no one of the family appeared to have time for standing still and conversing, but all, on the contrary, were hurrying to and fro the whole of the morning, I was soon employed as one of the general crowd, ready to cheer the bride and bridegroom, officially, and without any further question as to private and personal opinion, than is expected of a professional mourner at a funeral, or a chorus-singer in the grand opera.

Alice looked rather pale and anxious, that is, to my eyes. Everybody said she was looking "charming." Sir Frederick was resplendent, and nervous; Lady Sladen grand and condescending; Mrs. Comberwood fussy and tearful: Dick Comberwood wore the air of a member of the family who was permitting what he was powerless to prevent. However, even he was occasionally radiant, as conscious of having passed a first-rate examination, and in view of the novelty of Indian life. Of Dick I have not said much hitherto. He was of a roving disposition, and hot-tempered. For home he had never cared, that is, as a place where to remain and be at rest. It remained to be seen whether what both Austin and myself would have called the monotony of soldier's life, would satisfy his "craving" for liberty. I have intimated how deeply attached Dick was to his sister, and he showed it in his own peculiar manner.

"Well, Ally dear," he said to his sister, "it'll be a long time before I go in for this sort of thing. What a fuss! When I marry, which I don't suppose I ever shall, I shall run away with somebody—an Indian, perhaps—and live on shooting and spoil generally. I say," he continued, "I'll send you lots of things when I am in India; and mind you write. Oh!" he cried, "why I shall have to send to you by a new address. How odd it will seem! Lady Frederick Sladen! Dear Ally!" and he kissed her affectionately. She returned his kiss and was smiling, when he in his careless light way, whispered something in her ear which made her break from him almost indignantly.

"My darling Ally," he went on in a low voice, "I really didn't mean—you know I wouldn't—— Don't," he urged repentantly, "don't let us quarrel on this subject now, of all times."

He held out his hand.

She took it, sighed, and the calm of her old manner returned, as she replied—

"No, Dick dear: we won't have a single word now. Perhaps you have been right: perhaps I have been wrong."

She paused. What she would have been led on in another second and under a fresh impulse to say, I can only guess; but for my part I felt inclined at that moment to ask her for an explanation of the conversation in the study on the previous night, with some sort of a very vague knight-errant idea in my mind, that if she were to be rescued now, Dick and I would do it.

But her mother called her away at this instant, and time pressed.

Dick was sorry he had put her out, he said to me. "I asked her," he went on confidentially, for he knew how much of his altercation with Alice I had witnessed, and how I was quite on his side on the subject; "I asked her about Cavander."

"Why?"

"He's not here."

"No?" I wasn't certain.

"I hate the fellow," said Dick, gratuitously; adding, immediately, "I suppose I ought to beg your pardon, as he's your father's partner, but I know *you* don't like him."

"I like him better than I did," I returned; but I don't think I had any good reason for saying so, except that he was not intruding himself at Alice's marriage.

"Ah, do you?" said Dick, as if he rather doubted my statement: then he went on, "Well, I'm precious glad he isn't here now; and I don't suppose, now Alice is gone, they'll have much of his company at Ringhurst. I'm sorry for the reason he can't come, though; only, I ought to have thought of that before. How *is* your father?"

"How is he?" I replied, being rather startled by the question; "he is well, I—I—I believe."

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not heard from him for some time. Uncle Herbert had not spoken of him to me, except occasionally; but then, I knew that Uncle Herbert was always about somewhere, and would not have even seen my father so lately as I had.

"Mr. Cavander," Dick explained, "said he could not come, as he was detained in the city by the absence of his partner (your father, I mean), who was at home, and ill."

It was the first I had heard of it. My stepmother never wrote to me, and my father had never been a regular correspondent.

However, I was returning to Hillborough *viâ* London, and would take Langoran House, Kensington, on my road.

Now followed the religious service in church, where, whatever might have been experienced by the others, Mr. Comberwood enjoyed himself (as he always did in church), amazingly. He was parson, clerk, bride, and bridegroom, one after the other, and came out with question, and answer, and a running accompaniment to the prayers, sometimes in advance, having turned over a page hastily, sometimes lagging behind, having turned two pages back and again got wrong, remaining perfectly happy in his error, too, until set right by Mrs. M'Cracken, whose husband was assisting Mr. Tabberer at the communion rails, when he said "Hey? um—ah!" and after shoving his spectacles up, and looked under them to see if everything was going on correctly, he set himself at the prayer-book again with a will, and gave away the bride with a good, strong, stout voice, that recalled nothing of those irritable answers to his daughter in the study, still less of Alice's last piteous request.

The skeleton was under lock and key in the study cupboard at Ringhurst, and all were a maying in festive costume, and pledging themselves, or attesting the pledges of those who would have risked

perjury before the Judge of Heaven and Earth rather than make an *esclandre*, or incur the displeasure of that little circle which they called the world. Who reads aright the old saying, that "marriages are made in heaven"? How many will face Heaven's Registrar with a clear conscience?

Great Jove, the old heathen said, laughs at lovers' perjuries. But not even the lightest French writer has made *Le Bon Dieu* (which is in such writers' mouths the lowest form of Divine amiability, the creation of a modern Voltairianized Christianity), approve conjugal infidelity, though often adjured to pity it, to avert any unhappy consequences, and finally to unite the lovers in a Paradise where there are no husbands. Such a Garden, deprived of its Adams, would be all Eves and Serpents.

Well——

Alice Comberwood became Lady Frederick Sladen. The happy pair did all that the journal of fashionable intelligence recorded of them. There were certain little touches in that paragraph which I am sure were furnished by Uncle Herbert Pritchard, who had his own reasons for blowing a trumpet on this occasion.

He (Uncle Herbert) had made *the* speech of the day. No eulogies, he had said, either of the bride, or the bridegroom, or of their parents, could be too much for their deserts. He wished them every sort of happiness most cordially, most sincerely, most heartily. Of his sincerity, no one who knew Uncle Herbert could have entertained the slightest doubt. To him, the marriage was the establishing of one more "house of call," where, as he expressed it himself, he "could hang his hat up in the hall, find his knife and fork on the table, and a shakedown somewhere about." He was starting Sir Frederick and his wife in a house of entertainment, licensed to be open, at all hours, to Herbert Pritchard.

I always admired Uncle Herbert, and, indeed, was really fond of him. He went out of his way to give me some good advice, and treated me as a companion, and not merely as a nephew, which coming from a man so greatly in demand, was most flattering. His advice never offended, and the confidences concerning his own *vie intime*, which it suited his purpose occasionally to entrust to some, temporarily, very particular friend, were of so harmless a character, as to be pointless should they ever be turned as weapons against himself. He acted upon the maxim of treating a friend as one who in time might become an enemy, and thus no one had a word to say against him, but, on the contrary, very much in his favour. He had the great talent of attaching himself to a person, or to a family, without being considered a bore, and knew the exact moment to leave even the most hospitable mansion, so that his departure should be regretted. Could he have chosen his own time for quitting the world, I am sure he would have arranged it in such an artistic manner, socially speaking, as to have left behind him a large circle of friends and acquaintances on whose lips there would have been nothing but the most laudatory epitaphs, and the strongest expressions of sorrow, at his having been taken from them so early. In Society's calendar, Herbert Pritchard would have been canonized.

And so the party broke up.

Austin to the university. Dick to Woolwich, thence speedily to India. Mr. Comberwood's first son-in-law and his wife, the M'Crackens, had kindly consented to remain at Ringhurst and cheer the lonely couple.

What would Mr. and Mrs. Comberwood have to talk about now Alice was gone, and their pet scheme accomplished? For it *had* been their pet scheme; there could be no doubt of that.

I fancy that each would have been anxious to throw the responsibility of this match on the other's shoulders.

I never continued that sentence in the boyish diary I was then keeping. It is by me now, and save for those two lines, that page remains a blank.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISIT—DISAPPOINTMENT—INTERVIEW WITH MY LADY COLVIN—SIR JOHN—A GRAVE CHARGE—SURPRISES—A NIGHT IN TOWN—I AM RESTORED TO A SCENE OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Uncle Herbert accompanied me to town, where, at this time of year, he could not show himself in public, except arrayed in a countryfied suit, when, if he met a friend, he would at once explain that he (Uncle Herbert) was only "passing through." He said he should dine at his club, and go on by the night train to Devonshire, as he had promised Mr. and Mrs. Bob to meet them at Dawlish as early as possible next day.

On arriving in London, I proceeded at once to make a dutiful call at Langoran House.

"Sir John was at home, yes, Mr. Cecil, and had not been very well for the last few weeks. Of course he will see you sir, at once."

The servant's "of course he will see you sir, at once," caused my heart to beat violently. I was very deeply attached to my father, and the thought of our becoming gradually estranged was a bitter one for me. As on my father's return to England, when I was a mite of a child, I longed to embrace him, so the same yearning seized me now. That he should be ill, and I not to be called to his side—that he should be suffering, and perhaps suffering the more because of the apparent indifference of his only son, was to me almost insupportable. I loved him more than any such wife as the present Lady Colvin could have loved him; for I represented in myself my dear mother's love for her husband, and my own for my father. As I stood there in the hall I pictured to myself our meeting—the grasp of the hand, the words "Father," "Cecil, my dear boy," and the moment of silence when words are insufficient, and heart speaks to heart, and the eyes are moist from the deep springs of the most holy love.

The servant returned less buoyantly than he had left me. He had been disappointed, I saw *that*. He brought back with him the chill of the atmosphere he had just quitted.

"My lady will see you, sir, in the drawing-room."

I ascended to the drawing-room.

Lady Colvin evidently considered herself as the recognized medium of communication between father and son. She was waiting in the centre of the room, frigid and polite, somewhat altered in appearance, and not, it seemed to me, for the better.

I found it impossible to be at my ease in her presence. It was necessary to talk the ordinary nothings of society in order to restrain myself from giving utterance to my feelings.

I resented her interference, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain from inquiring by what right she placed herself between me and my father.

My manner, in spite of all my attempts at vapid conversation, betrayed my distraction, and from time to time I could not avoid regarding the door, where I expected my father would present himself. In the presence of my stepmother I was as anxiously longing for the sound of my father's approach, as could have been the most ardent lover compelled to chat with the duenna, when he is bending to catch his mistress' footstep on the threshold.

Lady Colvin and myself sat and conversed, if this could be called conversation.

As we sat there I became more and certain that the duel *à la morte* between us must come before long. Not at this interview; for though the buttons were off the foils, yet we were only saluting one another with the extremest courtesy and politeness.

Still I felt equally certain that she might have gained me over to her side, had she been so inclined. I have since asked myself how would this have advantaged her? She needed no ally, at least no such ally as I should have been.

"You had a very gay wedding I suppose yesterday?" she commenced, after

I had inquired after my father's health, and received for answer that he was considerably better, and would come down to the drawing-room (she explained this as the granting of a favour to which she had opposed no obstacle) to see me.

"Yes. It was lively; that is, about as lively as most weddings are, I suppose."

This was dangerous ground. I had only been to one wedding, and she could not forget at whose I had had the extreme pleasure of assisting.

She shirked it, remarking, "Yes, so much crying generally, really a wedding is in most cases a miserable affair. Your young friend—young Master, I should say, Mister Comberwood——"

"Austin," I suggested, politely.

She knew the name as well as I did myself. It was one of those petty gnat-bites that will ruffle an equable temperament on the very calmest summer evening.

"Ah yes, Austin—he has gone to College, has he not?"

"Yes, to Bulford."

"Let me see, you go to Cowbridge in October next?"

"Yes. I return to Hillborough to-morrow."

"Then you are stopping in town to-night?"

"Yes, but" I hastened to explain, "I have left some of my things at the station, as, my father being unwell, I thought I would not put you out by coming here."

I could not say I had left all my things at the station, the fact being that only having one portmanteau I had brought it with me, never for one moment supposing that I should be denied a bed at home.

When I clearly saw that my present proceeding was looked upon as utterly informal, I withdrew from my position, and requested her, as it were, to give me credit for at least not being wanting in consideration.

"Of course, Cecil"—I could scarcely bear to hear my name from her lips, it seemed like a sneer—"you could always have a bed here, if you only let us know just a day or two before. But you see, your father being unwell, and one thing and another, just now makes it rather inconvenient, or else——"

"Pray don't bother yourself on my account. I assure you I intended to stay at a hotel."

"Oh, well," she returned, assuming the air of a person making a concession. "Oh, well, if you've already taken your room, why as its only for one night, it will be useless to disturb the arrangement. Will you dine here? We are very quiet, perhaps too dull for you. Only your father and myself."

I hesitated. Had my father asked me, I should have accepted at once.

She rose from the sofa and went towards the door.

"If you decide to dine here," she said, "please say so now, because of course anybody coming in suddenly makes a difference, and I must give some orders."

This was enough for me.

"No thank you," I replied. "I was only considering whether I could have put off a friend who is engaged to dine with me at Broad's to-night."

"Do you stay at Broad's?" she inquired, with an air of surprise.

"Yes. It's very convenient. Lots of Holyshade men go there."

"It's very expensive, is it not?"

"No, I don't think so," I answered, in an off-hand manner.

How could I have known whether Broad's, of Bond Street, was expensive or not? I had been there frequently with Holyshadians, but I had never asked a price, but had paid whatever had been charged ungrudgingly, or had left it "till next time," and then settled my small account in a lump.

The amiable proprietor beamed upon any one of our Holyshadian set who honoured him with such custom as we brought him. Colvin was a good name in the City.

"I will see if your father is ready," said Lady Colvin, "because I dare say you'll be glad to get away to your hotel."

So she went out, and left me to press my lips, clench my fists, and rage by myself.

Here was my welcome.

Impelled by affection for my father, I had come home. Could I have seen him at once, my warmth would have been reciprocated.

So I paced the room, grinding my teeth.

"Confound it!" I growled to myself, "I came to see *him*, not *her*. She'll go and complain of my upsetting her plans, how I prefer a hotel to coming here, and —and—" To have dashed my hand through a window, and have caused myself some physical pain, would have relieved me.

The door opened, and my father entered.

He was aged, and altered for the worse. His manner was irritable and nervous. He shook hands with me with a forced geniality, which, I think, was in reality more chilling than my stepmother's frigidity, and then he averted his eyes as though unwilling to face me boldly. Immediately after this greeting, he made some remark about the temperature of the room, which led to a discussion between them as to the advisability of fires in the drawing-room at this early season of the year, and as to what the doctor had recommended, and various other household matters, which in no way concerned me, but which appeared to be so many small ways of deferring his conversation with me as long as possible. At last my stepmother, who had brought him so far, placed him in position, as it were, by saying—

"Cecil won't stop to dine here."

"Ah," observed my father. "Well, he can't expect, of course,"—turning to me—"you can't expect, you know, that we can keep open house for anybody who comes in at hap-hazard. Why didn't you write and tell us you were coming? We should have been prepared for you then. But no!" he continued, impatient of any sign of interruption on my part, and in an injured tone, "of course not, you don't consider me, you don't consider your—your mamma." This came out awkwardly, and Lady Colvin appeared to have the satisfied air of a governess listening to the result of her careful instruction, and interested in the success of her pupil. "You don't consider me, or any one, only yourself. You come up to town suddenly, *we* don't hear anything of it, you dash away to a hotel, then you dash down here, and you expect to find a room ready, and dinner, and everything, just merely for yourself. You really should be more considerate."

I was astonished, and sensibly pained by this sudden attack. My father had tried to work himself up into a passion, and had partially succeeded.

I noticed his look towards my stepmother when he had come to an end, as if inquiring whether so far he had not remembered his lesson to perfection.

"My dear father," I said, being determined to say something in my own justification, "I heard only yesterday you were ill, and I came at once to see you."

Lady Colvin said nothing.

My father spoke, impatiently—

"*Heard* I was ill. You might have inquired before. You never write, except it is for money. But I can't go on like this. I can't go on spending everything on you, and you making no sort of return. When you go up to Cowbridge you shall have a fixed sum, and not a penny more."

Lady Colvin took out her basket, and pretended to be occupied in some work, as though we were discussing matters wherein she could not possibly feel any sort of interest.

"I shall be very glad to have a regular allowance," I replied; "and I should be glad," I added, on the impulse of the moment, "to live more at home than I have lately."

"What's the good of your saying that?" asked my father, for whom the line set down seemed to have been that of quarrelling with everything I could possibly say. "What's the good of telling me that? You want your friends here, and to give parties. You've

got a dog-cart and a groom, I hear, now——" He threw this in quite inconsequently.

"Yes, I have; in Devonshire it is really necessary."

"Oh, of course," he returned sarcastically, "you'd find a reason for it: you can always do that. At your age I wasn't driving about the country in a dog-cart and a tiger behind. I had to work in the counting-house and learn the value of every sixpence, which you seem to think nothing of spending. But it's always been the same. And if you think to come and stop here, and keep the servants up night after night and upset the house, why you're very much mistaken, and I won't have it."

This was the most extraordinary turn that any well-intentioned filial visit could have taken. The guns were banging about my ears, I was confused by all these shots at once, and fell back on my former explanation in order to be in time.

"I was told yesterday that you had been unwell; I immediately came up to see you. I'm very sorry if I've done anything to offend you, but really——"

"Done anything to offend me!" My father interrupted me with an ironical imitation of my apologetic tone. "What have you done to please me? that's the question. But there, I don't want to talk of it now. I've been ill, and I'm not strong. Only understand, that when you go up to Cowbridge I shall fix your allowance, and not a penny shall you spend beyond it."

With this ultimatum he reclined in his arm-chair, apparently rather exhausted.

Lady Colvin broke the silence.

"What time do you dine?" she asked me, quite pleasantly.

"Half-past six," I replied, looking at my watch, and inventing my dinner-hour because I found it was now just half-past five.

"Where?" asked my father.

Now remembering what Lady Colvin had said about Broad's, I foresaw the storm which in my father's present temper would follow upon my announcement of that place of entertainment as the one I had fixed on. But there was no help out of it. The truth being that I might dine there or might not.

"At Broad's."

"The most expensive place in London. Upon my soul the way you go on, at your age, is perfectly absurd. Dinner, Opera, Theatre—ah! there'll be a stop to it all, one day."

After this ebullition he once more leant back in his chair, carefully averting his eyes from mine, in the peculiar manner I had already noticed.

For a second a rejoinder arose to my lips; I was on the point of asking him to whom I owed my initiation into what he was now stigmatizing as "the way I was going on, at my age"; but I felt that it would be undutiful and ungenerous. Besides, I was sure that it was not his heart speaking, but that he was only repeating what he had learnt by rote.

Determined to appease him if possible, I said, as I rose to depart:—

"I don't think my evening is going to be an expensive one. I am dining with a friend at Broad's. I am his guest; he isn't mine."

There was no answer to this pleasantry.

"Good-bye," I said to Lady Colvin.

She touched hands, and rang the bell. I could have thanked her for this latter action, as it helped to abbreviate the leave-taking.

"Good-bye," I said to my father, trying to revive in my tone all the affectionate warmth which had been chilled by his reception. "I am so glad to see you so much better than I expected; I hope when I return from Hillborough on my way to Cowbridge, you'll be perfectly recovered."

"I hope so," he returned, drily, "Good-bye."

I went to the door.

"Mind," he said suddenly, as if there were just a parting shot he wanted to give me for his own satisfaction; "when you are coming up again, let your mamma know a few days beforehand, and then we shall be able to put you up."

"Thank you. I won't forget. Good-bye."

I resolved as I went down stairs that it should be a long time before I again entered Langoran House.

A servant went out, at his peril I believe, to procure me a cab, into which I put my portmanteau and drove off to Broad's.

What was the meaning of all this at home?

There was a starveling air about the place. It was a house, and no longer a home.

Why was there so much fuss made about preparations to receive me?

"They don't want me there," I said to myself, sadly; "at least *she* doesn't want me there."

Then this reiterated charge about my expensive habits; and the fixed allowance. As to the latter, I desired nothing better; as to the former, I did not understand it. I was doing what I had been trained to do. That was all. If the tutor does not teach arithmetic, it is evidently unfair to blame his pupil for not being acquainted with the rule of three. Again, if the tutor not only does not teach it, but has always carefully avoided any reference, however indirect, to such a subject, it is palpably unjust to be violently angry with the pupil on account of his ignorance of the multiplication-table. I recognised the truth that I had, by force of circumstances, begun life very early, and that between seventeen and eighteen I was beyond my *æquales* of Holyshade in many respects, and was on an equality with any young Guardsman of twenty-two who had passed four or five seasons in London.

In attributing this sudden change in my father's manner, to the dislike entertained for me by my step-mother, I was only partially right. The real sore lay far below the surface, and I had yet to probe its depth.

Langoran House was large enough to have accommodated myself and half a dozen unexpected visitors, if my Lady Colvin had been hospitably minded. However, there was no doubt about the fact that I had been politely shown out, and so I descended at Broad's, and took a room.

As within the next three years I was frequently at Broad's, I may point out that it was at this time an expense thrust upon me, and not of my own seeking. Hotel life was a novelty to me. Colvins find novelty charming; I liked the easy style amazingly. But then look at the frigid reception I had just left. To be refused admittance at home was heartbreaking; but to find that every comfort could be had for the asking, almost for the wishing, in such a gloriously lighted, warm, cheerful, gay place as Broad's, why it was the revelation of such a new and pleasant life as to a mercurial temperament, was a death-blow to domesticity.

Here, at Broad's, I had no one to consider, save myself. As to expense, my father had talked of it, and had said he would "allowance" me. Well, 'twas the very thing I desired. Broad's was a land of plenty, and meeting with two or three old Holyshadians, I soon forgot my stepmother, and thought, indeed, of nothing else that evening except making the best of an unexpected night in town.

"A night in town," at that period, meant a good deal more, I expect, than it does now-a-days. I fancy, "from information I have received," that, in these degenerate days, young men take their pleasures with something more of refinement than did the "good fellows" of a generation or two ago. We considered ourselves an improvement on the ancestral model, and door-knocker wrenching, street-fighting, and suchlike rowdyism, was not in our line. Look at Tom and Jerry, and see in what those noble spirits delighted. There was a remnant of the taste yet remaining among a few of the old Holyshadians who had lately "joined," and who, as pupils of some professor of the art of self-defence, were anxious to practise upon any amateur whom they could induce to pick a quarrel with them. Vauxhall was generally chosen as the battle ground. There were chances of a pugilistic encounter at

that place of entertainment, not to be obtained elsewhere. The exhilarating supper in the alcoves, the band playing dance music, the lights, the crowd composed of well-nigh every grade of society; and the best opportunity was invariably afforded by the gay and gallant young shopkeeper who had taken the young person, with whom he was a-keeping company, to make her courtesy to the chivalric Mr. Simpson, to say "Oh" at the fireworks, to take an *al fresco* supper, and to join hands in the mazy dance. Their gyrations would not probably be of the steadiest, and if the youthful "swell" had been smiled upon by Mr. Counterjumper's coy partner, the former considered everything fair in love and war, and would by some act of gallantry not altogether unwarranted by the occasion, so excite the jealousy of the latter that blows soon followed words, and a genuine *fracas* ensued. If the swell succeeded in punching the snob's head, the former was pleased and satisfied; he condoned by a handsome gratuity on the spot, so as to mend a crack with gold, reported himself at Tom Mawley's head-quarters next day, and continued his practice with the gloves, thirsting for further gore. If, on the other hand, the swell received more than he gave, then it cost him something in fees to policemen, more in the suffering consequent on defeat; and it entailed upon him heavier work than ever at Tom Mawley's. The professors of the "noble art" had a good time of it even in those days.

Quitting Vauxhall, there were numerous places open, brilliant as stars in the firmament of a night's dissipation. Falling stars, that have disappeared into space long since.

It is evident, that, in those good old times, or bad old times, for what had preceded them were worse old times by ever so much, there was no lack of amusement when you had once commenced; and the ball could be kept rolling from one place to another, from any time after seven o'clock in the evening to the same hour next morning, when jaded, pale-faced votaries of "pleasure," in their tumbled and seedy-looking black, might be seen purchasing early bouquets in Covent Garden, for the express purpose of inventing some reason for spending the last sovereign left in their pockets; when they had not any reason, they pulled out their sovereigns and tossed for them on the flagstones.

Had this ever been my amusement, my father's reproaches would have been well merited. Although, as I have said, considerably ahead of myself at my own age, I never had had any liking for the lower forms of reckless dissipation, nor had I any inclination towards gambling in any shape. I was prodigal from ignorance; and this ignorance was bliss, of a certain sort, at the time.

I must pay that tribute to Holyshadian teaching; it had kept some of us in ignorance. And therefore I can count on a few years of my life passed in the successful pursuit of pleasure, which were enjoyable because they brought no remorse; thoroughly enjoyable to one who was conscious of the gratification, and, to a certain extent, irresponsible. The law would have considered me an infant, and my father, who would have had me become a man at twelve, had lectured me, at eighteen, as though I were still a child.

We did not moralize thus on the evening in question: far from it. There was little Lord Pilchard, on his way to his country seat, and there was Parry, my accomplice in the swan-murder, both at Broad's, and both equally determined upon making a night of it; which phrase I soon discovered was, in their mouths, equivalent to making a morning of it; as their efforts seemed to be directed towards the highly laudable object of seeing the lark well up and on his way to heaven's gate before they sought their hardly earned repose.

When that wicked little nobleman, Lord Pilchard, proposed Vauxhall, Parry acquiesced at once; and I, who had been there twice before (when I had been taken by my father with a party of city bachelor friends), replied that, of course, nothing would suit me better.

Everyone at Broad's knew little Lord

Pilchard, and he was treated with as much deference as though he had possessed the wisdom of all our hereditary legislators in his youthful cranium.

None the clearer in our intellects for the wine we had taken, we arrived at the Gardens. It was, to my thinking, very full, but my better informed companions considered it as empty as it ought to be at that unfashionable season.

A concert was going on when we arrived, and we stood at the outskirts of the throng, in front of the brilliant pavilion.

Somehow or other we were separated from one another, and in trying to recover my companions I came up against a gentleman who was carrying a shawl over his arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a full, rich voice, which sounded very familiar to my ear.

I looked him full in the face, and collected myself for an effort of memory.

"Mr. Verney."

"Mr. Cecil Colvin," he returned, shaking my hand heartily, "I am indeed pleased to see you. A gay scene this, reminding one of the oriental descriptions in the Thousand and One Lamps, I mean Nights. You are really so much grown, so filled out" (here he filled himself out, as an illustration of his meaning), "so much, in fact, the man, that, had it not been for your recognition of me, I do believe that, excellent as is my memory for faces and names —I think I remember everyone of any celebrity in the many circuits I have been engaged on during my professional career—I should have failed, I fancy, to associate you in my mind with the youth whom so lately I saw in the appropriate costume of boyhood."

Of course I asked after the family.

"All well, I thank you, and prospering. I shall be in management before another year is over, and I intend to show the theatrical public something that will restore the palmy days of the drama, and elevate the stage in the eyes of the people. My eldest daughter, Beatrice, has written a play, which,—though of course you will think me prejudiced,—yet I assure you she has no more severe critic than her own father—is as good a thing as I have read, or seen, for many a long day. She is married, and married well. Her husband has money, and is anxious that she should continue in her profession."

"I thought," I said, "that Miss Beatrice was to have been a singer."

"She studied under the distinguished Monsieur Némorin, but after a short residence in Paris, whither she went to perfect her accent—she speaks French like a native—she was advised not to risk her strength on the Operatic stage, and, indeed, she has since developed so decided a talent, I may say, genius, for there is the divine afflatus there, sir"— I hadn't a notion what he meant, any more than he had, I believe, but I said "Certainly"; and he went on—"the divine afflatus, without which there can be no dramatic instinct, no real dramatic life."

"Is she here?" I asked.

"Oh dear no; she is at her own home, studying. My daughters Lottie and Julie are here. They have taken a short engagement in the off season to sing a duet and one song—Lottie has a fine contralto—for a limited number of nights. They are then going down to breathe the pure air of heaven with their aunt, near Liverpool."

"Mrs. Davis?"

"Yes. I will remember you to her. She will be delighted. My son Charles Edmund is also here. He is able to get away some nights. He is rising in his line; humble but honest: and to be honest, as this world goes, is to be as one man picked out of ten thousand. He's got a good appointment at his station, is a favourite with the Company, been complimented by the directors, and——excuse me one minute; I am beckoned by Mr. Johnson, the manager here. I shall see you again."

He bowed, taking off his hat with much politeness. Then replaced it on his head, looking round upon the uninitiated as though to say, "*That* is the

way that one gentleman should salute another,"—and so he strutted away.

I remained apart from the crowd, and at the back of the orchestra, wondering whether I should be able to see Julie, when a small door opened, and, as if in answer to my wish, she came out.

Lottie was following. They were not a little surprised at meeting me, and after a few minutes' conversation, Lottie slipped off to join her father, whom she said she perceived talking to the aforementioned manager.

Julie and I were left alone together.

With a freedom of speech, but not of tongue, the cause of which I am afraid she divined without any explanation on my part, I confided to her my grievances, to which she listened attentively. She appeared to pity me, and yet to be giving me good advice, which, strange to say, seemed to me at that moment totally uncalled for.

I managed to change the conversation and to ask about herself. She was never afraid, she said, of telling me anything, but she would wait for another time. I could not understand her reticence.

Under her influence, however, I became calmer, and as we strolled on together away from the crowd—we were to return and meet her father and brother on the spot where we had been standing and where they would wait for her—once more I experienced that *attrait* towards her, which had its commencement in the purest and best time of my life.

Through the wine the truth came out. I was on the road to—what Uncle Herbert had called when advising me about Miss Winslow—"making a fool of myself." Would that my folly had never been worse than then. What nonsense I talked in that dark walk! And yet, through it all, how clearly do I remember her soft steady voice replying—

"You have not seen as much as I have. You cannot know whether you really love me or not. You may think so at this moment. No, please. We must turn back. Father and Lottie will be waiting."

Therewith I became sulky; I could not understand her, or myself. A gentleman whom I had not before noticed was following us, and eyeing Julie in what seemed to me to be a peculiarly offensive manner. She grasped my arm closer, and was for hurrying me on. But no, I was bent on showing her I was no longer a mere boy. I returned the man's impertinent gaze defiantly, whereat he seemed immensely amused, and stepping up addressed himself to Julie, who now fairly trembled on my arm, and this tremor of helplessness made me the more determined to prove myself her champion.

"I think," said the gentleman, or whatever he was, with easy familiarity, "we have met before."

Julie urged me onward, but I was for standing to my guns and presenting a bold front. I don't know what I intended to say or to do, but seeing him offer his arm, or rather push it rudely against Julie, I wheeled right round and confronted him, asking "how he dared insult——"

I did not get any further in my heroics. In another second I was staggered by a tremendous buffet, which came with sledge-hammer-like force on my right ear, and losing my balance I stumbled over a row of oil lamps which decorated the border of the basin of Neptune's fountain.

My recovery was instantaneous, as a strong hand pulled me out by the legs, and on being landed in the midst of a crowd, I was pleased (as far as I could be in the circumstances) to find myself among friends, for I was sitting at Mr. Verney's feet, while the cause of my immersion was lying prostrate on the ground, where he had been sent by a well-directed blow from young Charles Edmund, whom professional railway duties had gifted with an herculean muscle. Fortunately, the Verneys being well known, we had no difficulty in making our way to a temporary retreat in the manager's room, where I was soon dried, and put right again, with the exception of my hat, which had filled, and disappeared somewhere under Neptune's three fish-tailed horses.

Julie informed her party of my heroic conduct, omitting all mention of how it had been solely through my fault that she had been placed in such an unpleasant situation. After this, the thanks of the company were given to me, and Mr. Verney insisted upon my accompanying them home to supper. We all went in one cab; and once more the merest accident had brought me into the old pleasant society of Frampton Court, though not to the Court itself; the Verneys having removed, according to their improved circumstances, to more airy and fashionable quarters in one of the streets in the neighbourhood of Russell Square.

It was past one when I took my leave of this merry party, and Julie saw me to the door.

"Julie," I stopped to say, as she was letting me out, "I really mean't what I told you to-night."

She smiled, gave me her hand, and by an irresistible impulse I drew her towards me and kissed her on the forehead. She looked up suddenly——

"Julie!" cried Mrs. Verney from upstairs. She was as sniffling and fidgetty as ever, and her hair not one whit tidier than it had been when I had first seen her.

"Mother's calling," said Julie, nodding to me. "Good night."

The door closed. I walked slowly on. I haven't the smallest idea what I was thinking about. Not about my father; not about my stepmother; not about any grievances. Certainly not about Hillborough, or Miss Clara Winslow.

What was I thinking about?

That kiss on her forehead.

I did not feel inclined to go in search of my dinner companions, though from knowing their London haunts, I should not have had much difficulty in finding them. So after losing myself in the neighbourhood of the Verneys' residence, I hailed a cab, and was soon reposing at Broad's Hotel. The last thing that occurred to me was the strangeness of events that had driven me from home, once more to be welcomed by my old friends of Frampton Court. After all, the World's a very small circle.

CHARITY ELECTIONEERING.

This subject is so large and complex that it is difficult to know where to begin. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* The whole matter had its origin in a misapplication of the electoral system, which is justly dear to every Englishman. Although political elections are generally held after long intervals, they are a heavy drain upon the resources of candidates. But in charity elections the candidates are not the healthy, the wealthy, the strong-minded, but the poor, the aged, the widow, the patient recently discharged from hospital with an incurable disease—the class of all others least able to bear an additional burden; and the elections regularly recur every half-year. In November, 1868, there were 307 candidates for the Hospital for Incurables at Putney, many of whom had undergone this ordeal from ten to sixteen times. In November, 1871, there were 298 candidates, several of whom had been beaten at seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen half-yearly elections. On the former occasion 40, and on the latter only 20, candidates were elected. No. 3 on the list of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association was seventy-six years old, and this was her twenty-sixth application. When these poor people are once drawn into the vortex of this multitudinous system of never-ending canvass and contested election, they must go on, time after time, until they either succeed or retire exhausted from the contest. The correspondence is full of lamentable instances of the expense, harassment, wear and tear of mind and body undergone by the candidates; and of the widows, it is said that their "habits of steady work are broken up, and habits of idleness acquired, by the dissipation of going about begging for votes;" and even of intemperance through the mistaken kindness of people (several perhaps in the same morning) in giving a glass of wine "to the poor woman after her walk." There are also hundreds of cases like that described in the following extract, in which distressed persons are altogether excluded by their inability to undertake a canvass:—"I know a very deserving case in which the patient, who is hopelessly and most painfully afflicted, has been wholly deterred from applying for assistance to the subscribers because of the great expense and trouble of canvassing—having no funds to spare for postage, printing, &c., and being too ill herself, and her mother too infirm, to incur the anxiety and fatigue of a canvass."

Even after they have obtained a majority of the votes, these unhappy people are liable to have the fruit of their labours and sufferings taken from them at the last moment, by the manipulation of the elections which takes place at the half-yearly pollings at the London Tavern, with the knowledge and sanction of the managing committees. I am not now speaking of votes which are begged from subscribers ostensibly for some of the worst cases on the list, and are then sold to the highest bidder, but of the exchanges which are permitted and defended, and of the purchase of fresh votes up to the actual declaration of the poll, which is encouraged as a source of income to the charities. Those who can attend to watch the poll, including the professional and fraudulent brokers, thus have a command over the elections which makes the proxies of the provincial subscribers so much waste paper. How completely the management of these great institutions has fallen into the hands of a small knot of *habitués*, may be seen from a circumstance which has recently occurred in connection with the British Home for Incurables. According to their rules, fifteen subscribers constituted a General Meeting, and twenty a Special General Meeting; but, "having

found it rather inconvenient to get so large a number as twenty for a Special Meeting," the chairman had the quorum reduced to fifteen, "the same as the other rule." As a representation of the whole body of subscribers, these so-called "general" meetings are a flagrant sham. The entire power is exercised by the self-constituted committees, and the subscribers' meetings are merely a piece of machinery to register and give official sanction to their decisions.

The great majority of the subscribers, who have some value for their time, and only desire to vote for the most deserving candidates, are likewise in evil case. The long lists of candidates, each of whom is described under a few general heads, furnish no means of discriminating; and, meanwhile, written, printed, and personal applications pour in from the candidates and their friends, as well as from the professional canvassers who are skilled in dressing up cases for their own interested purposes. A friend writes to me,—"I had an aged relative who for forty years subscribed to this class of charities. All the year round he was deluged with letters, and twice every year he had the weary work of apportioning his votes. I used sometimes to help him. He would read one, and when he came to the words 'family totally unprovided for' would say, 'How dreadful,' and pass on to the next, which told the same story, and he was quite helpless amid the maze of stereotyped misery. Then it would occur to him that a relation of his late wife had recommended one, or a governess of his daughter had mentioned another, or Lady Somebody Something had recommended another, so at last his score of votes was diluted among a large number, without any reference to merits, in a way which he felt to be unsatisfactory, but could not alter." If a subscriber wishes himself to bring forward a case, he encounters an amount of labour and expense which I will not attempt to describe. "Since November we have sent 1,532 written (not lithographed) letters. In these we enclosed 723 post-cards for reply. A very influential friend has issued 1,000 letters, and we have furnished the widow with 500 stamped cards." This was only the introductory proceeding of a new canvass. Every mention at the Mansion-house meeting of this waste of time and money was met by derisive cheers. It was the old story of the boys and the frogs. "What is fun to you is death to us." The system has become so vast and complex that it can only be worked by persons who give up their whole time to it.

And what end is gained by this profuse expenditure of money, and of human time and effort more valuable than money, for merely getting in one object of charity rather than another, and that other, perhaps, needing it more than the one elected? Great as the sacrifice is, there would be some compensation if it tended to bring to the front the most distressed cases. But the reverse is the fact. Whatever may be the claims of the candidates, their chance of success depends entirely upon the number, wealth, activity, influence, of their supporters. "The most in want are those who don't succeed, for they are the friendless." "The person having the highest and wealthiest friends is sure to obtain admission, to the detriment of more deserving cases." The general result, therefore, is that the helpless and friendless are left in the lurch, while those who have powerful supporters, who could provide for them without the help of any charitable institution, have the best prospect of success. If a twentieth part of the same time and labour, and an infinitesimal proportion of the money, were employed in investigating the cases of the applicants, and selecting those which most deserved relief, more would be done to promote the cause of real charity, and with infinitely less waste and abuse, than is accomplished by all these canvasses and contested elections going on from one year's end to another.

Another result is that thousands of licensed beggars are created among high and low, and mendicant habits are propagated throughout our community.

The Charity Organization Society was told at the meeting that it ought to "keep to its proper work of repressing mendicity." But the suppression of mendicity is impossible while this system is maintained. The voting charities are vast begging machines, worked by all sorts of people for all sorts of purposes. The applications made are for votes, or money to buy votes, and to pay for advertising, printing, postage, and necessary subsistence and travelling expenses while canvassing. Many a poor woman has in this way contracted idle, unsettled, mendicant habits, which have stuck to her through life. It is a common practice to live by canvassing,—that is, to live by begging under pretence of canvassing, without any hope of polling more votes than will suffice to maintain a footing on the list of candidates. Worse still is the class of fraudulent brokers who solicit votes and money for "urgent cases," and then sell the votes for something less than the regulation price, and pocket the money. Some years ago one of these was convicted and punished, but it was well known that others continued to ply the trade with impunity. As this development of the system has been denied, I will place the fact beyond doubt by quoting the following extract from a notice issued by the British Home for Incurables :—

"The Board of Management beg to caution subscribers against sending money or voting papers to persons unknown to them who may solicit help for candidates. It is well ascertained that considerable sums of money, as well as voting papers, have been fraudulently obtained by persons who put themselves forward to assist candidates and promote their election. Candidates naturally are glad to accept such offers, and thus they unwittingly place themselves in the hands of unprincipled persons, many of whom, under pretence of working for a candidate, issue to the subscribers most touching appeals for help in votes, and indirectly in money. In many cases they are successful; and it is needless to add that the candidates do not receive the money so obtained, and that the votes, when not filled in by the subscriber for the particular candidate, are sometimes sold or disposed of for the benefit of the canvasser. Those engaged in these practices work upon a regularly organized system, having many addresses and various names."

The Dorrington case is a striking example of the manner in which this system acts as a training school of mendicity. A man, well educated and with respectable connections, started his elder sister, wife of a medical practitioner in Australia, as a candidate for the Hospital for Incurables. His appeal was so artistic —her sufferings from an internal complaint prevented her from either sitting, standing, or lying down, and she usually supported herself by leaning upon a bar! —that he not only brought her in at the head of the poll, but realized a considerable sum besides, which was begged under pretence of buying votes and paying for printing and postage. When, however, the lady made her appearance at Putney she by no means answered to the description which had been given of her, and in order to avoid scandal she was transferred to the out-pension. Dorrington then circulated another appeal for subscriptions to buy surgical appliances for this "unfortunate lady;" and when he had made as much as he could out of her, he took up a younger sister whom he never produced, or named, or acknowledged any relationship with her, but described her as a distressed lady who had fallen into a semi-paralytic state from nursing a paralytic father and mother. This "case" yielded him a liberal income for several years, until he was prosecuted by the Charity Organization Society and sentenced to six months' hard labour. The "distressed lady" was produced in court, and turned out to be a buxom, healthy woman who was living as housekeeper with a tradesman.

There is a still more serious view of the subject. This vast system of corporate, deputed charity is fast swallowing up that private personal charity to which the double blessing, to him that gives and him that receives, specially appertains. Formerly old servants and dependents were pensioned, or otherwise provided for, by the families with which they were connected, but now the practice is for the ladies of the family to send begging letters and circulars by the thousand to friends and strangers,

and whatever balance of votes is wanting is made good by purchase or exchange. By neglecting to inquire into the merits of individual cases the voting system swells our orphan and other institutions to inordinate proportions. Seeing the extension constantly proposed to be given to them, compared with their former moderate accommodation and more strict appropriation to really necessitous cases, a prevailing tendency may be recognized to transfer to public charity what properly belongs to private duty, and by the expectation of a public provision to relax the providence and self-restraint which are the safeguards of domestic life. This is a species of communism which has grown upon us from unreflecting indulgence in our charitable instincts. Its pernicious influence is by no means confined to the lower classes. The easy terms upon which a charitable provision can be obtained for their families enter into the calculations of middle-class people of all sorts, and the subscribers to some of these charities enjoy the double satisfaction of relieving, not only widows, but themselves and their friends of natural responsibility. Connected with this is the question whether it is good for children, and especially for girls, to be herded together in vast asylums secluded from the rest of the world, or whether we should not rather aim at strengthening God's own institution of *the family*, with all its sympathies, responsibilities, and varied experience. At any rate, we see our way to the abolition of the voting system, which is the great incentive to the abnormal development of public, corporate, vicarious charity.

The appropriate remedy for the central evil of the voting system is to substitute for canvassing—that is, for partial and imperfectly-informed advocacy—investigation of the comparative claims of the candidates by a responsible committee. There can be no real charity without knowing the facts of each case. To the subscribers (not merely those who are near enough to attend the annual meetings, but the whole body of the subscribers, wherever they may reside) should be reserved the power of electing the committee and of nominating the candidates.

To this it has been objected that committees are not to be trusted, and that the change would merely be from the evils of canvassing to those of patronage. This I entirely deny. When English gentlemen undertake a particular duty, the instances are rare in which they do not discharge it to the best of their ability. Although the present committees are virtually self-elected, and they have not undertaken any special responsibility as between the different candidates, subscribers often intrust them with their votes. How much more will they be disposed to give their confidence to the managing committees when they shall be composed of ladies and gentlemen selected by large bodies of their countrymen expressly on the ground of their being qualified for the discharge of a duty which is essentially of a judicial character. Under these circumstances a seat on the Board of Management of one of our great metropolitan charities would be a social distinction to which real responsibility would be felt to attach. But, in truth, the evils of patronage have nearly become a thing of the past. Naval, military, and civil appointments are now made with a prevailing view to the public interest, and there is not much to be said even against Municipal Corporations and Boards of Guardians in this respect. I do not think so ill of those who are interested in charitable institutions as to believe that they will be the sole exception. If they are placed in like circumstances with the rest of their countrymen, they will act as they do.

The only other objection commonly urged is that, by advertising the charity and promoting the purchase of votes, canvassing brings in money which would be lost if the practice were abolished. To this there are several answers.

The money got by canvassing is obtained at the cost of great loss and suffering to the candidates, and of great waste

of time and means of charitable people, and we must not do evil that good may come. Our object is to benefit the candidates, not to injure them.

If some persons subscribe for the pleasure of voting, many more are deterred by the annoyance they suffer from canvassers, and by the grave disapprobation with which they regard the voting system. The latter are probably already the majority, and now that public attention has been directed to the subject, opinion is rapidly advancing in that direction.

There would also be a clear addition, if voting were abolished, of an entirely new set of subscribers, whose position may be illustrated by an example. "An artisan, who had been in good circumstances, but had met with misfortunes, died penniless, leaving a widow and two daughters, the eldest of whom, about eleven or twelve years old, was an idiot. She could not be left at all alone, as she constantly fell into the fire. It seemed to me (the writer is my own brother) that this was a very fitting case for such an institution as Earlswood. But the attempt to get an admission was impossible. It was simple exclusion. The voting system annihilates the very end for which an institution exists. What a comfort it would be if a committee for sifting such cases existed, and how gladly would one give towards their support! I believe that if only we could feel that, on a comparison of cases by a working committee, the most fitting were selected, people's hearts would be opened throughout the country, and the original purposes of such institutions would be restored."

Many also are deterred from subscribing because it has been discovered that the money expended in canvassing and buying votes would be employed more for the benefit of the candidates if it were given direct to them. The evil has thus begun to work its own cure, for the voters have become so numerous that any possible advantage to be obtained from the charities cannot compensate for the labour and expense of canvassing. "More than five years ago," a lady writes from Birmingham, "I and many other friends of Mary Sadler had her name put down as a candidate. The number of letters written to different subscribers caused an amount of trouble and expense which it is not easy to calculate. During this time not more than 500 votes were gained in her favour, whereas some of the successful candidates had 1,800, representing 900*l.* At a moderate and safe interest this sum would bring in 45*l.* a year; and if the candidate died the interest and principal would remain to the poor friends of the deceased. This would be the happy result if the money were given in a direct way to the candidate, but given through the expensive organization of the Hospital for Incurables, the benefit dwindles down to 20*l.* a year, and the candidate may die soon and then leaves nothing for the poor relations. There seems to me to be something monstrous in this waste of the money of the subscribers; and so much has the accompanying labour disgusted many of the friends of Mary Sadler that they have determined to withdraw their subscriptions to the hospital in order to give it to her direct without further trouble or disappointment." And a gentleman writes from the same place,—"I have resolved to withdraw my subscription from all societies whose mode of admission is by the canvassing process. After endeavouring for many years, at heavy cost, to get Mary Sadler on the Incurables out-relief, I have arranged to get her a pension among friends. The subscriptions, instead of being sent to London, are sent to me. I have already received more than enough to give the pension for the first year, and not a shilling of expense or trouble to myself or anxiety to the poor candidate."

If the expense incurred in canvassing for admission to any given institution were added to the cost of the establishment, and the whole amount were divided by the number of beneficiaries actually admitted, the result would be such a *reductio ad absurdum* that the system could not be maintained.

But even supposing less money were

obtained for the institutions in the event of the proposed change being made, more real charity would be done. At present there is not even a pretence of an investigation and comparison of claims, in consequence of which many undeserving candidates are admitted; a larger number are elected, who, although deserving, have relations or friends on whom they have a prior claim; and perhaps a larger number still are altogether excluded because they cannot bear the expense and labour of a canvass. Every way, therefore, the cause of charity would be advanced by the proposed change. The unworthy would be excluded; urgent destitute cases, which have neither friends nor money, would be admitted; and those who have friends would be provided for by them. We should thus arrive at a far larger sum of genuine charity than is attained according to the present arrangement. The reintegration of the natural relations which have been so seriously interfered with by the practice of providing for old servants and other dependents in these institutions would alone be prolific of many blessed effects. And, whatever might be the benefits of the arrangement, they would be obtained at a trifling cost. We know, from our experience in the Charity Organization Society, that the certainty of investigation has a strong tendency to sift off questionable cases, and that a scrutiny can be conducted by responsible agents according to fixed rules without danger of abuse.

The saving of the enormous aggregate of money, time, and labour, now wasted upon several thousand contested elections, regularly recurring twice a year, and upon the canvassing which never ceases during the intermediate periods, would alone be a great public benefit; but it must not be supposed that this saving would be lost to the cause of charity. These sacrifices are made in the interest of particular persons, and under an improved state of things they would still be made in their interest, but with a much better effect. According to the circumstances of the different cases, the benefactors would either themselves provide for the distressed persons, or would subscribe to public institutions in order to obtain a provision for them. Nay, their contributions are likely to be more liberal, and other new benefactors are likely to come forward in proportion as it is felt that every case of real distress will be dealt with according to its merits, and that the funds will be applied in a direct manner to the relief of human suffering.

CHARLES TREVELYAN.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

IV.

The position of the young unmarried women of the lower orders in Spain next claims our attention. Certainly the contrast between the perfect freedom of the daughter of the family in England, and the seclusion and strictness under which her Spanish sisters' days are passed, is a very striking feature in the domestic arrangements of the interior. In the lower walks of life the Spanish maiden is absolutely a prisoner—the prisoner of her madre, or her "tia," or aunt—until a kind Providence gives her a husband. No Spanish maiden, however poor, or however low her rank, can ever walk alone in the street, even for a few paces: if she do so her character is gone. She cannot go out to service unless her madre or tia be in the same service; and hence all the "criadas," or maid-servants, are widows who are allowed to have their children in their master's house, under their own eye; or unmarried over forty. The Spanish maiden has her choice of only two walks of life, until married life and a husband's protection becomes her own. Up to the time of her marriage she may either, if her father and mother be alive, go to a tailor's shop each day, returning at night, thus earning a few pence a day, and learning a trade. She is escorted thither and homewards by her mother, whose tottering steps and grey hair often contrast strangely with the upright carriage and stately walk of the daughter by her side. While at work during the day she is under the care of the "maestro," or master tailor, who sits among his bevy of fair maidens at the open door, and superintends their work. All the "tailoring" is done in this way. You first of all buy the amount of cloth you need at a linen-draper's; it is then taken to the tailor's house, and he takes your measure, and reports upon the amount and fitness of the cloth, and sets his maidens to work. A good Spanish servant, if you get a tailor to cut the cloth, will thus, at odd hours, make a capital suit of clothes. If the Spanish maidens, however, have a mother who is a widow, or who has no settled home with her husband, and is for this cause obliged to go out to service to earn her bread, the maiden will probably be with her mother, and, receiving little or no wages, take an idle share in the household duties, and receive each evening—of course in her madre's presence—the visits of her lover. Most of these girls have their lover, who, after his day's work is over, saunters idly, cigarillo in hand, into the kitchen which contains his Isidra, Maria, or Isabel—for these girls have very fine names—and performs his courting. The mother's watchful eye and ear are ever open, and the mother herself ever at hand. As to saying a single word, or, at least, having a walk or a good English "chat" *alone*, the young couple never even dream of such a thing. To so great an extent is this system of motherly surveillance carried, that should you call the mother away for a few minutes, she will not leave the young couple alone, but will order the young man to go out for some trifling article, or call the daughter to her side, that they may not have a private talk.

This seems strange, unnatural, and unneeded. The mother, during this period, treats her daughter quite like a child. If she does wrong—no matter though she be on the very eve of marriage—the mother administers a sound beating with her fists, and sometimes even a sound kicking. "Upon my word," said a pretty Spanish maiden thus situated, to me, "I really begin to think my mother is a bad old woman for beating me so." The Spanish mother has *no idea* of *trusting* her daughters; nor do

they ever attempt the least religious or moral culture. Their system is to prevent any impropriety simply by external precautions. And I must say that the majority of poor girls, when led to the altar, would present a marked contrast in *purity* to an equal number of our English agricultural labourers' daughters. In Spain the daughter's purity is the mother's highest pride. Mother and daughter, though constantly quarrelling, and even coming to blows, are very fond of each other; and the old woman, when they go out shopping together, will carry the heavy basket, or cesta, under the burning sun, that she may not spoil her daughter's queenly walk: her dull eye, too, will grow moist with a tear, and her worn face will kindle with absolute softness and sweetness if an English señor express his admiration of her child's magnificent hair, or flashing black eyes. The poor old mother, too, will save and save: she will deny herself her morsel of "carne," or meat, and her little "copa" of wine, on feast-days (and these poor creatures' luxuries are few indeed at best) that she may buy a ring or ear-rings of gold, to grace her daughter at the "Feria," and shame her rivals.

The moment, however, that the daughter is married all this is at an end. The mother, to use a vulgar, but very expressive phrase, "washes her hands of" her care. From the moment of the completion of the marriage ceremony, the mother declines all responsibility, seldom goes to her daughter's house, and treats her almost as a stranger.

Among the higher classes, although different in kind, the treatment of the young unmarried maiden is almost as strict. She, too, like her humbler sister, can never have the privilege of seeing her lover in private, and very rarely indeed, if ever, is he admitted into the sala where she is sitting. He may contrive to get a few minutes' chat with her through the barred windows of her sala; but when a Spaniard leads his wife from the altar, he knows no more of her character, attainments, and disposition, than does the priest who marries them, and perhaps not so much. Happiness under such circumstances can hardly be expected as a rule, and yet the married life of the Spaniard, if not brilliantly happy, seems at least calmly peaceful. The pleasures of husband and wife lie in different directions, and each leaves the other free to follow out and enjoy them, as he or she best can. They are not much together again, and in sunny Spain there is no fireside gathering—indeed, there are no fire-places, only "braseros" of charcoal—to bring husband and wife together in sustained intercourse. There is a very striking law in Spain, the very existence of which proves better than any words of mine, the strictness with which the Spanish maiden is guarded, and the absolute authority of her parents. Its provisos are these: Should a Spanish lad and lassie become attached to one another, and the parents absolutely forbid the match, and refuse their daughter liberty and permission to marry, the lover has his remedy at law. He has but to make a statement of the facts on paper, and deposit it, signed and attested, with the alcalde, or mayor of the township in which the lady's parents dwell. The alcalde then makes an order, giving the young man the right of free entry into the house in question within a certain number of days, for the purpose of wooing and carrying off his idol. The parents dare not interfere with the office of the alcalde, and the lady is taken to her lover's arms. From that moment he, and he alone, is bound to provide for her: by his own act and deed she has become his property. Cases have happened where the parents' judgment has been proved, by the bitter experience of their unhappy child, to have been the best: the would-be husband having turned out to be a seducer. But the law comes upon him with all its force, and he is bound to maintain her, in every way, as a wife, under pain of punishment. The whole Spanish law on the question of bastardy is very stringent, and bears severely—and deservedly so—on the man.

V.

In seeking to present a general and impartial outline of Spanish life in the interior, I promised to give some estimate of the Spanish character. The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic is its *exceeding passionateness.* Whether this may be due in any measure to the fiery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains. No race is so fiery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is *vindictive* in nature—quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men, when angry, is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment when their passion is boiling over. "Speak an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this—he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

A case in point here occurs to my mind. A friend of mine, while out riding, came suddenly, at a bend in the road, on two angry men, who were just in the act of drawing the knife upon one another. Contrary to the advice and entreaty of his companions, he sprang instantly from his horse, rushed in between them, separated, and expostulated with the combatants. The men, maddened with passion, deemed worthless and an interference his arguments and entreaties. At last one of them let fall the fact that they (the duellists) were brothers. Instantly my friend made use, and good use of this point. "Sirs," said he, "would you, who sucked the same mother's breast, go down to the grave, one of you with a brother's blood on your soul!" For a moment the men's better feelings were aroused; the younger brother drew back, and sheathed his knife. "Right you are, señor," he said, "badly, shamefully, as my elder brother has treated me, I have no right to draw upon him; he is my brother, after all—my *elder* brother." My friend took the young fellow's arm, and walking beside his horse led him slowly away from the scene of temptation. Homeward they went, talking about indifferent matters, until at last they reached the "casa" of my friend. On entering it, this man (the younger combatant) said, while the tears streamed down his brown wooden face, "You are *my friend.* Thanks to God I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." The men were miners, and of the lowest class of itinerant Spaniards.

Again—and possibly as a natural consequence of these frequent and deadly crimes, committed with the ever-ready knife—the Spaniard's utter disregard, utter recklessness about shedding man's blood, comes in here as another marked feature of Spanish character. The Spaniard thinks nothing at all of the higher and deeper aspects of his crime; he thinks nothing perhaps (I fear in too many cases it *is* so) because he has *been taught nothing* of the responsibility of sending his own soul or his neighbour's, without one moment's warning, to its last account. True, he feels a certain remorse, and a certain terror of the law may cause him to tremble. But, if his crime be not found out, with the morning sun his remorse has passed away. The brother's blood has dried upon the knife, and he can cut and eat his melon with the self-same blade without a pang, perhaps without a thought. And this disregard of human life does not entirely confine itself to the utterly ignorant classes. Like a vile infection, it spreads to those around. Two men, fighting in our streets, with revolver and knife, a few weeks since, both fell mortally wounded. Of course not one of the ring of bystanders had lifted a hand to prevent so ghastly a termination of what, in its commencement, had been but a trivial quarrel. The bystanders, I grieve to say, never do interfere. The

two men were carried to the hospital; and on speaking to one of the chief officers of justice about the affair, "Yes," said he, lighting his cigarillo, "one is dead, and the other, I fancy, is *just walking on the border-land.*" With these words he quietly dismissed the subject. Another case, illustrating what I have said, here occurs to me. I went into a way-side venta with a friend, a Spanish gentleman, for a glass of the common rough red wine of the country, the Val de Peñas. Two men, words running high between them, entered soon afterwards: one drew his knife, with an oath. The hostess did not cease filling the copas of her customers. My friend, a really humane and good man, merely uttered the single word "Knife!" and, drawing my arm through his own, dragged me out.

Noticeably in warfare long-continued —if we are to believe what has been written—the mind gets used to deeds of violence when so constantly presented to its view; and so, I suppose, it is in the case I allude to. But it is absolutely shocking to see how callous the lower classes have become to these swift, fierce deeds of blood.

"I wonder," said an educated man to me the other day, "how many men will be stabbed at the Feria *this* year."

I think any comment of mine upon this speech would be wholly superfluous. There is one reflection that I cannot help making here—one question that constantly presents itself to my mind, when I see the fearfully low state of religious and moral culture to which the masses in this country have been suffered to become a prey—it is this, *Who is to blame for these things?* Here is a country with undreamed of mineral wealth; with vast resources of timber uncut and of land uncultivated; with vineyards to the full as rich as those of sunny France, and with a glowing climate; yet her poor have no education, and nothing but huts to live in; her roads are mere tracks, all trace of which the winter storms carry away; and, above all, not only mental, but religious culture is a stranger to the masses; and who is to blame for these things?

The Spaniard, again, is a man *full of courage.* But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made up of paradoxes. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the bull-ring, or personal combat, he shines for courage and adroitness; and yet, in some things, he is strangely timid. As a soldier, in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi-civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do *not,* in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully *trust* one another. Then, again, the "presence" of a brave and yet unarmed man—his mere voice and presence—will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid; once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his comrades *en masse;* like them, he knows nothing of combination, as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the Defender of the right.

Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst, and nakedness, would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character—sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and the refined feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner's expense, would be voted simply indecent by him. Should an

Englishman so far forget himself as to become "drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is *no drunkard;* as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough." Rare as may be his opportunities of getting stimulants, he would not pass the bounds of moderation when the opportunity of drinking at another's expense is offered him.

Then the Spaniard, again, is *very contented.* Ask him why he does not ask more wages, and he would often say "It is too much trouble," but oftener still "I have enough." He is not, certainly, a "saving man;" on the contrary, *most* improvident. He reads the motto "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself" in its *wrong* sense, and he acts upon it.

In some other relations of life the Spaniard of the lower class does not shine. In a country where the very bread, the very existence of two out of every three men depends solely on "his beast" one would expect to find many merciful men. But such is not the rule. The Spaniard never calls his mule or donkey by any pet name; he calls the one "Mulo" (mule), pronounced "Moo - - - - - lo!" and the other "Boricco" (donkey), pronounced "Bo - - - - ruko!" You hear the ominous sound "Moolo," and, instantly following it, a shower of blows and kicks, too often wholly undeserved. A bad-tempered mule or donkey-driver will actually, if his beast be obstinate, seize its ear and bite until the blood streams down. This disregard of the sufferings of the rest of the creation seems to be sucked in with their mother's milk, for boys of seven and eight years old will stand at the corner of a street, where some poor donkey is tethered, and beat it mercilessly with an ashen staff, wielded with both hands, the passers-by never dreaming of interfering the while! So with the dog: he is beaten, not to correct and amend his faults, but simply to avenge the fault he has been guilty of.

The one pleasure, amounting to a passion, of all classes in this country is *gambling* of every sort. In the street, the cottage, the casino, the fair, are lotteries, pitch-farthing, cards, roulette-tables, and every sort of gaming, to be found.

So let me end. Passionate, but rarely revengeful; careless of others' lives, yet equally so of his own; more enduring and contented than courageous, as a soldier; very generous of what he has; sober, but not very chaste; polite and kind, but not very truthful; cruel, and yet withal warm-hearted; not patriotic, yet very fond of his country; proud, and yet ready to serve and help;—the Spaniard has many noble qualities. But he needs education of heart and mind, moral as well as mental culture. That given him in greater abundance, he would be a noble friend and a by no means contemptible foe.

VI.

I MUST endeavour to bring to a close my chapter on the general view of Spanish life and character in the interior. I have sought to bring out vividly and impartially a true picture of Spanish life and manners, and to describe the state of some of these townships of the interior as it really is. I have taken you from the poor to the well-to-do: from the town to the country: from troubles to peacefulness. Let me gather up some details that still remain to make my picture as clear as I can.

Let me premise, that it is almost with a feeling of sadness—at any rate, of depression—that I begin these chapters; for in them, to be truthful, I must give rather a gloomy background to the many bright traits in the character of these people, the reproduction of which has given me sincere pleasure. It may be that, like the Spaniard himself, one is too prone, under these bright and cloudless skies, —where day after day reproduces itself only more bright and yet more bright than the last—to dwell upon the bright side, and forget what is equally true, yet far from bright or encouraging.

But, as our home poet has said, with touching simplicity,—

> "Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn;"

and one must walk at times through the shadow, and be content to grasp the thorn.

I have not sufficiently dwelt upon the low, the very low state of morals among the higher classes; and the ignorance, the rudeness, the semi-civilized state of the masses. Let me speak of the latter first, for with *them* I am most at home. Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-taught, or rather *untaught*, and uncared for: a hopeless, objectless being, feeling no responsibility for the present or the future. Such is the peasant of the interior, be he farm labourer, blacksmith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy, horse dealer, or what he may. He seems to be unable to read, or write, or think, or love, or hope, or pray, or plan. With him there is no light. Into darkness, social, moral, religious, and intellectual, he is born as his heritage; in that darkness he spends, and in that darkness he is content to end his days. Come with me for a stroll—although *unarmed* a stroll is by no means a secure pleasure—into the campo, or wild country, and visit the hut of a friend of mine, a poor fruit-seller, and we will pass a few hours of one day with him. His little shanty stands alone near his dry, half-tilled garden; and you look in vain for a smiling village or a substantial farm, or country-house. His hut, let us call it "shanty," stands alone amid the thistles, its poverty its best protection. It is formed of three walls of rude, unfashioned, unhewn stone, bound together with no mortar. You must stoop low to enter it; it is roofed with reeds from the Guadalquivir, or with brushwood from the steepes of the Sierra; its door is a hurdle, laced with green brushwood and rushes, from the neighbouring bosque (coppice). There is one rough settle in the dark room, and on it lie the two "mantas," the use of which I explained in a former letter. The floor is the earth and dust. Here is the mistress, a knife stuck in her girdle. You must not look for beauty, or tidiness in her wooden, mahogany-coloured face; and you wonder at her stride, like a man's, and her muscled arms, and rough voice. Yet, remember, she has to work very hard; and the Spanish old woman (madre) of the lower class is always a masculine-looking hag. She has no chair, but courteously apologises for its absence, and throws down a "manta" on the floor for you to sit on. Suddenly, you hear at your ear the cackling of hens, the crowing of a cock; she sees, with ready Spanish perception, that you are puzzled, and pushes aside, not the bed linen, but the brush-wood, and there, under the settle, is the "roost" full of poultry! There, too, is her little jarra of water, "agua clara," and the provisions for the scanty "comìa" (we drop the d in "comida" in the interior)—the flat cake of coarse bread, and the melon, or the white grapes. She will tell you, with a woman's tact (though it is not perhaps strictly true), "We are all in the rough, for the winter rains are coming, and then we go to take a house" (*she means a quarter of a room*) "in the town." The little vineyard, or melon, or vegetable ground of this man is close to his house, and daily he takes his produce to the Plaza (market-square) of the adjoining towns. Just now he is taking his siesta, rolled in his manta in this room, too indolent to move. At sun-down he trots behind his donkey, with its panniered sides well galled with "melones" or grapes; and we will follow him along the dusty track—we boast no roads—with his baggy canvas trousers, esparto-grass sandals, and huge knife stuck in in his fajá. About ten o'clock he arrives in the street, which, running out of the market, serves for stables for the beasts, and bedroom for the owners of these panniers of fruit. He loosens his pannier from his donkey's back, and lets the air get to the inside of the packet of fruit; then, tethers his donkey to the side of the street, rolls himself up in his manta, lights his cigarillo, and falls fast asleep by his fruit. It is a strange sight

to pass about midnight along these streets adjoining the fruit market,—the rows of donkeys, the hundreds of sleeping forms, undistinguishable from the fruit and sacking, the fresh sickly damp smell of fruit hanging heavy on the air; and just beyond the Plaza, with its every tent now lying on the ground covering the fruit, and a tiny oil lamp burning faintly to show where the stall and the stall-keeper and the fruit are, all lying under the rough tent like a lot of half-empty sacks.

At 3.30 the market opens, and at four to five it is, in truth, a lively sight; from every house in the town comes a representative; and from every rich house a criada, her basket on her arm, to buy fruit, bread, and game (for there is little beef or mutton killed in the summer months) for the day's consumption. The little tents of the fruit vendors are of the most primitive and varied shapes, dirty canvas stuck in fantastic shapes upon one or more sticks; underneath their shade lie the heaps of glowing fruit, the red flame-coloured tomato, the red and yellow pomegranate, the purple fig, the yellow, or dark-green melon, the plum, the apple, and the grape, all in profuse abundance, all sold at the uniform rate of five farthings the pound!

The rich colours of the fruit, the chattering of those that buy and sell, the gaudy colours of dress of the people, with the tinkling of hundreds of mule and donkey bells, and the shouts of the muleteers, who can hardly pick their way through the eager throng, all together forms a scene for an artist's pencil. I strolled down one day at five o'clock, when a column, 2,000 strong, of General Pavia's army had entered the town on the night preceding, and the Plaza was thronged, and stripped of all its luscious stores; but I shall never forget the sight: the uniforms of the soldiery, their shoeless sandalled feet, the bright fruit, and the fierce competition for it, in the early morning sunlight, formed a scene at once busy and beautiful.

Sunday, alas! though the "Domingo" (Lord's day), is the busiest day of all. Sunday, which brings rest to the tired millions in our own land, brings none to these. True, the bells are clashing and clanging all the day, but save a few pious or frightened women, in many of these towns there is no congregation at all. On Sunday bricklayers build, carpenters rend, and shops drive a roaring trade. To a certain, but *very small* extent, the "feast days" make up for the Sunday's rest. Thus, a devout man will say to his employers, "To-day is the festival of the saint after whom I was christened," and his holiday will at once be granted to him, and to some of his chief friends. Then, he can pray or confess in the morning, and have a feast in the afternoon.

Now for the closing scene in the life of the Spanish poor. Ill health and old age must come at last, and bread cannot be won any longer. He has no workhouse or "parish pay" to look to, and so he must either beg his bread from door to door, as do many, or live on the grudging charity of relatives; or, as is often the case, he must be content, for the term that remains to him, to be a "dependent" of the master for whom he once worked, or of some charitable rich man. These masters, in the larger houses and "palacios" of the towns, are very kind to their old servants: at eight or nine o'clock, you will be surprised by observing crowds of these poor, worn, ragged creatures sitting inside the court-yard, and round the outer doors of some of the great ones, waiting for alms and food. Often I have been thus most forcibly reminded of the Parable of the Great Teacher, framed on this spectacle. Like the certain poor man, of whom He spoke, they are laid at the rich man's gate; like him, too, they desire only to eat of the crumbs which fall from his abundant table; there, too, you may often see the dogs—great, rough hounds kept for guards—passing up and down the string of sitting suppliants, and greeting with a lick or a kiss some old acquaintance!

Such, to its end, is the Spanish peasant's life. And is not the picture

all too dull? No joys of education while away his time. I have never yet seen above three books read in the market, and they were hardly decent! No cottage home and peaceful village is his, where his weakening eyes may see his sons and daughters growing up around him. Hard, coarse fare, and hard lodging —this, without one ray of religious hope and light to lighten his darkness—is his hard and bitter lot.

Would you follow him one step further? There is a little, walled-in spot of sandy, rocky ground, some two miles outside the town from which I write—it is the cimenterio, where at last his bones are laid in peace, waiting for the touch of that Magic Wand which one day is to make all things new. I entered that sacred ground, a few nights since, for the first time. Much as I had heard of the beauty of burial-yards abroad, I looked at least for decency and cleanliness. The first thing that struck me as I opened the gate, and took off my hat, was the sickly, putrid smell that well-nigh caused me to vomit. Close before me, on a rough-hewn and unlettered stone, stood two tiny coffins; the lids (always of glass) were not screwed down. I pushed one aside, and there, beautiful even in death, were the rich tresses and pink cheeks of a child of some eight summers. The other was the coffin of an infant. Both bodies were wrapped, as is customary here, in coloured silver-paper—for the clothes are *burnt* invariably, as they might be a temptation to some dishonest person to exhume the coffin from its shallow grave. Just then I looked down, and lo! the whole place was covered with human bones, lying on the surface. The evening breeze rose and fell, coming from the distant Sierra Morena, and wafted to my feet—it *clung around* my feet—a light, loose mass of long and tangled hair. Stooping down to look, I saw that there was plenty of it about; on the gravestones, and around the dry thistles, which grew in abundance, it twined and clung. There was no grass, no turf—only sand, and rocks peeping out. This, then, was the end of life's brief drama here: the rude end of a still ruder life! I saw no tombstones worthy of the name. I asked the old gravedigger, when would he bury the two little coffins? "Manaña" (to-morrow) he answered; "but the place is so full, I hardly know where to scrape a hole."

Just then, I heard the strains of martial music coming near. A civil funeral came, heralded by its band; and as the shades of evening fell, one more coffin was deposited on the rude blocks of stone, to wait until the morrow's dawn.

September 29, 1873.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OXFORD UNION.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir,—In my article upon the Oxford Union in your October number, I attributed to the Lord Chancellor a proposal made in 1831, that the Society should subscribe to promote the return of anti-reform members of Parliament. This was an error which I regret, and which I desire your permission to correct and explain.

In the Union minutes of that time we find "Mr. Palmer, Trinity,"—*i.e.* the present Lord Selborne—who, after gaining a Fellowship at Magdalen, becomes "Mr. Palmer, Magdalen." But there was another "Mr. Palmer, Magdalen," the Lord Chancellor's brother, and (during part of their Union careers) contemporary. In the draft of my article I confounded the two in numerous instances; these I subsequently discovered, and corrected, with the exception of the one in question, which I unfortunately omitted to verify.

Edward B. Nicholson.

// MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1874.

LITTLE JACK.

CHAPTER I.

About ten o'clock in the morning of a day early in October, a woman was leading a child of three years old along a grassy path, through the Holmsdale woods. There were brambles on each side, from which the blackberries still hung in heavy clusters; the scarlet hips made the long sprays of the wild rose more gay than they had been with the delicate blossoms of spring; ripe hazel nuts were dropping from their husks, and the thorn trees had a bountiful supply of deep-red berries.

The boy wanted everything he saw, and his mother found her progress so slow that she stooped to lift him, and swung him to her shoulder. He laughed aloud at this bit of fun, and the mother laughed too; then, as he stood with one hand on her head and one held in her own, which was upraised, he caught sight of maple trees on a distant knoll in their red autumn dress, and horse-chestnuts all aflame with gold. He shouted, and jumped, and tried to clap his hands; and the mother, who could scarcely hold him steady, laughed and hurried on. She would have thought it very unreasonable that the bright day, and the beauty of the autumn, and her child's pleasure should make her glad when she was in trouble; and yet she responded to all of them, and had already forgotten the anger which made her heart beat so violently as she left the village of Cheam, and heard some one call after her—

"Are you goin' to pay the money, missis, like an honest 'ooman?"

She followed the wood-path, until she came to an open space, from whence she saw beneath her the fish-ponds, large, black, and solemn, shut in by high banks which were clothed with rhododendrons and azaleas. In the early summer these banks were brilliant with clusters of white and purple blossom, and drew many admirers from the villages in the neighbourhood to visit Holmsdale Park and Hall; but now the banks were dark with the heavy green foliage of the shrubs. Slender birch trees, with their silvery bark, seemed to deepen the gloom, but the overhanging willows at the brink of the ponds had already shed their yellow leaves, which floated on the surface of the water, and looked like patches of sunlight among the darkness. A few planks were fixed at one side of the largest pond, forming a rude jetty, and at one end of it a small boat was fastened by a chain and padlock.

"Mammy, mammy!" shouted the boy, at the sight of the water and the boat; and, from his comfortable seat upon her shoulder, he pressed his chubby hands upon her cheeks, and turned her face towards this attractive spectacle.

"No, no," she said, "your mammy hasn't got no time. You shall go there another day."

Whereupon the child slipped down

into her arms and laid his little face against hers, and said—

"A boat, mammy; a boat!"

She could not deny him, and, turning aside, she lifted the latch of a gate in the fence which separated Holmsdale Park from the woods, and followed the steep descent to the ponds. As they approached, there was an open space to the right on which grew neither shrub nor bramble, and where the grass was kept closely cut. A fallen tree lay in the centre of this space; it was dead, and its branches bare, and at some distance round it a dark solemn band of cypresses had been planted.

The mother clasped her child tightly as she walked almost on tiptoe past the spot, and the boy looked with wide, open eyes at the dark trees and smooth green grass, so unlike the tangle of briar, shrub, and bramble around them.

When they reached the pond, with many coaxing words and gestures he persuaded his mother to get into the boat, and let him look over the edge down into the black, still water. Far beneath him shone a small face, the reflection of his own.

"Doe and det another ickle boy, mammy," he said, holding out his mother's arm, that she might reach the white glimmering shadow in the water. "Me want dat ickle boy."

"Why, that's Jack," said the mother, laughing; "my little Jack down there, that's what that is."

Whereupon the boy, who had a quick temper, impatient of contradiction, cried, and said it wasn't Jack, and he wanted him to play with.

The mother pulled broad leaves of the water lily, and gave them to him, and told him to be good, else mother wouldn't love him, and they'd go away and leave the little boy in the water with his own mammy.

She led him up the steep bank, and as they turned to enter the wood again, she became aware of the young Lady Holmsdale standing there in her widow's weeds, with her pale-faced boy, the little earl, by her side.

The village mother curtsied, and then, half afraid to speak, and half afraid to pass without apology, began shyly—

"No offence, my lady, I hope. My boy he cried to get into the boat, an' I dessay I hadn't ought to ha' let him, but I meant no offence."

"No offence whatever, Mrs. Allan," said the lady, in a sad, low voice; "we don't call you a trespasser, do we, Ernie? Why, Ernie here is a great deal older than your little boy, and yet he always wants to get into the boat when we come this way."

And she looked at her boy and smiled.

Mrs. Allan curtsied again, and tried in vain to induce Jack to "make his obedience to my lady."

Jack and the young earl were engrossed by the solemn contemplation of each other, and were reluctantly led away in opposite directions by their respective parents.

"Lor, what a turn it gave me!" said Mrs. Allan, who, with a strong need of sympathy, and no disinclination to talk, was in the habit of treating Jack as an intelligent companion. "When I see 'er a standin' there, I thought I should ha' dropped. That's what comes o' gentlefolk goin' out o' their way to do things as don't concern 'em. Why, your dad 'ud ha' cut down that there tree, and thought nothin' of it; and there's my lord, he must go and chop hisself in two a'most over a thing as he'd no business with. Hark, Jack, that's daddy."

And once again she lifted the boy to her shoulder, and stood to listen to the distant regular stroke of the woodcutter's axe.

The boy imitated the sound, "Tut—tut—tut."

"Yes, that's your dad," she said; I allay's knows him somehow; he chops more reg'lar like, and louder than anybody else."

And as she thought of him away at his work, and coming home at night with basket slung over his shoulder, and in his hand a bunch of berries, or flowers, or nuts for the boy, she remembered the pale lady standing alone.

"Poor thing! poor thing! I be-

lieve she thinks on it too, for: 'My husband's a woodcutter,' she says to me, so proud, when I come upon 'em in this very wood, soon after we was married. 'There ain't nothin' he likes so well,' sez she. An' a week arter that he met his death by it.' But, lor, what a turn she give me."

Jack, who was but an unsympathetic listener, was already clamouring for cake. As they had come nearly three miles, and been an hour on the road, his mother thought the request not unreasonable. She took a clean handkerchief from her pocket, in which was wrapped a slice of currant loaf, and handed it up to the child on her shoulder. She climbed a stile, passed out of the Holmsdale woods, and continued her journey along the high road leading to Brenchley.

The broad, white Downshire road led uphill for nearly a mile; on either side of it were high banks and tall hedge-rows, overhanging hazel boughs, and clusters of the scarlet berries of the wild gueldre rose, whilst the traveller's joy covered all the topmost branches with its white feathery seeds. In spring the nightingales used to sing there all night and all day too; but now there was no song, except that of the robin, who, sitting on a spray of bramble, watched our travellers with keen, bright eye, and did his best in the glowing autumn morning. From the summit of the hill, you look down upon Brenchley, with the river Eden flowing through it, and see the tall masts of ships rising up in the midst of green fields and among the houses, and trace on the horizon the rounded outline of the chalk hills, beyond which lies the sea.

The mother chattered to her boy as they descended towards Brenchley, as a mother does to an only child who is companion and plaything all in one. She had carried him nearly the whole distance from Cheam, which was little short of five miles, and her heightened colour and bright eyes bore witness to the unwonted exertion. Her cheeks were brilliant with such a tinge as the wild cherry tree has when autumn first touches it; her large gray eyes looked out bright and fearless, save for an uncomfortable consciousness that her hair was not as smooth as it ought to be, but had rippled up into little waves, in spite of a plentiful application of water before she started, which she had hoped would keep it smooth and decent.

She had grown very quiet as she approached the town, and was busy with past as well as future. There, outside the chemist's shop, at the corner, the first house you come to in Brenchley, she had met her husband, John Allan, six years ago. She had never been in the place since, for there was no railway from Cheam to Brenchley, and no public conveyance of any kind. The four miles and a half by the wood, with an additional mile and a half if you went the whole way by the road, separated the two places completely. Old memories crowded back as she passed the same spot. John Allan, the stalwart north-countryman, had been on his way to New York—that is, so far on his way that he had come up to find work in London, and, failing that, had visited an agent at Brenchley to enquire about an emigrant ship, when Mary's pretty face changed his plan. He stayed first through harvest time, and next for hop-picking, and then Mary promised to marry him if he would not take her away from home. Mary was kitchen-maid at Holmsdale Hall; and her father, a woodcutter, bent double, and crippled with rheumatism, lived with his wife in a little cottage, not far from the park gates, two rooms of which were let to the curate of Cheam. The young couple were married, and John Allan had regular employment as woodcutter in the park and wood. When the old people died, Mary, John, and their one child remained in the cottage. The curate, who was married, had now a house of his own, but they generally let their rooms for five or six months in the year, and had taken great pride in making them neat and pretty to "please the gentlefolks." Mary believed that this end would be achieved by a reck-

less investment in China ornaments, and there were dogs and shepherdesses of every tint, Sir Robert Peel in a blue coat and yellow trousers, and Prince Albert in pink coat and green trousers, according to the undoubted costume of his native land. There were also coloured prints on the wall, of very questionable taste and merit, though, as Mary proudly stated, they had "most all come from furrin parts, like the pictures at the Hall, and had writin' on as no one could read." The little parlour also boasted of a glass over the chimney-piece, and there was a brass knocker on the door, which opened immediately into this gay little room. She thought of it all as she walked down High Street, for the brief episode of courtship was speedily dismissed, and, indeed, was chiefly memorable as a barrier which separated the life of seven years ago from the present.

As she approached the County Court to which she was bound, her thoughts were recalled to the present. Little Jack had trotted happily along the pavement, much engrossed by the contemplation of shrimps, which formed the staple commodity of the place. He strongly suspected them of being eatable, although it was not a fact within the range of his own experience. He would have liked mammy to give him some, but she was absorbed in her own thoughts, and did not heed his request. When they came to the large stone archway and iron gates of the County Court, she took the boy in her arms, and held him somewhat tightly as they crossed the courtyard. Entering a side door indicated to her, she passed along a narrow, dirty passage, leading to an ante-room, in which there were small groups of men and women, talking in whispers. The constraint imposed upon them in one direction may probably have had something to do with the license which they allowed themselves in another, and Mrs. Allan was conscious of an atmosphere of oaths and foul language, muttered and growled on all sides of her, which made her cheeks tingle and her heart beat.

As she stood alone in the middle of the room, an usher came to her, and learning her business, said the case was now on, and admitted her to an inner room. As she entered, she saw on her right hand several rows of benches, on which were seated men and women, chiefly of the lowest class. Keen eyes scanned her narrowly as she entered, and, as she stood for a moment hesitating, not knowing which way to go, and whether to sit down amongst them, their evil faces seemed to draw near, and crowd around her, and the sharp, suspicious glances recalled her husband's words of that morning.

"Honest folks hev na bizniss i' sic a spot."

Then some one motioned to her to pass on to the centre of the hall, and she sat down with a great ringing sound in her ears which made her deaf to all that was going on. She found herself in a large square room lighted from above. It was wainscoted and painted drab colour half way up, whilst the upper part of the walls was gray. There was a clock in a circular mahogany frame on the wall at her right hand, and its loud tick seemed to her like the throbbing of an anxious heart. Beneath the clock there was a long empty pew against the wall, in front of which was painted in white letters *Jury*, and on her left hand there was a similar long empty pew for *Witnesses*. In the centre space between them were the *Attorneys* and their clients, and it was here that Mrs. Allan had a seat.

Opposite to her was the Judge. The Queen's arms in tarnished embroidery adorned a dusty canopy which was fixed to the wall, and projected over his head, and faded dusty red velvet curtains hung down on each side of his chair. The assertion of the majesty and dignity of the law conveyed by the velvet curtains and the canopy, was probably considered all that was necessary to impress the rustic mind, for the Judge was seated on a dirty chair with stuffed leather back, and was writing upon a deal desk painted a reddish brown. On his right there was a small empty box for the *Defendant*, and on his left another for the *Plaintiff*, in which

there was a man dressed in light clothes, who was standing with his back to the spectators and talking volubly.

The Judge, whose seat was on a raised daïs, was the most prominent figure in the hall, and mother and child fixed their eyes upon him as he slowly put one long thin hand up to his mouth and read from a paper on the desk before him. He had a thin gray face, gray whiskers, pale gray eyes, which never seemed to look at anyone or anything about him, a gray wig, and robes that were rather gray than black. After a time he looked up, clasped one hand with the other, and said in a slow indifferent tone, as if he did not attach much importance to his words and was slightly bored and sleepy:

"You say she has paid you bills for somewhat similar amounts for some years past?"

"Yes, my lord, and of course"——

"Answer the question put to you. I don't want to hear anything more. Is it a usual thing to allow poor people to run such a bill as this, more than eight pounds for bread and flour?"

"Well, my lord, it is; in these parts. They pay the bread bill mostly from year to year."

"Why don't they pay weekly?"

"Well, they don't earn much to speak of in winter, and what with one thing and another, fevers and agues and all that, they are glad to let the bread run on, and pay it in autumn when they've picked up something by haymaking, and harvesting, and hop-picking."

"I see this man, John Allan, is a woodcutter. How do you expect him to pay?"

"His wife lets lodgings all the summer, and gets ten shillings a week for 'em. It's her as pays the bill."

"What reason does she give for not paying this year?"

"Why she says she has paid it once;" and, turning to the audience, he continued, with an air of injured innocence, "she says I'm a thief and a liar for asking for my money."

There was a hoarse laugh in the court at the repetition of these words, which were considered racy and suggestive of future fun.

Mrs. Allan's face crimsoned with shame and anger, and she started to her feet to defend herself and explain.

"Sit down, sit down," said some one by her side, and she stooped over her boy, who was now half asleep, and busied herself taking off his hat, with fingers trembling so that she could scarcely hold the strings.

She was startled by hearing her name called aloud. Being directed to the defendant's box, she had a small dirty black book put into her hand, and took an oath and kissed the binding in great bewilderment as to the nature of the religious ceremony in which she was engaged.

She looked around her eagerly, hoping to see one familiar face; but Jack was sleeping peacefully upon the bench, a sea of strange faces surged up around her, strange noises filled her ears, and then in sharp tones there rang the words:

"Look at the judge, and answer the questions put you."

She turned to the voice, which proceeded from a big elderly man, with round shoulders and a great heavy head that hung forward, who was standing up at no great distance from her.

"Don't stare at me, I tell you," he continued; "look at the judge, and go on."

And then, partly in answer to questions, partly rambling away into a long statement which she had rehearsed many times in her own mind, and by which she had always convinced herself, she began:

"I paid 'im 'is bill, the same as I done other years. It was on a Saturday, and he brought it hisself. 'Hev you got pen and ink?' he says, and I says 'No, the lodgers took theirn with 'em. They ain't o' no use to me, for I always keep my accounts in my 'ed.'"

"Never mind what you said; did you pay him the money?"

"I *did*," with great emphasis and a pause; "I paid 'im eight pound three shillings and fourpence. Well it was in gold, and silver, and ha'pence, just as I'd put it together. It was a good year,

and I let fifteen weeks this summer. Yes"—this was in answer to the plaintiff's attorney—" yes, I can do that in my 'ed. It comes to seven poun' ten, and the rest I made up with work of father's. No, it ain't my father, it's the boy's, an' you know that as well as I do. I ain't got no father. Yes, I have got a husband, an' you know that too."

Here the judge interposed in the woman's favour, as it was manifest that the attorney's object was to irritate and annoy her. She proceeded, with some warmth, to state that the plaintiff had written on the bill—" well, receipted it, if you like that better. He 'eld the bill agenst the door and wrote with a pencil, and the pencil shoved a 'ole through the paper, so sez he, 'That won't do, I must begin agen, 'and 'e come in and begun agen and wrote on the table."

" How long ago was that?" said the judge.

" Three weeks, or else four. I can't be sure which."

" Have you your previous bills?"

" Yes," and she handed them to him. The judge looked carefully over them, and said:

" I see one of these is receipted in pencil."

" Yes, but that's an old 'un. I've 'ad that this three year. This last had got a hole in it where the pencil went through where the crack of the door was."

" But if you've kept all these bills and knew their importance, why did'nt you keep the last?"

" Well, I mislaid it somehow, for I was busy cleaning, and I'd a got the carpet up and was all in a muddle, and father he's so terrible pertikler about bills as I didn't like to tell 'im I'd paid the money and couldn't find the bill, so when Mr. Neville come round one day after I'd looked everywhere, I says: 'I wish you'd give me another bill, for I can't find that one nowhere.' And 'e stares at me a minute, and then says, 'Well, that's a good 'un as ever I heard! Why, you an't never paid me.' And then, when he stuck to it, it put my back up so, that I up and calls him a liar."

" That will do, that will do," said the judge, who had in vain tried to interrupt her narrative. " Now if I give you a week, do you think you can find the receipt."

" I keep a tellin' of you, I ain't a got it," said Mrs. Allan, whose quick temper had been greatly chafed by the attorney's incessant interruptions, contemptuous gestures, and by the failure of all the facts she had adduced, to impress the judge in her favour.

" But you will have to pay this money unless you can produce the receipted bill."

" Then I won't pay it; nor nobody shan't make me. Why ain't my word as good as his'n. I paid 'im once and 'e don't get no more out of me. And pray what have I done with the money if 'e ain't got it?"

" Well," said the attorney, " you haven't bought a silk gown lately, I suppose, and the lord knows what for the child?"

Mrs. Allan was quite still for a moment, then she turned pale and began to cry.

" Can you prove that?" said the judge.

" It was merely a question, sir, which I was directed to ask."

" I don't see the use of it;" then turning to Mrs. Allan, " Will you look for the receipt again?"

" No, I won't," in a shrill voice, interrupted by sobs, " it ain't o' no use. I tell you I ain't got it."

" And my case is also that she hasn't got it," said the attorney, " and I am informed she has told a neighbour she would leave Cheam rather than pay it."

Mrs. Allan was directed to leave the box; and after a few questions to the plaintiff, the judge proceeded to review the case, reading from his notes parts of the evidence of the plaintiff and defendant. He pointed out the discrepancies between their statements, which were too great to admit of their being explained away, and said that as the affair was so recent it seemed unlikely that the transaction, if any, had been forgotten, or that there had been any mistake about it. There was clearly an attempt at fraud on one side or the other. Neville said that when he asked Mrs.

Allan for his money she tried to palm off an old receipt on him; and she said that when she told him she had lost the receipt and wanted him to give her another, he denied the payment and tried to obtain the money a second time. On behalf of Neville it must be stated that his books, which seemed to be regularly kept, contained no entry of the payment, and Mrs. Allan could not produce the receipt and declined to make any further search. The money, therefore, must be paid.

"Why ain't my word as good as his'n?" said Mrs. Allan, starting up, and pale with anger; "and why ain't it wrong for him to take all that money and nobody standin' by to see him, if he's to be let come here and swear a pack of lies to get it over again!"

Her shawl was dragged by the people near her, and she was told to sit down. The case was decided.

There was some talk as to how the money was to be paid, and the baker declined to take less than ten shillings a week, on the ground that Mrs. Allan had money laid by, and her husband was earning fourteen shillings a week. The order was given for this amount, and some one nudged Mrs. Allan, who sat pulling her bonnet strings and looking fixedly at the judge.

"It's all over now," said a voice in her ear. "You've got to pay. Bill and costs too, and a pretty penny it 'ull come to."

She rose slowly, and looking round her, saw Neville laughing and rubbing his hands.

"Oh you blackguard!" she screamed out. "Oh you base villain! I'll have my revenge on you;" and then shaking her fist at him, she poured forth a torrent of violent language such as in anger comes readily to the lips of a woman of her class. She was pushed and pulled out of the hall; but struggling furiously she broke away from those who held her, and darted back to the seat where Jack was lying asleep with his yellow curly head on the hard bench.

The touch of the warm unconscious child as she lifted him in her arms had an instantaneous effect upon her. She burst into tears and walked sobbing out of the court, through the ante-room and into the road, followed by many rough boys and men, who called after her—

"Hullo, missus! Who robbed the baker's shop?" "What'll you take for your black silk gown?" And "Where's the feathers for Bobby's hat?"

She was bewildered at first and failed to realize the fact that the decision of the public was unfavourable as well as that of the Court; but she stood looking from one to the other with a growing consciousness that these also were enemies, and that all the world was against her, and there was no one to speak a good word in her favour.

A boy who was behind her touched her shawl to make her attend to what was going on, and another caught at her bonnet string, and encouraged by a shout of brutal laughter, dragged off her bonnet and threw it over the heads of the crowd. In an instant she set down the child, and darted first at one and then at the other, cuffing and striking and picking up stones to hurl at her assailants.

The appearance of a policeman put an end to the scene; men and boys slunk away, disclaiming any share in the proceedings, and Mrs. Allan being requested to "move on," took Jack by the hand and dragged him crying after her.

She hurried out of the town, and did not pause until she had passed the hill, and was descending the broad road, from whence over the Holmsdale woods you see the spire of the old church at Cheam. The child's wail smote upon her heart, and she caught him up and kissed him passionately, and then sitting down on the bank she rocked him backwards and forwards as she said, "Oh dear, oh dear. What shall I do; whatever shall I do!"

And so keeping the high road—for she had no thought of turning to the green quiet woods—bareheaded, with tear-stained, dirty face, her cotton gown hanging in tatters, and the decent black shawl with many an unseemly rent, she made her way home.

CHAPTER II.

A MAN of some thirty years of age was sitting over the fire in a small kitchen. His right hand rested on a slate with a long row of figures which he had put down by his side on the wooden bench, and he was so absorbed either by his calculations or his thoughts, that the pipe in his mouth was over and over again on the point of going out; a few hasty puffs restored it for a time, until it was again forgotten. The man was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with a square head covered with curly brown hair, a low brow, and a broad open face. There was an unmistakeable look of good temper about him, and a certain frankness and joviality which a somewhat troubled and anxious expression could not altogether conceal. The kitchen in which he sat was a back-room, and opened into a small garden that in the summer was quite overshadowed by lime-trees growing along a bank on one side of it. They rendered it so unproductive, that with all his care John Allan could induce nothing but a few cabbages to grow in it, and these were mostly devoured by caterpillars before they were fit to cut. There was a pig-stye at the far end of this slip of garden, and the pig supplied a topic of conversation of which John and his wife did not speedily grow tired. What the pig would weigh, how much meal he consumed, and how much more he would require, with speculations as to "wash" from various houses in the neighbourhood, were subjects to which they frequently reverted. There was a neat slip of garden in front of the cottage laid out in small bright flower-beds, and much sub-divided by narrow paths covered with small round pebbles. A close-cut hedge enclosed the garden and cottage, which stood in one corner of the forty-acre field that extended between the village of Cheam and the boundary wall of Holmsdale Park. The cottage contained four rooms; a parlour and bedroom in front, facing the south-west, furnished for "gentlefolks," and let during the summer months; a small back bedroom, dark in summer and damp and cold in winter, and the kitchen in which John Allan was sitting. It was paved with red bricks, which looked all the brighter because they were seldom quite dry; the outer wall was so damp that the paper would not hang on it, but the inner, which separated the kitchen from the parlour, was covered with cuttings from newspapers and pictures from the *Illustrated London News*. A few bright pots and pans hung above the fire-place, and on the narrow black shelf beneath them two gorgeously painted cups and saucers and a mug "For a good boy," formed ornaments on which Mary looked with great pride. A square table, close to the window, covered with a coarse white cloth, was used for meals, and a small mahogany chest of drawers standing against the wall opposite the fire-place seemed to the occupiers and their neighbours a sure token of respectability and prosperity. There was an armchair in one corner by the fire, and above it on a little shelf fixed to the wall were a large Bible and Prayer-book, a work-box, and knitting-needles, with a partly-finished child's sock. On the opposite side was the bench on which Allan was sitting, and in front of the fire was a low wooden stool. A little cart with a bit of string tied to it had been carefully "put to bed" on the top of the stool before Jack was carried off by his mother.

The father heard steps overhead, a pattering of small feet and merry shouts from the boy. He knew that Jack had been hiding in some very conspicuous place, and that his mother had turned away and looked for him somewhere else. Whereupon Jack, beginning to fear that perhaps after all he really was lost, had rushed out shouting "Me, me, me!" and his mother after an arduous chase had succeeded in catching him. Then there was a silence, and the father smiled. "Now they're huggin' and kissin'," he said to himself. In a low voice the mother sang the evening hymn, and after that the child said his evening prayers. The quaint high-pitched tones reached the father's ear, and carried his thoughts away from all the troubles of the day. "What a knowin' lile beggar

it is," he said; "he does seem to knaw that there's summat out o't common when he says his prayers." There was silence for some minutes, and then the mother came softly downstairs.

As soon as he heard her steps John caught up the slate lying beside him, and when she entered the kitchen he was apparently engrossed by a long row of figures.

He had received a promise of promotion from woodcutter to wood-reeve when he could "keep the book." His wife had told this in the summer to their lodger, and the result was that John had received several lessons in compound addition and subtraction, and hoped to be qualified by the time there was a vacancy. When Mary entered and saw him stooping over the slate, from which he had not looked up all the evening, she went from one thing to another, making a clatter to disturb him. As he was doing nothing she failed in the attempt, and at length she said, in an aggrieved tone—

"Anybody but you 'ud ha' wanted to know how I got on to-day."

"Mebbe I knaw enough a'ready; and mebbe I knaw mair than I like," answered John; "but what I deu say is this, I don't believe there's sic' a thing in a' the world as a woman that can hawld her tongue and keep her temper—I don't believe there is sic' a thing in a' the worruld."

He struck the bench sharply with the slate to emphasize his words, and looked up at Mary.

"Now look 'ere, father, don't you go and turn agen me, for I can't abear it; and you ain't got no cause to do it, you ain't. I ain't never done no wrong by you, and don't you go and say as I hev."

"I niver said nowt o't sort; but if thou thinks it doesn't hurt me to hear 'em say thou was drunk o'er at Brenchley, and they'd ha' locked tha' up if t' hedn't ben for t' barn thou'rt verra much mistakken."

"What did they say?" said Mary, slowly.

"Why, they towld a pack o' lees, an shou'd ha' bin a deal better out o' their talk than in it."

"But I dunno what you mean. Who was drunk? You tell me over agen what you said just now."

"There, there, don't stand stearin' at me. I don't knaw what they said nor what they didn't, nor I don't want to knaw. A pack o' lees I tell tha', and let's hear na mair about it."

But Mary, upon whom the meaning of his speech had slowly dawned, now flashed out into sudden anger.

"An' you call yourself a man," she said, sobbing violently, "an' stand by and let 'em go on like that. Don't tell me, if it had a'been anybody else you'd a stood up for 'em."

"Stood up for 'em! What was I to stand up for? Coom, my lass, coom; 'tis a bad job, and quarrelin' wain't help it, nor cryin' ayther. Coom and tell ma' aw aboot that coort bisness."

It takes two to quarrel; and as Allan never would go on, Mary had to give in. She sat down with her apron to her eyes, and he waited in silence. At length she told him all her story—with some hesitation towards the last, but perfect truthfulness.

"I thowt as much," said he, getting up and speaking savagely. "Dirty raskils! How much did ta' say?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"That's ower much; and I'se freetened that nasty ague is comin' on ma agen. I've bin shakkin' and shiverin' all day, an' felt that miserable I didn't knaw what to do. It will be a bad time if I'm laid up. Coom and let's hev a leuk for his dirty bill. Thou must ha' got it somewhar."

And taking the candle, he led the way along the narrow passage and into the parlour, which was now prepared for the winter. The carefully-brushed carpet was rolled up in one corner, and the hearthrug, in which were the fire-irons wrapped in brown paper, stood in another. The window-curtains were neatly folded, wrapped in the best chamber towels and laid on the small round mahogany table; whilst the cane-bottomed chairs were piled one upon another. The chimney glass was pinned up in paper and covered so as to exclude dust and flies, and the china ornaments

were put away in the cupboard. Nothing remained but a faded fire-paper in the grate, which, after three summers' service, was unfit for further use.

"It's aw so tidy," said Allan, with his usual pride in his wife's work, "that it does seem a pity to upset it. But let us unroll t' carpet and hev another leuk."

It was not to be expected that Mary should not feel aggrieved at the implied possibility of her having overlooked so important a document as the bill. Still anything was better than her husband's silence and her own thoughts; so with some reluctance and a few not inaudible murmurs, she acceded to his suggestion, and by the dim light of the candle they carefully examined every article in the room. Allan shook the old fire-paper, and eagerly darted at the soiled fragments of tissue paper which fell from it.

"Lay it on the top agen," said Mary, with a smile which implied her superiority to the childish expectations of her husband. "I had it down when I blackleaded the stove, and I on'y put it there to ketch the soot as falls down the chimley. But there, you don't know nothin' about these things. How should you?"

They proceeded to the bedroom overhead and then to their own room, in which little Jack lay asleep. They stood for a moment looking at him.

"Ay, but he is a bonny un!" said the father. "I don't knaw as ever I saw sic a fine 'un."

"Come away," said Mary, greatly appeased, "and don't wake him, else he'll be wantin' to go down agen. Here's all the papers I've got. Now you can see for yourself, and then perhaps you'll be satisfied."

She produced a roll of odds and ends, letters and bills and printed notices, of each one of which she knew the history; but Neville's bill was not among them. When the search was ended Mary went down somewhat triumphantly, and with a certain sense of satisfaction.

"Of course I want to find it, but it's no good a tellin' me that it's in this house, because I know it ain't."

"Now don't ga on like that. It's a raal bad job, that's what it is. Thou sud hev persuaded, lass—thou sud hev persuaded him, and then we sud hev hed time to turn oursels round, and mebbe thou'd ha' fund it. But there, it's na use botherin', we shall get on somehow; there's pig i' t' stye, and landlord mun wait."

But the evil days had come when no man would wait. The landlord insisted on his rent, and the doctor asked for his bill; the grocer would give no credit, and there was not a bit of bread or meat to be had unless it was paid for. Neville said to everyone—

"I took 'em their quartern a day and never asked 'er for a penny, not till the end o' summer, when 'er lodgers was gone; and now she swears she paid me tho' she ain't no bill, nor receipt, nor nothin' to show for it, and gives me all the trouble and bother of County-Courtin' her. It's too bad, ain't it?"

And the village agreed that it was too bad, and had no doubt that her husband—a man whom nobody knew, and who was spoken of with hesitation as coming from "the Sheers"—was probably at the bottom of it. The question what could she have done with the money, was speedily answered. She had bought a black silk gown and a Paisley shawl, some said, whilst others asserted that Allan had sent it away to his friends in "the Sheers." An attack of ague which confined Allan to his bed was attributed to a "bad conscience;" and the numerous hints, not very delicately worded, which the neighbours thought it necessary to give his wife in order to convince her that they were not such fools as she thought them, ended in procuring her a bad word from everyone in the village. Her temper was hot and her tongue hasty, and the words which she regretted almost as soon as they were spoken, were not readily forgotten or forgiven. Before long the village was a nest of wasps, which she had irritated; and she preferred to bring her scanty stores from Brenchley, or to fetch them from Strood, which was two miles distant, rather than to run the risk of meeting a former neighbour. Her husband resumed his work too soon, caught

cold, and was laid up with rheumatic fever. Then Mary, well-nigh desperate, meeting Lady Holmsdale one day, ventured to address her. My Lady somewhat coldly referred her to the housekeeper; and at the Hall she was told that no one who was not honest and sober need apply there; they'd heard all about her goings on, and if she'd brought herself to want, she had nobody but herself to thank for it. At the Parsonage she fared somewhat worse, and the grave censure and solemn advice to let this be a lesson to her, and to repent and amend her ways, sent her home sobbing, with a bitter sense of the cruelty and injustice of rich and poor, of God and man.

Night and day she had no other thought than to procure ten shillings to take to Brenchley every Monday, and, as she said, "to keep body and soul together" through the week. The pig went first, and was absorbed by the rent and payment of a few shillings to the doctor, without which she feared that he might not continue his visits; then her husband's clothes and her own and the child's were pawned; after that blankets and sheets and the best bed. Mary was growing hard, silent, and desperate. For four or five weeks she had taken Jack with her to Brenchley, but after that she had always a bundle to carry, and scanty fare had begun to tell upon her so that her boy was a heavy burden. She left him at home by his father's bedside, and returning, would look on sadly as the child played with the bits of paper she had torn up to make horses and cows and sheep for him; and then she left him, and sat alone in the kitchen to make plans for the next week. It was a hard winter; the snow lay thickly on the ground, and the woods were impassable. She was compelled, therefore, on her frequent journeys, to follow the high road, and walk in the track made by passing carts and horses. Her cotton gown was wet and draggled, a thin shawl tied tightly round her was but a scanty covering, and, together with ragged boots and old bonnet, told such a tale of poverty and misery as might well account for her anxious careworn face. She would step out of her way into the thick snow to avoid a foot passenger if one chanced to come that way, and neither spoke to nor was addressed by anyone. Early in January, when she had paid six pounds, she declared her inability to bring ten shillings a week, and the sum was reduced to five. When she returned that day little Jack was asleep on his father's bed. She stood looking at him, and then sat down and took him on her knees and kissed him. He laid his head upon her bosom, and after a few minutes looked up into her face, and said, "Jack so sick, mammy."

A great fear fell upon her. The child was ill, and she had taken no thought of him. With trembling hands she unfastened his clothes, and laid him tenderly upon the bed. Day and night she nursed him, and the fever ran high and fierce. In his delirium he called constantly for her, and as he grew weaker, his moans of "Mammy, mammy!" pierced her heart.

"Poor lile lad! He thinks his mammy can't be there, because t' pain waint ga," said the father.

On the eighth day the child died, and the mother thought she was thankful when the cries of pain and fear were stilled, and her boy was at peace. Allan was slowly getting better. He was able to sit up for an hour or two, and had even, with his wife's help, contrived to get downstairs and sit by the fire. They talked more than they had done for some time, not about their child, but his funeral. The father had brought from his north-country home an intense feeling of reverence for the dead, and the still, white body of his child was an object for which he was prepared to sacrifice all that he possessed. At length the arrangements for the funeral were completed, but the little parlour was stripped of almost every article of any value to defray its expense. When the day came, Allan, by the help of two sticks, tottered down to the garden-gate, and leant there, sobbing, as he watched the undertaker carry away on his shoulder the little coffin covered with a pall edged with

white. The mother, wearing a large cloak and hood, provided for the day, followed alone, tearless and white. Allan watched them as they passed along the street, white with fresh-fallen snow. He saw doors open and women come out for a moment to look after them, and then draw back hastily out of the cold. The tolling of the church bell fell upon him like a blow, and every stroke said, Alone, Alone, Alone! He saw the empty church that the mother entered, and the little empty grave awaiting his boy, out under the lime-trees at the end of a lonely path. He could endure no more, but tottered back to the house, and, throwing himself down upon the ground, exclaimed, "The hand of the Lord is against me."

How long he lay there he did not know. When he arose, cold and stiff, the short day was closing. He crawled to the door and looked out, but there was no sign of Mary. The long white street was silent and empty. He thought: "Some woman has been good to her and taken her in. She is sitting by the fire. Perhaps she will have a good cry and ease her poor heart." He was tender over her, thinking more of her sorrow than his own. "Poor thing, she's had a deal to bear," he would say to himself, when she was fierce and moody. "Here am I, no better than a log, and that poor thing's got it all upon her. But we shall manage somehow, and I'll see her righted yet, and her bits of things about her again." But the child's death had crushed him. That could never be set right. The child was taken from her, and how could she go on living without the child?

He went into the little kitchen, put a few sticks together, made up the fire, and put on water to boil for tea. He was so weak, and his movements so slow, that the church clock struck five before he had completed these preparations, and then he sat down and waited. Six o'clock struck, and seven, and Mary did not return. His anxiety grew too exacting to be controlled, and, leaving the cottage, he dragged himself step by step along the street. The church was midway in the village, standing back within its iron-railed space, with the large old churchyard at the back, shaded by rows of lime trees and sloping down the hill towards the broad valley of Holm.

Allan passed through the open gate and along the path which he knew that other feet had trodden, until he reached the far end of the churchyard. There he leaned against a tree, near which there was a fresh-made grave. The moonlight lay white on all else, but down over the grave a dark figure was crouching, motionless and silent. He stood silent for a moment, and then in a soft, tremulous whisper, he said—

"Coom awa', my lass; coom!"

"Oh, father," she cried, shaken with a sudden passion of sorrow; "oh, father, I can't leave him. I can't leave him here by himself, all out in the cold and the dark. My boy, my boy; why have they taken my boy from me!"

And she stretched her arms out over the little mound, and passionately kissed the hard ground, and laid her cheek upon it.

Her husband stood silent for a time, and then he said, sadly—

"Ain't I nowt to tha, that thou waint coom back wi' ma? Thou's got me left, thou knaws."

And she rose and went to him, put her arms round him, and they wept together.

"God forgive me," she said; "I a'most forgot you; and you oughtn't to be out. You dunno hardly how to stand. Lean on my shoulder, and we'll go home."

One windy morning in March, many weeks after the child's death, a farmer from Strood was driving slowly into Cheam. As he passed the Allans' garden he heard the tearing away of boards and sharp snap of broken wood, and, looking over the hedge, he saw Mary dragging at the planks of the pig-stye, and pulling them down one by one. Such wilful destruction of property arrested his attention. He pulled up his horse, and, when his amazement had somewhat subsided, looked curiously at the woman. A fierce wind was blowing

her ragged cotton gown and showing her bare feet and legs. She had neither shoes nor stockings, her long arms were quite brown, and her face was furrowed and old, her eyes sunken, and her hair streaked with grey.

Farmer Stokes, who knew her quite well, and had often spoken to her as he passed the cottage-gate, lifted his hat and slowly scratched his head; then he said, "'Tain't the same woman," and drove on. But somehow or other, as he said afterwards, he couldn't get her out of his mind. He began to recall the scattered information of the last few months, and to piece it together: the man was ill, and the child was dead, and she was in the County-Court. He pulled up his horse again, and a feeling compounded of compassion and curiosity induced him to turn and drive back to the cottage.

He slipped the reins over the gate-post, and went to the front door and knocked.

After some delay he heard footsteps approaching. Mary had just one old apron left, and she had instinctively searched for it and put it on before opening the door. When she had done so, and stood before him, it occurred to her visitor for the first time that he ought to have made up his mind what to say.

They looked at each other, and then he began:—

"I haven't seen you about for a good bit, Mrs. Allan, nor your husband neither, so as I was passing I thought I'd look in."

Mary did not speak. She expected nothing but evil, and thought as he was a churchwarden he possibly had power to torment her in some way.

"How is your husband?" said Stokes, who was really kind-hearted, and was actuated by a dim desire of affording help, though it had not yet worked to the surface.

"Very bad," replied Mary.

"He's had fever, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Is he getting better?"

"No."

A slight spasm contracted her mouth as she answered; but she showed no other sign of emotion.

"No—the doctor says 'e's a dyin'. He's in a decline."

"Dear me, dear me. Why you'll be pinched this long bout. It's months and months since I've seen him. Is there anything you want, now? because I'll ask my daughter just to step down and see what she can do for you."

Mary had listened unmoved whilst she expected reproof and possible menace, but the first words of kindness that had reached her ears were too much. She threw the apron over her head and began to cry.

"There now, don't cry; don't cry. I'll come in and sit down a minute. Why, God bless my soul, the room's empty. Why what have you done with the furniture?"

"*He's* got it," she said, with a fierce gesture, pointing to the village. "There ain't a stick of it left—nothin' but a old mattrass as my poor man's a lyin' on. An' I paid 'im 'is bill; but there ain't no law agen his takin' the money, so as 'e can swear 'e ain't had it. And 'e ain't left me not so much as a chair to sit down on. Come and see."

And she led him upstairs to the bare rooms, and then down again to the little back-kitchen, where, upon a mattrass stretched on the damp bricks, lay the wasted form of the sturdy north-countryman.

"Dear, dear. Why you'd have been better somewhere else!"

"Mebbe!" replied Allan, speaking in gasps and at intervals; "but we couldn't part at the last. 'Tis hard to go to die in t' work'us. Landlord said as we mud stay on."

"Oh! I didn't mean that. But you see this is a poor place to be in when you're bad. Those bricks are very damp. You should move him into the front-room, missis; it's a boarded floor, and see how bright and warm it is. He'd be a deal better there."

"We never thought of that," said Mary. "He did not fancy bein' up-stairs. There ain't any fireplace in them rooms, and he do like to see a bit o' fire."

"Well, light a fire in the parlour. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes," said Allan, slowly; "and I'd like to be there. I'd like to see t' sun again, and trees i' t' wood. When dooer's open you can see reet away to Brenchley. Why, my lass, I could see tha all t' way."

Mary was leaning against the wall in a kind of stupor, but she roused herself to say:—

"I can drag in the bed before I go, if you think you can manage to get in."

"Are you going to Brenchley today?" asked Mr. Stokes.

"Yes, I've got the last five shillings I shall have in this world. There ain't nothin' more now, unless they take me—and I wish they would, and make an end of it."

"Come, come, keep up your courage. Things are never so bad they can't mend. I'll send my daughter and a bit of something for you, and we must see what can be done. I'd no notion you were in this state. Come now, don't give way. Just light a bit of fire in that front parlour. That's what you've got to do. Light a bit of fire."

He hurried away with an uneasy conscience and a feeling that somebody was to blame, and people ought not to be left to starve, and left Mary looking after him with a dream-feeling strong upon her. She seemed not to hear what he said whilst he was speaking, and then all the words came back afterwards when she had ceased to try and listen.

Now as she listened to the gig-wheels on the road, the words "Light a bit of fire" sounded in her ears, and she knelt mechanically before the parlour stove, and took away the faded fire-paper—too worthless even to burn. At the back of the old Downshire stoves there was in those days what used to be called an ash-hole, into which, during the summer, little odds and ends of withered flowers and rubbish of all kinds would be thrown. She pulled them out, and was about to carry them away in her apron, when a bit of crumpled paper attracted her attention. As she touched it she felt the sickness of expectation and anticipation which she knew so well, and which had been followed by so many bitter disappointments. Still she unfolded the paper and smoothed it out, and then a deadly pallor spread over her face, great drops of sweat started from her brow, and slowly trickled down. She could not speak or move, but knelt before the fire-place holding by the bars of the grate. On a sudden the blood seemed to leap back to her heart. She started to her feet, and without uttering a word rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

The Holmsdale woods were gay with primroses and wood anemones. The sweet-scented early violets were all hidden among leaves, but the light winds that swept over them carried their odour afar. Long catkins hung from the hazels, and under the limes there was a brilliant carpet of small crimson petals, for the buds had burst through their winter coverings, which lay thickly strewn on the ground. The yew trees were in blossom, and the slightest touch sent forth a cloud of golden dust; the great buds of the horse-chestnuts had burst through their resinous sheath, and were rapidly unfolding delicate fan-like leaves. Mary, as she hurried onward, turned her head rapidly from side to side, attracted by the colour and odour and movement around her. The outward senses were vigilant, and seemed to be observant; but she could not even have told you that she was in a wood, for the connecting links between observation and intelligence seemed to have been snapped asunder. She stumbled and fell more than once over projecting logs and stones upon which her eyes were fixed, and rose and went on unobservant of scratches and bruises. Thus she passed along the high road, looking among the trees as the song of the nightingale fell upon her ears, and yet unconscious of the sound. She entered the town of Brenchley, and made her way mechanically through the crowd that filled the streets on market-day. Reaching the County-Court, where

she was now well known, she walked, not to the seat which she usually occupied, but to the desk of the clerk who sat at a table beneath the judge. She stretched her hand out over this man's head, and, holding the paper towards the judge, strove in vain to speak. Her tongue, dry and parched, seemed fixed in her mouth, and she was unable to articulate. But the agony of appeal in her eyes could not be mistaken, and the judge, who had at first motioned to an official to remove her, stretched out his hand to receive what she offered. As he took it her tongue was unloosed, and in a low, husky voice, she said :—

"What's this?"

The judge, who had smoothed the paper out on his desk and put on his glasses to inspect it carefully, removed the hand which, according to his wont, he had been passing over his mouth and chin, and said, with unaccustomed keenness :—

"Where did you get this?"

"What's that to you? Never you mind where I got it. You tell me what it is."

The poor creature was desperate, and the question seemed to imply distrust of the document. The usher laid his hand upon her arm, but the judge signed to him to leave her, and answered, as he leant forward and looked narrowly at her :—

"It is a receipt. But I want you to tell me——"

"What receipt?" she gasped, rather than spoke.

"A receipt for eight pounds three shillings and fourpence, given on the sixteenth of September last. It is a baker's bill, and is signed Walter Neville."

"Is that the money I've been payin' 'im?"

"Yes; but if this receipt has been in your possession, why did you not produce it?" said the judge, not unkindly.

"I'd lost it, and now I've found it. I told you I'd lost it, and I told you I'd paid it. And that's 'is writin'. You can see that, and 'e can't swear agenst that. And there's the hole where he shoved the pencil through the paper. Didn't I tell you he shoved the pencil through, and then begun to write again? And didn't I tell you I paid 'im, and wasn't my word as good as his? An you let 'im take all that money with nobody standin' by to say as 'e did or 'e didn't. And now look 'ere what you've done to me and mine." She paused for an instant in this passionate outburst, and continued more slowly:

"I'm starved, that's what I am. I'm starved to skin and bone; the child's dead, and my husband he's a dyin': starved he is, like me. We ain't got bite nor sup in the house—not a mouthful of victual—nor a rag of clothes, nor a morsel of all the bits of things as my poor father and mother worked all their lives to scrape together, and as we've worked for too the last six years. And look 'ere now, there 'e is," and she pointed to Neville, who was in the Court; "there 'e is as brought us to this, and I pray God A'mighty to cuss 'im as I cuss 'im, day and night, and risin' up and layin' down!"

A man came forward and took her by the arm, and spoke kindly to her, and led her to a seat. Everyone in the building was standing up and leaning forward, and trying to look at her. For months she had been coming amongst them—proud and insolent at first, and received with jeers and taunting speeches, gradually growing quiet and even humble, imploring grace with tears, urging as a reason for it her child's death and the funeral expenses, her husband's illness, begging her creditor to have patience and she would pay. And they had grown accustomed to the worn face and the ragged clothes, but on this day there came back to the judge, and to many others also, a vision of her as she had stood there seven months previously, bright and comely and well clad, with the pretty child in her arms.

And men and women at the far end of the court, who would not have turned their head even when she passed, were now standing on tiptoe, and crowding forward, and leaning on each other's shoulders to get a glimpse at her.

Neville was directed to go forward, and the judge handed the receipt to him.

"Is this your signature?" he said.

The man took it and stood for a moment silent, looking at it on all sides, and turning the paper backwards and forwards. Then he began to call God to witness that it had clean gone out of his head.

But he was sternly interrupted:

"Answer my question. Is that signature yours?"

"Well, sir, I must explain. I have such a number of these bills, and you see I must have forgotten to enter it in my book when I got home——"

"I don't want your explanation. Is this your signature?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"That will do."

There was a moment's silence, and then, with more than his usual quietness, the judge spoke. Mary stood up to listen, but the words fell coldly on her ears. "Criminal negligence," the "probable necessity for ulterior proceedings" conveyed nothing to her mind. A few words at last told her that the money she had paid would be returned to her, that for every day she had attended that court she should receive compensation both for time and journey—probably at the rate of four or five shillings a day—that her case must have excited the compassion of all who had heard it, and he had no hesitation in saying that he considered her a very ill-used woman.

"It's all over now," said the voice of some one near her. "Sit down, missus, or lay hold o' me, and I'll take you out o' this place. You've 'ad enough of this, I think."

She looked round her for a moment, and then, stooping, she felt on the bench at her side, passed her hands over it and round it, and lifted up her empty arms. Then with a great cry she fell senseless to the ground.

"It's the little kid as she was a feeling for," said one of those present, drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes; "he used to stand up there on the seat by her side. I've sin him many a time. He wur as pretty a little chap as you'd see in a day's walk."

They carried her out into the fresh air, and once again a crowd gathered round her. A woman knelt down by her side, untied her bonnet strings, took the pin from her shawl, and chafed her hands, and men stood round with their hands in their pockets, looking down at the wasted form. "Just look 'ere!" said one, "she's bin on the square all the time, and 'taint bin no use."

"Drink!" said another, contemptuously, "she ain't drunk much, whatever they may say, nor eat neither. Why she ain't nothing but a bundle o' bones."

A man had left the court who tried to pass unobserved by the group that surrounded Mary, but, without a word spoken, everyone seemed to make way for him, till he was hustled and pushed to the front. He looked uneasily round him, and in a whining tone began, "I give you my word of honour, gentlemen——"

"Oh, d—n you," said a big fellow, turning savagely upon him; "shut up, and get out o' this. We'll make it hot for you before we've done with you. You may take your oath of that."

Neville turned and made his way to a small cart standing by the roadside. He heard angry growls on all sides of him, and thought he would not go back to Cheam just at once, but would wait till nightfall, and enter the village unobserved.

Meanwhile, with many moans and long-drawn sighs, Mary was regaining consciousness. She sat up and opened her eyes, and with strangely dilated pupils began to look around her.

"I'm to have my money back," she said, "and my time, and my journeys. Lor, what a lot o' times I've bin here. That'll make a deal of money, that will; and compensation, he said. And what did he say I was?" and she looked round with wide pathetic eyes.

"Well, 'e said you was a ill-used 'ooman, missis, and that's just about what you are. I'm blowed if ever I sin a wuss."

"Yes, he said I was a ill-used woman,"

she repeated, rising slowly, and saying the words over and over again.

"You come along of me, dear, and have a cup of tea," said the woman who had been kneeling by her side, "and then I'll go a bit o' the way home with you."

"Why, I'm going to Cheam myself," said a burly farmer, in a tone that implied some astonishment at the discovery of his own intentions, "and if you jump up in the cart I'll put you down at your own door."

But Mary walked on, unobservant of these offers.

"She's a bit crazy-like, poor soul," said another woman. "Better let her be—she'll go straight home."

"Well, she shan't go empty-handed," exclaimed the farmer, and diving down into his breeches pocket for a shilling, he laid it upon his open palm, and said, "Who'll marrow me that?"

Two or three shillings, a few smaller coins, and some halfpence were speedily laid upon his hand, and with them he hurried after Mary.

"Here, missis, we've put a trifle together for you, and we'll see what we can do for you before long. Tell your husband I hope I shall see him about again soon, and if he wants a job let him come to me; or you either, for the matter of that."

Mary stood for a moment with the same unobservant face, but as the kind tones fell upon her ear and the money was put into her palm, and her fingers pressed down upon it by a large friendly hand, a smile lighted up her face. Looking up with something of her own old frank expression, she curtsied and said,

"And I thank you kindly, sir."

Some hours later a labourer, who was passing through the woods, saw a motionless figure in the boat by the side of the little jetty that stretched out into the pond. He watched it for a few minutes, and then turning aside he went down the narrow path leading to the water's edge. There in the prow of the boat, leaning over and looking fixedly into the water, sat Mary Allan. He spoke to her, but she did not answer; and as he had just come from Brenchley, which was resounding with the story of her wrongs, he did not pass on as he would probably have done otherwise, but stepped into the boat, and, touching her on the shoulder, asked if it was not time for her to be going home?

She looked up at him, and then, pointing to a white glimmer in the water beneath her, said:—"What's that?"

"That!" he replied, looking over the edge of the boat. "Why that's your own image in the water."

"No it ain't," she said; "'tis the child."

"Not it!" he exclaimed.

"But I tell you 'tis the child. My Lady she was up there on the bank, and she pointed to the water as I come and looked, and there was the child."

"I tell you 'tain't no such a thing. Come away home. 'Tain't no good thinkin' about things like them. Why my Lady's bin dead and buried this two months. So just see what nonsense you're a talking. Come home, do!"

He took her by the arm and she followed him. "Glad enough I was," he said afterwards, "to get her away, for she looked as mad as a crazy dame."

It was dusk before she reached home, and firelight was gleaming through the window of the long unused parlour. She opened the door, and her husband's voice fell upon her ears.

"Why, my lass, I've bin fairly moped about tha. I thowt thou was to settle ma thysel'. And thou ga's aff and says nowt at a'."

He was too weak to speak without frequent pauses; and the feeble voice, the catch in his breath, and the painful effort which it cost him to say even a few words, attracted his wife's attention and excited her fears.

"Ain't you so well, father?" she asked anxiously, drawing near the mattrass, which was placed on a low wooden bedstead.

"Better lass, much better. Miss Stokes brought somebody wi' her, and they fastened up t' bed and gat ma in

and med ma a drop o' broth. I'm as reet as reet now. An' there's teapot ready for thee, and a bit o' summut on t' hob"

Mary was watching him keenly: "If I tell him all at once," she thought, "it will kill him. Why, it very near killed me." So she sat down by his side and took his hand and stroked it. "There ain't much of it left, is there?" said he.

"But I think you're gittin' better, father," she said, in a tone that sounded almost like an entreaty.

"Na, na, nor niver sall i' this warld. Things is a' wrong togither, and aw don't see what's to be done. But we mun ha' patience: we mun ha' patience."

"Look 'ere now. I couldn't never bring myself to ask you afore, but you'll tell me true, John, won't you? Did you ever think as I'd done anything with that money, or made away with it?"

He started and turned upon her with such sudden angry eyes that she knelt by his side, and began to say:—

"I didn't mean to put you out. You know I didn't, but everybody's bin against me, and you've never said as you was sure I'd paid it. You've only kep' on sayin' if I'd paid it I'd got the receipt. And then sometimes I've a thought as you was like all the others, and didn't believe as I'd paid it at all." Allan's anger faded out as he saw her trembling by his side.

"You've na reet to say sic a thing," he continued, gravely; "but there, thou's had a hard time on't, poor lass. But I niver thowt thou'd a turned on ma. What I allus said I say noo. Thou'lt find the bill some day."

She laid her head beside him on the pillow, and said: "You always was such a clever old chap. Your words 'll come true, you see if they don't. And look 'ere what I've got;" and she untied a corner of her shawl and took out the coins in it one by one. "Muster Barnett give 'em me; an' 'e says when you're ready for a job you've only got to go to 'im."

Allan raised himself with difficulty, and sat looking at her, his breath coming thick and fast.

"Thou's foond it; I knaw thou has. That's whar thou's bin all day. Whar is it, lass, whar is it? Show it ma. Show it ma."

She put it into his trembling hands, and he smoothed it out upon the bed-clothes, and spelt out the words and went over the figures. And Mary began the story of how she found it, and all that had happened since. It eased her heart, and loosened the tight cords that seemed to bind her brain, to talk to him. She had never told him any of the painful details connected with her visits to Brenchley. The desire to spare him when she saw how much he was suffering, and also her own pride, had kept her silent as to taunts and abuse and persecution, and the holding aloof of all the village from her in her trouble. But now that it was all at an end, and everyone would know how much she had been wronged, she could tell him everything. And as he lay listening with his hand in hers the day closed and the night came on. There were candles on the table, which Miss Stokes had brought, but Mary had not lighted one, and the fire burnt low. As she talked on in the dark every other feeling sank before her desire of vengeance upon Neville. She attributed to him not only their poverty and suffering, but her husband's illness and the child's death.

"I'll see 'im hung for it," she exclaimed, "and I'll walk fifty mile to see him swing!"

"Na, na, lass, they'll niver hang him. 'Tisn't so bad as all that. I've thowt about it agen and agen. I knaw he's a rogue, and he's bin divilish hard. But somehow it don't seem all so wrang as it did to begin with. Thou sees there's Yan that knaws reet from wrang, an' if we're reet we're aside o' Him. I seem to see it as clear as clear, and thou'll see it, too, some day; but I'm fairly tewed wi' talking."

He leaned back exhausted, and Mary sat silent by his side. Before long shouts from men and boys in the village street fell upon their ears, a rattling and beating and shaking of tin

pots and pans; songs and whistling, and an indescribable babel of sound.

"What's that?" said Allan.

"Why that must be rough music," said Mary. "I ain't heard it since I were a child. They give old Tommy Giles rough music for turnin' his wife out o' doors one night, and then they broke the ice on the horse-pond here at the end of the road, and give him a good duckin'. He died the next day, so it's bin put down ever since."

"That'll be what we ca' ridin stang in our own country. I'se tell tha' aboot it, some day."

Suddenly there was a great shout of "There he is; that's him!" and all other noises were replaced by the heavy stamp of hob-nailed boots and cries of "Hold un, stop un! Dang it, don't let un go! That ain't 'im! This way; this way! That's 'im behind the haystack!"

The footsteps and voices had been drawing nearer, but now they seemed to take another direction, and the cottage was silent again.

Presently they heard the click of the garden-gate and stealthy steps on the garden-path. The cottage door was cautiously opened and carefully shut again, and locked and bolted by someone who had entered.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mary.

"Git a leet," said Allan.

"No, no!" was uttered in a tremulous whisper. "For God's sake be quiet. Don't stir: it's as much as my life is worth if they get hold of me."

A thrill of recognition shot through Allan and his wife.

"Get a leet," said Allan, sternly; "let him see whar he is."

It was Neville. He was wild with terror, and as Mary held a candle to the fire he sprang to the window-shutters and closed and barred them. Then, by the dim light of the tallow candle, as he looked round he saw the white faces that were turned towards him. He fell upon his knees, and implored them to have mercy upon him.

"I didn't know where I was coming to, nor where I was. I was creeping along under the hedge when I got away from them, and I saw a bit of firelig through the window. But I didn't know where it was. Don't give me up, for God's sake. It's as much as my life is worth. There ain't nothing as you can name that I won't give for my life. And I've a wife and seven children at home."

Mary listened intently. There came into her face a savage, eager look whilst he pleaded for his life, as of a wild animal waiting for its prey, and her hands worked convulsively.

At length she said, in a hoarse whisper—

"You can't stir, father, but I can drag 'im along. I'll stick to 'im and keep on hollerin', and they'll soon come." And she went towards the door.

Neville threw himself on his knees before her, and implored her to spare him. But it was in vain. She spurned him with her foot, and tried to pass. He was desperate, his life was at stake, and he seized and tried to hold her back. Then, filled with sudden strength and fury, she dashed him from her, and he fell, stunned and bruised, against the wall, and lay there insensible.

"I'll get a stick," she said, turning to her husband with glaring eyes, "and quiet him till they comes up."

"Thou'll stop whar thou is," said he, sternly. "Does ta' mean to murder 'im, and me here a deeing? Thou'll stop wi' me."

"Look here, father—you ain't a goin' to let 'im off, not if you've the 'eart of a man. I needn't hit 'im again. I'll just open the door and holler out as 'e's here."

"Mary," said Allan, raising himself slowly in the bed and sitting up as he looked at her with great appealing eyes, "come here, my lass, and sit down wi' me. I'se not lang for this warld, lass, and thou'll see it plain enough if thou looks at ma. Somehow I can't bide to see tha botherin' and fechtin', not though it's for me and child. Seems as if it had nowt to do wi' t' churchyard I'm gawin' to, nor wi' t' time as we've bin togither and bin so happy, and had

lile lad wi' us an' aw. And now I'se gawin' down to him, and I shall be a thinkin' and thinkin' o' tha, like I is now. And eh, lass, but I'd like tha to do summut real grand, like as if thou was to forgie the man and let him ga. Why it 'ud be like partin' wi' your life to do it, and seems to me as if I could lie there and think of it o'er and o'er again, and niver git tired of it till thou comes to ma. An' I couldn't bide to think o' that fella's death lyin' at my dooer like as it wad. Mind tha, it wad part us, it wad part us i' t' grave; and we niver hev bin parted sen we come togither. Let him ga, lass—let him ga. Poor, meeserable beggar! and ex the Lord to forgie him, as I do."

Long before this speech, interrupted by many pauses and broken by his incessant cough, was finished, Allan had sunk back on his bed. As he pleaded, his voice grew more and more feeble, and the words came in gasps. Mary stood in silence by his side: the candle was burning low in the socket, it spluttered and went out. Neville, who had recovered, was afraid to move or speak. The feeble spark of red in the fire gave no light in the room, and the voice of the dying man came like a sob to startle the listeners at long intervals. Then there was a silence, broken by hasty steps upon the gravel, the sound of many voices, and a loud knocking at the door.

Mary turned slowly and opened it, and a voice out of the darkness said—

"Missis, that old raskil's got away from us somehow; but we'll tar and feather 'im afore the night's over, and duck 'im in the horse-pond and all. Jemmy Higgs has just bin to tell us that as 'e was a comin' from Brenchley an hour ago, he see the old bloke sneakin' up this path. Just give us a light, and we'll 'ave a look round and see if he's a hidin' anywheres about the place."

Mary heard a breath drawn fast and sharp in the darkness behind her, like some hunted creature in the woods panting with fear, and her heart gave one wild leap for joy. Then she clenched her hands and pressed them together, as if to keep back something with which she was struggling, as she said, slowly—

"My husband's very bad, as bad as 'e can be; and I'd thank you kindly if you'd not make a noise and come about the place just now."

"Beg your pardon, missis, and very sorry fur to hear it; but we thought as how he shouldn't sneak away and get off."

"Thank you kindly," she said, "but please don't make no noise." And she shut the door and turned the key.

There was a whispered consultation outside, and then a sound of retreating footsteps along the pebbly path. Mary went back to the bed and laid her head down on the pillow. The tears which had so long forsaken her eyes began to flow, and her frame was shaken by sobs. Her husband turned, and put one hand upon her head, and said—

"'Tis a fine lass and a bonny lass. God bless thee, Mary!"

An hour later all the sounds in the village were hushed. Neville's friends had spread a report that he had got home and was in his own house. The one policeman from Strood had arrived, and peace was restored.

Mary left the bedside, and feeling her way to the backdoor called out, in a cold and constrained tone—

"Come along!"

And Neville groped his way to the gleam of moonlight which the open door admitted.

"Go down the garden and over the stile into the forty-acre. You can get to your house then by the back way."

The man had crouched so long in that room in deadly terror that he was completely unnerved. Holding by the door, trembling and crying, he tried to utter some words of thanks, and some promises for the future. But at the sound of his voice Mary, with an expression of disgust, turned away. She could not trust herself to listen to him, for she felt as if she must seize some weapon and strike him to the earth. She went back to her husband's side, and in the night he died.

She seemed to have known it all before. She sat by his side, when all was over and her last offices fulfilled, not thinking, but waiting. There was something else to come; she did not know what it was, but something that she waited for. Perhaps it was the day, for when long rays of light stole through chinks in the shutter and cracks in the door she watched them. Then the voices of the birds fell upon her ear: the blackbird's whistle was like a call, and the thrush sang his loud clear notes over and over again, as if to make her understand. She rose from the bed-side, opened the door, and stood in the cottage porch. How pitiless the day was; bright sun and clear sky, soft woods and springing flowers; nothing felt for her in heaven or earth; nothing was left to her. The day and the sunshine and the fulness of life fell like a veil between her and the dead, and spoke of eternal separation. In the desolate room with her dying husband little Jack had seemed very near to them. Now, father and child were together, and she was alone. Everything was changed. It was not death, but life, that she dreaded; life which was to part her from all she loved; life which would surround her and shut her in, and keep voices and hands from reaching her.

She looked towards the village. Here and there a thin thread of smoke told of cottage fires already kindled. The neighbours would have heard the truth about her the previous evening, and would be coming before long. Where should she hide herself? How could she escape? Her eyes wandered over the trees towards Brenchley, and there came back to her the sweet scent of violets, which she had passed unnoticed at the time—violets covered with green leaves and wet with dew. How fond he was of them! He used to gather them on his way home from work, and bring them to her for a posy, as he called it. She would fetch some now, and place a bunch between the hands that she had folded on his breast. And with this thought she left the house, and passed unnoticed to the woods.

Early that day, women from the village, and a messenger from the Hall, visited the cottage. After some delay they entered. The dead man had been tenderly and carefully stretched out on his wretched bed, but there was no sign of Mary. She had gone to Strood, they thought, to buy food, as she had long been in the habit of doing, so as to escape unfriendly remarks. Then, as the day wore on, they imagined that she had walked to Brenchley to see the undertaker who had buried her child. But in the afternoon it was known that she had not been seen in either place, and then a vision of the poor creature, wild with despair, made frantic by the injustice of her suffering and her solitude, began to appal them. Where was she? what had she done to herself?

"You'd better go down to the ponds," said the man who told the story of how he had brought her home the previous evening. And they went. Looking over the side of the boat, they saw a glimmer as of light clothing, and drew up a heavy form, still and white, which they carried back and laid on the bed beside her husband. In her hand she still clasped a bunch of violets, and the expression of her face was tranquil.

Beneath the lime-trees in the old church-yard there are three grassy graves, and that in the middle is a child's. "Little Jack, he du lie there," say the village children but the elders whom they address pass on in silence, not insensible to the mute reproach of those green mounds.

FRANCES MARTIN.

FLORENCE.[1]

OTHER cities may be more grandly situated—Cadiz "rising o'er the dark blue sea;" superb Genoa on its magnificent gulf; Venice, "a sea Cybele fresh from ocean, with its tiara of proud towers"—but assuredly none are more lovely than Florence, not one better deserves its distinctive epithet, "Firenze la bella." There are, indeed, few sights in the world more beautiful than the view of the city as seen towards evening from the basilica of St. Miniato in Monte, from Fiesole or any other of the neighbouring heights, when the wide valley of the Arno is suffused with a flood of purple light streaming forth from the sun as it hastens towards its setting in the distant Mediterranean, and the crowd of churches and palaces that appear to cluster round the noble cupola of the cathedral stand "sunset-flushed." Touched with the beauty of the scene, a traveller "fain would linger on his way," and might well fear to break the spell by entering into the noisy, busy streets of a modern Italian town, or mingling in the tide of life that flows forth from the gates. And yet of no place can it be so truly said, that as is the outer shell so is the inner wealth; nowhere have the treasures of art been accumulated with more lavish magnificence, nowhere can they be studied to greater advantage. Architecture, sculpture, painting, displayed within the circuit of those ancient walls for centuries their highest power, and attained a perfection, probably unrivalled since the palmy days of Athenian pre-eminence. It is, moreover, scarcely an exaggeration to say that, among the older buildings, each stone has a story to tell; that every church and palace is, as it were, a quarry full of historical memories and associations whence the fabric of the history of the past may be built up. We are told by a brilliant French writer that he sought in vain for a clue by which to guide himself through the entangled labyrinth of Italian politics during the Middle Ages, until he had turned in his despair to study the natural features of the country, and, above all, the material aspect of its towns; but then the monuments of religious and civil architecture, the old fresco paintings, had begun to open his eyes—"les murailles m'éblouirent: il me sembla toucher la vie réelle d'Italie." True of the whole, this is true of a part, and it is "in the churches, palaces, and streets of Florence, within the compass of daily walks," that we shall find the authentic record of her citizens. The chronicles of Florence are written in its stones, its delicate statuary, its mural decorations. If here and there the characters may be effaced or hard to discern, yet, rightly questioned, they yield no doubtful answer; and to act as interpreters of them, whether to the mere passing traveller or to the student of art and history, is the object of the accomplished writers of "Walks in Florence." These ladies inherit an honoured name—a name, too, well known in connection with studies on the history and literature of Italy; and while a long residence in Florence has enabled them to become intimately acquainted with all the nooks and corners of the old city, a refined appreciation of the distinctive merits of the various forms in which art has been developed, and a competent knowledge of history, give so much life and force to their impressions, that they cannot fail in their hope of awakening a more lively interest in "these buildings and

[1] "Walks in Florence." By Susan and Joanna Horner. Strahan and Co. (2nd Edition.)

their contents, as well as in the men who, under a free government and plebeian rulers, not only counted among their fellow-citizens some of the most eminent poets, philosophers, and artists the world has ever produced, but no less eminent patriots, legislators, and reformers in morals and religion."

They have, moreover, this further qualification for the task they have undertaken—an enthusiastic love of their subject; for they would seem to have imbibed with the air of Florence a measure of the patriotic spirit which illustrated the Republic in the most stirring period of its history, and went far to redeem the wild disorder and license of the most revolutionary times. Patriotism was, in truth, a virtue especially characteristic of the Florentine, exercised perhaps within narrow limits, but still a noble passion; and the Misses Horner say with justice—"Many barbarous acts of cruelty were perpetrated by the Florentines in the halcyon days of their Republic, both towards citizens who happened to belong to a vanquished minority, and towards captives taken in war, especially if natives of a rival city: but the Florentines were nevertheless great in patriotic virtue, and capable of noble devotion and heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of Florence." Names as great, and even greater, than that of the Medici—such as Capponi, Ridolfi, Strozzi, Albizzi—are still preserved, not only in history, but in their descendants, who inhabit the palaces of their ancestors, and thus keep alive the memory of those of whom Dante wrote—

"Con queste genti e con altre con esse
Vid' io Fiorenza in sì fatto riposo,
Che non avea cagione onde piangesse.
Con queste genti vid' io glorioso,
E giusto 'l popol suo tanto, che 'l giglio
Non era ad asta mai posta a ritroso,
Nè per division fatto vermiglio."
Paradiso, xvi. 148—154.

And Dante is himself a signal instance of this feeling of patriotism, which rose triumphant over penury and neglect. No Jew by the waters of Babylon pined more bitterly for his golden Jerusalem than Dante, in sorrow and exile, for the "beautiful sheepfold" Florence, that he loved so much, and he did but express in burning language the feeling of each banished citizen. The most brilliant episodes in Florentine history are comprised within a period of about three centuries, commencing early in the twelfth; but it is of course impossible to trace, even in barest outline, the fortunes of the municipality as it grew in wealth and power, or the furious struggles of the factions into which the State was ever divided, which finally resulted, with loss of independence and liberty, in the destruction of the commonwealth. Still, it may be said generally that, in spite of civil broils and external enemies, the condition of Florence, as compared with other communities, was one of advanced civilization. It became a centre of civilization, and bore its full share in that great revival which made Etruria once again the "cradle of Italian Art." What single city, or state indeed, could show a nobler army of names than those of the men whose statues fill the niches in the colonnades of the Uffizi? and what higher testimony be desired to the eminence which Florence attained in Politics, Literature, Science, and Art? In bronze and marble, on sculptured stone and painted wall, we read the record of their glorious achievements, as, guided by the Misses Horner, we pass from church to church, from palace to palace, from street to street, and are stayed at each to hear, with much sound criticism, how and when and why they were erected, what great artists contributed to their adornment, and the host of traditions and anecdotes that have gathered around them. And few greater pleasures can be imagined—we say it once for all—than to wander in such company by the hour through the squares and lanes of a city like Florence. Old forms come out to look at us, dim shadows of half-forgotten worthies crowd in on our remembrance, and

"Was verschwand wird uns zu Wirklichkeiten."

We have not space to accompany our *ciceroni* throughout even a single walk, but, taking the first that occurs, we may just briefly refer to their description of the Baptistery and Cathedral, as good illustrations of their method, and of the grace with which their duties are fulfilled. Florence was in an especial manner the city of the Baptist.

"Ditemi dell' ovil di San Giovanni?"

asks Dante, in "Paradise," of his ancestor Cacciaguida, who perished in the crusade under Conrad III.; and the Florentines were never weary of contributing to the ornamentation of the shrine of their favourite saint. To its magnificent gates of bronze, among the noblest of their offerings, the Baptistery probably owes its greatest fame. Bronze was very early a favourite metal with Tuscan artists, but by no one was it wrought to higher perfection than by Andrea Pisano, and about a century later by Lorenzo Ghiberti. Andrea was reputed the most skilful bronze-caster in Italy, and being recommended by his friend Giotto to the wool-merchants, was by them commissioned to execute what are now the southern gates. These were cast in the year 1330, and when they were set up the Signory went in state to applaud the artist and to confer the rights of citizenship upon him. The decoration of S. Giovanni was after this suspended, but in the year 1400, Florence being visited by a grievous pestilence, the same Guild proposed, as a sin-offering, an open competition for two more bronze gates to their beloved S. Giovanni, and appointed a mixed commission of goldsmiths, painters, sculptors, and critics to decide upon the merits of the several designs. The two most successful were those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti; but the former retired from the contest, gracefully acknowledging the superiority of his rival, and the model of Ghiberti was accepted. These gates were placed towards the north, but the crowning glory of Ghiberti are those to the east, which he cast in 1439. The gates of Andrea Pisano, which had stood there for a hundred years, were removed to the south, and Lorenzo determined to surpass himself in this his latest achievement. "Purity of style was combined in their execution with a technical knowledge which had hitherto been unattained," and, in spite of some defects of treatment, they seem well to deserve the appellation of "Gates of Paradise" bestowed upon them by Michael Angelo. They were the work of a life-time: Ghiberti was twenty-five years old when they were begun; he was seventy-four when they were completed. His labours received ample recognition; and among other honours, he was elected a member of the Signory. There is, in truth, something very noble in that love of art and its highest creations which was a ruling principle in the Florentine municipality, and which is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the decree by which Arnolfo di Cambio, in 1298, was ordered to undertake the building of their cathedral church of Sta. Maria del Fiore. "Since," they say, "the highest mark of prudence in a people of noble origin is to proceed in the management of their affairs so that their magnanimity and wisdom may be evinced in their outward acts, we order Arnolfo, head-master of our commune, to make a design for the renovation of S. Riparata in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor power of man can surpass, that it may harmonise with the opinion of many wise persons in this city and state, who think that this commune should not engage in any enterprise unless its intention be to make the result correspond with that noblest sort of heart which is composed of the united will of many citizens."[1] Plans were prepared, but Arnolfo dying in 1300, the same year in which Dante was chosen one of the Priors of the Arts, the works stood still until Giotto was appointed master-builder, and, assisted by Andrea Pisano, continued the erection of the cathedral according to

[1] Quoted from Perkins' "Lives of Tusca Sculptors."

Arnolfo's design. The building was, however, frequently interrupted, and, in spite of the lofty spirit in which it was commenced, it was only by slow degrees and at long intervals that the cathedral arrived even at its present condition, in which its unfinished façade seems to justify the mocking Florentine proverb of anything destined never to be completed—"La non sarà: gia l'opera di Santa Maria del Fiore." Yet still Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's cupola are there, triumphs of architecture, commensurate with the grandeur of the idea from which they emanated; the cupola of which Michael Angelo said, when told that he might surpass it at Rome—

> "Io farò la sorella
> Piu grande già; ma non piu bella;"

and the exquisite campanile, a "lovely gem," in which power and beauty are equally united, and which "continues to excite the same wonder and admiration as when the citizen of Verona visited Florence while it was still unfinished, and involuntarily exclaimed at the sight of this matchless work of art, that the resources of two monarchies could hardly suffice to build such a monument: for which observation the luckless stranger was cast into prison and kept there several weeks; nor was he allowed to leave Florence before he had been shown the public treasury, to convince him that, were the Florentines so inclined, they could build their whole city of marble."—P. 66.

If, studied from its political side, there may be much that is hard and fierce in the Florentine character, its gentler and more human aspect may well be read in the history of an institution like the "Misericordia," which connects itself very closely with the manners and temper of the people. Founded by a few poor porters in the year 1240, it gradually enlisted in its ranks the best and noblest in the city, and for centuries fulfilled, as it still fulfils, its mission of beneficent mercy, carrying sick and wounded persons to the hospital and burying the dead. "To this day men of all classes in Florence belong to the Society, all willing to assist their fellow-creatures in distress; among them are rich and poor, the noble and the philosopher, whose valuable time is willingly given for the sick and suffering."

It is this continuity of life, this adherence to old forms and institutions, this unselfish public spirit, which renders the history of the city so intensely interesting and instructive. Florence is not, has never been, as some others in Italy—Ferrara, for example, "with its wide and grass-grown streets"—a city of the dead, but of the living. Think, for example, of the strange vicissitudes, the strange succession of occupants, that the Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria must have witnessed from the days when the Gonfalonieri and Priors took up their residence within its walls to that memorable year when Florence was proclaimed the Capital of Italy and the first Italian Parliament assembled in the Sala del Cinque Cento! The rude architecture of an age of civil warfare and tumult might have seemed incongruous with a modern Chamber of constitutional Representatives. And yet it was not so. The old mediæval fortress had been for centuries an embodiment of whatever ideas of law or order for the time being prevailed, and it now but reverts to its original destination as the seat of the Florentine municipality. As Florence is, in truth, the intellectual, so it might have remained, with universal consent, the actual capital of Italy, but for the overpowering claims of Rome; and to it we almost involuntarily turn as the living representative of the Italian kingdom. For, with the utmost respect for the Court and Government of Victor Emmanuel, we can never do away with the idea that their due proportion is dwarfed to the world's eye by the colossal shadow of Imperial and Papal Rome projected over them. We might find ample argument for this theme in the aisles of S. Croce, "the Westminster Abbey of Florence," and would fain pause to muse over the ashes of the illustrious dead who are gathered

there, or over the monuments of those whose mortal remains—to use a phrase become almost proverbial—are conspicuous by their absence. But from the graves of the mighty Florentines of old time, who longed for a day which they could not hope to see, who instinctively chased a phantom of unity which they could never grasp, and whose bones

> "Fremono amor di patria,"

we may turn to the brighter present, and strive to realize a still more brilliant future. Italy has entered into possession of itself; its gift of beauty, no longer fatal, has been transformed from a curse to a blessing, and we may look forward with confidence to the hour when it will take its rank among the proudest nations of the world. Meanwhile, as the "old order changes," much that is materially beautiful will doubtless pass away. Old buildings, hoar with antiquity, will give place to modern edifices, venerable churches and monasteries will render up their treasures to museums and Art Exhibitions, and old traditions will die out forgotten. Surpassingly rich in all these, Florence will not escape the common fate, and we may not wish that she should. But we may still be grateful to those who, before the tide of improvement has well set in, have shown us these "Walks in Florence," and in a work of which each line gives proof of intelligent research, ample knowledge and cultivated taste, have described so minutely and vividly the fair city as it *was.*

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.[1]

CHAPTER I.

FRANKFORT.

In the summer of 1822 I was living in my native town of Frankfort—beautiful Frankfort—and, though barely eleven, was just beginning to be known in the town as "the little pianoforte player with the long hair." The long hair was the best known thing about me, I think, for it was very long; still, I had actually played in public once, which my school-fellows thought a great wonder. I had been taught the piano by Aloys Schmitt, in a very irregular fashion, for he was always travelling; but he was fond of me, and I had quite a passion for him. The winter before, Schmitt had been in Berlin, and on his return told us of a wonderful boy, a grandson of Moses Mendelssohn the philosopher, who was not only a splendid player, but had composed quartets, symphonies, operas! Now I had composed too—Polonaises and Rondos, and Variations on "Schöne Minka," which I thought extremely brilliant; and I worked at harmony and counterpoint, under the venerable old Vollweiler, with the greatest diligence. But that a boy, only two or three years older than myself, should be conducting the band to his own operas, seemed to me unheard of. True, I had read the same thing about Mozart; but then it was Mozart, and he was more a demigod than a musician. So I was not a little excited when Schmitt came to us one day with the news that Felix Mendelssohn was in Frankfort, with his father, mother, brother, and sisters, and that he, Schmitt, should bring him to see us the next day.

The house in which we lived really consisted of two—one tolerably modern, looking on to the river, and the other, an older one, adjoining the first, and facing a narrow street, which contained the only entrance to both houses. The windows at the back of the modern house overlooked the court, and one of them commanded the narrow passage leading from it to the house door. At this window I took my stand at the hour which Schmitt had named for his visit, and, after waiting some time in the greatest impatience, was rewarded by seeing the door open and my master appear. Behind him was a boy, only a little bigger than myself, who kept leaping up till he contrived to get his hands on to Schmitt's shoulders, so as to hang on his back and be carried along for a few steps, and then slip off again. "He's jolly enough," thought I, and ran off to the sitting-room to tell my parents that the eagerly-expected visitor had arrived. But great was my astonishment when I saw this same wild boy enter the room with quite a grave dignity, and, though very lively and talkative, yet all the time preserving a certain formality. He himself made even a greater impression on me than the account of his performances had done, and I could not help feeling a little shy during the whole of the visit.

The next day Schmitt called again, to take me to the Mendelssohns. I found the whole family assembled in a great room at the "Swan" hotel, and was very kindly received. I shall never forget the impression made on me by the mother—whom I was never to see again.

[1] Translated with the express sanction of the author. All rights reserved.

She was sitting at work at a little table, and inquired about all that I was doing with an infinite kindness and gentleness that won my childish confidence from the very beginning.

There was a Frankfort quartet party in the room, but besides these I remember only young Edward Devrient, who pleased me very much, not only by his good looks and graceful ways, but also by his exquisite singing of an air of Mozart's. We had a great deal of music: Felix played one of his quartets—in C minor, if I recollect right; but I was most impressed by his sister Fanny's performance of Hummel's "Rondeau brillant in A," which she played in a truly masterly style. Meantime I became more intimate with Felix, and at his second visit he astonished me immensely. I was showing him a violin sonata of Schmidt's, when he at once took up a violin which lay on the piano and asked me to play the sonata with him, and he got through his part very cleverly and well, though the brilliant passages were naturally somewhat sketchy.

Now that I had made Mendelssohn's acquaintance, I was constantly on the watch for news of him from the many artists who came from Berlin to Frankfort, and they were never tired of singing his praises. But it was not till some years later that his abilities made a full and permanent impression on me. The "Cæcilia" Society was then in all its freshness and vigour, under the admirable direction of Schelble. At one of the practice-meetings in the spring of 1825 Mendelssohn happened to be present, as he was passing through Frankfort on a holiday tour, and was asked to play. We had been singing choruses from "Judas Maccabæus." He took some of the principal melodies—especially "See the Conquering Hero"—and began to extemporise on them. I hardly know which was the most wonderful—the skilful counterpoint, the flow and continuity of the thoughts, or the fire, expression and extraordinary execution which characterized his playing. He must have been very full of Handel at that time, for the figures which he used were thoroughly Handelian, and the power and clearness of his passages in thirds, sixths, and octaves, were really grand; and yet it all belonged to the subject-matter, with no pretension to display, and was thoroughly true, genuine, living music. It quite carried me away, and though I often heard him afterwards, I do not think I ever received such an overpowering impression from his playing as I did on that occasion, when he was but a boy of sixteen. The next day, while still full of what I had heard, I met another pupil of Schmidt's, a lad of about twenty, long since dead. We talked about Mendelssohn, and he asked me how long I thought it would take to be able to do all that. I laughed. He thought that with two years' extra hard work it might be done. It was the first, though by no means the last, time that I came face to face with anyone so foolish as to think that genius can be got by practice.

His opinions on art and artists at that time, though full of the vivacity natural to his age, had yet in them something—what shall I call it?—overripe and almost dogmatic, which as he grew up not only became balanced, but entirely disappeared. We drove over one afternoon to see André at Offenbach. On the way, I told him that it was probable I should be sent to Weimar, to continue my studies under Hummel. With this he found no fault, but I remember that he spoke of Hummel very much in the condescending sort of tone in which Zelter, in his letters to Goethe, expresses himself about God and the world. And when we got to André's, I was struck with a certain precocious positiveness in his language, though all he said was full of the most genuine enthusiasm. André—one of the liveliest, brightest, and best-informed of musicians, who retained his inexhaustible freshness to the end of a long life—retorted very sharply, though good-naturedly. André was one of those musicians who are completely wrapt up in Mozart, and who measure everything by

the standard of Mozart's beauty and finish—a standard sufficient to condemn many of the finest things. Spohr's "Jessonda" and Weber's "Freischütz" were just then making their triumphant round of the theatres, and André had much to say against them. Mendelssohn, who knew by heart what the other could only allude to, agreed with him in some things, and differed in others, but was most enthusiastic about the instrumentation. "How the orchestra is treated! and what a sound it has!" cried he. The tone of voice in which he uttered this kind of thing still rings in my ear; but I am convinced that such utterances were more the result of a natural endeavour to imitate one's pet masters, than the real expression of his nature, which was always intensely modest. The discussion even got as far as Beethoven, whom André had often visited in Vienna. The worst thing he could find against him was his *manner* (so to speak) of composing, into which this learned theorist had had a glimpse. For instance, he told us that he had seen the manuscript of the A major Symphony, and that there were whole sheets left blank in it, the pages before and after which had no connection with each other. Beethoven had told him that these blanks would be filled up—but "what continuity could there be in music so composed?" This Mendelssohn would not admit in the least, and kept on playing whole movements and bits of movements in his powerful orchestral style, till André was in such delight that he was obliged, for the moment, to stop his criticisms. Indeed, who could think of carping or cavilling after hearing Felix play the *Allegretto* of the A major Symphony?

A leaf from an album, containing a three-part canon, and dated "Ehrenbreitstein Valley, September 27th, 1827," gives me the clue to my next meeting with Mendelssohn. During the interval I had been with Hummel at Weimar, and had made a journey with him to Vienna, where I had published my "Opus I.," a pianoforte quartet. I was now again at work at home. I was looking into the court, this time by chance, just as a young man crossed it, whom I did not recognize, in a tall shiny hat. It turned out to be Mendelssohn, but apparently much altered in his looks. His figure had become broad and full, and there was a general air of smartness about him, with none of that careless ease which he sometimes adopted in later life. He was travelling with two of his fellow-students to Horchheim, near Coblenz, with the view of spending part of the holidays at his uncle's place. He stayed only a short time at Frankfort, but long enough for me to see that since our last meeting he had grown into a man.

We were living with Schelble; and I embrace this opportunity to speak of that distinguished man and musician, more especially as he was one of the first to recognize Mendelssohn's worth, and to devote all his influence to forwarding his music. Schelble was a thoroughly cultivated musician, remarkable as a pianist for his earnest and intelligent rendering of classical works; his voice was a splendid baritone-tenor, which he had cultivated in the same spirit as his pianoforte playing, and he had formerly been on the stage in Vienna and Frankfort. His great musical abilities had brought him into contact with the best artists; he had had much intercourse with Beethoven, and was very intimate with Spohr. In spite however of the success which his singing had met with on the stage, he never felt at ease there—in fact, he seems to have had no talent for acting. Looking at his fine, noble, expressive, but usually serious countenance, and somewhat stiff bearing, one might have taken him for a scholar or a Protestant pastor, but certainly not for an opera singer. When, as a boy, I was first introduced to him, he had long given up the theatre, had obtained a first-rate position as teacher in Frankfort, and out of small beginnings had established his most important work, the "Cæcilia" Society. Perhaps no-

one ever possessed the qualities and ability necessary for conducting a choral society to so great a degree as Schelble. A pianist and a singer, eloquent and impressive, inspired for his work, respected by the men, adored by the women, uniting the greatest intelligence with the most delicate ear and the purest taste, his influence was equally great as a man and a musician. His oratorio performances, as long as they were accompanied by the pianoforte (the orchestra interferes too much with the voices) were among the best that have ever taken place. His spirit still pervades the Society; for many years it was conducted on the same principles by his pupil Messer; and at present Carl Müller is its efficient head.

Though Schelble wrote but little, he had gone very deeply into composition. His judgment, both in great and small things, was extraordinarily acute, and his remarks on compositions submitted to him were as interesting as they were suggestive.

As he had introduced Felix into the Society when a boy, and Felix, in his turn, had won its enthusiastic goodwill by his marvellous gift of improvisation, so Schelble was the first, outside of Berlin, to perform Mendelssohn's choral works. Felix went to look him up directly after his arrival in Frankfort, and I accompanied him. The first things that Mendelssohn played to us were some of Moscheles' studies. They were but recently published, and Felix spoke of them with great warmth, and played several by heart with extraordinary energy and evident delight. But we wanted to hear something new of his own; and great was our astonishment when he played, in the most lovely, tender, charming style, his string quartet in A minor, which he had just completed. The impression it made on us gave him all the more pleasure, as the bent of this piece had not been appreciated amongst his own circle, and he had a feeling of isolation in consequence. And then he played the "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture!" He had told me privately how long and with what delight he had been working at it—how in his spare time between the lectures at the Berlin University he had gone on extemporizing at it on the piano of a beautiful lady who lived close by. "For a whole year I hardly did anything else," he said; and certainly he had not wasted his time.

Of the failure of "Camacho's Wedding," his opera which had been produced at Berlin in the previous spring, he spoke with a mixture of fun and half-subdued vexation. He took off, for my benefit, whole dialogues between various people concerned in it, trying to give them a dramatic effect—with how much truth I do not know, but anyhow, in the most amusing and life-like manner. But I need hardly put down my own poor and uncertain recollections of these communications, since Edward Devrient, who was so closely connected with the whole thing both as a friend and an artist, has given us a detailed account of this entire episode in Mendelssohn's life.

Felix invited me to accompany him and his friends at least as far as Bingen, and my parents gladly gave their consent to this little excursion. At Mainz, where we stayed the night, a small boat was hired (it was still the ante-steamboat time) and stocked with all manner of eatables and drinkables, and we floated down the glorious river in great spirits. We talked, and laughed, and admired everything; and as a specimen of the sort of jokes we indulged in, I remember Mendelssohn suddenly asking one of us, "Do you know the Hebrew for snuffers?" When the "Mäusethurm" came in sight, and I said that my leave was at an end, and that I must be landed at Rüdesheim, they would not hear of my going, and I only too easily let myself be persuaded to remain. But my companions got out at Horchheim, and in the evening I found myself alone at Coblenz, in rather an uncomfortable position. The recollections of the journey home rise up so vividly before me, that my reader must kindly pardon me if I try to revive them here, more for my own satisfaction than for his.

My small store of money was very much on the decline—even in the boat I had had a vague suspicion of it—but on no account would I have borrowed from my fellow-travellers. Giving up all idea of supper I went to the Post, and after I had paid for a place in the coach to Bingen, found I had still twelve consolatory kreutzers (about 4*d.*) Early in the morning I got to Bingen, and proceeded to the river-bank, which still looked quite deserted; but the sun was rising, and it was beautifully cool and still. After a time a boatman came up half asleep and asked whether I wanted to go across. "If you will put me over to Rüdesheim," I said, "then may Heaven reward you, for I can't give you more than six kreutzers." The man had a feeling heart in his breast, and probably thought that something was better than nothing, so he very cheerfully took me over to the other side. It was a glorious morning; my spirits rose, and I began my wandering through the lovely Rheingau with a glad heart. My last six kreutzers I spent in bread and pears to keep me alive; but I had thought of a haven, into which, literally speaking, I hoped to run, and where I trusted my wants would be at an end. At Bieberich, then the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, lived the Court-Capellmeister Rummel, whom I knew. He was a good-natured man, and a clever composer, who rather abused his facility of producing; however, he must have had his admirers, for at every Frankfort fair his name was to be seen paraded in the music shop of the famous Schott and Co. How often, and how enviously, had I stood as a boy in front of the shop, and read the many titles of his compositions! It was about ten in the morning when I entered his room, and received a hearty welcome. After the first greetings I went to the piano, and asked him to show me his latest compositions, which he gladly did. I played a Sonata, another Sonata, a Fantasia, a Rondo, Variations—and always went on begging for more, till the maid came in with a steaming soup-tureen. "Won't you stay and dine?" said the Capellmeister, rather, as it seemed to me in my anxiety, as if he were driven to it. "Gladly," I answered, once more breathing freely—I was saved! After dinner he kindly accompanied me to Castel, and, as he knew all about the local arrangements, took a place for me, in a kind of stage called a *hauderer*, to Frankfort. I got home safe, the coachman was paid, I recounted my adventures, showed Mendelssohn's album-leaf, and all was well. O the happy days of youth!

CHAPTER II.

PARIS: DECEMBER 1831 TO APRIL 1832.

MENDELSSOHN'S published letters show how variously he was affected by his visit to the French capital—at that time the capital of Europe. What happened to him elsewhere, when in contact with persons, performances, and circumstances against which he had a prejudice, and from which he would have preferred keeping himself at a distance, happened here also,—after some resistance, he was taken possession of by them.

The few years which followed the Revolution of July are among the best in modern French history. The impression of the "Three days" was still fresh in people's minds; everything had received a new impetus, and literature and the arts especially were full of a wonderfully stirring and exuberant life. As to our beloved music, one could hardly wish for a better state of things. The Conservatoire concerts, under Habeneck, were in all their freshness; and Beethoven's Symphonies were played with a perfection, and received with an enthusiasm, which, with few exceptions, I have never since experienced. Cherubini was writing his Masses for the Chapel in the Tuileries; at the Grand Opera Meyerbeer was beginning his series of triumphs with "Robert the Devil;" Rossini was writing "William Tell;" Scribe and Auber were at the height of their activity, and all the best singers were collected at the Italian

Opera. Artists of all degrees of distinction lived in Paris, or came there to win Parisian laurels.

Baillot, though advancing in years, still played with all the fire and poetry of youth; Paganini had given a series of twelve concerts at the Grand Opera; Kalkbrenner, with his brilliant execution, represented the Clementi school; Chopin had established himself in Paris a few months before Mendelssohn's arrival; and Liszt, still inspired by the tremendous impetus he had received from Paganini, though seldom heard in public, did the most extraordinary things. German chamber-music was not so much in vogue as it afterwards became, but still Baillot's quartet-party had its fanatical supporters, and in many German and French houses the most serious music was affectionately cultivated, and good players were welcomed with delight. Under such circumstances, it may easily be imagined how warmly Mendelssohn was greeted in the best musical circles.

The first thing that I remember connected with his arrival is "Walpurgisnacht." I still see before me the small, close, delicately written score, as he brought it from Italy. I had it in my room for a long time, and was as delighted with it at the first reading as I have always been since. So strongly did it impress itself upon me, that the music was still perfectly familiar to me sixteen or seventeen years after, when I heard it and conducted it for the first time. Another piece which he played us was the Song without Words in E (Book I, No. 1). He had written it in Switzerland, and evidently felt impatient that his friends should hear it; for immediately after his arrival he played it to Dr. Franck and myself, calling it by its newly-invented name, so often misused since. Pieces of music which one has learnt to know shortly after their composition, and which afterwards have a great popularity, are like people whom one knew as children before they became famous, and one retains through life a kind of fatherly, or at any rate godfatherly, feeling for them.

The first time I heard Mendelssohn in his fulness was one evening at the house of the Leo-Valentinis, in Beethoven's D major trio. It was a peculiarity of his, that when he played new things of his own to intimate friends, he always did it with a certain reticence, which was evidently founded on the feeling of not allowing his playing to increase the impression made by the actual work itself. It was only in orchestral works, where his attention was so fully occupied, that he allowed himself to be carried away. But in the music of the great masters he was all fire and glow. I heard him oftenest and at his best that winter, at Baillot's house, and at that of an old and much respected lady, Madame Kiéné, whose daughter, Madame Bigot (then dead), had given Felix a few music lessons when he was quite young. With Baillot he played Bach and Beethoven Sonatas, Mozart Concertos with quartet accompaniment, and splendid extempore cadenzas; also his own Pianoforte Quartet in B minor, and other things. Baillot's circle was small, but thoroughly musical and cultivated, and everything was listened to with a sort of pious devotion. Mendelssohn had brought with him to Paris the draught-score of the "Hebrides" Overture. He told me that not only had its form and colour been suggested to him by the sight of Fingal's Cave, but that the first few bars, containing the principal subject, had actually occurred to him on the spot. The same evening he and Klingemann paid a visit at the house of a Scotch family. There was a piano in the drawing-room, but being Sunday, music was utterly out of the question, and Mendelssohn had to employ all his diplomacy to get the instrument opened for a single minute, so that he and Klingemann might hear the theme which forms the germ of that original and masterly Overture, which, however, was not completed till some years later at Düsseldorf.

Among the Parisian musicians, Habeneck took a deep interest in the gifted

youth, and many of the admirable players of his orchestra were devoted to him, especially the younger ones, many of them friends of my own, whom he was always glad to see, and who clung to him with all the warm feeling of Frenchmen. Amongst them I ought especially to mention Franchomme, the violoncello player, and Cuvillon and Sauzay, violin players and pupils of Baillot—the latter afterwards his son-in-law.

"Ce bon Mendelssohn," they used to say; "quel talent, quelle tête, quelle organisation!" Cuvillon poured out his whole heart to him, and Felix was quite touched when he told me of his confidences one evening—how he had come to Paris full of enthusiasm for Baillot, to have lessons from him, and had fancied that such a man must live like a prince; how he had pictured to himself his establishment and all his way of life; and then to find this king of fiddlers *au troisième*, in almost reduced circumstances, giving lessons the whole day long, accompanying young ladies on the piano, and playing in the orchestra! It had made him quite sad, and he could not imagine the possibility of such a state of things.

It was through Habeneck and his "Société des Concerts" that Mendelssohn was introduced to the Parisian public. He played the Beethoven G major Concerto—with what success may be seen from his published letters. The "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture" was also performed and much applauded. I was present at the first rehearsal. The second oboe was missing—which might have been overcome; but just as they were going to begin, the drummer's place was also discovered to be empty. Upon which, to everybody's amusement, Mendelssohn jumped on to the orchestra, seized the drumsticks, and beat as good a roll as any drummer in the Old Guard. For the performance a place had been given him in a box on the grand tier, beside a couple of distinguished musical amateurs. During the last *forte*, after which the fairies return once more, one of these gentlemen said to the other: "C'est très-bien, très-bien, mais nous savons le reste;" and they slipped out without hearing the "reste," and without any idea that they had been sitting next the composer.

The termination of Mendelssohn's connection with that splendid orchestra was unpleasant, and hurt him much. His Reformation Symphony was proposed to be given, and a rehearsal took place. I was not present, but the only account which our young friends gave me was that the work did not please the orchestra: at any rate, it was not performed. Cuvillon's description was that it was "much too learned, too much *fugato*, too little melody," &c., &c. To a certain extent the composer probably came round to this opinion, for the Symphony was not published during his lifetime. But at the time I am writing of he was very fond of it, and the quiet way in which it was shelved certainly pained him. I never referred to the occurrence, and he never spoke of it to me.

A few other far more painful events took place during that Paris winter. One morning Mendelssohn came into my room in tears, and at first could find no words to tell me that his friend Edward Rietz, the violinist, was dead. Everything that he said about him, the way in which he described his ways and his playing, all showed how deeply the loss affected him. In his published correspondence, years after, I found his grief expressing itself in a higher and calmer strain, but at first it was difficult for him to control himself in the very least.

Then came the news of Goethe's death, which touched me also very deeply, though a life of such wonderful completeness should perhaps dispose one more to admiration than to regret. Mendelssohn gave me a most detailed account of his last visit to the "alter Herr," and of the sketch he had given him on the piano of the progress of modern music from Bach to Beethoven. He spoke very feelingly of the terrible loss Goethe's death would be to old Zelter, adding: "You will see, he will not

long survive it." He was right—a few months later, and Zelter followed the friend who had granted him a little corner in his palace of immortality.

On the whole, as we may also see from his published letters, Mendelssohn led a pleasant easy-going life in Paris, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment without hesitation. A large part of his time was devoted to chess; he was a capital player, and his usual antagonists, Michael Beer, the poet, a brother of Meyerbeer's, and Dr. Hermann Franck, only occasionally succeeded in beating him. Franck would not allow that he was inferior, and upon this Mendelssohn invented a phrase which he relentlessly repeated after every victory: "We play quite equally well—*quite equally*—only I play a very little better."

Of Meyerbeer, who was always a very sincere admirer of his talent, Mendelssohn saw but little. A funny little story occurred early in the visit. Mendelssohn was often told that he was very like the composer of "Robert;" and at first sight his figure and general appearance did perhaps give some ground for the idea, especially as they both wore their hair in the same style. I sometimes teazed Mendelssohn about it, but it seriously annoyed him, and at last one morning he appeared with his hair cut completely short. The affair excited much amusement in our set, especially when Meyerbeer heard of it; but he took it up with his usual invincible good-nature, and in the nicest way.

Chopin had been at Munich at the same time with Mendelssohn, and had given concerts there, and otherwise exhibited his remarkable abilities. When he arrived in Paris, as a complete stranger, he met with a very kind reception from Kalkbrenner, who, indeed, well deserved the highest praise as a most polished, clever, and agreeable host. Kalkbrenner fully recognized Chopin's talent, though in rather a patronizing way. For instance, he thought his *technique* not sufficiently developed, and advised him to attend a class which he had formed for advanced pupils. Chopin, always soft and yielding, was unwilling to refuse outright, and went a few times to see what it was like. When Mendelssohn heard of this he was furious, for he had a great opinion of Chopin's talent, while, on the other hand, he had been annoyed at Berlin by Kalkbrenner's charlatanry. One evening at the Mendelssohns' house there, Kalkbrenner played a grand Fantasia, and when Fanny asked him if it was an improvisation, he answered that it was. The next morning, however, they discovered the improvised Fantasia, published note for note under the title of "Effusio musica." That Chopin, therefore, should submit to pass for a pupil of Kalkbrenner's seemed to Mendelssohn, and with justice, to be a perfect absurdity, and he freely expressed his opinion on the matter. Meantime, the thing very soon came to its natural conclusion. Chopin gave a soirée at the Pleyel rooms; all the musical celebrities were there; he played his E minor Concerto, some of his Mazurkas and Notturnos, and took everybody by storm. After which no more was heard of any want of *technique*, and Mendelssohn had his triumph.

The relations between Kalkbrenner and Mendelssohn were always somewhat insecure, but Kalkbrenner's advances were such that Mendelssohn could not altogether decline them. We dined there together a few times, and everything went quite smoothly, though, in spite of all entreaties, Felix could never be persuaded to touch the keys of Kalkbrenner's piano. Indeed, we were none of us very grateful for Kalkbrenner's civilities, and took a wicked pleasure in worrying him. I remember that one day, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, and I, had established ourselves in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, at a season and an hour when our presence there was very exceptional. Suddenly we saw Kalkbrenner coming along. It was his great ambition always to represent the perfect gentleman, and knowing how extremely disagreeable it would be to him to meet such a noisy company, we surrounded him in the

friendliest manner, and assailed him with such a volley of talk that he was nearly driven to despair, which of course delighted us. Youth has no mercy.

I must here tell a little story—if indeed it deserves the name—to show what mad spirits Mendelssohn was capable of at that time. We were coming home across the deserted boulevard at a late hour, in earnest conversation, when Mendelssohn suddenly stops and calls out:—

"We *must* do some of our jumps in Paris! our jumps, I tell you! now for it! one!—two!—three!—" I don't think mine were very brilliant, for I was rather taken aback by the suggestion, but I shall never forget the moment.

Soon after Mendelssohn's arrival in Paris, Dr. Franck and I were waiting for him in his room, when he came in with a beaming face and declared that he had just seen "a miracle—a real miracle;" and in answer to our questions he continued, "Well, isn't it a miracle? I was at Erard's with Liszt, showing him the manuscript of my Concerto, and though it is hardly legible, he played it off at sight in the most perfect manner, better than anybody else could possibly play it—quite marvellously!" I confess I was not so much surprised, having long known, from experience, that Liszt played most things best the first time, because they gave him enough to do. The second time he always had to add something, for his own satisfaction.

Of Ole Bull, the violin player, afterwards so famous, I have a few recollections. He had just escaped from the theological schools, and was in Paris for the first time. His enthusiasm for music was boundless, but of his own special talent he gave no sign whatever. He was the pleasantest listener imaginable, and his views about music and musicians, expressed in very doubtful but not the less amusing German, were a real treat to us. We often invited him to dinner, and played to him endlessly. A few years later, I saw him again as the celebrated virtuoso, but the Swedish element which so delighted me at first, had become rather a mannerism.

Mendelssohn went occasionally to see Cherubini. "What an extraordinary creature he is!" said Felix to me one day. "You would fancy that a man could not be a great composer without sentiment, heart, feeling, or whatever else you like to call it; but I declare I believe Cherubini makes everything out of his head." On another occasion he told me that he had been showing him an eight-part composition, *a capella* (I think it was his "Tu es Petrus"), and added, "The old fellow is really too pedantic: in one place I had a suspended third in two parts, and he wouldn't pass it on any condition." Some years later, happening to speak of this incident, Mendelssohn said: "The old man was right after all; one ought not to write them."

Felix's wonderful musical memory was a great source of enjoyment to us all as well as to himself. It was not learning by heart, so much as retention,—and to what an extent! When we were together, a small party of musical people, and the conversation flagged, he would sit down to the piano, play some out-of-the-way piece, and make us guess the composer. On one occasion he played us an air from Haydn's "Seasons;" "The trav'ller stands perplext, Uncertain and forlorn," in which not a note of the elaborate violin accompaniment was wanting. It sounded like a regular pianoforte piece, and we stood there a long time "uncertain and forlorn." The Abbé Bardin, a great musical amateur, used to get together a number of musicians and amateurs at his house once a week in the afternoons, and a great deal of music was got through very seriously and thoroughly even without rehearsals. I had just played the Beethoven E flat Concerto in public, and they asked for it again on one of these afternoons. The parts were all there, and the string quartet too, but no players for the wind. "I will do the wind," said Mendelssohn, and sitting down to a small piano which stood near the grand one, he filled in the wind parts from memory, so com-

pletely, that I don't believe a note even of the second horn was wanting. And he did it all as simply and naturally as if it were nothing.

It was a famous time. When we had no engagements we generally met in the afternoons. We willingly gave up lunch so as not to have to go out in the mornings, but a little before dinner-time we used to get so frightfully hungry that a visit to the confectioner was absolutely necessary. I believe we fasted simply to get an excuse for indulging this passion. In the evening we often went to the theatre—oftenest to the Gymnase Dramatique, for which Scribe at that time wrote almost exclusively, and where a charming actress, Léontine Fay, had completely taken possession of us. She acted in Scribe's plays the parts of the young wives who get into doubtful situations, which call into play all their grace and common sense. She was a slender brunette with wonderful dark eyes, indescribably graceful in her movements, and a voice that went straight to your heart. The celebrated Taglioni, the first to make that great name famous through the world, was also one of our favourites. No one ever made me feel the poetry of dancing and pantomime as she did; it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful and touching than her performance of the Sylphide. Börne says of her somewhere, "She flutters around herself, and is at once the butterfly and the flower," but this pretty picture conveys only a part of her charms.

I had written a pianoforte Concerto not long before, and played it in public, but the last movement did not please me, and having to play it again during this Mendelssohn winter, I determined to write a new Finale, which I secretly intended should be a picture of Léontine Fay. I had begun it, but the concert was to come off so soon that Mendelssohn declared I should not get my work done in time. This of course I denied, so we made a bet of a supper upon it. My friend's opposition excited me to make a real trial of skill, and I scored the orchestral part of the whole movement without putting down a note of the solo part. The copyist too did his best, and the result was that I contrived to play the Concerto with the new Finale on the appointed day. Felix paid for the supper, and Labarre, the well-known harpist, a handsome, clever and amusing fellow, was invited to join us. How far the portrait of Léontine Fay was successful, I leave to be decided by its own merits, though Felix confessed that it was not unlike her.

In the midst of all these distractions, Mendelssohn made use of every quiet hour for work, much of which was a complete contrast to his actual life at the time. It consisted generally of putting the last touches to former pieces, such as church music, his string Quintet in A, &c. Of quite new music he did not write much to speak of during those months, but still I remember his playing me some new songs, and short pianoforte pieces. I had just completed my first three Trios, and the very warm and friendly interest which he took in my work was often a great help to me. When he liked a thing he liked it with his whole heart, but if it did not please him, he would sometimes say and do the most singular things. One day when I had been playing him some composition of mine, long since destroyed, he threw himself down on the floor and rolled about all over the room. Happily there was a carpet! Many an evening we spent quite quietly together talking about art and artists over the cheerful blazing fire. On great things we always agreed, but our views on Italian and French composers differed considerably, I being a stronger partizan for them than he. He sometimes did not spare even the masters whom he thought most highly of. He once said of Handel that one might imagine he had had his different musical drawers, one for his warlike, another for his heathen, and a third for his religious choruses.

Speaking of the Opera in general he said that he thought it had not yet produced so perfect and complete a masterpiece as "William Tell" and others of Schiller's dramas, but that it must be

capable of things equally great, whoever might accomplish them. Though fully alive to the weak points in Weber's music, he had a very strong and almost personal feeling for him. When Weber came to Berlin to conduct the performance of "Freischütz," Mendelssohn declared that he did not dare to approach him, and that once when Weber was driving to the Mendelssohns' after a rehearsal, and wanted to take Felix with him, he obstinately refused the honour, and then ran home by a short cut at such a pace as to be ready to open the door for the Herr Hof-Capellmeister on his arrival. Of all Mozart's works, I think the "Magic Flute" was the one he liked best. It seemed to him so inexpressibly wonderful, that with such perfectly artistic consciousness, and the simplest means, it was possible to express exactly what one wanted, neither more nor less, and with such beauty and completeness.

I was, unfortunately, obliged to leave Paris a few weeks before Mendelssohn, as my parents wanted me at home. He and some other young friends came to the well-known post-house in the Rue J.-J. Rousseau to see me off. "I really envy you," he cried, "going off to Germany for the spring; it's the best thing in the world!" After my departure, during the latter part of his stay in Paris, he had an attack of cholera, but, fortunately, not severe. From Paris he went to London, and never returned to the French capital.

CHAPTER III.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND DÜSSELDORF, MAY, 1834.

Felix Mendelssohn to his Mother.[1]

"DÜSSELDORF, *the* 23*rd of May*, 1834.

"A week ago to-day I drove to Aix-la-Chapelle with the two Woringens; an order from the Cabinet, five days before the festival, had given permission for it to be held at Whitsuntide, and this order was so worded as to render it very probable that the permission would be extended to future years. It took us eleven hours' posting, and I was fearfully bored and arrived cross. We went straight to the rehearsal, and I heard a few numbers of 'Deborah,' sitting in the stalls; then I told Woringen that I must write at once to Hiller from there, the first time for two years, because he had done his task so well. Really his work was so modest, and sounded so well, though all the time quite subordinate to Handel, without cutting anything out; and it delighted me to find someone thinking as I do, and doing just as I should. I noticed a man with a moustache, in the front row of boxes, reading the score, and after the rehearsal, as he came down into the theatre and I went up, we met behind the scenes, and sure enough it was Ferdinand Hiller, who tumbled into my arms, ready to squeeze me to death for joy. He had come from Paris to hear the oratorio, and Chopin had cut his lessons to come with him, and so we met once more. I could now thoroughly enjoy the festival, for we three stayed together, and got a box for ourselves in the theatre where the performances were held; and the next morning of course we were all at the piano, and that was a great delight to me. They have both improved in execution, and as a pianoforte player Chopin is now one of the very first; quite a second Paganini, doing entirely new things, and all sorts of impossibilities which one never thought could be done. Hiller is also a capital player, with plenty of power, and knows how to please. They both labour a little under the Parisian love for effect and strong contrasts, and often sadly lose sight of time and calmness and real musical feeling; perhaps I go too far the other way, so we mutually supply our deficiencies, and all three learn from each other, I think; meanwhile I felt rather like a schoolmaster, and they seemed rather like *mirliflores* or *incroyables*. After the festival we travelled together to Düsseldorf, and had a very pleasant day with music and talk; yesterday I accompanied them to Cologne, and this morning they went up to Coblenz by steamer—I came down again, and the charming episode was at an end."

In the interest of my readers I should hardly be able to add anything to this delightful letter. But I cannot resist the temptation of going over this "charming episode" once more, pen in hand, recapitulating and dwelling on it, even where it does not especially concern the friend to whom these pages are consecrated.

In the summer of 1833 I was living in my mother's house in Frankfort, having lost my father in the spring; I was then very much taken up with Handel's Oratorios, the scores of which had been kindly put at my disposal by

[1] From the published Letters. Vol. ii.

Ferdinand Ries. "Deborah" I had not seen before, and it so pleased me that I began translating it into German, without any definite purpose, though I happened to tell Ries what I was doing. On my return to Paris with my mother in the autumn, I got a letter from Ries, asking if I felt disposed to translate "Deborah" and write additional accompaniments, for the next Lower Rhine Musical Festival. It was to be completed by the New Year. I accepted the proposal with the greatest delight, got it all done by the appointed time, and as a reward was invited to the Festival. Chopin, with whom I was in daily and intimate intercourse, easily let himself be persuaded to go with me, and we were busy making our travelling plans when news arrived that the Festival was not to take place at Whitsuntide, though possibly later. We had hardly reconciled ourselves to postponing our journey, when we heard that after all permission had been granted for the Festival to be held at Whitsuntide. I hurried to Chopin with the news, but with a melancholy smile he answered that it was no longer in his power to go. The fact was that Chopin's purse was always open to assist his emigrant Polish countrymen; he had put aside the necessary means for the journey; but the journey having been postponed, forty-eight hours had been quite sufficient to empty his money-box. As I would not on any condition give up his company, he said, after much consideration, that he thought he could manage it, produced the manuscript of his lovely E flat waltz, ran off to Pleyel's with it, and came back with 500 francs! Who was happier then than I? The journey to Aix-la-Chapelle was most successful. I had the honour to be quartered in the house of the "Oberbürgermeister," and Chopin got a room close by. We went straight to the rehearsal of "Deborah," and there, to my great surprise and delight, I met Mendelssohn, who immediately joined us. At that time they seemed not to have much idea of his greatness at Aix-la-Chapelle, and it was only twelve years later, the year before his death, that they made up their minds to confide the direction of the Festival to him.

With the exception of some parts of "Deborah," my impressions of the performances are quite effaced. But I distinctly remember the day we spent together at Düsseldorf, where the Academy, recently revived by Schadow, was then in the full vigour of youth. Mendelssohn had conducted the festival there in the spring, and entered on his functions as musical director in the autumn. He had a couple of pretty rooms on the ground-floor of Schadow's house, was working at "St. Paul," associated a great deal with the young painters, kept a horse, and was altogether in a flourishing condition. The whole morning we spent at his piano playing to each other. Schadow had invited us for a walk in the afternoon. The general appearance and tone of the company in which we found ourselves made an impression on me that I shall never forget. It was like a prophet with his disciples—Schadow, with his noble head, his manner at once dignified and easy, and his eloquent talk, surrounded by a number of young men, many of them remarkably handsome, and most of them already great artists, who nevertheless listened to him in humble silence, and seemed to think it perfectly natural to be lectured by him. It had become so completely a second nature to Schadow, even outside the studio, to act the master, animating and encouraging, or even severely lecturing, that when Felix announced his intention of accompanying us to Cologne on the following day, he asked him in a serious tone what would become of "St. Paul" with all these excursions and distractions. Mendelssohn answered quietly, but firmly, that it would all be ready in good time. We ended the walk with coffee and a game at bowls; and Felix, who had been on horseback, lent me his horse to ride home on. Chopin was a stranger to them all, and with his usual extreme reserve had kept close to me during the walk, watching everything, and making his

observations to me in the softest of voices. Schadow, always hospitable, asked us to come again in the evening, and we then found some of the most rising young painters there. The conversation soon became very animated, and all would have been right if poor Chopin had not sat there so silent and neglected. However, Mendelssohn and I knew that he would have his revenge, and secretly rejoiced at the thought. At last the piano was opened; I began, Mendelssohn followed; then we asked Chopin to play, and rather doubtful looks were cast at him and us. But he had hardly played a few bars, before everybody in the room, especially Schadow, was transfixed;—nothing like it had ever been heard. They were all in the greatest delight, and begged for more and more. Count Almaviva had dropped his disguise, and everyone was dumb.

The next day Felix accompanied us on the steamer to Cologne, where we arrived late in the afternoon. He took us to see the Apostles' Church, and then to the Bridge, where we parted in rather a comic way. I was looking down into the river, and made some extravagant remark or other, upon which Mendelssohn calls out: "Hiller getting sentimental; heaven help us! Adieu, farewell"—and he was gone.

A year afterwards I got the following letter:—

"DÜSSELDORF, *February 26th*, 1835.

"DEAR HILLER,—I want to ask you a favour. No doubt you will think it very wrong of me to begin my first letter in this way, and not to have written you long since of my own accord. I think so myself; but when you consider that I am the worst correspondent in the world, and also the most overworked man (Louis Philippe perhaps excepted), you will surely excuse me. So pray listen to the following request, and think of happier times, and then you will fulfil it.

"You will remember from last year how the second day at the musical festivals is generally arranged. A Symphony, an Overture, and two or three large pieces for chorus and orchestra, something of the style and length of Mozart's 'Davidde penitente;' or even shorter and more lively, or with quite secular words, or only one long piece—such as Beethoven's 'Meerestille,' for instance. I am to conduct the Cologne Festival this time, and I want to know whether Cherubini has written anything that would do for the second day's performance, and whether, if in manuscript, he would let me have it. You told me that you were on very good terms with him, and I am sure you can get me the best information on the point. If printed, pray say what you think of it, and give me the full title, that I may send for it. The words may be Latin, Italian, or French, and the contents, as I said before, sacred or otherwise. The chief condition is merely that it should employ both chorus and orchestra; and if it were a piece of some length, say half an hour I should like it to be in several movements; or, if there is no long piece, I should even like a single short one. It appears that he wrote a number of grand Hymns for the Revolution, which ought to be very fine—might not one of these do? It is impossible to see anything of that kind here, while it would only take you a couple of hours or a walk or two; so I am convinced you can do what I ask, especially as you are intimate with Cherubini, and he will therefore tell you directly what he has written in this line, and where it is to be found.

"It would of course be best if we could get hold of something quite unknown to musicians. You may imagine how glad the whole committee, and all the company of Oberbürgermeisters, and the entire town of Cologne, and all the rest, would be to write to Cherubini to make this application. And of course they would also willingly be charged something for it; but, with his strange ways, they might catch him in an evil hour, and probably he does not care much about it: therefore it is better for you to undertake the matter, and write to me what is to be done next. All that I want is to have nothing but really fine music on the second day, and that is why this request is important to me, and why I count on your fulfilling it.

"Then I shall at the same time hear how life goes with you on your railway. Sometimes I hear about it through the *Messager* or the *Constitutionnel*, when you give a Soirée, or play Bach's Sonatas with Baillot; but it is always very short and fragmentary. I want to know if you have any regular and continuous occupation, whether you have been composing much, and what, and if you are coming back to Germany. So you see I am the same as ever.

"My Oratorio will be quite ready in a few weeks, and I hear from Schelble that it is to be performed by the Cæcilia Society in October. I have some new pianoforte things, and shall shortly publish some of them. I always think of you and your warning whenever an old-fashioned passage comes into my head, and hope to get rid of such ideas. You will of course conclude from this that I often think of you, but that you might believe anyhow. My three Overtures are not out yet; Härtel writes to me to-day that they are at the binder's, and will be here in a few days. I

shall send you a copy as I promised at the first opportunity, and as soon as my new Symphony comes out, you shall have that too. I will gladly release you from your promise of sending me those plaster caricatures in return, and ask you instead to let me have some copies of new compositions—which I should like a great deal better. Remember me to Chopinetto, and let me know what new things he has been doing; tell him that the military band here serenaded me on my birthday, and that amongst other things they played his B flat Mazurka with trombones and big drum; the part in G flat with two bass bassoons was enough to kill one with laughing. *A propos*, the other day I saw Berlioz's Symphony, arranged by Liszt, and played it through, and once more could not imagine how you can see anything in it. I cannot conceive anything more insipid, wearisome, and Philistine, for with all his endeavours to go stark mad, he never once succeeds; and as to your Liszt with his two fingers on one key, what does a poor provincial like me want with him? What is the good of it all? But still it must be nicer in Paris than here, even if it were only for Frau v. S (Frau v. M.'s sister), who is really too pretty, and is now in Paris (here there's not a soul that's pretty). And then there's plenty of agreeable society (remember me to Cuvillon, Sauzay, and Liszt, also to Baillot a thousand times; but not to Herr —— nor Madame —— nor the child; and tell Chopin to remember me to Eichthal), and it's always so amusing there,—but still I wish you would come to Germany again.

"But I have gossipped long enough. Mind you answer very soon, as soon as you can tell me what I want to know, and remember me to your mother, and keep well and happy.

"Your
"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

"DÜSSELDORF, *March* 14, 1835.

"DEAR HILLER,—Many thanks for your dear kind letter, which gave me very great pleasure. It's not right of you to say that I should be *obliged* on account of the business to write to you again, because I should have done so at any rate; and if you want to try, you had better answer this very soon, and then you will see how I shall write again. I should so like to know all about your life, and what you do, and be able to picture it to myself thoroughly. About my own I have not much to say, but there is no thought of my leaving Germany and going to England; who can have told you such a thing? Whether I stay at Düsseldorf longer than I am bound by my contract, which comes to an end next October, is another question; for there is simply nothing to be done here in the way of music, and I long for a better orchestra, and shall probably accept another offer that I have had. I wanted to be quite free again for a few years, and go on a sort of art-journey, and snap my fingers at musical directorships and the like, but my father does not wish it, and in this I follow him unconditionally. You know that from the very beginning all I wanted was to get real quiet here for writing some larger works, which will be finished by then; and so I hope to have made use of my stay. Besides it is very pleasant, for the painters are capital good people, and lead a jolly life; and there is plenty of taste and feeling for music here; only the means are so limited that it is unprofitable in the long run, and all one's trouble goes for nothing. I assure you that at the beat, they all come in separately, not one with any firmness, and in the *pianos* the flute is always too loud, and not a single Düsseldorfer can play a triplet clearly, but a quaver and two semiquavers instead, and every *Allegro* leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E natural in C minor, and they all carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine they don't cover them at all—and if you once heard me conduct this orchestra, not even four horses could bring you there a second time. And yet there is a musician or two among them, who would do credit to any orchestra, even to your Conservatoire; but that is just the misery in Germany; the bass trombones and the drum and the double bass are capital, and all the others quite abominable. There is also a choral society of 120 members, which I have to coach once a week, and they sing Handel very well and correctly, and in the winter there are six subscription concerts, and in the summer every month a couple of masses, and all the *dilettanti* fight each other to the death, and nobody will sing the solos, or rather everybody wants to, and they hate putting themselves forward, though they are always doing it—but you know what music is in a small German town—Heaven help us! This is certainly rather an odd way of coming back to the question of your returning to Germany. But still the very agreeable and telling way in which you refused my dinner-invitation does not yet repel me. On the contrary, I should like you for once to answer the question seriously: Is there any condition on which you would like to live in Germany? and if so, what? As we said in front of the Post-house at Aix-la-Chapelle, we shall never get far in the matter with theoretical discussions. But now I should like to know whether, if for instance a place like Hummel's, or like Spohr's at Cassel, or Grund's at Meiningen, in short any 'Capellmeister's' place at one of the small courts were vacant, you would accept such a thing, and allow it to determine you to leave Paris? Would the pecuniary advantages be of any great importance to you? or are you not thinking of coming back in any case? or are you too much tied by the attractions and excitements of your present life? Pray don't be vexed with me for all

these questions, and answer them as fully as you can. It is always possible that such a place may turn up in Germany, and you can imagine how I should like to have you nearer, both for my own sake and the sake of good music.

"And now to business; and first I must thank you very much for the prompt and satisfactory way in which you have managed it for us. I should like it best if you would send me the Motett in E flat 'Iste die,' with the 'Tantum ergo' for five voices, and at the same time *also* the Coronation March from the Mass *du Sacre*. That is what I want.

"A Herr von Beck from Cologne will call on you, and ask for these things. Please let him have them to send to me, and tell him what you have spent, and he will reimburse you—and again many thanks to you. I have not yet received your studies and songs from Frankfort, but on the other hand the *Rêveries* are lying on my piano, because an acquaintance of mine gets the French paper and always sends it to me whenever there is anything of yours or Chopin's in it. The one in F sharp major is my favourite and pleases me very much, and the A flat one is quaint and charming. But do tell me exactly what you have been doing and are going to do. I see from what you say that you are proposing some great work, but you don't tell me what it is. . . . .

"Yours,

"F. M. B.

"Bendemann, Schirmer, and Hildebrand all beg to be remembered to you, and hope that you will soon be here again."

At the end of 1847, when I came to Düsseldorf as Director, I found the music there on quite a different footing from that which Mendelssohn had described. The twelve years' energy which Edward Rietz had devoted to it had not been in vain. When I removed to Cologne in 1850, I managed to secure the post for Robert Schumann.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(*Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture.*)

Weary, half weary of the work of life,
The just-begun and never-ended strife,
O Son of Mary;
Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter,
God-given, twenty years agone, to her,
His mother Mary.
Jesus, the Lord's Anointed, free from sin;
The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win,
The Door, through which we all may enter in,
Christ, Son of Mary.

Our days, Thou knowest, are short and full of woes,
Our cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws,
Tired Son of Mary:
Our birth-crowns that our mothers treasure up,
Are melted oft into one bitter cup ;—
They drink, like Mary:
And with dim, frightened eyes, they also see
The shadow of some strange accursed Tree,
Where their dear sons give up the ghost, like Thee,
Great Son of Mary.

O full of life, with all life's lawful joys
Calling upon Thee in mellifluous noise,
Fair Son of Mary;
Full of man's strength to do God's whole behest,
The noon-tide labour bringing evening rest,
Sweet Son of Mary;
Yet through all this, love-wiser far than these,
The shadow of the Cross Thy mother sees
In its unfathomable mysteries—
Heart-piercèd Mary.

But Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from fear,
Thou seest the rest remaining even here
To Thee—and Mary,
And all God's people, all His children poor,
Whom Thou namest brethren: knocking at their door,
Blest Son of Mary:
And, by and bye, Thy earthly travail done,
Death consummating what Thy life begun,
Thou'lt say "Come unto Me, each weary one—
"I am Son of Mary."

O Son of God, and yet the woman's seed,
Bruise Thou our serpent sins, even though we bleed,
Like Thee and Mary.
Forgive, if we too, tired ere work be done,
Look forward longing to the set of sun,
Alone—no Mary:
And in the day of evil, anguish-rife,
Remember us! Through this our mortal strife,
Lead us unto Thine everlasting life,
Christ, Son of Mary.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER VII.

The lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction I believe has lately been deemed advisable; here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?" "So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism.* There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust, and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so-called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men, out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of dissolution and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer to the final call. Some escaped to the Sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts: First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next, they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow—so rapid are the "crises" here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and lastly, the Spanish soldier has "a hard time of it." Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valour, or his endurance? If the sun of the morrow should bring defeat, or change of Government, all his chance of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems

to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for, in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the Sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong-box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish employés of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the offices of the company. In this case, they had high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior: and one naturally asks the question—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) "all their own way." They were protected during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella more strictly than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the "host" passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined, or imprisoned, for the offence. And what work have the clergy done; what revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that "to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant." The clergy of the State Church in England certainly in their zeal for education present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work, and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavouring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the inquiring spirit of the age in which their lot is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The "civil funeral" and the "civil christening," the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, "I am a Protestant," which means: "*I belong to no Church at all;* I am a Doubter, or a Materialista;"—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor—whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

A few nights since I stood with raised

hat as the "host" passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colours; the viaticum was being carried to some Christian dying treat. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But, with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—"I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human invention in religion, to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and, looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example."

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice* let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in their present state than the laws of Spain, were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek redress?" "Because I have not got 40*l.* to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz.: that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions, a doctrine so needful to ensure a right line of conduct, has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes, respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, and society does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards, license of conversation and deed reign and prevail very widely. Domestic life, as in England, is unknown: the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture, a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the cour-

tesy of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their dependants: of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity, and devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure—whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries—whose mineral wealth is undreamed of—whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But "Resurgam" is the motto hidden in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God's blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

VIII.

Before leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness. I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o'clock at night the youngest of his two companions, a lad of three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, "I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run here for fright. I don't know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off." The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or, as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil-doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his *faja*, he said, "*You* were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, *I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*" Two civil guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 A.M. next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay, wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders : this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized ; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles, or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be "pressed" to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed !

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions ; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the municipal guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why they did not stay by the dying man ? "Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer," was the prompt reply.

In the interior too, where some of the overcrowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men's bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer's to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young fellow, who had evidently been, till his death-stroke, robust and strong. "What business had he to die ? he's fat enough !" was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection is afforded to the brute creation, and the S.P.C.A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labours.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavour to convince him that this is not the case. Accordingly dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (criadas) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss ; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting, "Pobre gato ! O pobre, pobre gato !" I told them that poor pussy's life was at stake, and urged them to help me rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sunk the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of "Malo gato ! malo gato !" ("good-for-nothing puss !") they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter !

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, beat them cruelly if they are stupid, and even bite their ear until the blood comes.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offence—*Anglice*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards (when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps) the criada takes

hold of it by the tail, and belabours it soundly, calling out "Malo pecho! malo pecho!" This is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavoured to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the criada's head. "No," she said, "I beat him for his wickedness: when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat." There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a criada into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant; and three or four at once apply at the door; you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours' time, bringing her child, or children, and her bed, clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (1*l*. 4*s*.) per month, finding her own food. Well for the master and mistress if their criada has no "followers," for, if so, she has perfect liberty to have one or more in the kitchen, smoking their cigarillos, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night, and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants; and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaniard of the interior, nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad*. The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labours, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this permature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version.

"EL CHALAN."

(The fish-hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet:
But I'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street!
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes:
Owning it's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money; but to-day
Not a single fin I've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away!
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(*From the "Ecos Nacionales" of V.R. Aguilera.*)

I.

Hark, from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep:
Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee;
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.
Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valour
On the field this day I won:
In the front, beneath the colours,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
'Mid the stalwart and the brave,
Stood my boy where colours wave!—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told:
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold:
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle call,
He would march (poor boy!) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die?—
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed!

V.

Never will he come: I *know* it.
Motherlike, I still hope on:
Though I know th' accursèd bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear:
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer!
For *his* soul? son, can it be
Among the *dead* I pray for *thee?*
So—I know it!—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed."

IX.

A SPANISH CASA DE MISERICORDIA.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved streets; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open sandy plains, are forced to stop, and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along; the scarcity of good and tender animal food;—all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling in a few days or hours the downpour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer, in shaded rooms (alas! that we have no Punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous: in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees; the following nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain, a bitter east wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place; the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength, and funds, were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England, all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz, rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville—unknown in the treeless wastes of the interior—and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trowsers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that

struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep blue sea, studded with shipping; the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas, and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described; it is like coming from darkness into light—from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although perhaps a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that, once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia;* or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz.* Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recommend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon) fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up, written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye—

> "This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell: I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "for ever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet-looking Lady Superior said, "*is* the home of the poor—*but not for ever.*"

The Hospicio perhaps may be best described as an English Workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or, at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "*decentes*" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the "decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully-kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place, at a first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared, with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriated name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labours being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly explaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being 5,000*l.* per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys and 136 girls from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes.*

The aged poor come in, and live and

die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of: if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the Feast-days (and their name in Spain is legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English Workhouses. So much for the *Departamento de Ancianos*.

As regards the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home, until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next, eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day, from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the bandmaster of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the collar of the coat and round their little caps.

Many of the girls were servant-maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own—for all here are *decentes*—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all Feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word must be said as to outdoor relief. This is very simple, and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are many of them paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily writing, and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

The whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior—gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago two clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayers, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed

and the chapel laid in ruins.[1] At present only the girls receive religious instruction, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighbouring churches.

A short time ago this Home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the present Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor, or dining-room, and a separate kitchen; while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two, and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and, instead of "carne," the favourite Spanish dish called "cocida," which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On Feast-days all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Val-de-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing the inscription, "*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*"

As to the Sleeping Arrangements. These are specially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storeys. All sleep according to age, or, as it is called, their different classes. With those from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattrasses and blankets, snowy sheets, and coloured coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the Infirmaries, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the Dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are whitewashed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards.* One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bedridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all seemed cheerful and contented, and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

[1] Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's *last work* (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the *Marriage of Santa Catalina*—pictures which have always been preserved in the convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

The Schoolrooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms—of which last there seemed many—were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room where some fifty were learning the military drill, in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half-dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the "Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and clothmaker were hard at work, the shoemaker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If anyone thinks this a highly-coloured sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day by anyone presenting a card, and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more; ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that had my lot been a less blissful one—had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish homeless poor—I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

X.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

One of the most cheerful sights in this great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helpless, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por l' amor de Dios—muy poquito"—("For the love of God, I beseech you, give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that, on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread and copper money and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas de Misericordia, and the associations of the charitable—coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior—do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here:—

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the Fishmarket stands a cleanly, whitewashed but unpretending, house, bearing over the door the inscription

"Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad,"

(" House of the Brothers of Charity "). Entering in, I found the hall or court-yard—for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels—most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs, growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital—for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of benevolent private individuals—the Hermanos de la Caridad—and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical skill and the diet and nursing they require, at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up 100 beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable when sick to command at their comfortless homes, or on board their ships lying in harbour, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes: first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at 2*s.* 1*d.* (two shillings and a penny) per diem: in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor), whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés*; in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants.

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, *i.e.* twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in school days at St. Peter's College, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindliness—nay, more, cheerfulness. The men were some of them sitting up in bed drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good copa of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range; it was full of bustle—for, at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the fa-

vourites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef and fried potatoes, and tomato soup, aud rice soup—the favourite "sopa d' arroz" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try.* They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike ; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him ; one or two Finlanders, in the same case ; an American, from "Philadelphy," as he said ; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way —very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and walls being of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar ; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living perhaps in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting their turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table, to the son who had once worked for her, and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls, were there ; they, too, came constantly at stated times, to bring "alimentos" (provision) to their "loco." The head porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy), dressed in black, with white hood and cape, and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye that looked one through and

through. He seemed firm, and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bedroom, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provincia at a fixed rate per head. *Their* friends also can supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of anyone under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendance, without food, is at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army, seized with madness at Manilla; another, by the wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this, to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the "particulares," and for those who need a separate bedroom for safety's sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people, in the interior, at least, glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior had to add glass himself to his windows.—The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz. at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12.30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusements, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. "It tranquillizes them," said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the walls of the Casa; a clergyman also is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room in both wings of the Casa was bright and clean, the inmates (save the "particulares" and the "furiosos," who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers

and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bedclothes, were airy and bright, and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villanous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the sound filled the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the "maestro" gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the "furiosos," or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a "religious monomaniac," the gentle-faced Sister said. "Ah, señor," she added, "this is muy triste, muy triste!" ("very, very bitter"). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the "furiosos."

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, especially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The "Hospital de Mujeres" is situated in the street bearing its name, and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the "Hospital de los Hombres," with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia francessa, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of colour. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little

yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil-paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are threefold: first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now no funds are forthcoming! The second class are aged women, who have a little money, and prefer to spend their old age in the Casa, and die there. The third class are the sick members of moderately well off families, who cannot afford to maintain them at home, and can provide for them far better and more cheaply here. Both these last classes pay a fixed sum weekly.

There is a ward for infectious diseases, and one for accidents.

Two doctors and one clergyman live in the Casa. In each ward is a small altar for praying. One of the rooms, used for various purposes, is a very fine one, in size 22 yards by 34, and very lofty, with a row of marble pillars, and enormous windows. Armchairs and tables were spread about it.

Next I visited the kitchen. It was "comida time," and a gratifying sight it was to see the well-dressed Señoras of the town—evidently persons of respectable position—themselves taking the dinners to their mother or sister, or whatever relation they might have in the Casa. They fairly vied in activity with the ten bustling little "madres." Relations are admitted to sit with their sick at any time.

Two arrangements I remarked that were wholly new to me.

First, the advantage of the introduction of colour into the wards, as above-mentioned. Secondly, the admirable arrangement for the bed-ridden, by which privacy is secured to each.

The whole atmosphere of this hospital was deeply religious. On all the crockery was stamped—not the name or coat of arms of the Casa, but—the escudo de la Virgen. In every ward was a small altar; every wall and bed, every nook and corner, had some religious motto, or picture, or image. As I turned to go away, I saw that some nervous fingers had barely secured to the door, with a pin, a tiny piece of paper with the bleeding heart of Christ painted roughly on it, and underneath, in MS., the words—

"Detente: el corazon de Jesus está conmigo."

("Stay: the heart of Christ is with me.") I stayed for a moment to consider the meaning, and the two "madres" remarked audibly, "The English captain *will see* every little thing; but it is well that he should."

And then I said farewell to this model Hospital. As I passed through the outer door, in the tiny vestibule, quite open to the street, a young Spanish lady was kneeling, evidently in fervent prayer. Not until then had I noticed that a little altar there was lighted up with much taste, barely removed from the street. A heap of aromatic boughs was lying in the street as I stepped out. I said to the guide, "What are these?" "Those," said he, in broken English, "are the scented shrubs we use on *the good night.* Don't you know?—the night God came down with the good news for us all."

Truly, I thought, religion here is not thrust into a corner, but speaks for itself at every turn.

(*To be continued.*)

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MORNING AFTER—AT THE HOTEL—CONFUSING RECOLLECTIONS — GENERALLY SHOWING WHAT I WAS DOING WITH MY TIME—A BOX OF DOLLS — COLVIN AFFECTIONS — ATTEMPT — FAILURE—ANOTHER DUTY CALL—MRS. CAVANDER—FRESH REVELATIONS—THE NEW COUSINS—A LECTURE POSTPONED—I NEARLY MISS A TRAIN—REFLECTIONS ON COLVIN PECULIARITIES—RETURN TO HILLBOROUGH—A YACHTING LUNCHEON—MR. AND MRS. BOB'S FAREWELL—TACTICS—A LETTER FROM HOME—I AM A MILLIONAIRE — AND MEET WITH A SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED REVERSE.

THE next morning I was considerably puzzled to find myself neither at Hillborough, nor in Neptune's pond, nor at Frampton Court, having been in all these places at once during the night in my confused dreams.

The apparition of the Boots soon cleared up my doubts. I was at Broad's, and it was much later than I could have wished, seeing that my previous good intention had been to leave for Hillborough by an early train.

There was not another (Collington was our station) for four hours; that is, I mean one that went at anything like a decent speed; and so, having got so far into my day, I determined to make the best use of it I could in town.

My head was not as clear and fresh as that of a youth nearly eighteen should have been. I had Vauxhall on the brain, and as I gradually extricated myself from the labyrinth of dreams I began to wonder about what I had said to Julie, and not only to wonder at what I had said or what I had done, but to be astonished at myself for this strange conduct.

When the Boots reappeared I inquired after Lord Pilchard.

"His lordship won't be hup for a hour-or-more yet, p'raps not then: his servant 'as orders to 'ave everything ready for the two ten train."

"And Mr. Parry?"

"Come in very late, night porter said, sir; 'ad his bath, sir, and breakfast and was off, sir, a hour-or-more agone. Shall I order breakfast for you, sir?"

It was a new sensation—this hotel life. I was my own master; and this I should not have been at Langoran House under the present *régime*. Once as the Dauphin Colvin, I had been a little monarch of all I surveyed in my father's house. But the true Prince had been exiled by the queen stepmother, and was to seek a new home, new friends, fresh acquaintances.

I fell in with this novelty very easily; it fitted me as though made on purpose for me, or I for it.

So I ordered a sumptuous breakfast, and rose to lounge over my toilette with as *blasé* an air as though I had been jaded by the gaieties of several May seasons, and was tired of London life.

From time to time during the morning, the image of Julie presented itself to my mind. Then followed other images of Alice Comberwood and Lady Sladen, Miss Blumstead and her sister, and then of Clara Winslow, and one after the other I replaced these dolls in my play box in order that I might once more take up the one that I seemed to myself to prize the most—the one that appeared not inanimate as did the others, but gifted with a voice that

could tenderly reply "Cecil" when I murmured to myself "Julie."

I have described myself as having supper with Mr. Verney at his new lodgings near Russell Square: this description is given with such accuracy as was compatible with the exciting events of the previous night.

In the daytime, after breakfast, I tried to find Mr. Verney's house, but failed. One street was just like another, the houses were all of the same family—especially about the windows, which may be termed the eyes, and the doors, which one may set down as the mouths. The complexions, too, were within a shade the same. The costumes differed; here and there flowers made one of them a trifle gayer than its brothers and sisters, and curtains, hangings, and blinds made all the difference between coquettishness and sobriety.

Feeling that I was wasting my time—a feeling not common to me, as may have been perceived, at this period of my life—I determined upon returning to my first resolution of improving the occasion by a duty call, that is, by paying a flying visit to my Aunt Clym.

Annette, my eldest cousin, whom I had not met for a long time, greeted me. She was just twenty, had grown almost out of knowledge, and was as pretty, though dollish, a blonde as you'd wish to see. She put her finger to her lips mysteriously, and beckoned me into the dining-room.

"What's the matter, Annette?"

She closed the door.

"Mamma's got some one here whom she wants to get rid of, and if she saw you she'd step in and chatter all the morning."

"Who? My aunt?"

"No, no," returned Annette, laughing; "Mrs. Cavander."

"With a history of grievances?" I inquired.

"Yes. Mamma says that she's afraid she's not quite right in her mind, and that she's been driven distracted by ill-treatment."

"*His?*" I asked.

Annette nodded.

"Hush!" she added, listening at the door; "I think she's coming downstairs now. Mamma is never at home to her now, but unfortunately she came early, caught papa on the doorstep, and so frightened him, that he rang the bell and the servant let her in."

"Uncle Van's in the city?"

"Yes, as he always is. Arty's in business now. Uncle John"—she meant my father—"offered to take him into his office, but mamma flatly declined to receive any favour from Mr. Cavander, or, indeed, to have anything to do with a place of which he might have the direction."

"And he has?"

"Yes, so papa and mamma say; Mr. Cavander is everything, and that Uncle John is scarcely ever seen there at all."

At this moment there was a considerable amount of sobbing, and rustling, and tearful associations in the passage, and presently the door banged, and I caught sight of Mrs. Cavander passing before the house.

"Is that Mrs. Cavander?" I exclaimed. "I don't think I should have known her again."

"No, indeed," replied my Aunt Clym, curtly, and drawing in her breath. She paused for a minute, as though considering whether it would be well to say much on the subject before me. She glanced at Annette suspiciously, and Annette met her frankly.

"I have told Cecil all about Mrs. Cavander."

"Not more than I should have known very soon, in all probability, or that I might have guessed for myself," I said, wishing to exculpate my pretty cousin.

It pleased me to find I had so pretty a cousin.

"Where's Nellie?" asked my aunt.

"Upstairs. Shall I tell her Cecil's here?"

"Yes."

When we were alone Aunt Clym asked me if I had been home.

I recounted my visit and told my grievance.

She was indignant on my behalf. She, too, had called at Langoran House.

"I hadn't," she said, "been there for some time, but I heard, from your uncle, of John's illness, and so I went. I saw *her*, not him, and I can tell you I cut the interview very short. A large sum of money and the house have been settled on her. I know that much. Her brother, Mr. Cavander, arranged it all, and *he* is the master in the city, and *she* is the master at Langoran House. There's evil to come of this, and John is kept like a prisoner; upon my word it's like the man in the iron mask."

This was to her, evidently, so horrible a simile, that she stood aghast at the awful image she had conjured up.

I told her how irritable my father had been with me, and how for the first time he had talked about my expensive habits.

"I don't blame him for that," said Aunt Clym; "only he ought to have begun it some time ago when you went to Holyshade. But you've been neglected."

Here she shook her head and shut her eyes, as though mourning over my unenlightened state. "However, it's as well you should be careful now. There's nothing that Cavander wont do. Why, as to that poor woman, I mean his wife, who was here just now—" My aunt having gone so far, ran on—"He has neglected her, though it was she who brought him out of the mire at first; he has positively ill-treated her; his sister shut the door in her face; her own friends are powerless to help her, because, I must confess it, she is still so absurdly fond—it is idiotically, not absurdly, I ought to say—so idiotically fond of that bad man, that she will hear of no interference, and would rather be his slave, and I do believe clean his boots than remain unnoticed by him. And—" here she looked round to see if her daughters were returning—"I am very—very much afraid that by her foolish conduct she will soon give him the opportunity he has been eagerly seeking for some time past."

I knew so little of life that I failed to understand her.

"Annette," I said, "told me that you thought Mrs. Cavander rather out of her mind."

My aunt shook her head sorrowfully.

"It will come to that. She has taken the first step on the road. From what I hear, Mr. Cavander is pitied by his friends. Don't speak of it any more before your cousins. It will be time enough for them when they have reached my age to know of the existence of such sin and misery, even within our own family."

Still I did not fully comprehend her meaning. I was honoured by her confidence, and she, too, had not treated me as a boy. At this time, in appearance and manner I was several years my own senior. This was an involuntary deception. As long as I was silent I might be mistaken for the lion; but from my bray it might be inferred that I was a younger donkey than I really was.

On this occasion I had the tact of silence, and was credited with the possession of considerable discretion.

Annette now returned with little Nellie. I had two pretty cousins, and it was very easy to please them with a full, true, and particular account of the wedding at which I had so lately been assisting.

My aunt, too, was interested, and asked many questions about Alice Comberwood, whom she had met sometimes in town. My aunt mentioned how she had been introduced to Alice at my father's, and again we drifted into the Cavander channel, for Miss Alice had been at different times Mrs. Cavander's guest.

My aunt expressed her opinion strongly as to Alice.

"Had she been one of my girls," she said, "I would not put up with all this High Church nonsense. She never was to be satisfied unless she was drawing someone into an argument about Church matters. I set her down once, for she really seemed to de-

spise her elders, and to consider us as little better than heathens."

My cousins smiled, covertly. I took up my hat, for we were approaching dangerous ground, and I had known my aunt, on the slightest provocation, produce a book of Evangelical sermons, select a passage which proved something or other incontestably, to her own mind, without carrying conviction to that of any other person, and then following up this attack with a charge of heavy divines, backed by a perfect cannonade of texts.

My watch, stationed like a sentinel at the outposts, saved me! I was not to be surprised on this occasion.

The train was to leave at such and such a time (which as to exactitude I more or less invented *sur le champ*) and my studies required my attendance at Hillborough.

This led to a discussion of my prospects.

The mention of Cowbridge University pleased my aunt prodigiously. There, she had been told, I should indeed hear sound doctrine, and perhaps that portion of my early education, which had been taken so injudiciously out of her hands—here she alluded with sorrow to the companionship of Nurse Davis and the Verneys—and since then so little attended to, would now be cultivated, and the small amount of good seed which she had been able to sow would, she hoped, bring forth abundantly.

Once more she had mounted her hobby, and once more I was saved by little cousin Nellie, who pointed to the clock on the mantel-piece.

I took my leave of them with many friendly and cousinly wishes for our next meeting, for, with a genuine Colvin impulse, I had conceived such a sudden and violent liking for both fair cousins that it required time so to improve the acquaintance as to enable me to determine to which of the two I should devote myself. Had it not been for Aunt Clym I might have missed my train to Hillborough that day.

A Colvin nature is capricious. It had been hitherto exemplified in such members of the family, including myself, as have figured in these records.

But in these later days I have a theory founded on experience. It is as to caprice in affairs of the heart. I affirm that no man, or woman, loves twice in a lifetime. I do not use the word "Love" lightly, but in the fullest sense that can be given to human, as distinguished from Divine love.

And the theory is that, as a man or a woman loves truly and really but once in a lifetime, so his or her likings and caprices are stronger, or weaker, in proportion to the resemblance which their varying objects bear to that First Object of love. A manner in one, a feature in another, a tone in another, and so on, may recall the first love, and so far satisfy for the moment.

This may seem, perhaps is, an apology for caprice in the art of love, but I do not think so. The subject must, however, be remitted to a separate treatise. At present how the theory practically bears on this history will be seen, should the reader honour me by remembering it during the subsequent portion of this record.

Varium et mutabile Colvin.

I had carefully abstained from mentioning anything about my amusements in London the night before, though I daresay had I remained much longer with Annette and Nellie I should have gratified them with a vivid picture of Vauxhall and of my own prowess, in order to impress upon them that I was no longer "little Cecil," but a young man about town of an age to take care of himself, and to offer his protection to others.

However, Aunt Clym had prevented this, and when I left her house I rather suspect I had added two new dolls to my box of playthings, and their names were Annette and Nellie.

I don't think they lasted me much farther than Bath. Between Somersetshire and Devon the entourage reminded me that I had left—I was going to say my heart, but of course it couldn't have been that—but a representative of my

heart somewhere in the neighbourhood with Clara Winslow.

For it seems to me that my heart about this time was a county divided into several ridings and boroughs, and able to return many members, and that the elections were perpetually going on, and the whole county consequently in a hubbub.

I personally possessed great influence, and could give the casting vote everywhere in this heart-county. Yet so many and varied were the interests involved, and so conflicting the claims, that I hesitated to proceed to a definite choice in any one instance.

It might have been then evident to a looker-on, like, for instance, Mrs. Bob or Uncle Herbert, that one of these days, and at no great distance, I should be forced to proclaim myself an autocrat, sweep away the petty divisions, consolidate the interests, and rule over a united kingdom.

Ashton was waiting for me at Collington, having just come in from Exeter. The "Bobs" were to give their last party on board their yacht next day, and all the Hillborough House party, including my tutor, were invited.

My dog-cart and Ashton's pony-trap were in requisition, and early next morning we set out to catch the train for Dawlish. We had a long day before us, and the weather was lovely.

Uncle Herbert was on board, and everyone was in high spirits. There was breeze enough for sailing, and there were no qualms to interfere with appetite. At luncheon the conversation happened to turn on the recent marriage of Miss Comberwood, which one of the ladies had read in the morning paper. I gave my account of it, and Mrs. Bob said she had heard it was quite a love at first sight affair.

"I don't believe in love at first sight," said Uncle Herbert.

Clara Winslow was separated from me by Ashton, and I was seated next to Mrs. Bob. I looked up at Clara. She smiled slightly, and the next minute evinced the greatest interest in the conversation.

"You're a heathen and don't believe in anything except dinner," growled Mr. Bob.

He generally growled, and very seldom troubled himself to look at the person he was addressing. He preferred catching somebody else's eye to watch the effect of his speech on a third party.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bob, "you wait till you're married before you venture an opinion."

"Perhaps Mr. Pritchard will find that rather too long," quietly observed Miss Fowler.

"I don't see why I'm to wait until I'm married in order to give my opinion on love at first sight," urged Uncle Herbert.

"There are a great many things you don't see yet," growled Mr. Bob, winking at Ashton.

"I don't see the sherry," said Herbert.

"And yet it's under your nose," was Mr. Bob's triumphant repartee.

"Well, anyhow," said my uncle presently, "it was a deuced good match for her. And if it was only a *mariage de convenance*—I don't say it was mind——"

"Well? if it were?" asked Mrs. Bob.

"If it were?" returned Herbert. "Well, if it were, I wish there were more of them. Young people are too young to choose for themselves: their elders know what's best for them, and if there's a reasonable attachment, without violent passion, that's quite enough. Indeed, on reflection," added Uncle Herbert, watching the ignition of his fuzee, "I'm not at all certain if love oughtn't to come after marriage and not before."

"Oh, Mr. Pritchard!" exclaimed Miss Clara, as if shocked at these loose-sounding sentiments; "do you *indeed really* think all you say? Oh, Mrs. Bob, he doesn't, does he?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Bob, always good-humoured, but a trifle curt in her answer when addressed gushingly. Italics in a girl's conversation annoyed her. "You've heard him say he doesn't believe in love."

"Excuse me," said Uncle Herbert, placidly, "I distinctly mentioned 'at first sight.'"

"I loved Bob at first sight, didn't I?" inquired Mrs. Bob of her spouse.

"You told me so," was the response.

"And you told me so too," rejoined Mrs. Bob.

"Of course I did," returned her husband, "and I rather think I added 'long before I saw you.'"

"Ugh!"

And Mrs. Bob threatened him with a roll.

"Of course," said Uncle Herbert, who seemed to have some object in dwelling on this theme so long; "of course there are brilliant exceptions. But look at what are called love matches, made in haste, repented of at leisure. No, thank you," continued Uncle Herbert, knowingly; "no love for me, if you please, if it is to lead to so much social misery as I see around me——"

"Not at this moment," put in Mrs. Bob.

"Exceptions, of course, as present company; but if I were allowed to lecture a college of young men on Social Science—and there ought to be such a Professor—I should say, unless you've got some clever people to arrange a marriage for you, remain a bachelor till you're thirty; don't believe in love, it's all a snare and a delusion."

Miss Fowler would not listen to such sentiments any longer.

"My dear Mr. Pritchard," she said, and her tone compelled our attention, "because some instruments play it out of tune, is that a sufficient reason for finding fault with the original melody?"

"Bravo!" shouted Mr. Bob, and drank Miss Fowler's "health and sentiment," as he phrased it, on the spot.

Uncle Herbert evidently felt himself tackled. He would not risk a pitched battle, for fear of losing everything. He saw by my nodding at Miss Fowler how soon I should enlist under her banner, and being once her soldier, he would be obliged to give me up as a recruit of his own.

"Miss Fowler," he said politely, "I am not a musician."

"Therefore," she retorted quickly, "you are no judge of the original melody."

"I have never heard it," he replied. "You must not expect a man without an ear to give you a correct account of a tune."

"No, decidedly not, any more than I expect anyone colour-blind to deny the existence of colour merely for the reason that he himself is deficient in his perception of it. Let him acknowledge his own deficiency."

"I would willingly have done so up to this moment," said Uncle Herbert demurely.

"And why not now?" added Mrs. Bob, thinking she was coming as an ally to Miss Fowler's help.

"Because since Miss Fowler has taken me in hand, I begin to feel that I am capable of recognizing and appreciating the original melody."

He had turned aside his adversary's point, and, amid the merriment that followed his last polite speech, Mr. Bob, who, to do him justice, never lost an opportunity of conviviality, insisted upon drinking Uncle Herbert's health, then Miss Fowler's again, then that of both combatants united; and then—Mr. Bob had the sherry taken away from him, whereupon he simply said, "Quite right," and lit a pipe.

This afternoon when I was not with Mrs. Bob, who seemed to be perpetually requiring my assistance, or else wishing to speak with me about the present state of affairs at home, I was captured by Mr. Blumstead, or Miss Fowler, or I was told off to assist one of the Misses Blumstead, the other generally being with Ashton, while Clara Winslow appeared to me to be entirely engrossed by my Uncle Herbert.

I was unable to say more than half-a-dozen sentences to her, apparently unimportant. She gave me her father's address. Might I write? I could do as I liked—but——. Here again I was hastily summoned, but before I quitted her she had answered "Yes."

Mrs. Bob begged me to send to her whenever I felt inclined for a sea-trip, or to enjoy myself in the country on shore. Uncle Herbert, she told me, would be able to give me their whereabouts always. She spoke most generously, and shook my hand with a warm, honest grasp.

"I don't have many *friends*," she said to me emphatically, "but I'll count you as one. And perhaps at some time or other he won't be sorry for it, eh Bob?"

Her husband, who was standing at her elbow looking out to sea through a telescope, not to examine anything in particular, but from mere force of a habit common to all yachting men, dropped his glass and turned to me.

"She's A 1, lad. The missus always means what she says." And he tucked his wife's arm under his own, and gave it a squeeze.

When I repeated to Herbert Mrs. Bob's farewell, he was immensely delighted.

"You see," he said, "I can introduce you to some good people." He forgot that it was Ashton who had brought me in among them. "I can take you everywhere; and you'll find, if you only stick to what I tell you, you'll have as jolly a life before you as any youngster can have. When are you off for Cowbridge?"

"In a few weeks."

"All right. When you're settled I'll come and see you there. Don't bother about the governor at home. That'll all come straight. Good-bye, Cecil, and look here—mind you always confide in me in a difficulty; it'll save you heaps of trouble."

I promised I would. I intended to do so. I rather wished I had told him about Clara having given me her address; but, as yet, I didn't see I was in any difficulty requiring Uncle Herbert's advice. If he hadn't sailed away that evening, or if I had been going to remain on board, I should have given him full particulars of the Verneys, of my night in town (which I had only partially recounted), and I should have there and then established him as *pro tem.* my guide, philosopher, and friend.

But I did not sail with them. Clara was leaving to spend a few days with some friends near Collington, whose address she gave me, but which, owing to one of the many interruptions above mentioned, I was unable to write down, and so it slipped my memory. Ashton, who was going to stay longer than myself at Hillborough House, had obtained leave of absence, and was starting with the Bobs for a short cruise.

There were a few details to be settled before quitting my private tutors for the University, to which event I was now looking forward with expectations of the greatest possible pleasure.

Whether these were to be realized it will be now my part to show.

I had to a certain extent made up for lost Holyshadian time by a fair amount of application, at Hillborough, to such studies as had recommended themselves to my taste. Mr. Blumstead was a capital tutor, and must have learnt a good deal during my time of reading with him. He had much to thank me for.

He never objected to my having a holiday, as he used to take that opportunity of cramming himself for my next day's tasks.

Whenever I asked him for the explanation of a word, he used to tell me to "look it out." I did; found the correct meaning, and *then* he, at the same time having found it in a much larger dictionary full of references and quotations, would explain it to me with an assumption of erudition that took me in at first, but ever afterwards amused me immensely.

It would be more in accordance with facts to say, that instead of my sitting at Blumstead's feet as a disciple, he and I read together—he as senior, I as junior pupil, our masters being Messrs. Lexicon, Dictionary, and the Keys to algebraic problems.

He had one advantage over me, and he kept it.

He possessed his own MS. copy of algebraic problems with their solutions.

I had had a very pleasant life at Hill-

borough, and when I drove away with my tiger behind, I was really sorry that my time there for the present had come to an end.

On the morning of my departure I received a letter from my father (an acknowledgment of two I had written to him hoping to hear better accounts of his health) informing me that he had instructed Mr. Cavander to pay the sum of three hundred pounds sterling regularly to my account per annum at a Cowbridge banker's, adding that this, he was informed, was a very handsome allowance, and further telling me that it would be no use my calling at Langoran House, as "I and your mamma are on the point of starting for the Continent for the benefit of my health."

Three hundred a year! I felt myself a millionaire. I gave such a flourish to my whip as I drove away from Hillborough House, and rattled to the station, at such a pace, that poor little Jemmy had to hold on by the back as though his life depended on it.

And it did, almost.

The last corner settled it.

The horse, sharing my excitement, dashed round a right-angled corner, the boy spun out and went head-foremost into a duck-puddle on the opposite side, the shafts went right round, I saw nothing except a medley of horse and trap all in one, I heard a smashing and cracking, and the next instant I lay insensible on the road hard by the Collington turnpike.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT—THE BANDAGES—THE DOCTOR—MEDITATIONS—A SURPRISE — AN OLD FRIEND OR ENEMY, NEWLY FACED—INFORMATION—GRATITUDE OVERCOMES DISLIKE—AT BROAD'S AGAIN—COMPARISON OF ADVANTAGES—OLD MEMORIES REVIVED—FIRST VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY—GLIMPSES—UNSATISFACTORY ENTRANCE—TUDOR STREET—DUMLEY SMYLER—INTERVIEW—MR. ROWDIE—ADVICE—I SEE MORE OF COWBRIDGE—WONDERMENTS—I FURNISH—I AM INSTALLED—THREE TERMS AHEAD—TWO LETTERS—NEWS—ALICE—UNCLE HERBERT'S QUERY—AN EVENT OF SOME IMPORTANCE TO ME AND OTHERS.

I AWOKE to consciousness in a bedroom of an old country inn, which the enterprising landlord, not to be behind his time, had recently christened "The Railway Arms."

The accident had happened near the station, and a couple of labouring men, who, like many other labouring men up and down the country, were gaining their livelihood for the day by loafing about and doing nothing in particular, looking upon me as blown into their arms by the proverbial breeze which does not bring bad fortune to everyone, had carried me into the house, where I had been laid out in state by the obliging host. My wrist was very painful, and my arm much swollen.

The bandages, which Jemmy was fomenting from time to time, were so neatly wound about the injured limb, that I could not help remarking it, and praising either, as I thought, Jemmy's skill, or that of the attendants at the inn.

"The doctor did that, sir," said Jemmy.

"What doctor?" I asked.

"None as b'longs here, sir; he comed from a walking about the country, and missed thic—I mean I he missed this train."

For Jemmy had learnt civilized English since he had been in my service. When he had first entered it he used to say "thic" for this, "thar" for there, "plai" for play. When we subsequently parted company, I was afraid lest he should return to the family hovel and rub off all his polish, much as a Fiji islander, after being caught and taught to dress and speak like Mr. Smith of Fleet Street, and credited with Smith's ideas, being once more turned loose among his compatriots, is soon fetched out of his finery, and in less than a week is the whole Fiji again, none the better, but perhaps a few thoughts the worse for his brief glimpse of another

and, let us hope by comparison, a better world than where he had been accustomed to dwell.

However, I have the satisfaction of knowing that Jemmy Boots—as Ashton used to call him, in allusion to his tops—got another situation very soon, and enlisted in the "Bob" family, Mrs. Bob taking him on my representation.

"Is he a London doctor?" I asked.

Jemmy did not know, but was of opinion that he was a precious sharp 'un, whoever he was.

"Lor, sir!" said Jemmy, "he had me out o' the duck-pond in no time, and I was put in a hot bath and steamed in the kitchen, and then he gave me some gruel with brandy in it."

Quite a holiday for Jemmy.

It was uncommonly fortunate for me that there happened to be a doctor on the spot who had missed his train.

I then wondered who might be suffering by the doctor's mischance and my good luck. Perhaps he was on the road to a patient.

"No," Jemmy explained, "he was walking about, doing nothing, and not at all like a regular doctor."

I understood Jemmy's meaning, and certainly was rather anxious to know to whom I was obliged for this present timely attention.

"He went out," said Jemmy, on whom I think the cordials had slightly taken effect, "and saw Tommy shot, sir." Here Jemmy broke down. Tommy was the horse, and a pet with everyone. This was a blow to some of my hopes. Considering the formidable lecture to which I had been so lately exposed at home, I dared not re-start myself *en voiture* on my first appearance at Cowbridge.

"The trap?"

"Smashed to haddoms!" was Jemmy's concise reply.

"The harness?" I asked.

"Had to be cut to get Tommy out, sir. You never see such a thing, sir. I was by, in my clothes, wet through—they're quite spoiled now—till I was taken off by doctor's orders."

"What are you wearing now?"

"Billy Coombes's Sunday things. He's the son o' Mr. Coombes as keeps this here."

"And you're all right now, Jemmy?"

"Yes, sir, thankye kindly, sir. I'm as right as ninepence now, sir."

While Jemmy went at the fomentations once more, there presented themselves to my mind two subjects for meditation:

First, the unexpected presence of a doctor; secondly, the phrase "Right as ninepence."

I had often noticed in newspaper reports of accidents how a medical man is so often, and so providentially, on the spot. Also I had noticed that the reporter was most careful to mention the doctor's name and address, so that in some instances his fortune may have taken its rise from the accident of that day.

It was not likely, indeed, that in my particular case the doctor's happening upon me should lead him on to fame and fortune. Yet who could tell? Had I been a great nobleman, or a prince, then I could have understood the exact value to *him* of an accident to *me*. But an unfledged undergraduate (and hardly that yet), on his way to *Alma Mater*, putting out his wrist, how on earth could this benefit the doctor, who, perhaps, by missing a train, had lost a practice? We should see.

Then the boy's being as "Right as ninepence."

Now, were it not that I have other considerations of greater importance in view, I would take this opportunity of discussing the exact and precise meaning of this proverbial similitude—I mean about the rightness of ninepence. I must reserve my remarks on this subject, though I own 'tis a great temptation, seeing it so close to me at this moment, and knowing that the time once allowed to slip can never be recalled—I say it *is* a great temptation to me to lay aside, temporarily, this narrative, to give myself a few minutes' rest, really necessary after the peril of the dogcart, and while lying on the bed in the Railway Arms, to dreamily

think out the appositeness of the similarity existing between the sum of ninepence, current coin of the realm, and the possession of perfect health.

At some period of history the amount indicated by ninepence must have stood for the commercial prosperity of the individual. But how came this about?

Well, the Roman penny——

I might perhaps, in a drowsy state, have got as far as this in my communing with myself on this subject, when I was aroused by Jemmy informing me that the doctor was now coming up to see me.

Having heard that his being there at all was the merest accident—the consequence of his missing a train—I was anxious to see my assistant-preserver, who, Jemmy had moreover informed me, had seemed to recognize me when he "fust comed up."

I had not long to wait in suspense. The door opened. Dressed in a dark tweed suit, a foreign-looking man, with close-cropped reddish beard and moustache, stood before me. I knew him again directly, in spite of his growth of hair, in spite of his bronzed complexion, I knew him again directly by his lack of eyebrows, by his trowel-shaped nose, and that peculiar mouth which the moustache could not conceal.

I knew him, directly; but remembrance of faces, coupled with inability to recall names, is a Colvinistic peculiarity.

"Mr. Cecil Colvin," said the doctor, with something of a foreign accent.

"Mr. Venn, isn't it?" I exclaimed, as the name seemed to be flipped on to my tongue and off again. I felt it must be used at once or lost. A Colvin impulse. A scheming nature would have kept the discovery quiet, and worked the mystery out to its own advantage.

"Yes," said Mr. Venn, "you are right. I was afraid I was so altered you would have forgotten me."

"But, I say," I went on frankly, though, I admit, after a minute's hesitation, "you're not a doctor."

Now this doubt was not, the reader who has followed this record with anything like care, will own, altogether unreasonable. I had first known him as an usher. I had then seen him in such circumstances as caused me to feel considerably perplexed as to what he might really be; and, finally, at the recommendation of Mr. Cavander, he had travelled as Austin's private tutor, and, from what I gathered, had subsequently obtained an appointment abroad, as in some official way connected with one of our small consulates, or as migrating chaplain, travelling for the spiritual benefit of church-going Anglicans in foreign parts, which would of course result in certain pecuniary advantages to himself.

"Yes, I am," he smilingly answered, —that is as much as Mr. Venn ever could smile—with the most perfect equanimity; "and it's rather lucky for you that I am, or you would have had a great deal more trouble with your wrist than you have now. So. It's better already; but a sprain is often worse in its effects than a positive simple fracture. Once properly set, the latter is all right, but the effects of a sprain you'll feel for years. You may not, it's true, but ten to one you will. With an impromptu sling you will be able to travel on as comfortably as possible to London."

"I am going farther than that," I replied, quite thrown off the scent of my own inquiry about himself.

"Are you? Where?"

"Cowbridge."

"Cowbridge!" he exclaimed; "why we shall be travelling together."

"You're not at college," I said, in a tone which, I am afraid, implied that my respect for a university of which Mr. Venn could be a member would be rather diminished.

"No," he answered; "I'm too old for that now. My student's days ended years ago at Heidelberg."

"You were at college in Germany?"

"Yes, that's where I got my medical degree and diploma. Ah! there you see practice, and the system is far superior to anything here."

"Is it really!" I said indifferently,

though at the same time admiring the bandage.

"Yes," he went on, "you're in my hands now, and I'll have you on your legs again in no time. What college are you at?"

"I haven't matriculated yet."

"I thought not, or I must have seen you at Cowbridge. Why, I know everybody there, and can introduce you to some capital fellows."

Mr. Venn's heartiness did not become him. His geniality was forced; and forced geniality scorches, but fails to warm.

I was bound to bear with him now, and gratitude evicted prejudice.

"I am going up to Tudor College," I informed him.

"Will you live in or out of college?" he asked.

Bless him! I didn't know. He had lighted upon a thorough fledgling. I was—I could not help myself—in his hands.

This last sentence is literally true: morally and physically I was for a while helpless. However, I was well enough to set off by the next train for town, where the Doctor advised we should break our journey.

So also, by his advice, we broke it at Broad's. That evening he kindly went out and purchased a sling for my arm; he ordered my dinner, an excellent one, with such dainty little specialities of Italian, French, and German cookery as caused the waiters to wonder, the *chef* to be respectful, and brought out of his private office the impassible Mr. Broad himself, who listened, smiled, made mental notes, approved with a nod, and retired.

After dinner I do not remember that any prejudices remained.

With the wider view of life that Mr. Venn put before me, even my thoroughgoing dislike of Cavander would have soon melted away.

But, strange to say, though my old friend, with a new face, was full of conversation, quite different from the reserved usher I remembered at Old Carter's; yet though, to my surprise, I found myself on common ground with him as regarded Cavander, he became suddenly guarded and reticent on any subject connected, however remotely, with this latter gentleman; and it is no wonder that even my unsuspicious nature, at my most unsuspecting age, should have suddenly been aroused, seeing that during the time we had been together I had mentally recalled the three mysterious occasions when I had seen more than Mr. Venn had ever imagined.

We stayed another day in London, so that, as the Doctor said, I might go up sound as a bell.

The great advantage of being in London seemed to consist in the fact that I could obtain an unlimited supply of ice, which Mr. Venn used very freely.

The great disadvantage (which I did *not* observe at the time) was, that I was running up a considerable bill at Broad's, and that I was really retarding my cure with one hand while helping it onwards with the other.

The second night we became more confidential. The Doctor amused me with anecdotes of Cowbridge, which I soon decided must be the most delightful place in the world.

"When I left your young friend Austin," said Mr. Venn, "I did, as you were rightly informed, avail myself of the fact of my having in early life taken orders in the Church of England, and as, fortunately, I had the necessary certificates with me, I was able to be of some use to a few travellers here and there. But I had studied, years ago, another profession, and that was medicine. The idea seized me, and, being free to do what I liked, I resumed my place in the college in Germany where I had previously been, and obtained my diploma. I grew this moustache after one of our students' duels, in which I got a severe cut on the upper lip. As there was no opening for me in the Church, and as I had some little money left me about this time, on condition, oddly enough, that of my changing my name to Falkner" ——he broke off at this point, seeing my surprised look.

"Then," I exclaimed, "you're not Mr. Venn any longer."

"No, I'm Dr. Falkner. I keep the Venn as a Christian name, and sign myself Dr. V. Falkner. My diploma is for Falkner, not for Venn."

"Oh! then the money was left you while you were studying?"

"Just so," replied Dr. Venn Falkner; "and as Dr. Falkner I practise at Cowbridge. I am getting on very well, but the regular college ignoramuses of medical men, with their old exploded methods, are, of course, dead against me."

This, I said, I thought very hard on Dr. Falkner. I slipt into calling him Falkner as easily as though I had known him by this name all my life. Indeed, it became so easy that I began to think of my Mr. Venn of the past as a being totally distinct from the sharp-eyed, foreign-looking medical man seated at table with me in a private room at Broad's, tossing off champagne and telling story after story of his adventures at home and abroad.

Unable any longer to resist the impulse, I blurted out one of my questions point blank:—

"Do you remember walking in Kensington Gardens with that woman you knew, who afterwards died at the hospital, and meeting Mr. Cavander?"

The *ci-devant* Mr. Venn looked at me in a manner that at once recalled to my mind the afternoon when he had shut the back door of Old Carter's on me, after warning me (in effect) about minding my own business without interesting myself in his.

This searching look was evidently intended to prove the depth of my consciousness at that precise moment. The difficulty that had arisen in his mind probably was whether I had only repeated hearsay, or had interrogated him from my own knowledge of the fact.

He parried the thrust, and returned, "What on earth put that into your head?"

In a champagney manner I thought I should triumphantly render all evasion on his part impossible by bearing witness to my own evidence, and so I unhesitatingly replied,

"What put it into my head? Nothing. I saw you."

To my surprise, Mr. Venn seemed suddenly to be shaken by a fit of silent, but uncontrollable laughter. Stopping himself by an effort, he requested me to repeat what I had just told him, and, if possible, to give my narrative in detail. We had some more wine, and I recounted the incident, as already given in this record.

Its recital seemed to amuse him vastly, and when I had finished he took the trouble to point out to me how remarkable were the coincidences which associated him in my mind with the unfortunate woman at whose decease we had both been present.

"Had you seen this woman anywhere, and with a person dressed as I used to be in those days—that is, in nothing which could in any way distinguish me from a hundred and ninety-nine other seedy ushers in and about London, you would very naturally have said to yourself, boylike, 'Why that's Mr. Venn!' I don't say you would do so now that you are a man and know what's going on in the world."

I said, certainly I should not do so now, and thought my former preceptor a very intelligent person.

"Besides," he continued, as if rummaging his memory, "though it's difficult at this distance of time to say where one was and what exactly one was doing —this is excellent champagne and can do you no harm; on the contrary,—yet I dare say you may remember that for those holidays I had gone to Switzerland, and—dear me, how vividly all these minutiæ return to one!—and you pointed out to Bifford, Puggy Bifford, on the map, where Switzerland was, and he was very angry, and then he and his brother fought it out between them."

Yes, as Mr. Venn had observed, these minutiæ did return to my mind most vividly, and I certainly *did* recollect the incidents to which he referred, therefrom concluding, for I had had quite enough of the subject, and too much of

the wine, that I must have been mistaken, as Mr. Venn, who must himself best know where he himself was at any particular time, was doubtless in Switzerland on the memorable day when I could have sworn to him in Kensington Gardens.

The matter was allowed to drop, and I did not take it up again. Once or twice it occurred to me to question him as to the half-witted creature who had frightened me at Old Carter's, but somehow or other I never did mention it to him from that time forth.

Under the able guidance of Dr. Falkner I went up to Cowbridge.

What my preconceived notions of a University were it would be difficult to describe.

I thought it would be Holyshade over again, only that we should all wear caps and gowns.

When I first saw Cowbridge I could not realise the fact of my being in a University town.

Nor was this very wonderful, as on quitting the railway station—a squalid affair, by the way, for such a place—Dr. Falkner (whom henceforth I shall style by his new name of Dr. Falkner, for by this only was he known at Cowbridge) took me to his apartments in Meadow Terrace, the shortest route to which place lay through a number of narrow back-passage-like streets, where frowsy mothers stood or sat on their doorsteps, and gutter children threatened our fly as it rolled on towards its destination. Slouching men stood at tavern doors; and, in short, anything more unacademical, or more like a provincial edition of the Seven Dials, I could not have imagined.

All my enthusiasm vanished. But that I was a man, and all but a Cowbridgian, I could have wept for sheer disappointment.

"Where," I asked, "is the University?"

For I had some idea that the University was one large building, just as Holyshade was one large college, and that this grand and imposing pile would occupy the centre of a splendid square, itself in the centre of an ancient and magnificent town.

"The colleges," said Dr. Falkner, "lie in the other direction;" indicating the opposite to that in which we were going. "We," he continued, "are now nearer Badwell, and my rooms are just on the outskirts. It is not," he added, reassuringly, "ten minutes' walk from my place to the Tudor Gate, only this fellow's come a roundabout way."

The drive, indeed, was not a long one, but my vexation had rendered every minute's delay more tiresome than it would otherwise have been.

We descended at Dr. Falkner's in Meadow Terrace. It was a neat little house, one of a row of ordinary lodging-houses (of a very second-class order, I thought, on seeing them for the first time, though after a day or two I soon came to regard them as good as any others in the great University town of Cowbridge), facing some meadows that ran down to the river Cowe.

Having deposited my luggage in the passage, and discharged the fly, I proceeded with Dr. Falkner to make my first inspection of the University.

At the sister University of Bulford the colleges thrust themselves upon you and overpower you. At Cowbridge you have to hunt them out for yourself. In some instances you go down a narrow passage between two high walls, come to an old archway, push open a door (timidly in all probability), and startle yourself with the exclamation—

"Why, bless me, here's a college!"

Then, again, it often happens that one college, like one false step, leads to another. You cross a bridge, or go through a gate, or come out of a small archway into a narrow street, only to pass through a similar archway on to the opposite side, and then you are in another college.

The colleges of learned St. Bolt's and respectable Little Tudor were literally crowded out by the houses, which, as it were, just gave Tudor street—more a street-let than a street—room to run between the two steep banks.

When Dr. Burleigh, the master of Tudor, was Vice Chancellor, Tudor Street was just big enough for this majestic personage to pass from the senate house to his college, with his silver poker and other implements borne before him, as if he were going out to spend the winter with a friend who had asked him to come and bring his own fire-irons.

So scattered are the colleges at Cowbridge that I can quite imagine a studious young man at St. Saviour's (which you will pass on your road to the station, and, perhaps, take for a Contagious Disease Hospital in an outlying district), who should confine his exercise to within the boundaries of his own college, remaining at the University without seeing any colleges, except St. Henry's, which he could hardly fail to notice on account of its proximity to the senate house, where my imaginary student would perforce (unless ill and examined in his own chamber at St. Saviour's) visit first for his "little go," and secondly for his degree.

Dr. Falkner asked me on whose side I was, and I remembered that I had been told off to Mr. Smyler's side.

To call on the Rev. Dumley Smyler was my first duty.

He lived in one of the towers of Tudor College, and shared the rooms over the gateway north with the clock and the founder's statue. At least, this was my impression. My subsequent visits to my tutor's chamber were angelical in their infrequency, but diabolical in the manner of my apparition, as I only showed myself when, like Mephistopheles, or any other familiar, I was forced to appear by the summoner's possession of some potent spell.

I took good care on this my first visit to make him perfectly acquainted with my serious dogcart accident. By Dr. Falkner's advice I kept on my sling, and trusted to Mr. Smyler's compassion for a mitigation of the severity of my matriculation.

There was no necessity for the employment of so much art. Matriculation time came and passed, and so did I. It was a farce from beginning to end. What its object was I do not know. It proved that at eighteen I had got up certain subjects which had been fixed by collegiate authority long beforehand. However, it satisfied them—that is, it pleased them, and it did me no particular harm, except that it gave me a low, and, at the same time, an incorrect notion of all University examinations.

Mr. Smyler, my tutor, was very glad to see me. He did not recognize my name, and called me by that of somebody else. This difficulty overcome, he asked after my father, with whom he was totally unacquainted, I know, and of whose health, he was, he said, sorry to hear so poor an account. I, thoughtfully (in view of this matriculation, which I then dreaded as an unknown terror), added my father's illness to my accident, in order to affect Mr. Smyler to greater pity for the lonely undergraduate, who, by coming "on his side" had, as it were, appealed to his patronal protection against cruel examiners.

"Was I going to live in college? Because, if so, he was afraid that there would be some difficulty about rooms, unless——"

Here I relieved his mind. I was going to live out of college.

"Then," said he, rising, "in that case I won't detain you, as you will want to install yourself as soon as possible."

We wished each other "Good day," with much courtesy, and, on descending, I found the Doctor waiting for me at the foot of the stairs, talking to a tall, good-looking young fellow in a pea-jacket, with a knobby stick peeping out of his pocket, and his hat very much on one side.

"Nice fellow Smyler seems," I observed.

"Yes, pretty well, as Dons go," answered my worthy monitor. "I wouldn't recommend you to be too gushing with him at first. Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Rowdie." The lengthy young man smiled, and saluted me in a gentlemanly and cour-

teous manner, that strangely contrasted with his slangy appearance.

"Rowdie will put you up to a good deal as to being on too friendly terms with tutors, eh?" observed Doctor Falkner.

Mr. Rowdie shook his light locks in a knowing manner.

"If you go to lectures," said Mr. Rowdie, with a wink at me, expressive of the most overwhelming knowingness on his part, "when you first come, you're done for: and you'll always have to go to lectures; they'll expect it of you; and if they don't see your familiar face, they'll send to know why you don't honour them, and then you'll get into a heap of trouble."

I was really much interested. Till then I had heard, that, though a University was undoubtedly a most pleasant place for a young man fond of amusing himself, yet that there were drawbacks to his giving himself up entirely to enjoyment, in the shape of studies, necessitated by the existence of tutors, lecturers, examinations, and examiners.

"Now," said Mr. Rowdie, confidentially, "I was put up to it when I first came, and I'll put *you* up to it, as it is a wrinkle. You be *ægrotat* as soon as you conveniently can; the doctor here will manage it, and if he won't, I'll give you a prescription which will do all you want with the regular practitioners——"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, I mean, you get on the sick list—be excused lectures and chapels. Then get an *exeat.*"

"A what?"

"An '*exeat,*'" explained the Doctor, "means a permission from your tutor, and the Dean, to stay away as long as you like. With an *absit* you can only be away one day and a night."

"Yes," said Rowdie; "then come up late, but in time to keep your turn in Hall. You keep it by eating four dinners a week for half a term, and by then they'll have forgotten all about you. I," he continued, bringing himself forward as evidence, "seldom patronize lectures, but I've had to do chapels lately. Good-bye; see you again."

It occurred to the Doctor that if the rooms under where the Honourable Malcolm Rowdie "kept" (which is the Cowbridgian for "lodged") were vacant, I could not do better than take them.

Thither, therefore, we shaped our course.

During our walk I came across several Holyshadians, either freshmen like myself, or undergraduates of some standing.

I longed to don a cap and gown, and could not conceive how any undergraduate could allow his academicals to run to such utter rack and ruin, as I saw they did; or how so tattered and battered a costume could be permitted by the University authorities.

I saw and wondered at the proctors and their bull-dogs, and learnt all about the academical system, which compels a respectable clergyman to become, for one year, a sort of police-sergeant, with a couple of constables in plain clothes at his heels, whose duties in the town and at night are far more irksome, and, in some cases, more repugnant to a man of refined taste, than those of an ordinary policeman, and, of course, quite out of keeping with their position as educated gentlemen.

As to the mode of the hiring of apartments, the Doctor knew all about this, and on our road recommended to my notice two or three places where, he explained to me, I could do pretty much as I liked, this being evidently the chief object of my coming to Cowbridge.

The rooms under Mr. Rowdie's were fortunately vacant. And, being strongly urged thereto by Dr. Falkner, I took them without further hesitation.

Then came the furnishing. Most other youths had been duly instructed before coming up to college, or were accompanied by someone who could regulate their expenses, and assist them with his experience. As I had not the slightest idea of the value of any one article, from a hand-shovel to a pair of window-curtains, and as I did

not make any inquiries as to prices, and as the generous and high-minded tradesmen of Cowbridge—one and all—professed themselves utterly incapable of any such meanness as sending in a bill, or accepting ready money, making me feel quite ashamed, indeed, of even ordering anything at all of them, it will not astonish any lady, who may do me the honour of reading this simple record, to learn that in one afternoon I had, without being aware of it, expended something uncommonly near the amount of my one year's allowance; and for it I could show a fair quantity of various wines, cigar boxes, easy-chairs, sofas, prints, and such decorations for my rooms as seemed to me to be, after all, only absolutely necessary.

Once installed, I began my University life with such a genuine appreciation of its pleasures, and such a hearty capacity for enjoyment, as few, even of my own age, possessed, and which, alas! was not to be of very long duration. I say "alas!" And *eheu! fugaces annos*, rises to my lips, as it has to those of so many others since that old heathen *bon vivant* first struck the chord of middle-aged sympathy.

But I am not about to linger unnecessarily over these scenes of *ma première jeunesse*, like a disembodied spirit recently set free, which is, according to certain theories, said to hover about the spots on earth it once loved so well, and from which it has departed with regret.

My Time at Cowbridge was for the most part a thoughtless, careless, happy, idle, selfish time spent in a Paradise without resident Eves, and where one went peaceably to sleep within the shadow of the ancient Tree of Knowledge. There stood the Tree; the industrious climbed it and plucked its fruits, the lazy remained beneath, and, instead of plucking, were themselves plucked. Some thrived on the windfalls. Those who were neither studious nor idle, or whose taste lay in a direction different from that in which the University insisted upon her sons taking their way if they would profit by the rewards and prizes in her gift, took such fruit as lay within their reach, and finally wrote B.A. or B.C.L. after their names, and with this valuable addition entered the world of work outside the borders of the University.

One morning, during my third term, as I was lounging over breakfast, two letters were brought to me by our worthy landlady, Mrs. Freshly (excellent, motherly, respectable, old lady you were, and sorely tried by Mr. Freshly, whose reputation as a trowser-cutter was only excelled by his fame as a bruiser), one from Langoran House, and the other from Austin.

The latter had more interest for me, so after debating with myself to which I should give the preference in order of opening, I finally decided for Austin's.

"Dear Cecil,—It is a long time since you heard from me. Once more I have been abroad, and not abroad only, but half over England since we last met. I have no good news to tell, and sooner or later you will hear of what has happened, from some friend or other, and I can tell you no more than they can, for in spite of every effort to unravel the mystery, we are—and, I am deeply grieved to think that for a long time we shall be—without any safe clue to guide us in this unhappy affair. I cannot now write at length to you, as I am bound by a promise to my father to pursue what will prove, as I have already expressed my fear, an ineffectual search before communicating with my brother in India, from whose impulsive and hot character we are led to apprehend some violence."

Up to this point the letter that Lord Monteagle received was a plain and simple statement compared with this of Austin's, whose correspondence had invariably been remarkable for its perspicacity, its thoughtful method, and its cheerful tone.

The thought that now occurred to me in reading seemed to have struck him in writing, as, after a dash with the pen, implying a break in the sequence of his ideas, he went on to say—

"*I stop to look over what I have written.* Were I to destroy it, perhaps

I should not now write at all. But I find that I have not told you—it seemed to me that everyone knew it, and that you at all events would have learnt it ere this should have reached you—hear it then from me—Alice has left her home. There are two letters of hers: one to her husband, one to my mother, enclosing a message for me. It is now more than a month since she disappeared, and as yet we have been unable to trace her movements. Sir Frederick Sladen has made no extraordinary effort to discover her; and his mother has written to express a wish that further intercourse between our families may at once cease, intimating that, as at present advised, her son will take the necessary steps to free himself from the tie by which, against her (his mother's) advice, he had bound himself. The message enclosed to me is a sad one. Poor Alice! once so religious, so devoted to all that was good, seems to have become a soul without faith in God, or trust in man. Two years since I noticed, sadly, but not without hope, the change that was gradually coming over her. Alas, my experience then was only a boy's—was only that of a young and loving brother, who had grown up to pet and spoil his sister. True, that we conversed earnestly on grave subjects, and that while she leapt to conclusions, my slower mind was contented to wait until I could prove by a logical method whether her conclusions were correct. She looked up to me, I know, for guidance and instruction; it was she who determined me on carrying out my own bent towards the Church, but from the moment I began to study the questions which such an exalted profession seemed to entail upon me, I was unable to direct her, for I myself had already begun to lose myself in doubt. Then, when I could no longer conscientiously answer her difficulties, when, indeed, my replies only confirmed her in her growing scepticism, then she no longer sought my guidance, but that of some other, who had been, for his own vile purposes, slowly but surely poisoning the pure well of her mind, and the impulse that would before have driven her almost to fanaticism for an ideal cause, good and holy in itself, now urged her on a downward career where it is impossible to retrace her steps. Such, my dear Cecil, my dear friend, is *my* view. Who is to blame for all this? as yet I dare not say, nor would I venture now to hint my suspicions. You know my deep affection for our Alice, and this shock seems to have aged me more in a short time than I could have imagined of any, even the most bitter, grief. You will scarcely know me again. On my return, I have made up my mind to finish my course here as quickly as I can; indeed, if my father does not object, I shall leave Bulford without taking a degree (I can come up and do that at any future time), and shall proceed to St. Bede's, the Diocesan Theological College, where, in perfect retirement, I am informed, I can devote my whole time to the special studies for which it was instituted. A friend, a clergyman, has offered to give me an opportunity of seeing what practical village work is whenever I like to go and spend a part of my vacation with him in North Wales. A letter to my college will find me at present; but you shall hear from me again shortly, when I hope against hope to have some better tidings to give you than are contained in this letter from your

"Most sincere friend,

"AUSTIN."

With this letter in my hand, I sat in my chair for half an hour or more meditating vaguely. Now, I vividly recalled the conversations to which I had listened in the past, and as Alice's life, as I had known it, gradually unfolded itself before me, I, too, began to wonder of what use had been all those pious sentiments and practices of hers against *the* one temptation when it came.

The day on which I received the letter from Austin I felt was one to be recorded carefully in my diary; the very diary that contained the other unfinished entry, of which, alas! this must form the continuation,—And the end?

I have said before, that I did not intend to dwell upon the details of life at Tudor College, Cowbridge, except as they might crop up incidentally, and be involved in my own personal narrative. And this is why I have already skipped over my two first terms as being, in regard to my present object in view, void of particular interest. Dr. Falkner continued to be popular; I increased my circle of acquaintances; we all did pretty much what we liked, doing it also pretty well when we liked; and, as Uncle Herbert observed, who had been on a visit to me for three weeks (having nowhere else just then to go, and University life being a novelty to him), "You have a remarkably pleasant time of it; but when do you work?"

The answer to this I had yet to supply for myself. Uncle Herbert was delighted at having a new place where, as his phrase was, "he could hang up his hat;" for he was one of those companionable beings who cannot get on without someone on whom to lean, to which someone the leaner may, indeed, be far from useless. This was Uncle Herbert exactly. Alone, he was as helpless as a detached cart-wheel lying by the roadside; and I am of opinion that nature can present us no stronger instance of utter hopeless helplessness than that melancholy spectacle of a solitary cart-wheel.

"So," said my Uncle, on this double-letter morning, entering the room quickly, contrary to his usual habit, "I see you've some correspondence from home." It was lying on the table while I was making a careful memorandum in my diary.

"Yes. I haven't opened it yet."

"No?" exclaimed Uncle Herbert. He walked to the window and fidgetted.

"I've been to the Chatham," he said presently, mentioning a club to which I had obtained for him the *entrée*, so long as he might be my guest at the University.

"Ah!" I said, continuing my diary.

"And seen the papers," he continued.

"Anything in them?" I asked, for the sake of civility.

"Yes," returned my Uncle. "I don't often read the *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*, but it's a most extraordinary thing, that whenever I do I always find somebody mentioned whom I know."

"Odd."

It had struck me, at first, that he might have fallen upon this news about Lady Frederick Sladen, but evidently he was not leading up to that now.

"Open your letter," he said.

"It's my father's hand," I remarked; then, on observing it more closely, I detected a marked difference between his writing and that on this envelope.

"Yes. That's Cavander's," said Uncle Herbert; "I suppose, from long partnership, he and your father write so much alike I can hardly tell the distinction; their clerks write like them, too. Dangerous faculty, imitation. What does he say?"

"He writes, he says, for my father, who is not very strong just now. It is to apprize me that—good heavens!——"

And I broke off abruptly, for I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"I thought you'd be astonished," said Uncle Herbert, gloomily.

"You knew it, then?"

"I bought a paper."

He produced one from his pocket, and while I continued staring stupidly at the same intelligence conveyed in Cavander's letter, he read aloud—

On the 9th instant, at Langoran House, Kennington, Lady Colvin, wife of Sir John Colvin, Bart., of a son.

(*To be continued.*)

POPE'S GAME OF OMBRE.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,—
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care,
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

I.

Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

II.

As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

III.

Him Basto follow'd; but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.

IV.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest, his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls, undistinguished, by the victor Spade!

V.

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride;
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread,
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

VI.

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
The embroider'd King who shows but half his face,

VII.

And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.

VIII.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.

IX.

An Ace of Hearts steps forth; the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand and mourn'd his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Rape of the Lock.

Out of the multitudes who read and admire the above lines, how few really understand them! It is seen that they relate to a game of cards for three persons, having some sort of affinity to Whist, but the names and the conduct of the play are so strange and unfamiliar, that it is impossible, from the verses alone, to form any definite idea of the transaction they are intended to describe.

The game of Ombre,[1] although so fashionable in Pope's time as to warrant him in depicting it as one of the standard amusements of the English Court, has now so completely fallen into oblivion, that not only are the oral traditions of it forgotten, but none of the books on games current in the present day (so far as we know) even mention its name.

It is, however, a pity that a game made classical by one of our most admired poets should be thus lost sight of; and we hope to be able to restore the knowledge of its structure, an object otherwise desirable, inasmuch as the game is a very interesting one, well worth revival.

We have lately been favoured with the loan of a little book, which has been preserved, probably ever since the date of its publication, in a noble family, and which enables us to present a description of the game as it was known in Pope's day. This book appeared originally in 1720 (eight years after the publication of the "Rape of the Lock") under the name of the "Court Gamester"; it was written, as the title-page states, expressly for the use of the young princesses, the daughters of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.; and Ombre, being the most fashionable game, stands first in its pages. The copy before us is the sixth edition, dated 1739; and there can be little doubt that the game of Ombre it describes is identical with that played at Hampton Court Palace in the days when Belinda is supposed to have encountered the two adventurous Knights in the imaginary tournament so picturesquely described.

The description of the game opens as follows:—

"The game of Ombre owes its invention to the Spaniards, and has in it a great deal of the gravity peculiar to that nation. It is called *El hombre*, or *the* MAN. It was so named as requiring thought and reflection, which are qualities peculiar to man; or rather, alluding to HIM who undertakes to play the game against the rest of the gamesters, and is called *the* MAN. To play it well requires a great deal of application; and let a man be ever so expert, he will be apt to fall into mistakes if he think of anything else, or is disturbed by the conversation of those that look on.

"Attention and quietness are absolutely necessary in order to play well. Therefore if the spectators are discreet, they will be satisfied with the pleasure of seeing it played, without distracting the gamesters.

"What I have said is not to persuade any who have a mind to learn it, that the pleasure is not worth the pains. On the contrary, it will be found the most delightful and entertaining of all games to those who have anything in them of what we call the Spirit of Play."

This encomium is well deserved, for we can bear testimony that Ombre has great merits:—it gives much scope for skilful play, and is extremely varied and amusing. It is, moreover, a highly original game, having very peculiar features. The fact of its being for three players should render it acceptable, as there is scarcely any good game now known for that number of players.[1]

Like all other games, Ombre has been played in different places with considerable variety in the minor details. In the following description we shall adhere as closely as possible to the English Court game. Owing to its unusual features, it requires some attention in beginning to learn, but the peculiarities are soon mastered, and will be easily remembered.

The Cards.

Ombre is played with a pack of forty cards; the eight, nine, and ten of each suit being rejected.

The order of value of the cards is very peculiar, being different in the two colours, and being also quite exceptional in regard to the suit which is made trumps.

[1] Pronounced, not as in French, but *Ombré*.

[1] At a later date Ombre became altered into a game called Quadrille, for four players, and which was described in an article on "Games at Cards for the Coming Winter," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December 1861. This article has become famous on several grounds:—It was the first introduction to this country of the game of Bézique, now so popular;—it contained the first account of Piquet, so clear as to enable it to be learnt from a written description:—and a remark in it on Whist gave rise to an entirely new class of Whist Literature, that has immensely improved the general knowledge of this fine game.

For suits *not trumps* the order is as follows:—

Red Suits.	*Black Suits.*
King	King
Queen	Queen
Knave	Knave
Ace	Seven
Two	Six
Three	Five
Four	Four
Five	Three
Six	Two
Seven	

(The two black Aces are always trumps, and are not therefore included above.)

For the *trump* suit the order of value is as follows:—

First comes the Ace of Spades, which, *whatever be the trump suit,* always ranks as the best trump card, and is called *Spadille.*

Second in rank comes what would be the *lowest* card if the suit were not trumps, *i.e.* the Seven if red, and the Two if black; this is called *Manille.*

Third comes the Ace of Clubs, which, whatever be the trump suit, is always ranked as the third best trump card, and is called *Basto.*

Fourth, if the trump suit be red, comes the Ace of that suit, which is called *Ponto;* if black there is no Ponto.

After these come the other cards of the trump suit in their usual order, so that the complete suit of trumps is as follows:—

If Red.	*If Black.*
Ace of Spades (Spadille)	Ace of Spades (Spadille)
Seven (Manille)	Two (Manille)
Ace of Clubs (Basto)	Ace of Clubs (Basto)
Ace (Ponto)	King
King	Queen
Queen	Knave
Knave	Seven
Two	Six
Three	Five
Four	Four
Five	Three
Six	

It will be seen there are twelve trumps when the suit is red, but only eleven when black.

The three best trump cards with the special names are called "Matadores," or shortly, "Mats." They have the privilege that the holder is not bound to follow suit with either of them when trumps are played, unless the card *led* be a higher Mat, which forces a lower one, if there is no other trump in the hand.

Dealing.

To decide who shall have the first deal, cards are given round, and whoever has the first black Ace, deals first.

The dealing goes round *the contrary way* to that usual in other games, the dealer beginning on his right hand.

Nine cards are given to each player, not singly, but in parcels of three at a time.

The remaining thirteen cards form a stock, or *talon* (as at Piquet), and are placed to the right of the dealer, to be appropriated by the players who discard, as hereafter explained.

No trump card is turned up, the trump suit being determined in another way.

Every deal is a fresh game, the deal passing on in turn round to the right hand, in the direction of the play.

Selection of the Ombre.

The cards being dealt, the next thing is to determine who shall be "Ombre," this being the name given to one of the players who takes the principal part in the game. It is his province to play against the other two;—and he undertakes, independently, to win the game, which consists in making more tricks than either of his opponents. To do this certainly he must make five tricks; but four will suffice if each of the other players makes two.

As the process for the choice of the Ombre is somewhat complicated, it will simplify the description to distinguish the three players by the letters A, B, and C: C being the dealer, A the elder hand sitting on his right, and B the one between them.

The elder hand has the first option of being Ombre. He therefore examines his hand to form an opinion as to his chance of winning the game. In doing this he has to take into account two great privileges he will possess.

1. He will have the power of deciding what suit shall be trumps. And

2. He will be at liberty to discard from his hand any number of cards he pleases, and to substitute for them an equal number taken from the top of the talon, or stock, whereby he may exchange useless for useful cards; and thus considerably improve his chance of winning.

If, these things being considered, he thinks he may win the game, he intimates his willingness to become Ombre by the formula, "I ask leave," or "I will play."

Before, however, he obtains the leave desired, the player to his right, B, has the option whether he will take Ombre on a more restricted condition, *i.e.* without discarding; or, as it is technically termed, *sans prendre.* If he will, he says so. And if the elder hand, A, then chooses to play *sans prendre*, he has the preference; if not, the other claimant, B, becomes Ombre.

If B does not choose to play *sans prendre*, he says, "I pass," and the same privilege goes on to C. If both B and C pass, A becomes Ombre. If the elder hand choose to play *sans prendre*, he must say so on first looking at his cards, when he becomes Ombre without question; he cannot play *sans prendre* after having asked leave.

It may happen, however, that the elder hand does not like the look of his cards, and is not inclined to take Ombre. He then says, "I pass," and the option goes to B. If he asks leave, C may offer *sans prendre*, and the same process is gone through as before named; B having the preference, if he choose to claim it on the same condition.

If no one is inclined to be Ombre, *i.e.* if all three "pass," the game is not played, but the parties go on to the next deal, which is taken by the player to the right of the former one.

Discarding.

When the Ombre is appointed, if he does not play *sans prendre*, he is at liberty to discard from his hand any number of cards he chooses, and to substitute for them an equal number taken from the top of the stock.

After Ombre has discarded, the player to his right may discard and take in, in like manner, and after him the third player.

Each discard is of course concealed from the other players.

If any cards are ultimately left in the stock, the last discarder (as at Piquet) may look at them, and after him the two other players. But if he does not wish to see them, they must remain concealed from all.

The Play.

The play for tricks then proceeds in the same manner as at Whist, except that it goes round the contrary way, the party to the right of the dealer leading to the first trick. The following suit, trumping, &c., are precisely like Whist, except as to the privilege of the three Mats, which, as already explained, need not be played to smaller trumps led.

The Ombre has to play against the two others, who have a combined interest in opposing him. They must therefore play on some sort of system, so as to use their forces to the best advantage, and some rules on this point will be given hereafter. It is best for their interests that they should not be equally strong, but that one opponent should be much stronger than the other, and should take the principal conduct of the opposition to the Ombre, the other doing little or nothing. According to some modes of play, used in Spain, this is arranged openly before the discard, the strong opponent being called the *Contra Ombre* and the weak one the *Companion.* But in the English game this is not the custom, the respective parts being only revealed by the play.

There is, however, a certain privilege allowed. If the strong opponent has already played the winning card of a commenced trick, and the other opponent is last player, the former can

advise the latter not to win it, the division of the tricks being a matter of considerable importance to the defence.

The play may have either of three results :—

1. Ombre may fulfil his undertaking to get more tricks than either of the other players, thus winning the game. Or,

2. One of the other players may win the game, gaining the largest number of tricks; this is called *Codille.* Or,

3. The game may be drawn, by Ombre and the most successful opponent both getting the same number, or by the parties getting three tricks each. In this case no one wins; but the Ombre, having failed to fulfil his undertaking, is obliged to make a forfeit to the pool, as hereafter explained.

The Vole.

If Ombre makes the first five tricks (which ensures him the game), he may, if he chooses, go on playing, with the intention of gaining, if he can, the whole nine (called the *Vole*). This is a separate speculation on his part. After announcing his intention, the opponents have the liberty to show each other their hands, to enable them the better to defeat Ombre's design.

Payments.

We now come to the effect of the play in gains or forfeits. The arrangement of these is very variable, depending on the customs in different places, and on the fancy of the players, who may arrange beforehand any system or amounts they think fit.

The system of payments described in the "Complete Gamester" appears very complicated, so much so that one could hardly expect it to be adopted by persons learning the game afresh in the present day. We shall therefore venture to simplify it materially, and to describe a plan which, while it retains all the essential features of Pope's time, will be found so easy and simple as to offer no difficulty to the learner or embarrassment to the player.

The game is played with counters, which should be of different kinds, analogous to coins; and which will represent different proportional values as at ordinary round games. For domestic play, the simple counter may be worth a penny, and the larger ones may represent sixpences and shillings. Each player is furnished with a certain number, say five or ten shillings' worth, which he keeps in a little tray before him. There should also be provided a larger tray for the pool.

At the commencement of the play each player puts three counters into the pool, the tray being then placed on the right of the dealer.

If there is no Ombre that deal—*i.e.* if every player passes—the three players each add one counter to the pool, and the tray passes on to the right of the next dealer, the stake for the next game being thus increased from nine to twelve; thus, for every time of passing three counters are added to the stake.

The stake played for is whatever the pool may happen to contain.

If Ombre wins, he empties the pool.

If the game is drawn (by Ombre getting the same number of tricks as his most successful opponent), Ombre forfeits to the pool a sum equal to that already in it, thus doubling the stake for the next game.

If Codille is won by one opponent getting the majority of tricks, Ombre pays to that opponent the same sum as is in the pool, the pool itself remaining untouched, and standing over to the next game.

It will thus be seen that in every case, except when Ombre wins, there is something left in the pool, to be reserved for the next deal.

After a drawn game, or a Codille, the players each add one counter to the pool before the next deal; but whenever the pool is emptied, by Ombre winning, they subscribe each three counters, to form a new pool.

There are certain other transactions, independent of the ordinary stake, as follows :—

Supposing the Ombre holds all three

Mats; if he wins, each of the opponents pays him three counters. If the game is drawn, he puts six into the pool; if he loses Codille, he pays three to each opponent.

Supposing Ombre plays *sans prendre*, he receives or pays the same extra sums as described for the three Mats.

If he plays for the Vole and wins it, he receives from each opponent half the amount in the pool; if he does not win, he pays each an equal sum. (This is quite independent of, and in addition to, the ordinary transactions for the game.)

If any player revokes, or plays with more or less than nine cards, or exposes a card in discarding or taking in, he must at once forfeit to the pool three counters, which go to increase the stake for that game; it being understood that the stake played for each deal (and taken by Ombre if he wins) is the amount in the pool at the end of the hand, whatever it may be.

Rules and Laws.

It would take us beyond our limits to give any extended rules for play, or laws of the game. They may both be deduced sufficiently well from Whist, with easy modifications.

A player who has a good knowledge of Whist will find but little difficulty, after a little practice, in adapting his knowledge to the play of Ombre, the problems and situations being very similar; and the aptitude thus acquired will be far more valuable and more firmly impressed on the mind, than if it were the result of rules and directions for the special game.

Beginners are a little puzzled at first to determine when they should play, and when they should pass. The only general rule that can be given is, that three tricks certain and a chance of a fourth will justify an "ask-leave," as one or two additional tricks may be expected from the discard. To justify playing *sans prendre* (where there is nothing to hope for beyond what is in the hand), there should be, if not five tricks certain, at least four certain, and a good chance of the fifth. A renounce with several small trumps is very favourable for a *sans prendre*, as the opponents are likely to have several of the suit, and therefore one or more tricks by trumping are nearly certain.

It is not always good play for Ombre to begin by leading trumps, unless he has overpowering strength in them, and has good cards to bring in after the opponents' trumps are drawn. He may often steal more tricks by holding them up, particularly if a tenace or a guarded second be among them.

The most difficult part of the game for beginners, and that for which Whist affords the least analogy, is the play of the opponents. They are both interested in opposing Ombre, but their interests are not identical, nor is the play of the two alike. The best chance for Ombre is when the remaining strength is pretty equally divided in the two opposing hands: his worst chance is, when the strength is concentrated in the hand of one opponent. Hence the adversaries should aim at the latter condition, which is accomplished as follows:

After Ombre has discarded, the player to his right (whose turn to discard comes next) should carefully examine his hand to ascertain whether he is likely to be the stronger or the weaker opponent, and he should regulate his discard accordingly. If, for example, he has a probability of making three or four tricks, he is so strong that he should discard as amply as possible, throwing away everything except trumps and kings. The third player will then easily infer from this where the strength lies, and will make up his mind to his subordinate position.

But if the discarder after the Ombre find his hand weak, he should not attempt to strengthen it by taking in many cards, but should leave a good number, five or six at least, for the person who is to follow him, so as to enable the latter to get as much strength as possible, and to assume the chief part in the opposition.

The interest of the strong opponent is, of course, to make as many tricks as possible; first, in order to prevent Ombre from winning, and secondly, to win Codille if he can.

The interest of the weak opponent is somewhat different. He cannot win Codille, and the most advantageous thing for him is to get the game *drawn*, which doubles the stakes for the next deal. But in order to do this he must win either one trick, or three; he must especially avoid, if possible, making two, as this not only renders a drawn game impossible, but enables Ombre to win with four tricks.

It is often a clever stroke of play in Ombre to make the weak opponent win a second trick; and hence, rather than run the risk of this, the latter ought to throw away good cards.

It has been already stated that the opponents have a certain privilege in regard to the double winning of tricks; for example, if the strong opponent and the Ombre have both played, and the former has already won the trick, he can advise the third player (who is the weak opponent) not to win it over him if he think it necessary to the defence that the trick should remain with him. He must not, however, abuse this privilege by trying to win Codille by this means; if he does, the third player has a perfect right to act in defiance of his request. For example, suppose Ombre has made four tricks, and the strong opponent three, and that the latter wishes to get two more, thereby winning Codille, the weak opponent will be perfectly justified in winning one of them from the strong if he can, in order to draw the game.

Example of a Game.

We may now give an example of a game at Ombre, and we cannot do better than take the one described by Pope, and show how it complies with the foregoing account. There are many particulars which the poet has not named, and these we must supply as well as we can.

The three players are *Belinda*, the *Baron*, and another "adventurous Knight," whose name is not mentioned; he is but a cipher in the play, but he must have a distinguishing appellation, and we will call him *Sir Anonym.* The latter deals, Belinda sits on his right, being elder hand, and the Baron is on the right hand of Belinda.

We will suppose the following to be the hands originally dealt:—

Belinda.	The Baron.
Spadille	Knave of Spades
Basto	Seven of Spades
Two of Spades	Five of Spades
King of Clubs	Four of Spades
——	King of Diamonds
Five of Hearts	——
Five of Clubs	Seven of Hearts
Three of Clubs	Four of Clubs
Two of Diamonds	Two of Clubs
Three of Diamonds	Four of Diamonds

Sir Anonym.

Six of Spades	Six of Hearts
Three of Spades	Four of Hearts
Knave of Clubs	Three of Hearts
Seven of Clubs	Two of Hearts
Knave of Hearts	

Belinda, "reviewing her force with care," finds three Mats and a king, which justify her in asking leave. Neither of the others being in a position to play *sans prendre*, they both pass, on which she says, "Let spades be trumps," and proceeds to discard the five cards below the line, taking in five from the top of the stock.

The Baron, having next to discard, finds himself with four trumps and a king, which justify him in laying claim to the part of strongest opponent; he therefore discards the other four cards, and takes others in their place. The third player, finding his hand so bad, knows he must be the weaker opponent; but he ought to make one trick, if possible, and having already a renounce in Diamonds, and two small trumps, his best chance of one trick will be to keep his hand as it is rather than, by discarding, to run the risk of spoiling his renounce. He therefore does not discard at all.

The hands, as re-arranged after the discards, come out as follows:—

Belinda.	Baron.
Spadille	Queen of Spades
Two of Spades (Manille)	Knave of Spades
Basto	Seven of Spades
King of Spades	Five of Spades
King of Clubs	Four of Spades
King of Hearts	King of Diamonds
Queen of Hearts	Queen of Diamonds
Seven of Diamonds	Knave of Diamonds
Six of Diamonds	Ace of Hearts

Sir Anonym.	
Six of Spades	Six of Hearts
Three of Spades	Four of Hearts
Knave of Clubs	Three of Hearts
Seven of Clubs	Two of Hearts
Knave of Hearts	

Belinda's is a very fine hand, and she might fairly expect to win. The Baron's also is a good hand, and he would hope to win Codille. It is Belinda's lead, and hoping the trumps may be equally divided, she resolves to lead out the Mats to draw them. The play is then as follows; and in order that our readers may compare our prosaic description with Pope's poetical one, we have marked the number of each trick over the corresponding lines in the extract.

Trick I.

Belinda leads Spadille, the Baron plays the four, and Sir Anonym the five, of Spades.

Trick II.

Belinda leads Manille, Baron follows with the five, and Sir Anoynm with the six, of Spades.

Trick III.

Belinda leads Basto, the Baron plays the seven of Spades, and the third player throws away anything, say the seven of Clubs.

Trick IV.

Belinda leads the King of Spades, the Baron plays his Knave, and Sir Anonym (according to Pope) the Knave of Clubs, or "Pam."

Belinda must now be getting anxious. She has made her four certain tricks, and one more will win her the game. She knows the Baron has one trump remaining, but if one of her Kings makes (by his having one of the suit) it is sufficient. It is immaterial which she leads, and she tries the Club.

Trick V.

Belinda leads the King of Clubs; the Baron, having none, trumps it with the Queen of Spades; third player anything.

The Baron is now in luck, having brought in his fine suit of Diamonds, which he accordingly plays out.

Trick VI.

The Baron leads the King of Diamonds, Belinda plays the seven.

Trick VII.

The Baron plays the Queen of Diamonds, Belinda the six.

Trick VIII.

The Baron leads the Knave of Diamonds, Belinda throws away the Queen of Hearts.

She now has real cause for alarm, and her state of mind is admirably depicted in the poem. She is certainly "in the jaws of ruin and Codille," for if the Baron's last card is, as it well may be, another Diamond, she is lost. However, it proves not to be so.

Trick IX.

The Baron leads the Ace of Hearts, which Belinda takes with the King, and making the fifth trick, wins the game with great jubilee.

The result of this will be, that Belinda empties the pool, and is moreover paid three counters (guineas, probably, in a royal palace), for the Mats by each of the Knights, over whom she has gained the victory.

This game is a simple one, requiring no skill to play, and is merely interesting on account of the poetical description. Such of our readers as will take the trouble to learn the game and practise it a little, will soon experience hands of much more real interest; and we venture to assure them that the trouble they may devote to learning "Pope's game of Ombre," will be amply repaid in the pleasure of adding a new and most intellectual diversion to the amusements of their Christmas evenings.

NATIONAL EDUCATION FROM A DENOMINATIONALIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

The interest shown in the recent School Board elections, and especially in the election for the London School Board, would seem to point to a diminution of the apathy with which Mr. Bright, in his speech at Birmingham, charged the people of this country on the Education question, and which certainly has been one of the chief obstacles that has stood in the way of the friends of Education up to the present time.

A cry is now going up for a national system of Education; and whatever the motives of some of the principal agitators in the matter may be, there can be no doubt that the cry is laying hold of men's minds, and that the attention of the Legislature must be given to devising the best method for solving the problem of establishing a satisfactory system in the course of the next few years.

Oddly enough, the persons who are now accused of hindering the progress of universal Education are the very persons who, when the subject was still unpopular, and when Parliament considered it unworthy of notice, laboured in the cause, and laid the foundation of a system which has covered the country (however inadequately) with schools, since the commencement of the present century.

We wish to trace to their proper source the causes which have led to the apparently obstructive attitude of the supporters of voluntary schools at the present time, and to give some reasons why the Denominationalists may fairly claim to be acquitted of any such retrograde intentions as have been attributed to them. And if we speak principally from the point of view of the managers of Church Schools, it is because the National Schools in connection with the Church of England have been in the proportion of nearly three to one of all the voluntary schools under Government inspection.

The history of the Church Schools should in itself be sufficient to prove that their supporters have earnestly desired to further, and not to obstruct, the cause of Education.

No doubt they were originally founded on a distinctly religious basis. Those who built and supported them considered that religious training must be the groundwork of all Education worthy of the name, and that the highest object of the knowledge of the elements of reading and writing was to enable persons to read their Bibles, and to become good Christian men and women. Many persons are of the same opinion still.

For the first twenty years of the existence of the National Society no assistance was given by Government to the work that was going on. In 1832 the first building grants were voted by Parliament, and in 1839 further support was given. With these Government grants began the controversy on the religious question, the result of which was the adoption of the "Conscience Clause" in every school assisted either in the building or maintenance by public money. The Church, by adopting that clause, declared that, although she held to her principle that all education ought to be based upon religion, yet rather than leave the children of the people in absolute ignorance, she would receive those also into her schools, and give them secular instruction only, whose parents objected to their learning the Church Catechism, or any other religious doctrines inculcated in the school. The result was so remarkable

as to disturb the minds of theoretical objectors greatly. Scarcely an instance occurred in which a parent wished to withdraw his child from the religious instruction given in the schools; and the "Duke of Newcastle's Commission," composed of Nonconformists as well as Churchmen, reported, in 1858, that the religious difficulty was not a practical one—it did not really exist. A Nonconformist member of that Commission informed us not long ago that he felt bound to acquit the clergy and teachers under the old system throughout the country of any proselytizing attempts. Since that time the Church has made further concessions. The complaint having been made that the Conscience Clause was inoperative—that it was not sufficiently stringent, nor faithfully acted upon—the Act of 1870 imposed further restrictions. It limited the time at which the religious instruction might be given in State-aided schools to the beginning, or end, or both, of the school-times; and insisted that there should be two consecutive hours of secular instruction given both morning and afternoon. This was in order to facilitate the withdrawal of children from the religious instruction by objecting parents. This limitation, too, the Church accepted; and the supporters of her schools consented at the same time to the imposition of the Board rate upon themselves, in addition to the subscriptions by which they maintained their own schools.

Surely we have here sufficient proof that the Denominationalists have acted liberally, and have shown every desire to push forward the education of the children of the poor. They have only fought for the right of freedom in teaching the doctrines they believe to the children of parents who accept them and desire their children to be taught them.

The position taken up by the Denominationalists at the present crisis is really this:—"We have no objection," they say, "to a national system; but we have not yet had any system proposed to us which we can, in justice to ourselves or to the people, accept." Let us consider in their main outlines the offers that are made.

First, we have the system at present adopted by the London School Board. It is confessedly a compromise. And because it is so, and is therefore in many points unsatisfactory to a large body on either side, we insist for the present on the maintenance of the existing voluntary schools side by side with the Board Schools, since by that means alone do we see our way to securing the freedom of speech in religious instruction, which we consider to be the right of every Englishman. The Board system is virtually the British School system. Can this claim to have satisfied the nation? We say—Certainly not. The British and Foreign School Society was founded (all honour to the founders) three years earlier than the National Society. It had therefore the advantage of the latter in point of time. And with what results? The Report of the Committee of Council on Education for 1872-3 informs us that from 1839 to 31st December 1872, while upwards of 3,500,000*l.* was subscribed towards the building of Church of England schools, not 250,000*l.* was subscribed to the building of British and Foreign schools, and rather more than that sum was subscribed towards the building of schools attached to other denominations. If we reckon the accommodation provided in the same proportion as the money subscribed, we shall easily see that the amount of zeal and money elicited in its support cannot give the British School system any claim to special favour in the eyes of the nation.

Secondly, we have the option of a purely secular system. At the present time we are looking anxiously to Birmingham to see how the majority on the School Board there will work out their avowed opinions.

It may appear a startling conclusion to have arrived at; yet we think that, as extremes are said to meet, so in the scheme of the Birmingham League we see a nearer approach to, and a better

chance of settlement with the Denominationalists than in that of the London Board. Already a proposal has been made for denominational teaching, to be conducted out of the ordinary school hours by voluntary teachers. And this approximates very closely to the system at present practised in Denominational schools; in which much of the religious instruction is given by the clergy—that is, by voluntary teachers—and it is necessarily given either before or after the regular two hours of secular instruction. The important differences are two, viz.: that in the Birmingham scheme the religious instruction is made an *extra* subject, and is therefore likely to be shunned as wearisome and unnecessary; whereas, in the voluntary schools, the children who are withdrawn from religious instruction are expected to observe the regular school hours, and receive secular instruction in a class-room during the time devoted to the Bible lesson. Secondly, the Birmingham scheme excludes the appointed teachers of secular subjects—the regular masters and mistresses in the schools—from giving any religious instruction. And the moral effect of this exclusion upon the children as well as upon the teachers would, we believe, be found to be exceedingly bad.

The alternative of relegating religious instruction to the parents and the churches is, as regards the week-days, a mockery; as regards Sunday, a perpetuation of sectarianism.

Is there, then, any hope of elaborating a system which, while under Board management, should yet sufficiently meet the wishes of contending factions as to become in the future a really national system? We can see no reason against it. We Denominationalists do not wish to stand in the way of it. But we should require some modifications both in the Education Act and in the Board system of administration.

And foremost in order, as well as in importance, is the fourteenth clause of the Act. The few words which constitute the "Cowper-Temple clause," and which were inserted in the cause of harmony and peace, lie at the bottom of half the agitation which has been kept up since the passing of the Act. As soon as ever it was decreed that "No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination, shall be taught in the [Board] School[s]," it became clear that the conscientious Denominationalists must continue to support their schools, and to resist the formation of Boards, with the risk of Board Schools, wherever they could supply sufficient accommodation without them. The battle that has raged round the twenty-fifth clause, and the slow progress of Boards in rural districts, are both attributable in no small degree to the insertion into the Act of the "Cowper-Temple clause"—the "gagging" clause, as it has been truly called. In the Scotch Education Act there is no such clause. In the Irish system Denominational teaching is fully recognized. In England alone are the Board Schools subjected to so irritating a limitation. Its introduction into the Act is the more strange and unfair, because the Act itself is founded on the principle of non-interference in religious questions. Parliament has washed its hands of the religious instruction. There is no State examination in it; no State pay for it. Yet in this particular instance Parliament has deliberately interfered, and limited that of which it had declared that it would take no cognizance. Its introduction, again, is contrary to our ordinary constitutional principle—recognized in the Scotch Act—which would leave to the persons elected by the ratepayers the unfettered power to make such arrangements for the conduct of the schools as may best recommend themselves to their judgment. The denominationalism even of the Birmingham proposal would appear to be condemned by this arbitrary clause.

The objectionable fourteenth clause being removed, it would be well that the seventeenth and twenty-fifth clauses should follow—the one allowing the remission of fees in certain cases in Board Schools, the other sanctioning the payment of fees in Denominational

Schools. The question of the desirableness of free schools is too large to enter on here, and is alien to our present object. But we believe that that which is not paid for is not appreciated.

But the subject of the remission or payment of fees in cases of poverty, is one that should be dealt with by the guardians of the poor, and not by the School Board. On the present system we are simply multiplying agencies to do one and the same work. It is the duty of boards of guardians to inquire, through their officers, into cases in which poverty is pleaded; they have the organization ready to hand; and although in some cases they shrink from this addition to their work, we believe that practically the applications would be very few, and that a wise supervision at the outset would prevent their ever multiplying. There has been an attempt to raise a popular cry about pauperizing those who are not paupers; but we confess that as the only ground upon which compulsory attendance at school can be justified is an hypothesis that a knowledge of the three R's is as necessary as food and clothing, the parent who neglects to provide the one is clearly as guilty as the parent who neglects to provide the other; and if the cause is poverty, he is equally a pauper in either case. Neither can we see any advantage in making the name of pauperism more obnoxious than it is already. The moral effect on the parents is pretty much the same whether they appear before a divisional subcommittee of the School Board and beg the remission of their fees, or whether they go through the same process before a board of guardians; while the latter have the means of inquiring more expeditiously and thoroughly into the circumstances than the former.

All the difficulties connected with the administration of the twenty-fifth clause would then be removed; for by the Education Act Amendment Act, boards of guardians will, after the commencement of January 1874, cease to pay fees in particular schools; but will instead give the parents applying for relief a sufficient sum, in addition to any other relief they may grant, to pay the fees for their children in any school to which they may choose to send them.

These alterations in the Act itself we should require in order to clear the way for a national system of education.

There is another point of equal importance in the administration of the Act by the London School Board which must be considered. The present mode of appointment of divisional committees and of Board School managers is a blot which should be removed at the earliest opportunity. It will be essential to a satisfactory national system that the managers of the schools should be persons in whom the public can place the fullest confidence. At present they are merely the nominees of the Board. In a large division the members are unacquainted with most of, and sometimes with all, the localities. Where schools have been transferred, the nucleus of the new committee of management has been formed by at once appointing some or all of the old managers, and adding to them an equal number of new ones nominated by the members, probably on the recommendation of the old managers. To appoint some of the old managers seems fair enough; but to extend their jurisdiction beyond their own particular schools might be most unwise. The schools to be first transferred will naturally be the smallest, least efficient, least well supported, and most indifferently managed. Yet it is rumoured that to the care of these managers will be entrusted the charge of any new Board Schools in a given district. It is not surprising if those who take an interest in, and have successfully worked their voluntary schools, should hesitate before handing them over to a committee of management so constituted, and should decline to see in such committees the proper managers for schools which are to claim a national character.

Whether this difficulty should be overcome by the election of the managers in the case of every school, or by the multiplication of the members of the

Board, so as to ensure the return of persons having local knowledge, remains to be decided. The former plan would have the great advantage of giving the parents of the children to be educated a direct voice in the appointment of the managers of that education.

This blot removed, we see at least the possibility of the establishment of a national system which might satisfy Secularists and Denominationalists alike. When we consider the very small amount of attention given to religious instruction in our public schools and universities, we cannot help feeling that there is some exaggeration in the language frequently used with regard to the subject in our National Schools. The daily chapel attendance at college and the Divinity lectures, are as separate from the regular course of secular instruction as the Secularists themselves could desire; but there are two things which help to keep faith alive in the minds of the public school-boy or the undergraduate: they are the *religious atmosphere* of the place itself, and the *home influence* during vacations.

The latter, unhappily, in the case of our National School children, is too often in the wrong direction. Therefore we desire all the more to preserve the religious associations of our schools, without which many of the poor children might grow up absolutely ignorant of God. Let us have the opportunity of doing this "ungagged." Let provision be made for Denominational teaching in Board Schools. Let the masters and mistresses be permitted to take their part in the religious instruction; leave to the parents absolute freedom of choice as to the instruction which their children shall have in religious matters; and we Denominationalists shall be prepared to consider the question of a national system, attained not by un-English uniformity, but by securing to ratepayers of every denomination, or no denomination, a fair representation of their principles, and an opportunity for the inculcation of their religious opinions.

EXPECTANCY.

THE wind went sighing gently through the trees,
The sun shone bright, making the bursting buds
Glance like bright gems in the soft-moving breeze.
Beneath the promise of the opening spring,
With flowers just waking from their winter sleep
Under her feet, fairer than they, she stood,
Her hands clasp'd closely o'er her throbbing breast,
As if she said, "Be still my beating heart,
And you, ye panting breaths of hope, be still."
Her eyes were weeping-ripe, wherein the tear,
Trembled to fall, like grain from o'er-ripe ear
Which the least breath of wind shakes to the ground;
So were her tears, one throb of feeling more,
Even at his footstep, heard and known, they fell.

SAVAGE WARFARE.[1]

I FEEL it is somewhat presumptuous in me to offer any remarks on military matters, not having had the professional education of a military man; but the honour has been thrust upon me, and I appear here as a matter of duty.

To those who have studied the military art as a profession it may appear a light matter to engage in war against savages who are armed with the rude weapons of barbarism and are furnished with fire-arms of the worst possible construction. An officer who has been educated in the rules that guide the movements of European troops might regard with contempt an enemy wholly without education, and whose forces, although numerous, are apparently devoid of organisation, and resemble at the first glance the uncertain surging of a mob. There cannot be, in my opinion, a greater error made by any commander than to regard with contempt his enemy, savage though he may be. It is true that in an open country a handful of disciplined troops is superior to a host of armed savages; but it must also be remembered that the natives of a barbarous country possess many advantages which in some measure compensate them for their inferiority of weapons and their lack of military education.

The African savage possesses, in the first place, a thorough knowledge of his own country; from his childhood he has run naked among the tangled forests and gigantic grasses, through which he can move with the ease and almost the celerity of a wild beast. Like the animals of the forest he seeks cover at the first approach of danger, and the jungle, which to troops in uniform is almost impenetrable, is to the native warrior a retreat that shields him from all dangers. Thus when the African is opposed to disciplined forces, he invariably relies upon the security which is offered to him by the difficulties of his own country. His tactics of attack and sudden retreat to thick covert are exceedingly annoying to European troops. There is seldom a chance of forcing him to fight in the open field, and his loss being therefore comparatively light, he is always ready to renew his attack upon the first opportunity. Although no soldier in our acceptation of the term, it must be remembered that every native is a warrior. From his earliest childhood he has been in constant practice with the lance and bow and arrow. His barbed arrows, frequently poisoned, do fatal service at a distance of 120 yards, and his lance is thrown with great force and precision up to 40 yards, and will fall into a body of men at 60 yards' distance. The common musket becomes formidable when slugs are used; and although all these savage weapons appear ridiculous when compared with our modern inventions, it will be found in practice that in close fighting in the bush and grass jungles these native savages should not be regarded with contempt.

It may be considered as a rule with but few exceptions, that all native warfare is conducted upon the principle of surprise allied with treachery. They will employ false guides and interpreters, who, having gained the confidence of the European enemy, will lead the troops into ambuscades. The natives will spy out the movements of the troops from the tops of trees, in which their dark bodies are obscured. If laxity of discipline prevail, the stragglers will be cut off and attacks made on the flank and rear. The favourite method of attack is during the night, when darkness reduces the danger from fire-arms. On such occasions the natives generally halt in a forest or in the grass, about half a mile from the camp they propose to attack. Scouts are sent forward to

[1] An Address given at the Royal United Service Institution, on Monday, Dec. 15.

ascertain the position of the sentries posted in advance of the main body. The scouts, perfectly naked, crawl upon their hands and knees until darkness permits them to approach within a few yards of the sentries. They then advance flat upon their bellies, and finally retreat with their information to the main body in the rear.

According to circumstances, the attacking force now approaches upon their hands and knees, they then suddenly spring upon the sentries, and with wild yells rush upon the camp. This attack will be extremely dangerous unless provided against; and in this manner they have frequently surprised and massacred large parties. An officer commanding European troops should always guard against two dangers—treachery and surprise. The strictest discipline should be exercised, and great care taken with regard to sentries and patrolling. On no account should natives, even though friendly, be permitted to enter the camp with arms in their hands; but their weapons should be left outside in charge of the sentry. A favourite mode of attack is to enter the camp armed, and when a sufficient force is collected, at a certain signal to rush upon the unsuspecting troops. I have known whole parties of slave-traders killed in this way.

From this short description of the tactics of the Africans, it will be easily understood that bush-fighting must at all times be most unsatisfactory to regular troops. They will be harassed by the fatigue of marching, in a hot climate, and by night attacks; men will be killed and wounded by ambushes, and there will not be even the satisfaction of a fair stand-up fight in the open field to prove the superiority of the troops. From an experience of some years, I found the best plan of carrying on a native war was to combine native tactics with the general movements of European troops. Natives never expect an attack to be made upon them on their own principles. Ambuscades may be met with ambuscades, the native camp may be carried by a night attack, and arrangements may be made to conceal parties of men in a long line with short intervals throughout the grass, so that the wily natives will inevitably fall into the snare.

In commencing an African war the first consideration is the outfit and arms best adapted for bush-fighting. With few exceptions long-range rifles will have but very little practice, as the enemy will seldom show in the open. I would arm only one company in each regiment with rifles. The remaining companies should carry single-barrel, breech-loader, smooth bores of No. 10 calibre. The cartridge should be long enough to contain a charge of 6 drachms of powder, with one No. 16 spherical bullet, and 24 mould shot of the size known as S.S.G. A short sword-bayonet, or broad-bladed knife, twelve inches in length of blade, should be fixed upon this gun as upon the Government rifles. This knife should be strong and sharp, but without the cross-guard, which will be an unnecessary weight. Such knives will be invaluable in camping out, as they might be used, if necessary, for clearing grass, cutting poles for huts, &c. Guns of the description named will be far preferable to rifles when fighting in the bush or grass jungle. The No. 16 bullet will travel a long range, whilst the mould shot will be effective at 150 yards, and will sweep the enemy out of the cover. One volley from a company will throw 2,200 shot and bullet, and this will be irresistible when delivered into a mass of men. Should the regiment break cover and advance upon open ground, a rifle company will be thrown forward as skirmishers, whilst another company of rifles will protect the rear.

Rockets, I have found, are especially valuable, particularly those known as Hale's 3-pounders, which really weigh 5lbs. In bush-fighting the object of the rocket should be to try the jungle before the troops advance. The forest or bush may conceal a large force of the enemy who will rush upon the troops when passing in single file, or may attack them on the flank or the rear; but a

few rockets fired into the bush at a low angle, so as to ricochet, and a few others fired at a long range, so as to explode either amongst or in the rear of the enemy, will disperse them.

A common practice is to surround troops with fire when marching in high and dry grass in summer. This is exceedingly dangerous should the wind be high, as the flame will travel six miles an hour. There is no greater exaggeration than on the subject of the speed at which fire will travel. Pictures will be found in Catlin's works and elsewhere of animals travelling at full speed to avoid the fire which is overtaking them. I have walked before the fire when there has been a very high wind, and I have never seen the fire travel at a greater speed than six miles an hour. Therefore, if troops should be surrounded by fire, instead of losing presence of mind, there will be plenty of time to clear the grass for a few paces in front and set it on fire in advance. Should the grass be dry enough to burn, on no pretence should troops be allowed to enter it until it has been cleared by rockets; or, should an enemy be in the grass, it should be fired by rockets far to windward of them. I do not know whether the grass in the Ashantee country is of the same character as that in the centre of Africa; but, if so, this must be recollected by whoever happens to be in command. There had been a massacre, a very short time before I arrived at Fatiko, of every individual of a slave-traders' party when marching through the grass. The natives set fire to the grass, and attacked the parties from ambush, and out of 103 men not one escaped.

Whilst attaching extreme importance to Hale's rockets, I cannot but express astonishment that the "three-pound" rocket should be rendered almost useless by the absence of explosive qualities. The rocket, weighing 5 lb. (the so-called 3-pounder), should be carried beneath the straps of a soldier's knapsack on the march. It is invaluable when troops are making a night attack, when it is most wearisome to employ native carriers, and very uncertain, as they might run away in the dark. This rocket should explode with a bursting charge of at least 1 oz. of strong powder, and upon bursting it should scatter inextinguishable fire-balls that will continue burning for at least one minute. This would produce the *ne plus ultra* for bush-fighting, for two or three rockets will suffice to shell out a stockade. I have used Hale's rockets throughout the Barre war, and in no single instance have they ignited the roof of a house. The rapidity of their speed did not afford sufficient time for ignition. This important defect could be easily remedied by the application of the explosive system proposed.

Field guns will be of little use in the bush, owing to the great difficulty of transport; and explosive rockets will be much more serviceable. The only use of guns will be for the defence of stations. I had ten guns on my late expedition, with bronze barrels, weighing 230 lbs., but having no means of transport I found them simply a useless incumbrance in marching, and the result of my experience leads me to condemn them as useless for actual bush-marching in Africa. The arms required are explosive rockets, powerful breech-loading smoothbores, with a bullet together with buckshot for bush-fighting, and rifles for long ranges.

Every man should also carry on the top of his knapsack, under the straps, a light but strong axe of rather soft steel, so that it can easily be sharpened on stone or with a file. Hard-tempered steel will chip upon the hard wood of tropical countries. The success of an expedition will depend almost entirely upon the health of the troops. Nothing is so conducive to the health of the troops as the possession of a little axe by which the men could cut wood for huts. It is advisable also to finish as far as possible each day's journey in one march. In an enemy's country not only have the men to build huts, but it may be necessary to protect the camp by a strong fence of thorns, so that it could not be stormed by a sudden rush in the night. This entails great daily labour, and cannot be easily accom-

plished without the necessary tools. The axe will thus come into play, and the sword-bayonets will be most useful for clearing high grass from the neighbourhood of the camp which might otherwise harbour the enemy. The grass will furnish roofing for huts and bedding for the men. My black soldiers' kit consisted of a scarlet flannel shirt, white Zouave trousers, gaiters, and sandals, with a good blanket for the night. No tents were carried on the march except my own, which I soon abandoned. I strongly recommend light marching order of this kind, from the advantage of being free from the trouble and delay of packing heavy baggage when starting before daybreak.

In every bush country silence must be most rigidly enforced in time of war, and the multiplicity of baggage is certain to occasion noise and chattering among the carriers, which may alarm the enemy when secrecy is indispensable to success. Secrecy and rapidity of movement are the first elements of success in bush warfare, and in these qualities unfortunately the African natives excel. It is therefore necessary to employ spies, and to keep in pay, if possible, some of those discontented spirits who are to be found in every country, and who, having quarrelled with their own people, are eager to turn against them. They must keep the commanding officer, *and him only*, informed of the movements and intentions of the enemy. These people are so treacherous and clever that they would engage as spies, but only to spy those who engaged them.

When the Khedive's expedition reached Gondokoro it comprised a military force of 1,200 men. The troops were occupied in building a station and erecting magazines for the vast amount of stores when the Barre war broke out. This tribe had been incited by the slave-hunters to resist the expedition. The population, which was very warlike, numbered about 1,500,000, and they entered into an alliance with a neighbouring tribe, with which they had lately been at war, for the purpose of making a joint attack upon the station, the only protection for which yet existing was a slight fence of thorns. Out of two regiments I formed a perfect *corps d'élite*, amongst whom, by the force of example and by the establishment of a code of honour, I produced an admirable *esprit de corps*. This little band of forty-eight, which I called "The Forty Thieves," was armed with Snider rifles, and with them I held a separate station one and a half miles from the main station on the banks of the Nile.

At about two o'clock in the morning an attack was made upon the chief station. The sentries had challenged and had fired at the sneaking scouts, and the natives then used all their tactics to deceive the troops. At a distance of about half a mile their drums and horns were sounded; in the meantime their main body was still advancing stealthily in the darkness, until suddenly they made a rush upon the station. Under the heavy fire of the garrison they were repulsed; but this attack was the signal for general hostilities throughout the country. I arranged strong parties of patrols—nevertheless every night was disturbed by the firing of the sentries upon the enemy's scouts. I entrenched the camp at head-quarters, and constructed a fort at my own private station, with ditches and earthworks. I determined to put a stop to the night attacks. I posted small parties of five men each evening under cover of the white anthills, or any other cover that could be found. In this manner I guarded every approach to the station *outside* the beat of the patrols where the enemy would never expect a guard. For this night work I substituted for the Sniders, muskets with eight buckshot rammed down above the bullet. Nothing could be more successful. The natives came unawares upon the guards, who were thus concealed, and, as the positions were changed every night, it was impossible for them to advance without being entrapped. Several of the natives were shot; one was captured and hanged on a tree on the following morning as a warning to the rest, and in a short time not one native dared to disturb the camp.

Finally I started with 450 men, and passing through the Barre district into the open country there was some sharp work for the Sniders for a few days, after which the natives took to the mountains and forests. Hence I determined to go to explore not only the open country, but the bush to which the enemy had retreated with their cattle and supplies. This, although very dense in some places, would usually allow the advance of skirmishing parties. I would suggest that an advance through the bush should always be conducted by three lines of skirmishers, each distant from the other about twenty yards. The skirmishers forming the first line should be only a man's length apart; the rear rank will form a protection, whilst the second line can if necessary face about and support either the front or the rear rank, whichever happens to be attacked. In this way I succeeded in driving the enemy whom I had to encounter from their hiding-places, and I captured their cattle with the loss of only a few men during a month's campaign.

Upon returning to head-quarters I found it necessary to commence operations upon the west bank of the Nile. I had brought twenty-one Arab horses from Cairo; and I would remark that wherever the country would admit of cavalry operations they should be always employed against savages. In the portions of Africa which I have visited, the natives have an extraordinary fear of horses, which, to them, are strange and dangerous animals. I have frequently charged with four or five horses, and once with only three, and have dispersed large numbers of natives and captured their cattle. Horses are invaluable, and when used up by hard work or sickness will more than have earned their cost. The Barre campaign had so far raised the prestige of the Snider company that their very appearance on the west bank of the river was sufficient to overawe the enemy. My force had been reduced by the return to Khartoum of 600 men and officers. These people were discontented, as the object of the expedition, *i.e.* the suppression of the slave trade, was hateful to them: many of the men were also suffering from severely ulcerated legs. Many of the black troops who remained had served with Marshal Bazaine in Mexico, and were far superior to the Egyptian soldiers.

The very sight of a red shirt, that being the garment worn by the Snider company, being sufficient to dismay the natives, I dressed all my troops in the same way. I pushed on towards the equator, intending to purge the new territory of the slave-hunters, who numbered about 1,100 men, and who were mostly Arabs of the Soudan. There were also many black soldiers who had deserted from the Government in Khartoum, and had settled in the employ of a firm entitled Agad and Co., which alone employed 2,500 slave-hunters in Central Africa. These 1,100 men were armed with rifles, muskets, double-barrelled guns, and were officered in imitation of the regular troops. They had endeavoured to excite the natives against the Government, though in some cases unsuccessfully, throughout the Upper Nile countries.

Arrived at the extreme limits of navigation of the Nile, at the foot of the last cataracts, in N. lat. 4°·38′, I found it impossible to make friends with the natives. I therefore left the ships with 150 men in charge of them, and started with 100 men for the country of the Loboré, there to hire transport and carriers to bring up the baggage from Gondokoro. From that point the whole of the expedition for the annexation of Central Africa and the suppression of slavery numbered only 212 picked men. For four days I marched with the 100 men whom I took with me through the Loboré country without a shot being fired; but in the meantime a general attack had been made upon the vessels, the Egyptian officer in command having of course neglected all the orders that were given him, and it was only after a severe contest resulting from disgraceful mismanagement that the enemy was repulsed.

My journey from Loboré to Fatiko

(N. lat. 3°·01′), and thence to Masindi (N. lat. 1°·45′), the capital of Unyoro—where an attempt was made to poison all my men and to bring up the garrison and slaughter them on the way—I have described elsewhere.

From Masindi I travelled, accompanied by Lady Baker on foot, with my little force for seven days, during the whole of which there was almost incessant fighting with the ambushed enemy, in frightful jungles of grass from nine to twelve feet high, and dense forests. By the greatest care during the march, and by the strict discipline of my little force of only 100 men, I succeeded in defeating the enemy upon every occasion without any great loss on my side.

I formed an alliance with Rionga, a cousin and enemy of the late King, and proclaimed him as the representative of the Government. I then returned to Fatiko, ninety-three miles distant from the new stockade I had formed in Rionga's country, to see what had become of the garrison, whom, fortunately, I found all safe. Here a final attack was made upon the expedition by the slave-hunters, who, however, were utterly routed with great loss, and from that time the whole of the natives continued in the most friendly manner to help the expedition, and slavery was entirely suppressed. The whole country was peaceful and prosperous when I left, and I established a corn tax with the greatest success for the maintenance of the soldiers.

In giving this somewhat imperfect description of a few incidents out of the many that have happened during the late expedition, I do it without the slightest presumption, trusting that out of so much *débris* of matter the military profession may perhaps find one or two grains worthy of collecting.

At the close of so difficult an enterprise it is most gratifying to me to bear testimony to the ability and energy displayed upon all occasions by Lieutenant J. A. Baker, R.N., my aide-de-camp, who has thoroughly upheld the reputation of the noble service to which he belongs.

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER,
Pacha, and Major-General of the Ottoman Empire.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CASTLE DALY,

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A BRIGHT sunny spring morning after a night of rain. Heavy clouds, like a dispersed but not beaten army, hung in threatening masses on the brows of a range of dark, slate-coloured mountains that shut in the landscape to the west, while the sun climbing the summit of a lower range of grass-clothed hills on the east made the waters of Lake Corrib dance in its light, and turned the rain-drenched trees that surrounded Castle Daly into a forest of diamonds. The house, a solid grey stone, many-windowed mansion, with a turreted roof, and four dilapidated towers ornamenting its sides, stood on a slope between two grassy hills and fronted the head of the lake just where its waters, after narrowing into a river-like channel through a pass in the hills, spread out again into a second shimmering sheet of silver where emerald slopes and purple heads saw themselves reflected.

The front door stood wide open that morning, as it generally did in all but the very worst weather, and from the top of its high stone steps a wide view was commanded. Frowning mountain heads and delicate purple distances, soft green levels shading into the blue of river and lake, the near ground being variegated with every gradation of tint, from black bog land to bright ferny hollows and cultivated fields. Just in front a lawn sloped from the top of the little eminence on which the house stood to a white road skirting the northern shores of the lake, whose windings the eye could follow till they were lost among the hills. Bold outlines and fair colouring were to be seen at their very best under the radiance of the spring sunshine; but it was not altogether to enjoy them that the different members of the Castle Daly household, as they left their rooms one by one, passed the door of the breakfast parlour where the meal waited for them, and sauntered, hatless and bonnetless, down the hall steps into the rain-drenched garden.

It was more or less a matter of course with them all to spend rather more of their time out of doors than in, and if there was anything to be done at a fixed time, even such a pleasant thing as breakfast, an instinct against punctuality gave zest to a little preliminary dawdling.

First, a boy of about sixteen came out with a book in his hand, at which he gave a careless glance or two before thrusting it into his pocket and rushing across grass-plot and flower-border to join a group of servants who simultaneously left their work, in doors and out, at the sound of a bugle, and flocked to the yard gate to meet the bearer of the post-bag, who just then made his appearance blowing his bugle and driving at an astonishing rate up the road in a jaunting car.

Next a girl, about a year younger, with a dark silk handkerchief tied across her golden-haired head, tripped down the steps and stood for a minute or two quite still at the bottom, with hands clasped behind her back, and her face turned up with an intent, eager, pleased look towards the sloping hills at whose base the sunny waters of the lake glittered. Last, hatless, with his hands in the pockets of his loose morning coat, appeared the master himself, Squire Daly, "his honour," as the people around universally called him. He stooped his head instinctively in passing the doorway, as if not quite sure that even its high arch left him room enough to pass under, and then stretching his unusual length of limb against the door-post, crossed his arms on his breast and looked forth lazily. A large, well-made, good-natured giant style of man was "his honour," with a sunburnt handsome face on which it was difficult to say whether an expression of acuteness or of lazy enjoyment predominated. His eyes glanced slowly, first with an amused twinkle in them towards his young son, the centre of a group of gesticulating servants, then over the landscape, half closing now and then, and peering intently as if to make out some object in the distance, brightening at last with a peculiar loving light as they rested on his daughter, who kept her motionless position at the foot of the steps, too closely wrapt in her own thoughts to be aware of his neighbourhood. He watched her for a second or two and then called out.

"Hollo! you Ell-woman, what uncanny spells are you weaving this morning for our undoing? are you summoning your kindred from the lake to help in your incantations? Come, leave the Good People, and pay a little attention to your father, you undutiful Princess of the Golden Locks."

The dreamy look vanished, the young girl sprang up the steps, and it was a brilliantly happy face, all sparkling with dimples and smiles, which received her father's morning kiss. "I had no idea you were down," she exclaimed. "I came out to gather your flower; I can't think how I came to forget it."

"I can. Your relations in the lake called you, and all the concerns of the upper world went clean out of your head, as your mother complains they usually do, you unpractical, yellow-haired O'Flaherty witch!"

By this time she had drawn him down the steps towards a flower border, and as she fastened a powdery purple auricula in his button-hole she said, "I don't believe she was a witch—that old Castle Hen heroine, only a true patriot, whom all Irish fairies were bound to work for. You may laugh at me as you will, but I shall always be glad that you called me after my yellow-haired O'Flaherty grandmother, and say that I am like her and Cousin Anne."

"Let me see, what was the penalty the old witch ancestress earned for herself and her descendants to the hundredth generation by her uncanny meddling with forbidden things—that all the gold they were ever to have was to be carried on their heads, never any in their pockets, was not that it? You stand a very good chance of exemplifying the prophecy in your person, madam." He lifted his daughter's hair, which had fallen down over her shoulders as she stooped for the flower, and crumpled it up in his hands. "Here is a quantity of glittering useless stuff; what a pity it can't be melted down and stamped with the Queen's head; though stay, does not the legend, or at least Cousin Anne's version of it, say something about its being useful to bind hearts together with?"

"Oh, but I don't think your heart and mine want any binding together, do they, papa?—and that is all I care for."

"Tell me that three or four years hence, and I'll listen to you. But look, Ellen, you certainly were making signs to your witch kindred. There is one of them waiting to speak to you down at the gate."

"Old Goodie Malachy, Murdock's grandmother! What can she want so early?"

Ellen ran to the gate and her father

followed, sending his loud voice before him as he went.

"Goodie, Goodie, didn't I positively forbid you to come here more than twice a week, and is the place ever to be free of you?"

The old woman dropped a succession of rapid curtseys and raised her hands to heaven.

"Good luck to me that see and hear the master himself this blessed mornin'! Shure it was worth while walking every weary step of the way to see the sunshine of his face and hear his voice, that's music to ivery poor cratur in the country round."

"You'll hear the music to some purpose, you old humbug, if you don't do as I bid you. What business have you here to-day I want to know?"

"Well then, Mr. Daly, dear, 'twas just to save Miss Eileen's steps I came. Is it dainty feet like hers that should tramp the soft roads, and, ankle deep through the bog, afther all the rain, to bring me the trifle of tay and shugar she promised me this day."

"But, Goodie, I don't think I promised to bring you any tea and sugar."

"May be 'twas the young jintleman thin, spaking to comfort poor Murdock, braking his heart, as he was yesterday at laving his granny to go to sarvice at Ballyowen for the pleasure of the mistress. 'It's me shisther that 'll look after ye, granny,' says the young jintleman, God bless him! 'and see that she never wants for the grain of tay, and the crumb of sugar, nor the drop of whisky that's needful to keep her heart warm widin her, left forlorn and lonely in the bog by herself.'"

"The young gentleman said all that to Murdock? You've a fine imagination, Goodie, but here he comes to answer for himself. Connor!" called Mr. Daly to his son, who had left the yard gate and was strolling towards the house, "come here and confess how many things that don't belong to you, you have been generously giving away."

"Nothing, at any rate to you, Goodie Malachy," said the boy. "I've not forgiven you for sending Murdock away. I've not had a good day's fishing since he went. What business has he, I should like to know, to be running errands for a screw of an old grocer in Ballyowen when I want him about the place?"

"Truth's in every word ye spake, Mister Connor, dear. I'd not own him for a son, let alone a grandson, who'd be mane-spirited enough to choose service wid a bit of a shopkeeper whin he might be doin' his duty by the family. It's brakin' his heart over the slavery of it, Murdock is, this minute; but 'twas no thought of my own. Shure ye all know well enough 'twas the mistress herself laid her orders on me. I'm tellin' the bare truth widout a word o' concalemint. 'Mrs. Malachy,' says she, standin' on that strait bit o' gravel walk where his honour stan's now, and lookin' at me out o' her brown eyes in the terrible searchin' way she has'—shure, yer honour, ye know it—'Mrs. Malachy,' she says, 'ye do very wrong to let that slip of a boy belonging to ye idle his time fishin' wid Mr. Connor. It's larning an honest trade he should be at his age.' And thin, a week after, what did she do but drive up her own self to my cabin-door, and ordered me out to spake wid her, and tould me straight out how she'd settled it all wid the grocer at Ballyowen for Murdock to go to him and run errants; and it was thin—for I'll tell ye the clear truth now, since truth's always fittest to be spoken—'twas thin, and wid the mistress her own self, that the few words passed about the tay and shugar, and the trifle of whisky by times to keep up my lonely heart, that brought me here this day."

"Come, Goodie, that won't do. You'd better have stuck out for Miss Eileen's or Mr. Connor's generosity; this new fiction won't hold water at all."

"Well, anyhow, 'twas to pleasure the mistress I let the boy go from me; and oh, the loneliness of the place widout his voice and his smile!—I that have had him wid me since his father and mother died in one week of the faver! What will I do at all widout him, yer honour?"

"Nothing but unlimited tay, shugar, and whisky will make up for the loss —that's what you mean, I suppose? Now listen to me, Goodie. Mrs. Daly has put your grandson into the way of earning an honest livelihood for his own good; and you had better get rid, as quickly as you can, of every sort of notion that we are to bribe you into being thankful."

"For his own good! Yer honour says it's for the boy's raal good; and shure a jintleman like you ought to know. Well, then, I'll walk back as I came the three miles and a half to my lonely bit of a place in the bog wid that word of comfort to my heart, plased and contint to have had it from yer honour's own lips."

"You did not suppose that Mrs. Daly had any other motive than the boy's good, you silly old woman?"

"And indeed she's altogether a sinsible lady, wid ways of her own beyant such as me to comprehend at all; but it's the word from yer honour I go by. Now I've got it, I'll go home contint."

"But I may give her the 'tay and shugar,' mayn't I, papa?" said Ellen. "I don't exactly remember promising—but——"

"Take care, take care; the tay and shugar have provoked efforts of imagination enough already. Give her what you please. If my recollection of Murdock serves me right, much of anything won't be requisite to compensate for the loss of his society."

"I don't agree to that," said Connor. "I wish my mother had fixed on anyone else to turn into a grocer. He was the sharpest gossoon about the place, and I can't get on without him. Look here, Mrs. Malachy, when you see Murdock, tell him there's something he can do for me at Ballyowen. I've heard that there are two or three swan's nests among the reeds in the creek of the river just above the town. I wish he could manage to get me an egg or two, and bring them up here the first time he gets a chance; and we'll have some fun together yet, in spite of all the shopkeepers in Ballyowen."

"That was not a particularly wise message, Connor," said Mr. Daly to his son, as they strolled up to the house together. "Your mother settled this boy at Ballyowen to keep him out of your way, I strongly suspect. You'll only bring him to grief if you tempt him from his work."

"It's a horrid bore. If ever I take to any one of the boys in particular, my mother never rests till he's sent away. It all comes from Pelham's having sneered about my ragged regiment, when he was at home last. He never knows what it is to want companions; he has friends enough all the year round at Eton."

"Ah, you ought to have friends. You ought to have been at school years ago. Your mother is right there. We'll banish no more bare-legged gossoons for your sins, but send you out of the way yourself, sir!"

"I'd be glad enough to be doing something, only it need not be to an English school you send me. I would not like to come back such a prig as Pelham."

"Easy now. There's your mother beckoning to us to come in to breakfast. I wonder how long we have kept her waiting."

Mrs. Daly was already seated at the breakfast-table when her husband and children entered the room, and, as they approached her, she turned up a fair, thin, delicately-tinted cheek to receive the greeting kiss that each bestowed.

"I should not have called you in," she said quietly, addressing her husband, "but it is Tuesday—the day when I always expect a letter from Pelham—and the bag has been here half an hour. Won't you unlock it at once?"

"I think I'll fortify myself with a cup of coffee first. There's no saying that there mayn't be missives in that bag for me that even Pelham's effusions won't sweeten."

He carried the letter-bag off to his end of the table with rather a provoking smile; and an absolute quietness settled on Mrs. Daly's face—not

vexation or disappointment — only a sort of stillness that seemed to put out, as with an extinguisher, the glow of soft colour that had risen to her cheek as she spoke, and to turn her brown eyes into cold shining stones.

He sat watching her as she occupied herself silently with the business of the breakfast-table, her thin, jewelled fingers moving here and there among the cups with quick, precise motions; and as he watched, the same tender expression with which he had regarded Ellen stole into his face.

It was that dainty reserved grace, those still patient looks on the fair face, that had won his heart years ago, when he first left his rollicking Irish home, and became aware of some of its defects by the contrast afforded by the habits of the well-ordered English family among whom he met her.

She, with her considerate wise ways and gentle temper, was surely the remedy he wanted for the evils he saw and did not know how to combat; and if he felt a chill fall on him after he had won her calm acknowledgment of preference, he comforted himself with visions of a magical awakening into full responsive love and bright enjoyment of life that would be effected by her transportation into the warm, bright, loving atmosphere he meant to take her to. He had not quite done with dreams and visions about her yet, though to other people it was evident enough that several years of weak health and weary contention against disorders she could neither tolerate nor effectually control, had not tended to make a naturally plaintive temper less sad, or to reconcile an over-anxious heart to surroundings of gaiety that were a perpetual jar on its forebodings.

"Come, Eleanor, will you say something pleasant to me if I give you your letter at once?"

She would not let the corners of her mouth relax into the least glimmer of a smile as she answered—

"I really want it very much; that is all."

"Well, here it is, then, and may it reward you. Here's something too for you, Miss Eileen—a scrawl from Cousin Anne; that illegant home-made envelope, with the stamp upside down, can have come from no other place than 'Good People's Hollow and the queen of O'Flaherty witches' herself; and now"—crumpling up the remaining contents of the bag in his hand and making a grimace at it—"shall I put myself on the rack for three-quarters of an hour for no manner of use, or shall I toss these rascals at once into the fire without giving them leave to cudgel my brains?" He made a motion as if to throw the papers on the fire, casting at the same time a comical look towards his wife, as if he expected her to interfere to prevent it. She was too much absorbed in her letter to heed him. It was Ellen who stole behind his chair and laid two detaining hands on his arms.

"Papa, I wish you would let me help you with your business letters. I could write for you sometimes when you don't like the trouble, and then people would not get angry by being kept waiting."

"Fine business it would be that you and I concocted together."

"I daresay it would be fine. Cousin Anne used to help her father in his business. We should be like them."

"No doubt we should; if we ever do set up in business together, it will be in Good People's Hollow fashion! Fine O'Flaherty schemes for weaving silk out of thistle-down, and making straw hats from wood shavings, you would drag me into! But don't raise your hopes; your mother will never let you get astride a broomstick and chase Will-o'-the-wisps with you dear godmother. Does she send you any news of herself in that crazy-looking billet you have in your hand?"

"It is only to tell me that she has quite finished her model of the three-wheeled car that cannot possibly be overturned on the bad roads between the Hollow and Ballyowen, and that old Brian Lynche has undertaken to build one. It is to be ready before the next great Ballyowen Fair day, and she

will be able to drive into the town and keep her own boys in order. 'There has been nothing but faction-fights and rows at Ballyowen on fair days, lately,' she says, just because she has not been able to look after her own people."

"Would not you like to be there to look after them, too, perched at Cousin Anne's side on this new Venus's car, and drawing a tribe of ragged followers after you safe out of the way of faction fights and whisky? We will have Pelham and your uncle Charles over from England to see the triumphal procession if that three-wheeled car ever gets built. Eh, mamma?"

The father and daughter had been so engrossed in their banter of each other, that they had not till now observed a change of expression that had come over Mrs. Daly's face as she finished her letter.

The sheet had fallen from her hands to the ground, and she was leaning back in her chair with her fingers tightly locked together as if she were struggling for composure.

Mr. Daly sprang from his seat, and was in a minute kneeling by her side.

"My love, what has happened?—what have you heard? Something wrong with Pelham?—an accident to Pelham? Speak, you frighten me out of my senses!" And indeed his ruddy face became almost as pale as his wife's, as he watched the effort she made to command her voice to answer.

"I have done wrong to frighten you; you will think nothing of the news—it came suddenly on me at the end of the letter. Pelham has been ill; there has been a fever in the school, and he has taken it. My brother Charles went to Eton to see him—it is he who writes the news; he thinks that in a day or two he will be well enough to travel, and had better leave the infected air, but he does not want to take him to Pelham Court for fear of carrying infection to his own children; and he is doubtful what we should like to do about having him here. Dermot, I must be with Pelham."

"Of course you must, and so must I. Don't forget that he is my eldest son as well as yours. Of course he comes to us when he is ill—the Pelhams have not made him so altogether one of themselves but that this is his home when he wants one."

"But the other children—Ellen and Connor?"

"They must take their chance, or they can go to Happy-go-lucky Lodge, unless you think a fortnight of unmitigated O'Flaherty worse than the chance of fever."

"And, dear mamma, there would be no danger for us," cried Ellen. "Why there is always fever, more or less, down in the village; and Connor and I go in and out of the cabins every day, you know."

"Pelham would have been as fever-proof if you had let him live at home. Castle Daly has some advantages, you see. Well, Eleanor, it will be something to cheer you up, and put the rest of us on our good behaviour, to have Pelham at home for the rest of the summer. I'll scribble off a line to Charles without loss of time, and gallop off with the letter to catch the post-car when it stops at the next village on the road to Cong. You'll be easier in your mind when you know that the letter is on its way, and your boy certain to come to you."

CHAPTER II.

When Mr. Daly returned from his rapid ride, he found his wife taking her daily number of constitutional turns up and down the sunniest walk of the flower-garden, which, by dint of much persevering effort, was kept up to a pitch of trimness and perfection that enabled her, while pacing it, occasionally to fancy herself transported back again to her old English home. This was rest to her spirit; if her eye had fallen on any token of neglect or disorder, such as she could not have failed to see at every step in any other part of the pleasure-grounds, the benefit of the walk would have been over for her, the fresh air and the sunshine would have lost all their sweetness, and she

would have returned to the house as unrefreshed as she came out.

She was standing with her back to the mountains, looking with satisfaction at a neatly-dug flower-border, when her husband came up behind her.

"Ah, that was a good morning's work of Ellen's and mine. We shall turn out accomplished gardeners at your need."

"Yours and Ellen's! Why did you trouble yourselves? Where was Saunderson?"

"In the sulks. By the way, I did not intend to bring you face to face with the misfortune so soon; but the truth must come out sooner or later. Saunderson has taken himself off. He chose to turn away one of the under-gardeners, and there was a general row in the place. I fancy his wife took fright at some threats against him, and carried him off by a *coup de main;* or else he heard of something very much to his advantage, for he took his departure suddenly."

"How long ago?"

"Five days. Come, confess that you have not missed your factotum yet?"

"I have only been out twice, and, Dermot, I had rather have known. I wish—I really wish that you would always tell me directly when anything disagreeable happens, then I should not live in constant dread of what I may hear."

"I did not know you lived in constant dread."

"I dreaded Saunderson's going for one thing—he was the only servant I could rely on for keeping order. He has had a hard life here among the other servants. I am not surprised he should go directly something better offered."

"No more am I; it was naturally nothing to him that he had been eighteen years in our service, and been more indulged and trusted than anyone else about the place. As an Englishman, he was bound to better himself. Why should he stick to the sinking ship like these poor benighted Paddies and Murdocks who leave their ragged coats on the rose bushes, and plant heads of celery among the geraniums? It would not have been becoming in him."

"Dermot, I wish you would not say such things."

"What things—against Englishmen?"

"No, about sinking ships. If you mean anything by it, I wonder you can say it so lightly; and if, after all, such speeches are only idle words, is it not cruel to be always dropping weights of apprehension on my heart?"

"I certainly don't mean to be cruel. You have not lived with me eighteen years without finding out that my speeches are not always to be taken *au pied de la lettre.* You must allow something for metaphor and the exigencies of conversation, of which in your company I have to sustain the chief expense. And even if there is a spice of truth in the words, why should you trouble yourself so terribly? The ship struggles on anyhow, not sunk yet; and there's always good prospect of the wind changing and plenty of excitement in the struggle. I don't think I could put up with a life of plain sailing such as your brother Charles has before him. Something of a scramble comes more natural to me."

"And of all things that is what is most hateful to me."

"I am very sorry for it; but don't you think, as it is just that sort of existence I have unfortunately brought you to, you might soften the expression of your aversion a little? Your lips can drop weights as well as mine, though you don't seem to believe it."

They were now pacing the gravel walk, arm in arm; and as he finished the last sentence, he laid his hand tenderly over the slender fingers that rested on his arm, and looked fondly in her face.

Her eyes were fixed on the ground; but she felt the look, for a little tinge of colour came into her fair grave face, and the dark eyelashes that swept her cheek trembled.

"Dermot," she said at last, "will you do something for me that I wish very much?"

"Have I ever refused to do anything that you wished since the day that you owned me?"

"Not little personal things—in those

I have had more indulgence than I cared for—but, oh, Dermot! I must say it: I have not had my wishes about the things near my heart—the management of the house, and the education of the children. You know that Ellen and Connor would not run wild as they do if I had my way, and that there would be other changes. I should think of the children's future welfare before everything."

"And curtail all your husband's present enjoyments!"

"And my own too."

"But, my dear, you have not any enjoyments except making yourself miserable. For my little Ellen's sake, there is hardly any pleasure I would not give up; but, if anything effectual is to be done in the way of economising, I shall not be the chief sufferer. It will not be a question of giving up pursuits and amusements merely, but of throwing over a number of people who have learned to depend on me, and will not do so well with anyone else."

"Because you have spoiled them."

"Granted; so much the more reason for not letting them suffer for my sins."

"Dermot, these are the old arguments we have gone through so often, when we have talked of these things together; they confirm me in a wish I am going to beg you to grant. But tell me first, did you post the letter?"

"Do you suppose I lost it on the road?"

"I supposed that, in thinking over Charles's letter, it might have occurred to you that there was no need for haste, and that it would be better to wait and write fully by to-morrow's post. Charles says that Pelham will not be fit to travel for some days; and he purposes to come to Ireland with him, and pay us a visit."

"Whew! that's a consequence of Pelham's fever I had not reckoned on."

"We owe him a great deal for his kindness to our son."

"Of course I shall give him a hearty welcome."

"I want you to do more. While I was walking up and down here, it seemed to come to me that this visit of my brother's—the first I have had from any of my family since I left England—would be the beginning of a new era to me. He will come with leisure to listen to our troubles, and consult with us on the state of our affairs; and, Dermot, if you would but open your heart to him—you know what he is in his own home and on his own estate."

"Perfectly well, and that he would not have the smallest hesitation in undertaking, at your request, to remodel this house and this estate on the same pattern. He would come back five years afterwards, confidently expecting to find it transformed into a district of Norfolk; and the Squireens (including your humble servant) and the Paddies behaving themselves like Norfolk farmers and labourers. He would, perhaps, give a little longer period for throwing the mountains into the lakes, and reducing all to sky and turnips."

"I always thought my brother was considered a particularly reasonable man."

"A much more reasonable man than your husband, I grant you, if you compare the actions of the two together."

"Oh, Dermot, the rest it would be to me if you would consent to consult Charles, and follow his advice! You are too——"

"Weak; never mind looking about for a word."

"Indeed, I was going to say good-natured, to bear to inflict what might seem, at first, hardships on people who prey upon you. You allow yourself that changes are necessary?"

"I allow that; I inherited misrule, and have let evils accumulate through sheer incapacity to see how to remedy them. If I thought Charles could really help me, I would listen to him gladly enough. There is some one nearer at hand, however, who seems to be solving some of my difficulties, in a native fashion, more congenial to the soil than anything Charles is likely to suggest. You won't easily forgive me for saying this, but if I were really to set about mending my ways, Cousin Anne would, I believe, be a safer person to take into my counsels

than your brother. She is combating Irish evils with Irish virtues, and he knows nothing about either."

"You cannot mean it, Dermot. I should feel set aside indeed if Anne's advice were paramount in this house."

"You need not be afraid. She understands your feeling about her too well ever to be of any use to me now. She will never intrude where she is not wanted."

"And, Dermot, you cannot seriously believe that a woman like Anne, who really seems to me sometimes to be almost crazy, could give better advice than my brother?"

"She knows the people we have to deal with to the core of their hearts, and he would never know them."

"But she is a woman, and he is a man."

"Ah, but you see, you are also a woman, and I am a man—though, perhaps our being English woman and Irish man makes a difference in your estimate of the relative wisdom of our opinions."

"I have never, that I know of, set my opinion above yours."

"Well, no, I don't think you have; you only set your brother's and all your relations' opinions above mine. I think of the two, the other would have been easier to bear. Never mind, my dear, you can't help it; most people would say you were quite right in your judgment of us, and I am not sure that I don't agree with you myself."

"You will consult Charles, then? If you knew how the undefined fear of coming trouble weighs me down; how the struggle after economies I can't carry out is wearing my life away—you would feel for me."

"I shall give you a pretty strong proof of how much I have been feeling for you all these years, if I take your brother for counsellor; and it will come to that, I suppose."

"Thank you, thank you; you won't go back from that word, Dermot? I shall be more at rest now than I have been since we married."

"That's something gained at all events."

"And during his visit, Charles will see a great deal of Connor and Ellen."

"And approve of them—of my little Ellen at least—if he means to keep me in good-humour."

"He will find her very different from his own daughters, I am afraid."

"Let him crow over her, on their behalf, as much as he pleases. I will not have my little one bullied. She has a warm heart, and a bright wit of her own, and I would not like to see them cowed and dulled by over-strict training. Don't shake your head at me, Eleanor. I have let you have your way about Pelham's education, and I am not saying it has not answered. He's had all the advantages you coveted for him, and been formed on your own models. I'm as proud of him as you are, but as for understanding him, or he me, he might as well be anyone else's son as mine. He has not been brought up in my ways, and he'll have no more illusions about me than you have. It is creditable to his understanding, no doubt, but fathers don't like to be too severely criticised by those who are to come after them. We shall get on together well enough, I daresay, when he comes home for good; but I shall know exactly how plainly he sees his father's incapacities, and how pat and ready he has all his plans for altering everything when his time comes. In due course it will come. I shall break my neck out hunting, or be shot from behind a hedge, by some poor wretch who adores me now because I let him alone; and who will have been educated into an enemy under some new system of management. Pelham will do his duty better than I have done, I fully believe; and, from my heart, I hope his reign will come soon enough for you to have many years' enjoyment of it; but I think I should like there to be somebody to look back with foolish delusions to the old times. If I ever get back to wander about the place, I should like to hear some of the children say, 'It was after all the home of our hearts when he was in it.'"

"Indeed, Dermot, I cannot have you suppose that Pelham does not love you

as dearly as do the others. He has, perhaps, a colder manner, but you should—indeed you should—teach yourself to believe that there are people who feel a great deal more than they can ever show—a great deal more!"

"Well, we will leave it there, then. What a delicious day it is! Won't you desert your pacing place for once, and take the walk by the lake you used to be so fond of—for the sake of old times?"

"That are going to change to better new times, I hope. It will be a new thing to me to spend a morning in taking a walk. I ought to go in and hear Ellen read, but I am in spirits to-day. I feel as if many new good things were to come from Pelham's return and this visit of Charles."

Ellen saw her father and mother set out on their walk from the schoolroom window, and was not sorry to perceive that the usual routine of her morning's occupations was not likely to be carried out. She threw away her book with an exclamation of glee, crossed her arms on the window-sill, and determined to begin the enjoyment of her holiday by giving herself up to what she called "a good think." She was ashamed to acknowledge it, even to herself, but she was very glad to escape the two hours' reading with her mother. She loved her mother and she loved reading, but somehow the two things did not go well together. She had thought it an honour when, two years ago, Mrs. Daly, wearied with changes between English governesses who disliked the country, and Irish governesses whose ways did not inspire her with confidence, had resolved to take her daughter's education into her own hands; but the arrangement had not worked well, and the lesson hours had come to be dreaded equally by teacher and pupil.

Ellen always came to the end of them with a painful sense of her own incapacity and folly, and of the utter uselessness of attempting to attain to her mother's standard of perfection in anything. Yet to win that mother's approval had been from her earliest childhood the very strongest wish of her heart. She adored her father, but her mother was her conscience—the high, incorruptible judge whose praise, hard to be won, she would have gone through fire and water to gain. She built castles in the air about winning this approval, as other maidens build castles about winning friends and lovers. In her thoughts she had been everything and done everything for her mother that a girl could do or be. She had saved her life over and over again; she had stood by her side when fortune and friends had failed her; she had nursed her through terrible sicknesses; and from these dreams again and again she had been awakened to meet well-merited reproof for little acts of disobedience and forgetfulness that could not be atoned for to Mrs. Daly by any amount of passionate feeling. "It is not caresses and protestations of love I want from you, Ellen," Mrs. Daly would say, with that sad look in her eyes that was a stab to poor Ellen's heart; "it is only a little thought." And all the time it seemed to Ellen as if her shortcomings were the direct result of excess of thought. If she had cared less passionately for her mother, and had fewer schemes for pleasing her, she believed she should have made fewer mistakes and remembered the little things better. Yet surely there must be some way of transmuting love into service, if only one could discover it? It could not be the cold hearts that did their work best. Now, to-day, it seemed as if a chance of coming at the solution of the problems she had so often meditated was coming to her. This brother, whom her mother loved entirely, who was just what she wished him to be, he would be the interpreter whose perfections would make plain what it was that was deficient in herself; he should be the model on which she would earnestly endeavour to mould her thoughts and actions.

She strained her memory to recall sayings and doings of his in former visits that could be made to yield ground for her hopes. She had been

almost a child when he was last at home, but—yes—certainly he had always been kind to her. He had lifted her carefully on and off her pony many times, and he had been very angry with Connor for frightening her with a gun one day when they were all out in a boat together. Ah, but how sorry she had been for having brought that anger on Connor! She remembered how Pelham's eyes flashed when he wrested the gun from Connor's obstinate hands, and how he had sat quiet and grave all the rest of the time they were in the boat, with his arm round her, as if he were still afraid of her being hurt—turning a deaf ear to the jokes Connor perpetrated, with a view of carrying off his defeat and his little fit of rebellion with a high hand. She must never do such a thing as that again; never let herself be made a cause of dissension between the brothers. Now she recalled that look on Pelham's face, she could fancy herself learning to watch him when talk and laughter were going on, to see if he were pleased or vexed, as anxiously as she watched her mother.

She must learn to be wise enough to say herself, and cause others to say, the right things, and ward off the little jars and sneers that made everyone unhappy. Yet if there were so many people to watch, would it ever be possible to breathe freely again? Ellen drew a deep breath, and lifted up her head from her hands as she reached this point in her meditation and met her mother's eyes, who, on coming in from her walk, had paused at the school-room door.

"My dear Ellen, have you really spent the whole morning in looking out of the window? Will the time ever come when I can trust you to find useful occupation for yourself when I am busy? It will be a great rest to me if it ever does."

CHAPTER III.

It was found that a week must elapse before the expected visitors could arrive at Castle Daly; and Mr. Daly, in order to undo any suspicion that might linger in his wife's mind as to his hospitable feeling towards her brother, busied himself with preparations for his reception and entertainment on a lavish scale, which struck Mrs. Daly as decidedly inconsistent with the project she hoped was to be the main feature of the visit.

He made several journeys up and down the country to procure horses such as he considered creditable to the establishment, for his guest and eldest son to ride and drive. He had the yacht, which was in constant use by the family for excursions on the lake, refitted, and the crew supplied with new clothes with the Daly badge. He overlooked his cellars, and added to his stock of choice wines. He sent out invitations far and near, for dinner parties and pleasure excursions. He suggested to Connor that it would be well to employ his ragged regiment of gossoons, hangers-on of hangers-on, in preparing bonfires at all the available points, to be fired on the evening of the arrival just as the travellers entered the grounds. He dropped hints of the expected arrival among his people, which he knew would bear fruit in the shape of assembled crowds and enthusiastic tumult of welcome.

"At all events," he said to his wife, "we'll give them a thoroughgoing Irish welcome, with all the honours, if it's the last time a Daly ever does it in this place."

"I must say I think it quite unnecessary," Mrs. Daly answered. "I do not think that it will even please Charles, and surely it will be very inconsistent with what you have to tell him of the state of your affairs?"

"Oh, but it *will* please him. I've always observed that your well-to-do, prudent people, who poison every pleasure for themselves by calculating its cost, are glad enough to take their fling of enjoyment with friends who have the heart to put the dirty thought of the money out of their heads. They throw the reproach of extravagance in their teeth when all's over, but they take to

the fun kindly at the time. You'll see Charles will. I'm not going to borrow money of him to pay for his entertainment—he knows that. I may have to go down the ladder a long way, but not to that depth. We—at least the Irish faction of us, Ellen and Connor and I—would die in a ditch first."

"Dermot, forgive me for saying it, but you know such words as those are mere talk. Charles is a great deal too much attached to me to see any of us reduced to need without coming forward to help us. And if you were gone and the children left unprovided for, it is on him they must depend."

"Ah, there you have me! That's the sting. You are really a very clever woman, my dear, whether you pretend to it or not. That's the point of the lance by which you are driving me to sit down in the hornets' nest I have made for myself, and submit to the stings. Right you are, not to spare to use it. However, don't be uneasy about this last flare-up of the dying light in the socket; it won't count for much. Let your brother see us in our glory, and enjoy himself just for once."

"You don't love him so dearly, Dermot, that you should commit imprudences for his sake."

"No hoodwinking you, I see, Eleanor. I did think perhaps that you would have taken it kindly that I should treat your brother just as I would treat one of my own if I had one; but it's true enough, it is not altogether his taste I'm consulting. I want to put a little heart and life into Pelham's home-coming this time. I'd like him to feel for once that, let him have been brought up where he may, he is eldest son here, and that so the people think of him. The recollection of what he is to them might stay with him for ever afterwards. I shall never forget the day I came of age, and the welcome I got. It will be warm about my heart when I die, let me come by my death where and how I will."

"But Pelham will not be of age for three years; would it not have been wiser to put off any demonstrations you think it right to make for him till then?"

"Wiser, perhaps, but then the demonstrations might never have been made. We shall all have been remodelled and grown too sober to enjoy ourselves before another three years are out. It won't do Pelham any harm for once to feel the stir of the *ould* life, and the ould warm feelings. If Charles thinks the enthusiasm is all meant for him, take my word for it he'll laugh at us in his sleeve, but he'll like it."

Mr. Daly was not mistaken in his estimate of his brother-in-law's humour.

The hospitable, lavish, easy-going pleasure-seeking ways of the Irish household were as utterly foreign to Sir Charles Pelham's practice and habits as Mrs. Daly was aware they must be, but they did not strike upon him so unpleasantly as they had done on her when she came to take up her abode for life among them. He had come out for a holiday with a comfortable sense of having done a noble thing in the care he had bestowed on his nephew during his illness, and it did not seem amiss to him that some rather signal tokens of appreciation of his devotion should be shown. It was of course all very Irish, the bonfires, the shouts, the wild ragged crowd that beset the carriage a mile before it reached its destination, and insisted on dragging him and his nephew, at the peril of their lives, down the steep descent to Castle Daly. It was a laughable, perhaps a pitiable, display, but it was a thing to have seen once. It would give him something to talk of on his return home, and with the other experiences of his visit, lend a certain authority to his utterances when he held forth on Irish questions to his English friends. He was not at all disposed to take it amiss that his brother-in-law should have bestowed some pains on making his welcome so truly national. The person who *was* disposed to take it amiss was the tall, dark-eyed, gentleman-like-looking lad of eighteen, who sat far back in the carriage with his hat well slouched over his eyes during the triumphal progress, and who seemed, for the two hours and a-half during which it lasted, to be intently occupied in efforts

to keep his handsome head so exactly straight between his shoulders, that neither the men with grinning faces, who poked their heads in at the window of the carriage on the right, nor the women with up-turned eyes and hands raised in blessing to the left, should have reason to suppose that he had inclined a quarter of an inch their way.

Sir Charles, who had been considerably startled, not to say frightened, at the first on-rush of the crowd, and who, till he was fairly in sight of Castle Daly, was never quite comfortably sure that this was not a Ribbon riot he had got among, was scrupulous in taking off his hat at regular intervals, and muttering a word or two in answer to the jokes and exclamations of his wild welcomers. But Pelham only opened his lips once or twice to reply rather contemptuously to Sir Charles's anxious whispers, "You are sure it's all right, Pelham, eh?" "You don't think there's any mischief brewing, eh?"—whenever they came in sight of a new beacon-light glaring from an overhanging precipice, or when the joyous tumult round the carriage threatened to degenerate into a fight, through the determination of those who were behind to push themselves into a position to gain a nearer view of its occupants.

He was disgusted with his uncle for being uneasy. It was another element of ridicule in the proceeding; and, oh! what a fool he felt, sitting up there without the chance of escape, while a crowd of grinning men and horrible gaunt old women stared at him and passed remarks among each other upon his growth and his good looks! If he had not understood every word they said, Irish as well as English, it would have mattered less. The struggle to keep his head still and his eyes staring steadily straight before him might have been relaxed, if he could have avoided catching, every now and again, a familiar word, a phrase, a sweet tone among the hubbub, that in spite of himself quickened his heart-beats suddenly, and exposed him to the horrible danger of finding that his dignity and reserve were sliding away from him, and that he, sixth-form Eton Fellow as he was, might be reduced to the point of sharing the laughing, weeping, shouting, hand-shaking excitement of the idiots round him. He could hardly bear to believe in such a possiblity; but a something that came in his throat, and the disgusting tendency his eyes had to wink and smart as if there were tears in them, put him upon his mettle and gave him resolution to presèrve the wooden attitude of his countenance through all the appeals that met his ears.

"Shure it's himself thin. Blessings on the day I see him agin, though its nothing but a lock of his jet-black hair, that bates the world for beauty, that brightens me eyes yet. Misther Pelham, dear, I'm trying hard to get at ye, but the boys won't let me at all. I'm ould Molly Tully, the first nurse ye iver had, avourneen, who had ye in my arms before yer own mother, and did what was right by ye—wid the Holy Water—and tuck ye upstairs afore ye iver was down, that I might see ye rise in grandeur a step for ivery year of yer life, and niver forgetting ould friends in the height of the good luck that'll come to ye."

"Misther Pelham, yer honour, this way—give a turn of yer eyes this way—and ye'll see one that's thought of ye night and day since ye was gone, me wid the red hair—Dennis Malachy—Hill Dennis, the boys call me. Shure yer honour'll never have forgotten me, that picked ye out of the bog when ye was a little slip of a gossoon, and had lost yer way, and was crying fit to break yer heart. Don't ye mind how I carried ye home on my shoulder dripping wet, wid yer hands clutching hould of me hair, that has not lost the feel of yer fingers through it yet? Bad luck to ye, Murdock O'Toole, for pushing me back just as his honour was going to catch sight of me. I'll niver believe it's not glad to see me he'd be, once he knew I was in it; but how should he smile on us, boys, whin some of ye behave so badly, and won't let those come near that has the best right? It's ashamed of us, his honour is, bad luck to us for not knowing how to plase him better.

And he the eldest son of the Daly, sitting up there wid grand shoulders such as his father's son should have, and a face that bates all Ireland for beauty."

"Ah, here we are at last, thank God," cried Sir Charles, fervently. "There's the house not a hundred yards away. It's all very well to have seen such a thing as this for once, but I confess I shall not be sorry to find myself safe indoors, nor will you—eh, Pelham?—to judge by your face."

"There never was any chance of our not getting safe," answered Pelham. "The noise has been enough to split one's head; that was all there was to complain of. I saw the house half an hour ago, at the turn of the road."

He had been thinking that it had looked more like a real home when he had caught sight of it on the same spot three years before, at the beginning of his last visit, in the course of which he had painfully discovered how much of a stranger among them all his long absences and his different training had made him. If only he had never gone away, or never need come back, he sighed to himself!

There was his father standing out on the door-step, bare-headed, his tall figure and ruddy face seen distinctly by the glare of the torches and beacons, actually making a speech to the crowd that had now surged round the door, exchanging jokes and hand-shakes with the wildest-looking among them. Should he be expected to say or do anything while this horrible struggle between shyness and excitement was oppressing all his faculties like a night-mare? It was too bad. He resolved that he would not speak a word or give a look to anyone till he was safe inside the house. He got off better than he expected. His father came to meet him as he alighted from the carriage, put his hands on his shoulders, and looked in his face for half a minute. That was perhaps the worst ordeal of all. Pelham let his eyes drop to the ground, for he did not know what he should be obliged to say or do if he let them fairly meet the wistful gaze that seemed to be trying to read his heart, and begging him to give in to the feeling of the moment. After all, what business was it of the staring, gaping people round, how he met his father after a few years' absence? What could he do but look down?

"Well, my boy, go in to your mother—she is waiting for you," Mr. Daly said. And then at last the door closed behind the new-comers, while Mr. Daly and Connor stayed without to entertain and thank and dismiss their escort.

It was all over; but Pelham could not help asking himself all the evening why he could not have had a pleasant, unostentatious, matter-of-fact reception, such as he had shared with his cousins year after year at Pelham Court. A little fuss, a little excitement among the womenkind; that was only tribute due to sons and brothers and male cousins, but no such outrages on dignity and feeling as the ordeal he had undergone. He could not forgive it all at once.

He had come home with one or two articles of English schoolboy faith strongly worked into his mind. One was that people who talked about or in any way displayed their feelings were humbugs, and had not really any feeling at all; another that there was something actually insulting to a gentleman in having any personal remark, much less a compliment, addressed to him by an inferior. Unfortunately at Castle Daly these principles were liable to be outraged every day.

With the exception of his mother, no member of the household ever thought of concealing his or her feelings, or scrupled to make claims upon other people's; and inside the house as well as out his steps were liable to be dogged by a crowd of hangers-on, who thought an exaggerated style of flattery a natural form of address from them to him.

It passed his comprehension how Ellen and Connor could let themselves be talked to, and joked with, and wheedled by the idlers who hung about the house. He was disposed to be friendly with his brother and sister.

He had felt lonely at Pelham Court when the brothers and sisters there introduced him to their friends as "Our cousin from Ireland," and he had fancied he was looked at critically. It was in some respects a pleasant change to have belongings of his own, but he was puzzled to discover any common ground for conversation between himself and creatures whose habits and tastes were formed on such a different model. It was far from him to make any display of his school learning, which, indeed, was not anything remarkable, and he was quite content to say to himself that Connor's education was no business of his; but with his Eton notions he could not always conceal his contempt for the desultory haphazard fashion in which his brother's studies were carried on, nor his dislike to what he considered the pedantic display of out-of-the-way knowledge in which he and Ellen occasionally indulged. It disgusted him immensely to hear them talking eagerly by the hour together of the exploits of kings and heroes with breakjaw names, of whom no civilised person had ever heard, or to see them walking up and down the hall, with their arms round each other's necks, vehemently spouting rhymes which Connor (who could not have put a decent Latin verse together to save his life) had been fool enough to compose. Pelham's notion of learning was, that it was a thing to be acquired by gentlemen in fit places at proper times, and, being once acquired, the right course for a gentleman was diligently to conceal or forget it, and never on any pretext to make it a subject of conversation or display. It was a great shock to his feelings to find that he had a brother capable not merely of writing ballads on ancient Irish history for his own amusement, but of spouting them publicly to a miscellaneous audience of grooms, under-gardeners, runners, helpers and beggars, and of deriving pleasure and consequence from their assurances "that it was himself who was the great, grand poet intirely, and had the trick wid the words that would make all the hearts in Ireland bate to hear him."

Three years ago he had thought Connor something of a spoilt cub, whom it would take a great deal of public school discipline to lick into shape, but this assumption of the character of national poet was a worse feature in his case than Pelham was prepared for. He no longer cordially wished his younger brother to be sent back with him to Eton, so fully convinced was he that he would only make a fool of himself and of everyone connected with him there and everywhere.

There was, however, brotherly feeling enough in Pelham's heart to make him sorry to come to this conclusion and to induce him to attempt once or twice to lay his disgust before his mother, the one person in the house who appeared to him capable of hearing reason.

She took his complaints much more deeply to heart than he had at all intended her to do, and dropped so many sad little hints of yet more serious troubles and apprehensions weighing on her mind, that he was chilled and silenced. He was ready enough to find fault in a small way, and to fret himself about disagreeables that he could hope to see altered, but at the bottom of his heart he did love this incongruous disappointing Irish home very dearly, and serious fears about its well-being he had no wish to entertain. He had been used to hear his uncle burst out every now and then in an invective against his father's extravagance and general incapacity to manage his own affairs, and he had made it a point of conscience to disbelieve every word. It would be a most disagreeable result of this holiday visit if serious distrust and disapprobation of home doings were forced upon him.

Pelham had the more time to allow uncomfortable thoughts to grow in his mind because, after the first few days, he was not able to take part in the outdoor amusements and pleasure parties planned for his uncle's entertainment. He took cold, and had a slight return of fever, after a boating party on the lake,

and was obliged to be content to remain in the house with his mother, while the rest of the party were enjoying themselves abroad.

After a dull day he was not always in a mood to enter into Connor's histories of his own and his father's wonderful feats with gun or fishing-rod, and was often glad to take refuge in his uncle's dressing-room, the only place where Connor or Ellen were safe not to hunt him out, and listen to a more sober account of the day's proceedings. It was almost certain to be mixed up with comments and reflections that fell on Pelham's irritated mind like so many little blows; but a certain vague restlessness, kept alive by the sight of his mother's sad face, made him persist in putting himself in the way of hearing what pained him.

"Well," Sir Charles would begin, as he stood warming his back at the little wood fire that the damp climate made acceptable of evenings in summer, before he commenced his toilette for the very late dinner, "so I hear, four of the officers from Ballyowen barracks dine here again to-day. Very pleasant fellows, no doubt; but they drink a monstrous deal of claret. If I were your father I should be satisfied to have their company once in three months, instead of three times a week; but, I suppose, to keep open house, and never have a quiet evening, is what is called Irish hospitality. There ought to be a gold mine under the cellar to pay for it; that's all I've got to say. One thing is quite clear to me, however—it's not out of the land that money to keep up this style of living comes, or ever will come, while the estate's managed as it is at present by your father's precious old fogie of a bailiff, O'Roone. I can't make out whether that man is most knave or fool; but, anyhow, he deserves to be hung for the state he and your father between them have let the land get into. I know something about land, if I know nothing else."

"But my father owns a great deal of land. You can't ride over his property in a morning as you can over"—Pelham hesitated, seeing a slight look of disgust cross his uncle's face—"over a moderate property in England, you know."

"I tell you—small or great—I would not take the whole as a gift, saddled with O'Roone, and with all the stupid incapable people your father has got hanging about. We have been across the lake to-day, riding over some farms that belong to your father, in the flat country where your grandfather built a hunting-lodge. O'Roone lives there now—a big rambling place; it must have cost a fortune to keep it up in the style your father says it was kept up in when he was a boy. When I think of what that money would have been bringing in now, if it had been spent in draining and improving the land, instead of being absolutely fooled away, I am amazed at the want of common sense that seems to run in some families. But, by all accounts, your grandfather was no worse than his neighbours—his house was not the only place where fortunes were fooled away. We rode home through a country split up into potato farms, where the people were actually burning the soil, because they've no manure to put in, and could not afford to let the ground lie fallow for a season. I'd heard of the ruinous practice before, but could hardly believe it possible till I saw the reek of the smoke along the hill-side. Well, while I was expressing pretty strongly to your father my opinion of such a system, and urging him to make a stand against it, we passed a good-sized mansion-house, actually in ruins—iron gates swinging wide on their hinges, and pleasure-grounds dank and overgrown, with a flock of mangy sheep feeding where the flower-garden had been. O'Roone rode up to my side, and volunteered to tell me the history of the last occupier of the place. I don't know whether he meant anything in particular by it, but it was just then I noticed the look on his face that made me wonder whether he really was the stupid old fogie one takes him for at first. Anyway, the story sounded like a warning, and I feel a shiver when I think of it now, though perhaps the wetting I got in the shower crossing the lake is to blame for that. One's never

safe in this climate. It seems there was a family called Lynch once lived there. A great friend of your grandfather's the old fellow was—imitated him in all his follies, and not having so much to justify him in extravagance, he died leaving his affairs in a worse plight. There were two sons. The eldest—no more enterprising than the most of these Connaught landlords seem to be—slunk off to live on a pittance abroad; but the younger was a clever lad, who had been brought up in England, and he determined to have a struggle to keep the estate in the family. He persuaded the creditors to let him have the management of the property, and set to work in good earnest to make the tenants pay their rents and do justice to their land, or leave it for those who would. He got on so well that in about ten years he had scraped enough money together to pay off the principal part of the debts. A day was fixed for a meeting of creditors, and he wrote to his brother to come home. But meanwhile he had made himself enemies; there was a conspiracy against him among the old tenants whom for their idleness he had been obliged to eject from their farms. Fourteen rascals swore to have his life, and on the very evening before the day when his brother was expected home to pay off the creditors and take possession of the estate, when he had lain down to sleep full of the triumph the next day would bring, the house was surrounded by a crowd of wretches with blackened faces, fire was set to the doors, and he was shot dead as he was trying to escape from a window. That was the welcome the elder brother got when he arrived at his old home early in the morning—a house in ruins, and the dead body of his brother stretched before the threshold. I wish I could forget the leer there was in that fellow O'Roone's eyes as he finished his story—I didn't like it. It was a great deal too much like saying, 'See what comes of meddling fellows interfering with the customs of the country.' Of course it's no business of mine; it's only for your sake, Pelham, my lad, that I take upon me to advise your father, but I feel it will come hard upon you. Unless you grow up a different man from what I expect, you will never let things go on as they are now. You could not do it. And it will be a cowardly thing of your father if he leaves the onus of the changes to rest with you, when he himself has a sort of popularity that would help him to carry them through."

"My father could not do a cowardly thing," cried Pelham, blushing hotly. "If he refuses to make changes you may be quite sure it is not fear of danger that keeps him back."

"No, no; I don't suppose it is myself, but that is how I shall put the case when I talk over his affairs with him, as I have promised your mother to do on the first opportunity. When a fit time for such a conversation will come I can't say, for every moment is so taken up with pleasure here there is no time for business. It is all agreeable enough. I don't know that I ever was better entertained, or had better sport, and I shall always say I am very glad I came and saw it all. I understand the country now, at all events, and know why it does not prosper. No one ever need talk before me again of justice to Ireland, or the need of improved legislation. I'll never believe it can signify what sort of laws you make for a people who expect to get crops out of the soil without manuring it, and who in doubtful weather stand—six or seven of them—gaping round a hay-cart, without attempting to fill it, as I've seen since I came here. If you could give people common sense and industry by law, then there might be some good in talking."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LATE SIR GEORGE ROSE.

But for the circumstance that the word "wit" has so large a range of meanings, we might have been led to entitle this article "The Last of the Great Wits." For the distinguished lawyer and scholar whose name we have placed in its stead leaves behind him no one whose reputation for readiness and brilliancy of repartee seems likely ever to vie with his own. It is of this rare faculty that we propose to speak on the present occasion.

A memoir of the late Sir George Rose will doubtless appear in due course, in which full justice will be done to his memory as a lawyer, a scholar, and a much-valued friend. At present we confine ourselves to reproducing some samples of that ready wit or playful humour by which he had been famous for half a century to thousands in his own profession, but not, we believe, to any great extent beyond it. His good things were eagerly listened for and rapidly circulated in Bar circles; but they did not pass into society at large in any degree proportionate to their merit. Many of them, indeed, had a more or less pronounced legal flavour, and some were too purely technical to be understood by the uninitiated; but, setting these aside, there yet remain a number which appeal at once to a much larger audience.

To praise beforehand the excellence of a story that one is about to tell is notoriously a perilous course, and the same thing might be said of a preliminary eulogy upon a collection of such stories. But before proceeding to cite a few of Sir George Rose's *bons mots*, it may be allowed us to call attention to a few of their leading characteristics. In the first place, their singular *promptness* will strike the reader. The mental rapidity with which the retort follows upon the question or remark which provokes it is one of the most striking of the surprises to which the pleasure derived from wit has been attributed by the metaphysician. In the case of nine out of ten of the anecdotes of Sir George Rose, the wit of his reply must have been, from the very nature of the case, generated upon the spot. Again, though the wit is to a great extent verbal, the pleasure which it affords is but slightly due to the mere happy ingenuity by which words are tortured. The pun is rather the vehicle for the wit, than the wit itself. There is a prejudice, and a natural one, against punning and punsters. The simple play upon words is so easy, that it is sure to be resorted to by persons of no real humour, imagination, or mental vigour of any kind. But in the hands of a man of genius—a Hood, a Lamb, or a Sydney Smith—the play upon words invariably involves a play upon ideas, and often in consequence suggests feelings of admiration and delight different in kind, as well as degree, from those produced by analogies or discordances merely verbal. The word-quibble is lost and forgotten in the glow and warmth of the envelope of humour or sentiment in which it is enwrapped. In short, when the pun is the result of mere quickness in detecting analogies between words, it soon becomes tiresome and painful; where, on the other hand, it is the suggestion of true humour, it partakes of its originating force, and is itself instinct with humour. It is something more than the ingenuity or the promptness of Sir George Rose's puns that affords delight; it is that which,

for want of a better word, we may call their "drollery." They may be far-fetched, or even, on the other hand, may be based upon verbal analogies that have been often seized upon and made use of by jokers in all times; but in the particular use made of his material, Sir George never failed to be amusing. Some of his legal jokes turned, as we have said, upon legal phraseology which is quite unintelligible to the outside world. A few of the less abstruse, however, may be cited here. When, some years ago, the practice of having daily prayers in our churches was still a novelty, Sir George's own clergyman called upon him and asked him his opinion as to its adoption. Sir George replied: "I see no objection whatever; but I hope that in my own particular case—*service at the house will be deemed good service.*" Again, when a singularly matter-of-fact gentleman had related a story in which the listeners had failed after all their efforts to discover the faintest spark of humour, Sir George accounted for the circumstance at once. "Don't you see?' he said; "he has *tried a joke*, but *reserved the point!*".

The late Sir John Rolt, meeting him one day in the later years of his life, remarked to him, "I am very glad, Sir George, to see you looking so well. You do not look a day older than when you used to come among us." Sir George pointed to his hair, and said, "This *D—d poll* may not disclose the fact; but" (opening his mouth, and pointing to a certain gap in his front teeth) "*this Indenture witnesseth.*" It may be added for the instruction of the laity that a *Deed poll* is a kind of deed properly distinguished from an indenture. It must have been on a similar occasion when, his doctor assuring him that he would live to be a hundred, he promptly replied, "Then I suppose my coffin may be called a 'cent'ry box.'" When we thought of calling Sir George "the last of the great wits," we were in part deterred by the familiar line of Dryden, in which great wit and madness are spoken of as near akin. A sounder mind than Sir George Rose's could hardly have been found among his contemporaries; and that it was accompanied by the sound frame is evidenced by his attaining to the ninety-third year of his age, and only passing away at the end "of a gentle decay."

The fertility of his fancy never failed him, even under the most unpromising and incongruous circumstances. When he was appointed one of the four judges of the (now extinct) Court of Review, he came to Lincoln's Inn with his colleagues to be sworn in. Some friend congratulating him on his access of dignity, he observed, "Yes! here we are, you see—*four by honours!*" In some case that was being heard before him in this court, it appeared that a picture of "Elijah fed by the ravens" had been given as part of some security. He handed down a note to one of the counsel in the case: "This is, so far as I am aware, the first instance on record of an *accommodation bill.*"

A friend meeting him one day in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his left eye greatly swollen and inflamed, remonstrated with him, adding that he was surprised Lady Rose should have let him go out of doors in such a condition. "Ah!" replied Sir George, "I am out *jure mariti*" (my right eye).

Dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the very diminutive church in Langdale, of which his lordship was patron. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining-room." "No," returned Sir George, "*and the living not half so good.*"

Sufficient has been already quoted to show that the verbal wit of the late Sir George Rose has a character of its own which distinguishes it from that of other famous jokers and bears the stamp of his own mint. Strictly speaking, it is its humour which predominates and is the real source of its effectiveness. It is amazingly quick, ingenious, and appropriate; but it is also eminently laughable. Less elaborate than Hood's, never ill-

natured, as was too often Jerrold's, it drew the most unpromising material into its crucible, and forced it to yield on the instant some grains of truest gold. One great feature in its effectiveness is its brevity. "All pleasantries," Voltaire has somewhere said, "ought to be short." Sir George Rose's wit was sometimes expressed in a single word. On one occasion, when a new serjeant had been created, and it became his duty, according to custom, to present rings to the judges, inscribed with the usual brief "posy" in Latin, Sir George indicated his appreciation of the then existing company of serjeants by suggesting for the motto in question, "*Scilicet*" (silly set). On another occasion, when dining with the Inner Temple, observing some salt-cellars in frosted silver, made in the shape of the "winged horse" of the Inner Temple, he merely pointed to one and murmured—"The *White Horse cellar.*"

It would convey a wrong idea to say that Sir George Rose joked in season and out of season, for it might imply that his jokes were sometimes unseasonable. But few wits have ever been so uniformly what Oxford men of the present day call "on the spot." And though, as happens when the spirit of word-crushing is strong, the wine was not always of uniform goodness and strength, still, even in his most careless trifles, there was seldom wanting that element of "*grotesqueness*" to which we have already called attention. When he was dining one day with some friends, the out-door servants had been enlisted into the service of the dining-room, and it chanced that one of them, in carrying out a tray of glass, as he left the room stumbled and fell with a heavy crash. "What is that?" exclaimed Sir George's next neighbour, in great alarm. "Oh, nothing," he replied; "only the coachman gone out with his *break.*" We will hope that the master and mistress of the house had a proper appreciation of a joke, and that the awkward servitor's conduct was condoned for the sake of the merriment it promoted in the assembled guests. Happy faculty which can thus make a *contretemps* minister to mirth, and, like Ophelia, "turn to favour and to prettiness" the petty disasters and annoyances of every day! With Sir George the ruling passion was irrepressible. He was at a funeral, on a bitterly cold day in winter, and his companion in a mourning coach called his attention to the poor men in scarves, and bearing staves, who were trudging along by the side of the carriage. "Poor fellows," said his companion, "they look as if they were frozen!" "Frozen!" retorted Sir George; "my dear friend, they are *mutes*, not *liquids.*" As a companion to this droll "improvement" of a funeral may be quoted his remark on an acquaintance who had died of dropsy—"He has gone to *Gravesend by water.*"

A friend who had been appointed to a judgeship in one of the colonies, was long afterwards describing to Rose the agonies he had suffered on the voyage out from sea-sickness. Sir George listened with much interest to the recital of his friend's sufferings, and then said, in a tone of deep commiseration, "It's a great mercy you did not throw up your appointment." A friend has reminded the present writer of a curiously similar unfeeling remark made by S. T. Coleridge to a schoolmaster with whom he was making the trip to Margate in the ante-steamboat days by the old Margate Hoy, which, by the way, Charles Lamb has so admirably described. Coleridge watched his friend's efforts over the side, and at length said, "Why, Robinson, I didn't expect this from you; I thought you brought up nothing but young gentlemen!" Here is a remarkable instance of great wits leaping together; and the coincidence as well as the humour of the two replies may perhaps be our apology for the inelegance of the two suggested pictures!

"The man who would make a pun," said Dr. Johnson, "would also pick a pocket." Tradition has ascribed this

dictum to the great man, though the pages of "Boswell" fail to supply authority for the precise remark. The fact, however, remains unimpeached of Johnson's aversion to the habit of punning. Boswell did not agree with his great master. "For my own part," he says, "I think no innocent species of wit or pleasantry should be suppressed; and that a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellences of lively conversation." We agree with the biographer rather than with his hero, though he may be accused of begging the question when he begins by terming puns an "innocent" species of wit. Certain it is, however, that good puns give pleasure, just as bad ones are tedious and irritating, and it must be the prevalence of the latter that has brought disrepute upon the thing itself. Even Johnson could tolerate one when it was made the companion of a pleasant piece of flattery. "He liked your compliment so well," said old Sheridan to Boswell, "that he was willing to take it with *pun-sauce*." Sir George Rose's compliments were often served with this peculiar sauce, but the sauce was rather the actual medium of the compliment than an ornamental addition which could be removed at pleasure. The pun became identified through its informing spirit with the tenderness and elegance of the thought to be conveyed. Sir George Rose being introduced one day to two charming young ladies, whose names were Mary and Louisa, he instantly added, with a bow, "Ah, yes! *Marie-Louise*—the sweetest *pear* I know;" a compliment almost worthy of being coupled with that most beautiful one of Sydney Smith suggested by the sweet-pea. A young lady walking with him in the garden paused to examine a favourite flower on which she had bestowed great pains. "I am afraid, Mr. Smith," she said, "that this pea will never come to perfection." "Then allow me," said he, taking her politely by the hand, "to lead perfection to the pea!" In short, the worth of a pun and its chance of permanent endurance depend on the higher qualities of the mind from which it sprang. The pun takes its colouring from the mind and nature of the punster. In Swift they are clever and hard; in Jerrold, clever and bitter; in Hood, clever and informed with the true genius of a poet; in Sir George Rose, clever and partaking of the gaiety, the playfulness, the versatile genius of a scholar, tempered by a most loveable nature. In these respects his wit appears to us to resemble that of Charles Lamb more than of any other with whom we can compare him; though in other respects the individuality of the two minds is markedly different. But, like Lamb, Sir George Rose combined "the frolic and the gentle;" and, like Lamb, amid the mourning of many friends, he has "vanished from his lonely hearth."

Nothing in the way of compliment could be happier, it seems to us, than two incidents in his friendship, which was long and intimate, with the late Master of the Temple. A report having originated that Archdeacon Robinson was to be elevated to the episcopal bench, Sir George said, "Well, if he must leave the Temple, I hope it will be by *Mitre Court*."

On another occasion, when he met his old friend walking, apparently deep in thought, in the neighbourhood of the Temple, he inquired playfully, "Well, Master, and what are you dreaming about?" "Oh," said the Archdeacon, quoting the first lines of the familiar satire of Horace, "I was *nescio quid meditans nugarum*." "But then with you, dear friend," was the singularly felicitous reply, "it is always in the *Via Sacra*."

Nothing more tender, more charming was ever said, surely, than this, and no better justification could be offered for the use and cultivation of that faculty of wit and humour, or some *tertium quid* unknown to dialecticians, which is born out of the union of the two faculties.

"When wit is combined with sense

and information," thus writes one of the greatest of modern wits; "when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavour and brightness, and laughter and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to support uneasy steps over the burning marle."

The wit of the subject of the present paper could hardly have been better described had he sat for the portrait.

Not less remarkable than the quickness of his repartee was his gift of impromptu rhyming and extempore epigram. Many of these fugitive *jeux d'esprit* have long enjoyed a conversational currency in legal circles without having, in many cases at least, found any resting-place in print. Some of them carry us back in the circumstances of their origin to a generation already becoming historical. It was James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* celebrity, himself an attorney, whose cruel reflection on his own calling provoked a famous retort from Sir George Rose. The two epigrams have been often quoted, but may be excused for making one more last appearance in this company. James Smith had written thus—or "to this defect," for there is more than one version of the lines:—

"In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys are found—
And down at the bottom the barges abound.
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river—and craft in the street!"

To which Sir George replied, impromptu:—

"Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From barges and lawyers, 'od rot 'em?
The lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom."

The following ingenious epitome of the arguments and ruling in a certain case carries us back to the days of Lord Chancellor Eldon. Mr. Vesey, the Reporter (of the Vesey and Beames Reports), being called out of court, begged Sir George (then Mr. George Rose) to take a note for him of the proceedings. The nature of the addresses on each side could not, it was felt, have been indicated more happily than in the lines which Mr. Rose submitted to the Reporter on his return:—

"Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, and wrong:
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was right, but dull and long.
Mr. Parker made that darker
Which was dark enough without:
Mr. Cook quoted his book;
And the Chancellor said 'I doubt.'"

The lines were soon in every one's mouth, and a few weeks later when Mr. Rose was counsel in a case before the Chancellor, Lord Eldon having decided against him added in a tone which could not be misunderstood, "and in this case, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor does *not* doubt."

Sir George was specially fond of epitomising famous cases in a few lines of extempore verse. The following abridg-

ment of the Gorham case has not, probably, hitherto appeared in print:—

Bishop.

Baptized, a baby
Becomes *sine labe:*
So the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.

Contra.

But is he fit?
We very much doubt it.
Devil a bit
Is it valid without it!

Adjudication.

Bishop non-suited:
Priest unrefuted:
Be instituted!

Reasons for Judgment.

Bishop and Vicar,
Why will you bicker
Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other.

Costs.

Deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
The lawyers the native!

The following is entirely in his manner, for he was never weary of making his jokes on what appeared to him frivolous questions of ecclesiastical usage, but we cannot vouch for its authorship:—

"What robe the clergy ought to wear
I own I neither know nor care,
A black dress or a white dress.
Vexed with a trouble of my own—
A wife—who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress."

At a legal dinner given at Greenwich many years ago, the late Mr. Justice Bailey who was in the chair informed the assembled guests, when the decanters had begun to circulate after dinner, that as it was most important to ensure the safety of so eminent a company as that present, he had ordered a handsome and roomy omnibus which would be at the door at ten o'clock to convey them back to town. Sir George at once rose, and said:—

"The Grecian of old bade his comrades entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine—
Which our excellent chairman interpreteth thus,
Begin with a Bumper, and end with a Buss."

There must be many such playful trifles in the possession or remembrance of Sir George's friends, and the appearance of the present paper may serve to call forth from many a note-book or pigeon-hole other and worthier samples of his innocent and amusing talent.

REMINISCENCES OF DUELLING IN IRELAND.

A REVIEW of the annals of duelling, a practice formerly so frequent in Ireland, presented to the writer of the following pages an opportunity of combining some general reference to that subject with the particulars of duels which he attended as surgeon, and with anecdotes and episodes that may not appear altogether uninteresting.

I confine myself to extracts from the annals of the eighteenth century, and to their contrast with duels fought in the nineteenth century, down to the abolition of that ancient custom.

Resort to the duello became not only the medium for adjusting quarrels, but it developed the chivalrous instinct, the quick apprehension, and the indomitable resolution of the Celtic race to uphold the obligations of honour in every emergency. The memory of those attributes, handed down through generations, and fondly treasured in Irish story, was frequently and proudly recalled by the recital of traditionary tales of former duels, of chivalrous exploits, and of vivid anecdotes, depicting the impulsive detestation of dishonour that typified the national character. It was thus established, beyond the possibility of doubt, that satisfaction, demanded under circumstances which rendered responsibility more than questionable, was given in the duel field, sooner than risk the possible charge of cowardice. A very remarkable case in point, that came under my own direct observation, will be found hereinafter.

It is recorded by Sir Jonah Barrington in his Sketches, that duelling was a *legalized* practice—that it was very prevalent—that it was generally performed in the presence of crowds, and frequently before high authorities—viz. lords, justices, bishops, judges, and other people of rank, accompanied by their ladies. He further relates, that a singular passion for duelling existed; that numbers of grave personages signalized themselves in single combats; and he gives a list, abridged from the accounts of 227 official and remarkable duels (including considerable numbers of killed and wounded) that were fought in his own time. Among these he states that the following eminent lawyers fought before their elevation to the Bench. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief-Justice of the King's Bench fought Lord Tyrawley, a Privy Councillor, Lord Llandaff, and two others. The Judge of the County Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a Privy Councillor, and another. Baron of the Exchequer, Medge, fought his brother-in-law, and two others. Lord Norbury, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "Fire-eater" Fitzgerald and two others, and frightened Napper Tandy, with several besides—one hit only. Doctor Dingenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court, fought one barrister, and frightened another on the ground—this last a curious case. Henry Deane Grady, Chief Counsel to the Revenue, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell and others—all hits. The Master of the Rolls fought Lord Buckingham, the Chief Secretary. The Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, fought Mr. Doyle, Master in Chancery (they went to the plains of Winden to fight), and some others. Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with a gun, and wounded all of them. The Right Honourable George Ogle, a Privy Councillor, fought

Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a Papist. They fired eight shots, and no hit; but one of the seconds broke his own arm accidentally. The Honourable Francis Hutchinson, Collector of the Customs in Dublin, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris. In addition to that list, Sir Jonah refers to two duels fought by himself, one of them with Mr. Richard Daly, a Galway gentleman (at the time a Templar), whom he hit on his breastbone; and the other with Counsellor Leonard McNally, whom he hit on the side of his chest. Sir Jonah also adverts to a duel wherein his brother, William Barrington, was killed under melancholy circumstances detailed hereinafter.

Sir Jonah further states that the education of young gentlemen was considered imperfect unless they had exchanged shots; that a class of duellists, called "Fire-eaters," was in great repute; that one of those gentlemen fought *sixteen* duels in *two years*, thirteen of them with pistols and three with swords; that pistols or swords were used in duels, according to agreement; that every family had pistols, with long barrels and hair-triggers, also long silver-hilted swords, with narrow straight blades sharp as razors; that these weapons descended as heir-looms to their posterity; that Galway gentlemen were most scientific with the sword, those from Tipperary with the pistol, while Roscommon, Mayo, and Sligo, supplied proficients in both.

With reference to the proceedings adopted in fighting duels, Sir Jonah says that it was not always considered necessary to measure the distance at which the combatants were to be separated from each other when about to fire; that, on some occasions, they fired when each thought fit to do so, without waiting for a signal; that one duel was fought as follows:—no ground was measured; the combatants were placed one hundred yards asunder; one of them kept his post steadily, the other advanced gradually and obliquely, contracting his circle round his opponent, who continued to change his front by corresponding movements, both parties aiming now and then as feints, and then lowering their pistols. This *pas de deux* lasted more than half an hour, until the circle was contracted to a short distance, when both fired, and the ambulator was desperately wounded. That each combatant in another duel, where the ground was measured, held *two* pistols, and fired simultaneously. That a duel was fought in 1759, on horseback (one of the principals being Colonel Barrington, Sir Jonah's grandfather), according to an ancient practice, whereby the combatants, holding pistols, loaded alike with a certain number of balls or slugs as agreed upon, were to gallop past each other, with liberty to fire at discretion; but only while galloping. If it were decided to continue the contest after the pistols were discharged, it was to be finished either on horseback with short broadswords, or on foot with smallswords. On the occasion in question, each opponent was armed with two holster-pistols, charged with balls and swan-drops, together with a broad-bladed sword and a long broad-bladed dagger. When nearing each other, both fired and missed. In a second course, Colonel Barrington received his opponent's *swan-drops, but not the bullets,* in his face, when a fierce battle with swords ensued, during which both were severely gashed, and the duel ended.

The causes that provoked the duels were frequently of the most frivolous nature; many quarrels arose without provocation, and many things were considered as quarrels that were not quarrels at all. Thus gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about. At length the principal "fire-eaters," fearing that disrepute would fall upon their acts, instituted through delegates from Tipperary, Roscommon, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, a code of the laws and points of honour, with directions that it should be strictly observed by all gentlemen, and kept in their pistol-cases for reference, and also to prevent the plea of ignorance on any occasion. In accord with the principles and pri-

vileges embodied in that code, seconds were invested with ample authority and complete instruction to deal with every form of quarrel, and were bound by unmistakeable rules to conduct and control the management of duels.

The advantages derivable from a judicious application of the code were evinced by undeniable improvements in the practice of duelling. Thus, while the spirit of chivalry remained unfettered, the causes of duels, the method of fighting, and other concomitants, were more suitable to the perfect maintenance of honour than they had been in the preceding epoch. A curious incident of a duel fought by the sons of Messrs. Dillon and French, of whom both held the Commission of the Peace for the county of Roscommon, may be taken as a specimen of this heroic spirit. The mother of Mr. Dillon junior, bestowed her blessing on him when he was departing for the place of meeting his antagonist, but she also assured him that he might expect her malediction if he returned tainted with the slightest brand of dishonour. That declaration of Mrs. Dillon became generally known, and was highly extolled, and I had an opportunity to satisfy myself as to the truth of the anecdote.

The causes that induced hostile messages and duels, during the period to which my personal knowledge applies, may be ascribed to quarrels that sprung up through electioneering politics—from sectarian and religious strife, disputes about property, gambling transactions—and to personal assaults inflicted directly by the hand, by horsewhipping, or by a tap on the shoulder while saying "take *that* for a horsewhip," or by striking the face with a glove, a form of assault still practised in France, where it provoked a fatal duel in 1872. A settlement after such assaults was, by the rules of the code, inadmissible until after a shot; but, on some occasions, the person assaulted was permitted to accept a horsewhip from the offender, to be used on his back while he begged pardon. An abject written apology was also permissible to be published if deemed necessary. When the *lie direct* was given a message was always delivered, and it was then very difficult to prevent a duel, even by permitting the utterer to beg pardon in express terms.

Gentlemen engaged in serious quarrels consulted friends of equal rank in society with themselves, to whom they entrusted the defence of their honour as seconds, who thus became sole and absolute guardians of the reputations confided to their safe-keeping. Their position was, consequently, most responsible; it was their earliest duty to inquire strictly into the nature and extent of the quarrel, and they were bound by the rules of the code to attempt a reconciliation and to prevent a duel if possible. They were always to bear in mind that grave reprehension would inevitably attach to them should a duel, with serious results, be fought that might have been prevented by their interposition. On failure of negotiations for an amicable settlement, the seconds would agree that a duel should take place, and would fix time and place. Arrived at the spot, the seconds were entitled to toss a coin for choice of ground and for other privileges—a proceeding of much importance, because the winner of the toss became empowered to select a favourable position for his principal, and to prevent the use of ground surrounded by hedges, trees, or other objects calculated to direct the aim of *either* principal.

The distance whereby the principals were to be separated was invariably measured by the second who won the toss, and who exercised his discretion by keeping in view the ascertained facts that there might be comparative safety at *nine* yards—that danger might be expected at *twelve* yards—and that bullets sometimes *hit point blank* at *fifteen* yards. These results were scientifically attributable to the courses which the round balls then used took in their parabolical transit. I had frequent opportunities of observing the accuracy of those calculations, and I witnessed at Bagnerre in the Hautes Pyrénées a

fatal duel at fifteen yards. The principals were placed asunder at twenty yards, and advanced to posts which separated them by fifteen yards, whence, in accordance with a custom in vogue on the Continent, also in Ireland during the eighteenth century, they fired at their leisure, and without signal. One of them, a celebrated marksman, who had killed more than one adversary, adopted his usual method of aiming on his knee (distinctly prohibited by the code) and, while rising to fire, was shot dead through the forehead.

The seconds were to select pistols of equal length and bore for each principal, and it was not unusual to seek for those that had been previously tried in duels. I have often seen some that were purposely chosen because they were *nicked* on the handles, each nick denoting that a hit had been made from that weapon. The seconds loaded the pistols in presence of each other in order to secure equality in the measure of powder, and a *single* ball was always put into the pistol, being an improvement on the custom, sometimes practised in the eighteenth century, when *balls, slugs, and swan-drops* were placed together in each pistol.

The winner of the toss placed his principal at that end of the measured ground where, for obvious reasons, he stood with his back to the sun. Both seconds covered their principals by standing closely in front, and thereby preventing each principal from viewing the other until they perfectly understood the directions relative to firing. They then withdrew to some distance aside. The firing was regulated by word of command, or by signal given by the winner of the toss, who, on agreement with the other second, selected one of the following :—" Gentlemen, make ready—fire ; " or, " Gentlemen, one, two, three—fire ; " or, " Gentlemen, watch the handkerchief that I hold, and fire when you see it fall from my hand." This last signal was often adopted as being most humane, because each principal fixed his eyes *on* the handkerchief, and *off* the body of his adversary.

Duels were fought in Ireland with swords as well as with pistols in the eighteenth century, when the nobility and gentry carried swords appendant to their promenading costume. The great improvement derived from disuse of the sword can be estimated by reference to the savage encounter wherein Colonel Barrington was engaged, and by an anecdote related to me by the late Sir Richard Nagle, Bart., M.P., who showed me a spot, close to St. Martin's Church, in Trafalgar Square, London, where a fatal sword duel was fought in the eighteenth century between one of his ancestors and another Westmeath gentleman. Those individuals, between whom there remained an old unsettled quarrel, met suddenly at the place indicated, and, without the intervention of seconds to see fair play, attacked each other with their swords, and Sir Richard's kinsman fell mortally wounded.

Duels were fought with swords in France as late as 1872, when on one occasion these weapons were selected, though declined on discovery that one of the principals was a swordsman of noted proficiency, who, however, killed his opponent when pistols were substituted. The two following very recent cases have also occurred in France. It was stated in the *Semaphore* of Marseilles, dated 26th April, 1873, that "a duel with swords took place on the preceding Saturday, between M. Emile Bouchet, deputy, and M. Théophile Fabra, correspondent of the *France Républicaine.* The parties met in the wood of St. Julien, and after two attacks, which lasted about six minutes, M. Fabre was severely wounded in his right arm, near the shoulder, and the combat was discontinued." The other duel was fought on July 7th, 1873, at Bettenberg, on the Luxemburg territory, where the parties, M. Ranc, deputy for Lyons, and writer in the *France Républicaine*, and M. Paul de Cassagnac, editor of the *Pays*, arrived from France. " At the end of the first assault, which

lasted ten minutes, blood appeared in the upper part of M. Ranc's right arm; M. Ranc and his two seconds having declared that the wound was not serious enough to interrupt the duel, a second assault took place, in which, after a few minutes, M. de Cassagnac was wounded in the hand, M. Ranc's sword entering the palm and passing through the wrist. M. de Cassagnac was compelled to drop his sword. His surgeon declared the wound to be serious, and that considerable inflammation must ensue in the hand and fore-arm. The seconds then decided that it was impossible to continue the duel. The duel attracted a large crowd."

Of the great presence of mind displayed by principals a very remarkable instance occurred at my first insight of such contests, which happened accidentally during my apprenticeship to the late Sir Philip Crampton, Bart. When approaching Stevens's Hospital on an early summer morning, I noticed some carriages, containing gentlemen, and proceeding to the Phœnix Park, whither, impelled by curiosity, I followed until they halted near the Under Secretary's lodge. I then observed two gentlemen, armed with pistols, placed opposite to each other at a short distance, and that one of them faced the dazzling sun (his second having evidently lost the toss for choice of position). The man thus exposed to so dangerous an impediment of vision, wheeled round and, with perfect *sang-froid*, transferred the pistol to his left hand, with which he fired and hit his adversary. Such presence of mind made a strong impression on me, which was renewed when I witnessed the following instance at a duel which took place near the Wellington testimonial in the Phœnix Park, between Messrs. R. D. Browne, M.P. for Mayo, and R. Jackson, J.P. County of Armagh. The meeting resulted from a gambling quarrel, and I attended both principals professionally under these circumstances: I was on the ground as Mr. Browne's surgeon, and I was requested by Mr. Jackson to act for him also, in the absence of his surgeon, who had not arrived. The coolness and presence of mind evinced by these gentlemen may be estimated by the fact that, when a signal was given for a second round, each of them continued to aim deliberately at his adversary, with manifest anxiety to secure a hit by the next shot. At that critical moment I availed myself of my responsibility to both combatants, and called on them to lower their pistols and avoid murder. That appeal produced an instantaneous effect; neither of them fired; the seconds held a consultation, after which mutual apologies by the principals restored the friendship that previously subsisted between them.

Amongst the duels provoked by the blindness of bigotry two proved fatal, one of them being fought by Messrs. Daniel O'Connell and D'Esterre, the other by Messrs. Hayes and Brick. Mr. O'Connell, having publicly and severely denounced the Dublin Corporation for some observations, most offensive to Roman Catholics, made at a meeting of that body, was grossly assaulted in Grafton Street by Mr. D'Esterre, who acted as champion for the Corporation, and who was, soon afterwards, mortally wounded by Mr. O'Connell in a duel near Naas. The duel between Messrs. Hayes and Brick originated from an exchange of violent abusive language near the General Post Office in Sackville Street, while waiting in considerable excitement for the Cork mail, with expected intelligence of an election. The duel took place near Glasnevin, and Mr. Brick was shot dead by a ball through his heart.

Five other remarkable duels arising from party-disunion occurred in the period to which I allude. The principals in one of these were Counsellor Wallace, K.C., and Counsellor O'Gorman, Secretary of the Roman Catholic Association.

Another of them was distinguished by the following notable incidents. The próposal of the Lord Lieutenant's health, in his Excellency's presence at a regatta ball supper in Kingstown, was

insultingly met by a counter toast strongly obnoxious to the feelings of the Roman Catholics assembled in large numbers on that festive occasion. Immediate excitement succeeded so ungracious a *contretemps*; an uproarious tumult was accompanied by a cross-fire of everything tangible on the tables, during which a gentleman (whose name I forget) being struck by some missile, fixed upon Counsellor Ottiwell as the individual who had thrown it. A challenge on the spot was followed by a meeting at Dalkey Island, when, after an exchange of three rounds and during preparation for a fourth, the appearance of blood upon Mr. Ottiwell's trousers terminated the conflict. He then admitted that he had been wounded in his leg by the first shot, but concealed the fact, fearing that its disclosure might be construed into a pretext for ending the affair; and he, moreover, declared upon his honour that he had not thrown the missile which had caused the duel. Bearing in mind that Mr. Ottiwell was not a Roman Catholic, it appears reasonable to attribute his chivalrous conduct and singular courage to his idea that the obligations of honour precluded his refusal to fight when challenged to do so.

The third duel was thus produced: the news of Mr. Ottiwell's declaration speedily circulated amongst the parties who attended the regatta ball, one of whom, Mr. Kinsella, a young merchant of Dublin, admitted that he had assaulted Mr. Ottiwell's opponent, by whom he was thereupon challenged. The meeting took place at Glencree, county Wicklow, where the principals, seconds, and medical attendants (including myself as Mr. Kinsella's surgeon) assembled. Owing, however, to the unlevel state of the ground, an adjournment was made to Lough Bray, the residence of Sir Philip Crampton, who peremptorily refused to permit a combat on his territory. A second adjournment being thus indispensable, a meeting was fixed to be held near Maynooth on the following day. Meanwhile, Mr. Kinsella was arrested and bound over, with two sureties in heavy bail, to keep the peace. Nothing daunted, he resolved to keep the appointment, and, after several attempts to elude the vigilance of the authorities, he escaped from Dublin in one of Gerty's *mourning coaches*, and overtook all the parties whom he found collected at a public stage where four coaches, up and down between Dublin, Galway, and Sligo, had pulled up to change horses. It was then eight o'clock on a fine evening in July, and the scene formed by the assemblage of so many vehicles, including Mr. Kinsella's *demi-hearse*, was heightened by the outpouring of all the coach passengers who, together with the guards and drivers, discarding their responsibilities, abandoned the road and followed the combatant congregation, then largely increased by countrymen from the neighbourhood, to an adjacent field, where the duel was fought at twelve yards distance. Mr. Kinsella was desperately wounded by the first shot, the ball having passed directly through the lower part of his neck from the right to the left side, whence it made its exit. Having succeeded in arresting hæmorrhage, I returned to Dublin with my patient, whose recovery, although tedious, was complete. His conduct all along, and his determination to give the satisfaction demanded from him, afforded unmistakable evidence that he, like Mr. Ottiwell, duly estimated the principles of honour that bound him to shun the slightest danger of imputed cowardice.

The fourth of these unfortunate encounters afforded proof that the members of the public press could not escape from the noxious influence of party controversy. Messrs. Lavelle and Norton, proprietors of two leading newspapers in Dublin, one supporting, the other opposing, the political principles of the Government, drifted gradually into vituperative personalities in print that terminated in the delivery of a challenge to fight. A meeting took place at London-bridge, near Irishtown, but the duel was prevented by the interference of the residents. The parties then adjourned to a field

beyond Donnybrook, opposite to Nutley the seat of Mr. Roe, on the Stillorgan road, where the duel came off. Being present, as Mr. Lavelle's surgeon, I ventured, after the exchange of two rounds, to suggest a settlement, urging that enough had been accomplished to satisfy the honour of both gentlemen whose quarrel was confined to pen and paper. My proposal was agreed to, after a consultation between the seconds, and it was very satisfactory to behold a shake hands by the principals.

The fifth and most important case in the category forcibly delineated the inevitable emergency that compelled a nobleman holding the highest state position to vindicate his honour when assailed for his untiring exertions to stem the torrent of religious political embroilments. On the 6th of March, 1829, the Duke of Wellington announced in the House of Lords that "he had the sanction and support of his Majesty for introducing the Catholic Relief Bill." His Grace was then accused of "political treachery," and of having used "masked batteries," because he had been extremely reserved in his public conduct during the interval between November 1828 and March 1829. Repeated undisguised attacks of that description, tending to his dishonour, resulted in a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea—a display of personal courage to which the Duke subsequently adverted as "having been only a part of the Catholic question."

A duel between Captain Nolan and Mr. Browne afforded me an opportunity of witnessing a remarkable instance of the numerous cases on record where lives were saved by the stoppage of pistol-balls that hit vital regions. These gentlemen quarrelled about land in the county of Roscommon. The meeting took place near Phibsborough, in one of the then called Bishop's Fields, into which Captain Nolan was carried, as he was very feeble through chronic rheumatism. I attended him professionally, and they fought at twelve yards distance. After one harmless round, the Captain (notorious for his certain hitting in *many* previous combats) objected to the small charge of powder in the pistols, remarking that they were mere squibs, and that although he would hit Mr. Browne in the next round, the ball would not do much harm. Accordingly he did hit him, but the ball, after passing along his forearm, was stopped in the coat-sleeve of his elbow, which he had firmly pressed on his hip in order to steady his hand, a position known to duellists as the "Kerry safe-guard." Had the charge held another pinch of powder the ball would inevitably have entered Mr. Browne's liver. Similar escapes are mentioned by Sir Jonah Barrington, who states that in his duel with Mr. Daly the ball was stopped by that gentleman's brooch, and that in his duel with Counsellor McNally, the ball glanced off after it struck the buckle of the Counsellor's braces. Sir Jonah also related that the life of Judge Burrowes was saved by some coins in his pocket. A near relative of my own saved the life of a friend whom he accompanied to a duel, by placing in his side pocket a horse-shoe picked up on the way to the meeting. The ball struck the horse-shoe, and was thereby prevented from entering the breast.

Another quarrel about property caused a duel between Messrs. Troy and Hyland, who met for that purpose on the fifteen acres in the Phœnix Park, where I attended as Mr. Hyland's surgeon. The dispute between these gentlemen arose from a mutual impression that they were bound to vindicate the honour of their fathers, who had assaulted each other while wrangling about the boundary of some land. The combatants, placed twelve yards apart, essayed to fire, but the charge in Mr. Troy's pistol did not explode, and he was not hit by his opponent's fire. The seconds decided that, in accord with the twentieth rule of the code, the miss-fire was equivalent to a shot, and they also decided against further proceedings, as they considered that the honour of all parties had been satisfied by the meeting and by the conduct of the principals.

The following narrative will serve

to preface the relation of impetuous and deplorable incidents of duelling. Messrs. L. Dillon, of the county Roscommon, and R. Harvey, of the county Wexford, quarrelled and assaulted each other while practising pistol-ball fire at Rigby's Shooting Gallery in Suffolk Street, which they frequented for that purpose. A meeting took place near Finglass but was interrupted by the police, the principals and seconds escaping. Being present as Mr. Dillon's surgeon, I was arrested and marched to a Dublin Police Office, where I was charged as being one of the principals, and detained until I procured bail. I then rejoined Mr. Dillon at the Phœnix Park, where the duel was fought. The combatants stood at *nine* yards distance and fired *five shots each without a hit.* That very remarkable fact, considering that both were crack shots, resulted, no doubt, from the well-known uncertainty wherewith pistol-balls pass through a straight line at short distances. An incident that occurred after the fourth round created quite a sensation. Mr. Ebenezer Jacob, of Wexford, a noted duellist and second to Mr. Harvey, overhearing some unpleasant remarks relative to the continued firing, brandished a handkerchief, and, pistol in hand, exclaimed aloud that the first person who should again use such language must fight him across the handkerchief. It is needless to add that no further observations were heard: the fifth shots were exchanged, and the seconds withdrew their principals.

A fatal occurrence, under somewhat similar circumstances, took place afterwards at a duel in the Queen's County. One of the principals, Mr. M. D., was accused by his adversary's second with having insulted him during the duel, and was challenged by him to fight on the spot. That invitation was declined, with an assurance that no offence had been intended. The challenger thereupon tossed a handkerchief to Mr. M. D., aiming at the same moment a pistol at him, and vociferating that he would instantly fire if Mr. M. D. persevered in refusing to fight. Forced to this desperate alternative, Mr. M. D. snatched a pistol and shot his provoker dead, when the ball, having passed through his body, desperately wounded a ploughman in the next field. Mr. M. D. was tried at the following Assizes for homicide, and was acquitted.

Sir Jonah Barrington thus relates the fatal result of a similar incident whereby his brother, William Barrington, was killed:—"In consequence of an after-dinner quarrel between that gentleman and Lieutenant McKenzie, a meeting took place in a verdant field on the bank of the Barrow, midway between Athy and Carlow. The combatants fired, and missed; they fired again, and no mischief ensued. A reconciliation was then proposed, but was objected to by Captain (afterwards the celebrated General) Gillespie, who was the second of Lieutenant McKenzie, and who insisted that the affair should proceed. Mr. Barrington, who had previously held out his hand to his opponent and expressed a hope that enough had been done to satisfy the honour of both, made use of some harsh language towards Gillespie, who thereupon, losing all control over his temper, suddenly threw a handkerchief to Mr. Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of it, and on his attempt to do so he received a ball from the Captain through his body, and died that evening. Captain Gillespie was tried for murder before Judge Bradstreet, who clearly laid down that it was such in his charge to the jury, who, however, gave a verdict of justifiable homicide."

The courses of balls fired in duels frequently presented remarkable anomalies after hitting the body. Some idea may be gathered from the following description of two cases within my own personal knowledge. In a duel between Mr. D. Ferrall and Mr. B. Fallon, both gentlemen of property in the county Roscommon, the former was hit on the right side of the body, *through which the ball apparently passed as it made exit directly opposite*, *and broke one bone of*

his left arm. The attendant surgeon naturally calculated upon immediate dangerous consequences and caused the transfer of his patient to a farmer's house close by. His view fortunately proved erroneous, as Mr. F. recovered without any internal inconvenience, and with perfect recovery of his wounded arm. In a few days after the duel the course of the ball became manifest by the discovery of a dark bluish streak that traversed the lower and front part of his body, from the entrance of the ball to its exit. It was obvious that the ball had been diverted by its immediate collision with one of the lower ribs, or with the crest of the pelvis.

The other case to which I allude was followed by the untimely termination of the individual's life. Mr. McL., a gentleman holding a Government appointment in Dublin, was wounded in a duel by a ball that passed through his pelvis, in which it apparently lodged. He was attended on the ground and subsequently by my intimate friend, the late Surgeon Kerin, who was assisted in the after-treatment by my master, the late Sir Philip Crampton. I learned from those friends, at the time, that in their opinion the ball was probably lodged in the bladder. Mr. McL., however, recovered after a tedious illness, and went to reside with his mother and stepfather, who lived between Naas and Newbridge. The murder of the latter, shortly afterwards, by Mr. McL., was providentially discovered by a dragoon on his return at midnight to the barracks in Newbridge, who mistook McL.'s residence for another house, where the soldiers occasionally got drink at late hours. The dragoon, wishing to obtain some, approached a light in the window, through which he peeped, and actually witnessed the fatal blows inflicted by McL. with a hammer on his stepfather's head. Immediate information by the dragoon led to the arrest of McL., who was tried for the murder, and executed in Naas. At the earnest request of Messrs. Crampton and Kerin, I attended the execution, and, being provided with letters of introduction to the Sheriff, and to the surgeon of the county infirmary, to whom (as the law then existed) the body was delivered for dissection, I readily obtained permission to make a post-mortem examination. I discovered at once the opening in the bone of the pelvis through which the ball entered, but, after the most searching trial, was unable to trace its further course. The bladder had not been wounded, nor could I discover any opening in the bones by which the ball could have escaped. Finally, however, its lodgement in the integuments *on the inside of the right knee* was ascertained through the information of a warder, who heard McL. complain frequently of a pain in that spot.

I have thus far related duels exemplifying displays of courage, chivalry, and presence of mind; but bearing in memory my intention, expressed at the outset, to describe duels fought in the nineteenth century, I cannot forbear to record, however reluctantly, the circumstances of two intended contests that presented absolute departure from the vital principles of honour. Being professionally engaged on both occasions, I had full opportunity for observation. Resulting from an encounter on the stairs of the Theatre Royal, wherein Sir R. O'D. received a blow from Mr. W., a meeting took place on the Fifteen Acres, Phœnix Park, where, being present as Sir R.'s surgeon, I witnessed the following burlesque. Sir R. took his place on the measured ground, but Mr. W. remained in a carriage close by, and obstinately refused to leave it, without assigning a reason for such perseverance. The vehicle was then surrounded by a crowd of spectators, who, in turns, peeped through the windows, and with expressions of mockery, mingled with insulting inquiry, suggested the forcible transfer of the occupant to the post marked on the ground for him. When all efforts failed to induce a change of mind, Mr. M., Sir R.'s second, rode up to the carriage and discharged a pistol

across the windows, jocosely exclaiming, "Surely the dread of that sound created your want of courage!" At length a most abject apology was drawn up, and, when signed by Mr. W., was read aloud to the assemblage by Mr. M.

The second contest referred to collapsed in a manner not less inappropriate to the principles of honour. Mr. B. having learned that a military officer quartered in Dublin had spoken disparagingly of a near relative, demanded an explanation from that officer when he met him dressed in uniform. An evasive, insolent reply provoked a quarrel, during which Mr. B. horsewhipped the officer, who, in return, drew his sword, but his attempt to use it on Mr. B. was prevented by casual passengers. Happening to ride up at the moment, I witnessed the entire affair, which occurred in Grafton Street, at the corner of Wicklow Street, then called Exchequer Street. A hostile meeting was soon arranged, but was frustrated by the arrest of Mr. B., who lost no time, when released on bail, in communicating to the officer his anxiety to renew the duel. It was then fixed that both parties should proceed to France, and I was engaged by Mr. B. to accompany him as his surgeon. The journey was, however, rendered unnecessary by a compromise that included the officer's consent to accept a written apology from Mr. B., which was delivered in the presence of military and other gentlemen.

It is very unpleasant to refer to such displays of the *white feather*, particularly to that shown by an officer who drew his sword upon an unarmed gentleman, and afterwards, eschewing a fight with him on equal terms, felt satisfied to accept an apology in exchange for a public horsewhipping inflicted while he wore his Majesty's uniform. It is, however, more consonant to my feelings to testify that upon no other occasion have I noticed in duellists the least glimmer of inclination to forget their unyielding fealty to the national banner, with its indomitable motto "*Mors ante dedecus.*"

The undignified conclusion of the affair between Mr. B. and the officer gave rise to much caustic public commentary, and it was bruited about that other officers felt that, with regard to the honour of the regiment, it was placed in a very unpleasant dilemma. That impression was materially strengthened by a most unfortunate transaction which immediately afterwards created a painful sensation in Dublin. Captain Roland Smyth, of the same corps, while driving his cabriolet in Nassau Street, accompanied by a brother officer, approached directly against the horse ridden by Mr. Standish O'Grady, and thus compelled that gentleman to raise his whip in order to divert the horse driven by Captain Smyth, who, thereupon, applied his driving whip unsparingly upon Mr. O'Grady's person and horse. (I heard at the time the account now given of that incident from a gentleman who witnessed its occurrence from Morrison's Hotel.) An immediate challenge was followed by a duel on 18th March, 1830, near Dolphin's Barn, and Mr. O'Grady fell mortally wounded. That fatal result aroused an expression of universal reprobation, especially when it transpired that the fight took place in a small field bordered by hedges converging to an apex behind which there stood a large haystack, and that Mr. O'Grady, placed in the angle, presented a favourable target for Captain Smyth.

All the circumstances of this melancholy affair, so rashly and wantonly provoked by Captain Smyth, were elicited at the inquest, when Captain Smyth and his second, Captain Markam, were committed to the prison of Kilmainham, "for killing Mr. Standish S. O'Grady in a duel." These officers were tried for that offence on the 24th of August, 1830, before Lord Plunket and Judge Vandeleur, and sentenced to twelve months' confinement in Kilmainham prison.

The following occurrence forcibly exemplifies the influence that can be exercised over the mind when acutely sensible to the dictates of honour, however erroneously indulged. Being in professional attendance upon a young

gentleman when he fought a duel near Phibsborough, in which two rounds were exchanged, I closely observed the courage and coolness exhibited by him on the ground; yet he shortly afterwards committed suicide with an equal display of courage and determination. Having learned that a lady to whom he was greatly attached, and on whose reciprocal affection he had every reason to rely, was married to another person, he took a huge dose of laudanum, and, in order to ensure the accomplishment of his design, subsequently swallowed arsenic. When discovered labouring under the effects of the narcotic, he was conveyed to Richmond Hospital and relieved by the stomach-pump, but the arsenic produced effects that could not be neutralized, and he very soon expired. Here was an individual of unmistakable courage, who feared not to face death when defending his honour, yet with equal fortitude secured that end through labouring under a fatal apprehension that he was dishonoured and precluded from obtaining satisfaction for that stigma. He verily and practically proved his faith in the adage, *malo mori quam fœdari*.

The rapid stride of civilization that leads certainly to humanity; the growing influence of public opinion evinced by opposition to hostile meetings, as contrasted with the crowded attendance of enthusiastic spectators in former days; the excitement created by some of the conflicts to which I referred, and by others in various parts of the kingdom, gradually undermined the propensity for duelling. The decline and fall of the practice was hastened by the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchilsea, to which Jeremy Bentham thus alluded in a letter to the Duke: "Ill-advised man, think of the confusion into which government would have been thrown had you been killed or hurt, and your trial for the murder of another been substituted in the House of Lords for the passing of the Emancipation Act." It thus became known beyond dispute that duelling in the United Kingdom was *illegal* and subject to the ordinary process of the Criminal Courts, a most salutary change from the *legal* protection that previously surrounded those contests. That important change was subsequently confirmed in Ireland by the punishment of the military officers engaged in a fatal duel.

Nevertheless the fine old Celtic pride has not departed, and it is fondly hoped that it will continue in all future ages to animate the national heart, and assist it to beat in a spirit of manliness, combined with moderation, and thus uphold unsullied honour, the symbolical ensign of Erin's children.

M. Corr, M.D., M.A.

Dublin, *September* 1873.

P.S.—Since I wrote the preceding pages, the occurrence of three duels in France fully corroborates some leading characteristics in my reminiscences. On the 25th of November, 1873, M. Ghilka fell mortally wounded by a ball fired at *twenty-five yards' distance* by Prince Soutza—a result strongly confirming the theory that balls from pistols in the hands of duellists hit *point blank at certain long distances*. On the 27th of the same month Baron de St. George was mortally pierced through his lungs with a sword by Vicomte de Mauley; a proof that duels with swords are still fought in France. On the 23rd of December, Vicomte de Menan and Baron de Montesson fought *firstly with pistols*, then, after two ineffective shots by each, *they fought with swords*, and the Viscount's lungs were dangerously penetrated. This contest would appear to revive on the Continent the Irish double-duel practice of the eighteenth century.

M. C.

January 1874.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANKFORT (SUMMER OF 1836).

My dear mother had given up living in Paris, so as to leave me free for a journey to Italy, which I had long wished to undertake. We returned to Frankfort in the spring of 1836, and immediately after our arrival I hurried off to Düsseldorf. The Lower Rhenish Musical Festival was to take place there that year under Mendelssohn's direction, and "St. Paul" was to be performed for the first time. The room in the Becker-garden (now the so-called "Rittersaal" belonging to the town music-hall) was too small for the large audience and orchestra, and in the "Sleepers wake" chorus, the blast of the trumpets and trombones down from the gallery into the low hall was quite overpowering. I had arrived too late for rehearsal, and, sitting there all alone, listening to an entirely new work, in a frightfully hot and close room, was naturally not so deeply impressed as I expected to be. But the audience, who had already heard it three or four times, were delighted; the performers were thoroughly inspired; and on the third day, when, among other things, the chorus "Rise up, arise" was repeated, I listened with very different ears, and was as enthusiastic as anybody. The oratorio afterwards grew on me more and more, especially the first part, which I now consider one of the noblest and finest of Mendelssohn's works.

Mendelssohn was in every way the centre-point of the Festival, not only as composer, director, and pianist, but also as a lively and agreeable host, introducing people to each other, and bringing the right people together, with a kind word for everybody. There I saw Sterndale Bennett for the first time, renewed my boyish friendship with Ferdinand David, and greatly enjoyed meeting the young painters of Schadow's school, many of them already famous. The only musical part of the Festival which I remember, besides "St. Paul," was Mendelssohn's and David's performance of the Kreutzer Sonata, which they played with extraordinary spirit and absolute unity.

A few days after my return, Felix followed me to Frankfort. The first thing which he encountered there was a report of the Festival (the first that he had seen), in which "St. Paul" was spoken of in that lofty, patronizing, damaging tone so often adopted by critics towards artists who stand high above them. It was some time before he could get over the fact that the first criticism of his beloved work should be so offensive—so that the writer had gained his object. Our excellent friend Schelble had been obliged, by illness, to retire to his home at Hüfingen, in Baden, and Mendelssohn had promised meanwhile to undertake the direction of the "Cæcilia" Society for him. He took it only for six weeks, but during that short time his influence was most inspiring. He made them sing Handel and Bach, especially the wonderfully beautiful cantata by the latter, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit." He knew how to communicate his own enthusiasm to the chorus, and completely electrified them. At the same time he won all hearts by his invariable good-nature and kindness in every act and word.

Mendelssohn was living in a fine house belonging to Schelble, which stood at the corner of the "Schöne Aussicht," with a splendid view up and down the river. It was a pleasant place, and he enjoyed receiving his friends there, and loved an occasional

interruption even in the morning by sympathetic visitors.

Our house, at the "Pfarreisen," was not far off, and we saw a great deal of each other. My dear mother, who in spite of her intense love for me could easily be enthusiastic about talents which surpassed my own, was in raptures with Mendelssohn, and ready to do anything for him that lay in her power. She soon discovered his favourite dishes, and knew how to indulge him in so many little ways, that he felt quite at home with us. She would often secretly order a carriage for us, so that we might make excursions in the beautiful environs of Frankfort. On one of these expeditions I had the opportunity of seeing my friend in rather a passion. It was near the village of Bergen. The coachman did or said some stupidity or other, upon which Mendelssohn jumped out of the carriage in a towering rage, and after pouring a torrent of abuse upon the man, declared that nothing should make him get into the carriage again. The punishment was on our side, and my mother was quite frightened when we arrived late in the evening, hot and exhausted, having had to walk the whole way home. At supper, Felix himself could not help laughing, though still stoutly maintaining that he was right.

I remember once, directly after dinner, Mendelssohn's taking up my Studies, which lay on the piano, sitting down, and playing off the whole four-and-twenty one after the other in the most splendid style. My mother was in ecstasy. "He is a real man, that Felix," she said to me, beaming with delight. He, meanwhile, was in the greatest spirits at having given us pleasure, but so hot and excited that he went off directly to my room, to the leathern sofa on which he was so fond of rolling about.

We had many pleasant and interesting visitors at that time, amongst others the famous Swedish song-writer Lindblad, whose northern accent added a peculiar charm to his liveliness and gaiety. His visit was short, but we saw a great deal of him. One morning, after Mendelssohn had played his overture to "Melusine," he said, "That music actually listens to itself!" Perhaps it does—and it must be delighted with what it hears.

A special interest was given to that spring by Rossini's visit to Frankfort, and his almost daily meetings with Mendelssohn at our house. This most renowned of all Maestros had come to Frankfort with the Baroness James Rothschild, for the wedding of one of the younger members of the family—in the Baroness's mind no doubt to swell the glory of the feast by his presence. She was a highly cultivated lady, and knew Rossini's best side, having had plenty of opportunity, during their long journey, of observing his deep appreciation of whatever was beautiful, and his delight in art and nature. Rossini, since his "William Tell," had reached the highest pinnacle of his fame, and was at that time also at the height of his personality, if I may so express myself. He had lost the enormous corpulence of former years: his figure was full, but not disproportioned, and his splendid countenance, in which the power of the thinker and the wit of the humourist were united, beamed with health and happiness. He spoke French quite as well as Italian, and in a most melodious voice: his long residence in Paris, and intercourse with the best people there, had transformed him from a haughty young Italian into a man of the world—dignified, graceful, and charming, and enchanting everybody by his irresistible amiability. He had called on us one morning, to our great delight, and was describing his journey through Belgium, and all that had struck him there, when I heard the door-bell, and feeling certain that it was Mendelssohn, ran out to open the door of the corridor. It was Felix, and with him Julius Rietz, who had just arrived. I told them that Rossini was there, and Mendelssohn was delighted; but, in spite of all our persuasions, Rietz would not come in, and went off. When Felix appeared,

Rossini received him with marked respect, and yet so pleasantly, that in a few minutes the conversation resumed its flow and became quite animated. He entreated Mendelssohn to play to him, and though the latter was somewhat disinclined, they arranged to meet at our house again next morning, and these meetings were often repeated in the course of the next few days. It was quite charming to see how Felix, though inwardly resisting, was each time afresh obliged to yield to the overwhelming amiability of the Maestro, as he stood at the piano listening with the utmost interest, and expressing his satisfaction with more or less delight. I cannot deny the fact—and indeed it was perfectly natural—but Felix, with his juvenile demeanour, playing his compositions to a composer whose melodies just then ruled the whole world of song, was, in a certain measure, acting an inferior part; as must always be the case when one artist introduces himself to another without any corresponding return. Mendelssohn soon began to rebel a little. "If your Rossini," said he to me one morning when we met in the stream of the Main, "goes on muttering such things as he did yesterday, I won't play him anything more." "What did he mutter?" I asked; "I did not hear anything." "But I did: when I was playing my F sharp minor Caprice, he muttered between his teeth, '*Ca sent la sonate de Scarlatti.*'" "Well, that's nothing so very dreadful." "Ah—bah!" However, on the following day he played to him again. I must add that even in his later years Rossini looked back upon this meeting with Mendelssohn with heartfelt pleasure, and expressed the strongest admiration for his talent.

The impression that Rossini made on the whole colony of Frankfort musicians was really tremendous. As early as the second day after his arrival I had to drive about with him to all the artists of importance, and with many of them to act the part of interpreter. Some were ready to faint with fear and surprise when he appeared. Afterwards my mother invited all these gentlemen, and one or two foreign artists who happened to be staying in Frankfort, to meet him at a *soirée;* and it was almost comic to see how each did his best to shine before the great leader of the light Italian school. Capellmeister Guhr played a sonata of his own, Ferdinand Ries the Study with which he had first made a sensation in London, Aloys Schmitt a Rondo, and some one else a Notturno. Mendelssohn was intensely amused at the whole thing. Rossini was more stately that evening than I ever remember to have seen him: very polite, very amiable, and very complimentary—in fact, *too* complimentary. But next day his sly humour came out. A grand dinner had been arranged in his honour at the "Mainlust," and as many celebrities of all kinds as there were room for took part in it, Mendelssohn among the rest. When the dinner was over, the hero of the day began walking up and down the garden and talking in his usual way; meanwhile the place had become crowded with people who wanted to see the great man, and who pushed and squeezed and peered about to get a peep at him, he all the time pretending to ignore them utterly. I have never witnessed such a personal ovation to a composer in the open air—except, perhaps, on his way to the grave!

The year 1836 was one of the most important of Mendelssohn's life, for it was that in which he first met his future wife. Madame Jeanrenaud was the widow of a clergyman of the French Reformed Church in Frankfort. Her husband had died in the prime of life, and she was living with her children at the house of her parents, the Souchays, people of much distinction in Frankfort. Felix had been introduced to them, and soon felt himself irresistibly attracted by the beauty and grace of the eldest daughter, Cécile. His visits became more and more frequent, but he always behaved with such reserve towards his chosen one, that, as she once laughingly told me in her husband's presence, for several

weeks she did not imagine herself to be the cause of Mendelssohn's visits, but thought he came for the sake of her mother, who, indeed, with her youthful vivacity, cleverness, and refinement, chattering away in the purest Frankfort dialect, was extremely attractive. But though during this early time Felix spoke but little to Cécile, when away from her he talked of her all the more. Lying on the sofa in my room after dinner, or taking long walks in the mild summer nights with Dr. S. and myself, he would rave about her charm, her grace, and her beauty. There was nothing overstrained in him, either in his life or in his art: he would pour out his heart about her in the most charmingly frank and artless way, often full of fun and gaiety; then again, with deep feeling, but never with any exaggerated sentimentality or uncontrolled passion. It was easy to see what a serious thing it was, for one could hardly get him to talk of anything which did not touch upon her more or less. At that time I did not know Cécile, and therefore could only act the sympathetic listener. How thankless the part of confidant is, we learn from French tragedies; but I had not even the satisfaction of being sole confidant, for S. was often present during Felix's outpourings; but then, again, we could talk over all these revelations. and our affection for Mendelssohn made it easy for us to forgive the monotony which must always pervade a lover's confidences. Mendelssohn's courtship was no secret, and was watched with much curiosity and interest by the whole of Frankfort society; and many remarks which I heard showed me that in certain circles, to possess genius, culture, fame, amiability, and fortune, and belong to a family of much consideration as well as celebrity, is hardly enough to entitle a man to raise his eyes to a girl of patrician birth. But I do not think that anything of this sort ever came to Mendelssohn's ears.

In the beginning of August he went to the seaside for the benefit of his health, and also, as Devrient tells us on good authority, to test his love by distance. Soon after he left, I got the following letter from the Hague; and his humorous irritation shows even more plainly than his pathetic complaints, how hard he found it to bear the few weeks' separation.

"'s Gravenhage, *7th August*, 1836.

"Dear Hiller,—How I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen' with you, telling you about Holland, instead of writing to you about it. I think it is impossible in Frankfort to have any idea how dull it is at the Hague.

"If you don't answer this letter directly, and write me at least eight pages about Frankfort and the 'Fahrthor,'[1] and about you and your belongings, and music, and all the living world, I shall probably turn cheesemonger here and never come back again. Not one sensible thought has come into my head since I drove out of the Hôtel de Russie; now I am beginning by degrees to accustom myself to it a little, and have given up hoping for any sensible ideas, and only count the days till I go back, and rejoice that I have already taken my sixth bath to-day, about a quarter of the whole dose. If you were me, you would already have packed up ten times, turned your back on the cheese-country, said a few incomprehensible words to your travelling companion, and gone home again; I should be glad enough to do so, but a certain Philistinism that I am known to possess holds me back. I had to stay three days instead of two at Düsseldorf, because it was impossible to get S. away, and I think those few days did a good deal towards making me melancholy. There was such an air of the past about everything, and fatal remembrance—for whom you know I care but little—would play its part again. The Festival is said to have been fine, but that did not make the time any less tedious. I had to hear no end about Schindler and his writings and refutations, and it was not amusing. I dined at ———, and that also recalled bygone times. Rietz is for the moment recovered, but looks so dreadfully ill and worried, and is so overworked by the musical set at Düsseldorf, and so ill-treated by others, that it made my heart ache to see him. We had rain on the steamer as far as Rotterdam; Schirmer came on here with us,

[1] The Jeanrenauds lived close to the "Fahrthor."

and then went by steamer to Havre, and after that to Paris—but, oh! I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen!'—for all the real bother began here. S. got cross, and found everything too dear, and we couldn't get a lodging or a carriage, and the Dutch did not understand German, though S. boldly addressed them all in it; and his boy was naughty, and there was no end of bother. We have got a lodging at the Hague now, and drive out to Scheveningen every morning at eight, and take our bath, and are all in good working order. However, nothing can destroy the effect of the sea out at Scheveningen, and the straight green line is as mysterious and unfathomable as ever, and the fish and shells which the tide washes up on to the shore are delightful. But still the sea here is as prosaic as it can possibly be anywhere; the sand-hills look dreary and hopeless, and one sees hardly any reflection in the water, because the level of the coast is so low; half the sea is just the colour of the shore, because it is very shallow at first, and only begins to be deep far out. There are no big ships, only middling-sized fishing-boats; so I don't feel cheerful, though a Dutchman caught hold of me to-day as I was running along the shore and said, 'Hier solle se nu majestuosische Idee sammele.' I thought to myself, 'It's a pity you are not in the land where the pepper grows and I in the wine-country.' One can't even be really alone, for here too there are musical people, and they take offence if you snub them. There are actually some Leipsic ladies, who bathe at Scheveningen and go about afterwards with their hair all down their backs, which looks disgusting, and yet you're expected to be civil to them. My only consolation is Herr von ——, which shows how far gone I am; but he also is bored to death, and that is why we harmonize. He keeps looking at the sea as if he could have it tapped to-morrow if he chose; but that does not matter, and I like better walking with him than with the Leipsic ladies with their long hair. Lastly, I have to teach S.'s boy, help him with his Latin construing from Cornelius Nepos, mend his pens, cut his bread and butter, and make tea for him every morning and evening, and to-day I had to coax him into the water, because he always screamed so with his father and was so frightened—and this is how I live at the Hague, and I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.'

"But do write soon and tell me all about it, and comfort me a little. . . . . That was a good time we had in Frankfort, and as I seldom talk of such things, I must tell you now how heartily thankful I am to you for it. Those walks at night by the Main, and many an hour at your house, and the afternoons when I lay on your sofa, and you were so frightfully bored and I not at all—I shall never forget them. It really is a great pity that we meet so seldom and for such short times; it would be such a pleasure to us both if it could be otherwise. Or do you think we should end by quarrelling? I don't believe it.

"Have you ever, since I went away, thought of our Leipsic overture which I am so fond of? Do let me find it finished when I come back; it will only take you a couple of afternoons now, and hardly anything but copying. And my pianoforte piece, how about that? I have not thought of music here yet, but I have been drawing and painting a good deal, and I may also perhaps bring back some music. What is the Cæcilia Society doing? Is it alive still, or sleeping and snoring? Many things belonging to our Frankfort time are over . . . . —— told me to-day that H. is engaged to be married: is it true? Then you too must marry soon. I propose Madame M. Have you seen her again, and the Darmstadt lady? Write to me about all Frankfort. Tell Mdlle. J. that there is only one engraving hanging in my room here, but it represents *la ville de Toulon*, and so I always have to think of her as a Toulonese. And mind you remember me to your mother most particularly, and write to me very very soon. If my patience is not exhausted, I shall stay here till the 24th or 26th of August, and then travel by land or by water back to the free-town of Frankfort. Oh that I were there now! If you show this letter to anybody I wish you may be roasted, and anyhow I should be hanged; so lock it up or burn it, but write to me at once, *poste restante, à la Haye.* Farewell, and think nicely of me and write soon.

"Your F. M. B."

It will easily be conceived that I did not burn this letter, and I shall hardly be blamed for not keeping it locked up any longer. A few days after I received it I met with a little accident. Jumping into the swimming-bath in the Main at low water I trod on a sharp piece of glass, and must have cut a small

vein, for when, with a good deal of pain, I got to land, a little fountain of blood sprang from the wound. I was more amused than frightened at the sight, but towards evening I had a kind of nervous attack, which made me feel very weak and ill. A few days later the doctor recommended change of air, and sent me to Homburg, at that time a most retired and idyllic little spot. There was one small house near the mineral spring, in which my mother and I established ourselves: the whole bathing-population consisted only of some two dozen Frankforters. From there I sent Mendelssohn a report of myself, and received the following answer:—

"The Hague, 18*th August*, 1836.

"Dear Ferdinand,—This is very bad news which your letter gives me, and the whole tone of it is so low-spirited that it shows what a tiresome and serious illness you have gone through. I hope you are getting on better now, and that these lines will find you in quite a different frame of mind to the one you wrote to me in; but as you had to be sent to the country, the thing must have been rather obstinate, and if with your strong constitution you had nervous attacks, and suffered from exhaustion, it must really have been serious, and you must have needed much patience, poor fellow! I only hope that it is all over now, and that I shall find you in Frankfort again quite strong and well. It is curious that I also should have hurt my foot bathing, about eight or ten days ago (much less seriously than you, of course, only sprained), and since that time I limp about laboriously, which certainly creates a sort of sympathy between us, but only makes the stay here more tiresome; for if one can't give full play to one's body (in a twofold sense) in a bathing-place like this, one really has nothing else to do. In fact, if you expect this to be a cheerful letter I am afraid you must take the will for the deed, for I am much too full of whims now that I am obliged to limp, and am no good as a comforter. Besides this, S. took himself off a few days ago, and has left me here alone amongst the people 'who speak a strange tongue.' Now I have to swallow all the *ennui* by myself—we used at least to be able to swear in company. The bathing seemed to exhaust him too much, and he was afraid of getting seriously ill, so I could hardly press him to stay, and he is probably already sitting comfortably and quietly at Düsseldorf, whilst I have our whole apartment to myself, and can sleep in three beds if I like. Twenty-one baths make up what they call the small cure, the minimum that can do one any good, and when I have finished these I shall be off in a couple of hours, and I look forward to Emmerich and the Prussian frontier as if it were Naples or something equally beautiful. Next Monday I shall take this long-expected twenty-first bath, and my plan is to go up the Rhine by steamer, as unfortunately there is no quicker way. I must stop a day at Horchheim, at my uncle's, for on the way here I hardly stopped at all; and I hope to goodness on Sunday evening, the 28th August, I may celebrate Goethe's birthday at Frankfort in Rhine wine; and as I write this you can't imagine how I long for the time. Shall we be able to spend the evening together directly? I am always afraid you will stop too long at your Homburg, and who knows whether I should be able to go and see you there? Whereabouts is this Homburg? Is it Homburg vor der Höhe, or Hessen-Homburg where the Prince comes from, or which? Just now it seems to me as if I had also heard of one in the Taunus; if so, and that be yours, could not we meet somewhere between Frankfort and Mainz on the 28th? That would be splendid, and we would come along together past the watch-tower into Frankfort, and have such a fine talk all the evening. Please write me a few lines about this, and about how you are—you would be doing me a great kindness; only say how and when I am to meet you, and give me good news of yourself and your belongings. I can plainly see from your letter that it was an effort to you, and I thank you all the more for having written it, and you must please make another good effort, even if it is only a few lines, and address it to Herrn Mendelssohn, Coblenz, and then I shall get it quick and sure. I am drawing a great deal, but composing little; but I wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.' Forgive this stupid letter; farewell, and may we have a happy meeting on the Main, in good health.

"Always your F. M. B."

In consequence of this letter I must have offered to meet Mendelssohn at Höchst, which I could easily reach from Homburg. Nothing came of it, how-

ever, as may be seen from the following note :—

"COBLENZ, 27*th August*, 1836.

"DEAR OLD DRAMA,[1]—I got your letter yesterday at Cologne, and could only answer it to-day from here in great haste, for it is better to tell you the rest. I shall not be able to say exactly when I go from Mainz to Frankfort, and come to Höchst. I have to have leeches on my stupid foot to-day, *par ordre de moufti* (*chirurgien*), and so must stay here to-morrow, and keep quiet; it would be too horrible if I came to Frankfort and had to stay in. I hope to be able to come on Monday evening, but I may still perhaps start to-morrow morning, and in any case I am too uncertain to be able to give you a *rendezvous*. I must obey the leeches; but anyhow I could not have gone to Homburg with you; I feel myself far too much drawn to the old Free-town, and you know how I long to be there. Do come back there soon, and let me find a line from you, *poste restante*, Frankfort, to say how and when you will come, so that I may meet you. Remember me to your people, and keep well and happy, in major, and 6-4 chords of all sorts.

"Your F. M. B."

Mendelssohn's engagement took place while I was at Homburg—a great event, and much spoken of. He called on us one afternoon with his *fiancée* and her sister, but as he had only a very short time to be with her, one could not make any demands on so happy a bridegroom. Towards the end of September, if not sooner, he was obliged to return to his Leipsic duties, and could not even remain for a great rural festivity given at the "Sandhof" by the grandparents of Cécile, to celebrate the engagement. He went off, with post-horses, in an old carriage which my mother lent him. I had put off my journey to Italy, so as to undertake the direction of the Cæcilia Society, and shortly afterwards received the following letter :—

[1] I had given my first Concert Overture in D minor, which I have mentioned once or twice, the title of "Overture to the Old Drama of Fernando;" this brought about the often-repeated expression of "Old Drama," and so on. When it was published I omitted this title, as it referred to a drama which is only now beginning by degrees to be an old one.

"LEIPSIC, 29*th October*, 1836.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—Cécile says you are angry with me,—but I say, don't be so, at least not very, for my long silence really may be forgiven. You cannot have any idea of the heap of work that is put upon me; they really drive it too far with music here, and the people never can get enough. I have rehearsals almost every day, sometimes two, or rehearsal and concert the same day, and when I am tired and done up with talking and beating time, I don't like then to sit down and write to you. If you had been a really nice fellow you would long ago have sent me a few lines, and have thought, 'As he does not write first, he probably can't, so I will,' and certainly you are not as driven and worried as I am and then you often see Cécile, and you might have written to me about her, and you don't do it a bit, and yet you expect to be called noble-minded! But I won't complain if you will make up for it directly, and write and describe everything which has happened to you since the 19th of September at midnight.

"About myself there is really nothing to say. I conduct the Subscription Concerts and divers others, and I wish with all my heart I were at the 'Fahrthor.' You have plenty to write about—how you are living, how your people are, whether you have time and inclination for composing, how my pianoforte piece is getting on, and the Cæcilia Society; how my bride is looking, how you behave in their house; about Schelble, about the fat P., about all Frankfort (where I would so gladly be, and you perhaps in Leipsic), all this you must write about, and do it very soon, dear Ferdinand.

"After all I have something to tell you about, and that is our second Subscription Concert and your Overture in E, with which you gave me and all of us real and heartfelt pleasure. It sounded extremely fresh and beautiful with the orchestra, and was played with real liking; some parts, from which on the piano I had not expected so much, came out admirably in the orchestra, especially one where it goes down *fortissimo* in whole notes (your favourite passage, very broad and strong) and sounds splendid, and my wind instruments went at it so heartily that it was quite a treat. David made the strings do it all with the down bow—you should have heard it; and then the softness of the wind instruments, and the return to

E major *pianissimo!* The whole composition gave me more pleasure than ever, and I liked it better than any of the new ones that I know. The so-called public were less delighted than I had expected and wished, because it is just the kind of thing that they can and ought to understand; but I think it comes from their not yet having seen your name on any instrumental composition, which always makes them chary of their enthusiasm in Germany. So it's lucky that the Director of the theatre sent the very next day to ask for the Overture for a concert which is to be given in the theatre in a week or two, and I promised it him. (I hope you don't mind.) On the 8th of January we do the one in D minor, and towards the end of the winter I shall probably repeat both. I don't know what the reviews have said about it, for I did not read them; Finck said to me that it was 'beautiful writing,' and Sch . . was going to write at length about it—God grant it may be something good. But what does it matter? The generality of musicians here were very much pleased with it, and that is the chief thing. But when is my pianoforte piece coming?

"You had better not boast so much about your Cæcilia Society; we Leipzigers are getting up a performance of 'Israel in Egypt,' which will be something quite perfect; more than 200 singers, with orchestra and organ, in the church;—I look forward to it immensely; we shall come out with it in about a week, and that is also one of the things which makes my head in a whirl just now, for these rehearsals, with all the amateurs, ladies and gentlemen, singing and screaming away all at once, and never keeping quiet, are no easy matter. You are better off at the Cæcilia Society, where they have been well drilled into obedience,—but then they criticise among themselves, and that isn't nice either. In fact—and so on! I wish I were at the 'Fahrthor'—and also at the 'Pfarreisen,' you may believe me or not. Stamaty is staying here, and I have got to teach him counterpoint—I declare I really don't know much about it myself. He says, however, that that is only my modesty. And the carriage! How am I ever to thank you enough for it now? . .

"Are you a Freemason? People declare that there are some four-part songs for men's voices in the lodge here, which no one but a Freemason could have composed. Do you still mean to keep to your Italian journey in the spring? Pray, dear Ferdinand, write soon and long, and forgive my silence, and don't punish me for my small paper with the same. My best remembrances to your mother, and write soon and keep well and happy.

"Your Felix M. B."

And a few weeks later this one:—

"Leipsic, 26*th November*, 1836.

"Dear Ferdinand,—Here is your Overture (if you object to my having kept the autograph I will bring it you at Christmas and exchange) and the copies of your songs which you wanted, and which I went and got from Hofmeister. Many thanks for your delightful long letter, but now that I hope, please God, to be in Frankfort this day three weeks, I hardly feel in the mood to answer it properly. It is so much nicer and pleasanter to do it oneself in person. I should have sent you the Overture long ago, if the copyist had not kept me waiting such a shameful time; the one in E will have to be repeated at one of the next concerts, and now I am curious to see what they will say to the D minor. As to the carriage, I am thinking of bringing it back myself at Christmas. I am having it repaired a little, and the smith declares it will then be perfect. I owe your mother many thanks for having lent it me. Stamaty will be at Frankfort in a few days, on his way back to Paris—I maintain that he has got *de l'Allemagne* and *du contrepoint double par dessus les oreilles*—and in three weeks, please God, I myself come to Frankfort. O that I were at the 'Pfarreisen!' I should first come and say good evening to you, and then turn to the right. To-day I can only say, *auf Wiedersehen!* Remember me to your mother.

"Your Felix M. B."

I have very little to tell about the short visit which he paid his *fiancée* at Christmas, excepting that I saw him oftener than I could have expected under the circumstances. He interested himself much in my work at the Cæcilia Society, where they had begun studying "St. Paul" under my direction. Our performance of it was the first after the Leipsic one, which Mendelssohn himself had conducted—though in reality the third, counting that at the Düsseldorf Festival, while the work was still in manuscript.

Shortly after his return to Leipsic I received the following letters:—

"LEIPSIC, 10*th January*, 1837.

"DEAR FERDINAND ('OLD DRAMA')—First let me thank you for the *nervos rerum* which you lent me, and which I now return; they were of the greatest service, for I had very little left when I got here. Still I don't think that that was the chief reason why I felt so dreadfully low when I came into my room again on the evening of my return—so low, that even you with your flinty heart would have pitied me; I sat quite quiet for full two hours, doing nothing but curse the Subscription Concerts to myself. And with this old strain I come back to Hafiz, and wish I were at the 'Pfarreisen.' I am always happy there. Tell me yourself, what pleasure *can* I take in the remaining nine concerts, in the Symphony by H. and the Symphony by S. The day after to-morrow we have Molique's symphony, and that is why I am writing to you, because we had to put off your Overture till the next concert, when we shall also have [Sterndale] Bennett's pianoforte concerto, the sacrifice scene from 'Idomeneo,' and Beethoven's B flat symphony. I meant not to write before next Friday, but as that would put it off for a week, and I want to save my reputation as a man of business, I will write again then. So you had better look out and answer me before that, or I shall abuse your Overture, or rather, make it go badly, and intrigue against it, *secundum ordinem Melchisedek*, etc. . . . You once praised me for making friends of all the German composers, but this winter it's the very reverse—I shall be in hot water with them all. I have got six new symphonies lying here; what they are like, God only knows, I would rather not; not one of them would please, and nobody has to bear the blame but me, because I never let any composers but myself have a chance, especially in symphonies. Good heavens! Ought not the Capellmeisters to be ashamed of themselves, and smite their breasts? But they spoil everything with their cursed artistic consciousness and the wretched divine spark which they are always reading about.

"When am I to have my pianoforte piece, 'Drama'?

"I have sent my six Preludes and Fugues to the printer to-day; they will not be much played, I fear; still I should very much like you to look them through some time, and tell me if anything pleased you in them, and also anything to the contrary. The Organ Fugues are to be printed next month; *me voilà perruque!* I wish to goodness that some rattling good pianoforte passage would come into my head, to do away with the bad impression. Oh dear! I only really care about one thing, and that is the calendar. Easter falls early—I wish it would fall now. However, I have informed my Directors that I must leave directly after the last concert (17th of March), and cannot conduct any oratorio, either my own or the Angel Gabriel's, because of family affairs. They understand this, and think it quite fair. If only I had not to wait so long. How many times must it thaw, and freeze, and rain, and must I be shaved, and drink my coffee in the morning, and conduct symphonies, and take walks, before March comes. Schumann, David, and Schleinitz (though he does not know you) wish to be remembered to you. I must leave off and go to dinner; in the afternoon we rehearse Molique, in the evening there is a fête for the newly-married couple (the Davids); his wife is really here, and is a Russian, and he is married to her, and is a brother-in-law of Prince Lieven, and our 'Concertmeister.' It is needless to say more. Many remembrances and good wishes to your dear mother, and many compliments de Mdlle. J. And so farewell, and do not forget your

"FELIX M. B."

"LEIPSIC, 24*th January*, 1837.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I have to give you my report of the performance of your D minor Overture,[1] which took place last Thursday evening. It went very well; we had rehearsed it very carefully several times, and many parts of it greatly surpassed my expectations; the most beautiful of all is the A minor *piano* passage in the wind, and the melody that follows it—it sounds capital; then also, at the beginning of the so-called working-out, the *forte* in G minor, with the *piano* after it (your own favourite passage), and then the drums and wind instruments *piano* in D major right at the end. The winding-up sounds far better in the orchestra than I had expected. But I must tell you that after the first rehearsal, relying on the good understanding between us, I could not resist changing the basses to the melody in A—and also where it comes back in F and in D—from *staccato* to sustained notes; you can't think how restless

[1] Afterwards published by Breitkopf and Härtel, with many alterations, under the title of "First Concert Overture in D minor, Op. 32."

they made it sound, so I hope you won't be annoyed at my taking such a liberty; I am convinced you would have done the same, for it did not sound at all as you wanted it to.

"But now, there is still something on my mind which I want to say. The Overture, even at the performance, did not take hold of the musicians as I had wished, but left us all a little cold. This would have been of no consequence at all, but it was remarkable that all the musicians whom I spoke to, said the same—they had all been extremely pleased with the first subject and the whole of the opening, and the melodies in A minor and major, and so far had felt quite worked up by it, but from that point their liking began to decrease, till by the end, the good and striking impression of the subject was forgotten, and they felt no more interest in the music. This seems to me important, for it touches again upon a matter about which we have had such endless discussions, and the want of interest with which it is possible for you at any time to regard your art, must at last be felt by others also. I would not like to say this to you if I were not so perfectly convinced that the point is just one at which every man is left to *himself*, and where neither nature, nor talent, not even the very greatest, can help him, but only his own will. I dislike nothing more than finding fault with a man's nature or talent; it only depresses and worries and does no good; one cannot add a cubit to one's stature, all striving and struggling are useless there, so one has to be silent about it, and let the responsibility rest with God. But when it is a case like the present with your work, where all the themes, everything which is talent or inspiration (call it what you will) is good and beautiful and impressive, and the development alone not good, then I think it may not be passed over;—there, I think that blame can never be misplaced,—that is the point where one can improve oneself and one's work,—and as I believe that a man with splendid capacities is under an obligation to become something great, and that it may justly be called his own fault if he does not develop himself exactly in proportion to the means given him—I also believe it ought to be the same with a piece of music. Don't tell me, it is so, and therefore it must be so; I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents otherwise than what Heaven has given them to him; but I also know that if Heaven has given him good ones, he must also be able to develop them properly. And don't go and tell me that we are all mistaken, and that your treatment is always as good as your invention; I don't think it is. I do think that as far as regards your talents you are equal to *any* musician of the day, but I know hardly any piece of yours which is satisfactorily worked out. The two Overtures are certainly your best things, but the more clearly you express yourself, the more one feels what is wanting, and what in my opinion you ought to remedy.

"Don't ask me, how; for you know that best yourself; after all it is only the affair of a walk, or a moment—in short, of a thought. If you laugh at me for all this long story, you will perhaps be doing very right; but certainly not, if you are angry, or bear me a grudge for it,—it is foolish of me even to think of such a thing; but how many musicians are there who would put up with it from another? And as you must see from every word how I love and admire your talent, I may also say that you are not perfect—and that would offend most musicians. But not you, for you know how I take the matter to heart.

"As for that passage in Bach, I don't happen to have the score, and I should not be able to find it here at once, but I never considered it a misprint, though the edition generally swarms with them. Your version seems to me therefore incorrect. I should have thought the A flat quite necessary at 'Thou smotest them'—and peculiarly Bach-ish. Kind regards.

"Your F. M."

This letter, in which Mendelssohn lectures me so affectionately, appears in the second volume of his published letters, but I felt that I could not omit it here; and I must add a few words, with regard to "the matter about which we had had such endless discussions," as Felix says,—a matter in which to this day I believe myself to be right, though I do not therefore by any means wish to set myself up against his criticism of my compositions at that time.

That a composer must be *born*—that unless there is a natural power working in him with all the force of instinct, he will produce nothing of paramount greatness—there can be as little doubt as that he must learn and study all that

is to be learned, as much and more than he would do for mere technical purposes. But the question now arises, Where does the inborn power end, and the power of workmanship begin? According to Mendelssohn's opinion, as expressed above, all that comes within the range of invention of melody belongs to the first power, and the development to the second, in which the strong will, coupled with the presupposed amount of ability and dexterity, deals like a master with the material in hand. This view of his, no doubt shared by many, arose from the twofold source of his harmonious nature and his perfectly matured artistic education. The general spontaneity of melodious thought cannot be denied; and though with the acceptance or rejection of the *first inspiration* criticism already comes into play, the choice in that case is not so *infinite* as it becomes in the *working out* of the leading ideas—and choice is always distracting. But in spite of this, it seems to me a mistake to consider the final development as less dependent on original genius than the first discovery; for if this development rests only on what has been learned and studied—if the qualities of poetical creation do not come into play in the same degree in both cases—if it is not fresh, living, and original, it cannot make any impression; the cleverness and learning of a musician will always meet with due recognition, but will not make him pass for an inspired composer. One might even assert, that in the union of musical thought and speculation with the vivid power of the imagination, a still higher degree of productive genius is called out than in the formation of the simple melodious idea; if indeed this latter, as soon as it passes beyond the most elementary forms, does not at once need the strongest chisel and the finest file. I find the proofs of this opinion in the masterpieces which adorn our art. In the best works of the five great masters, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, it is impossible to point out any separation between invention and treatment; as soon as such a separation becomes possible, they no longer stand at their greatest height. In fact, there are not a few cases where just the whole force of their genius shows itself in works which have developed from comparatively unimportant germs; as, on the other hand, with inferior composers, the weakness of the working out and the poverty of invention are much on the same level. If there are some composers of great genius, in whose works "form" (a word often used and generally mis-used) goes for less than the material which has been given to them, this is a want which certainly lies more in their natural gifts than in their education. For assuredly we are attributing far too much to artistic education and development if we can see nothing in natural gifts, so far as they hold any high position, beyond the mere power of inventing melodies. Amongst the countless gifts with which Nature must endow the man whom she designs for a great composer, one of the most essential is a firm will to absorb himself in his own ideas. It may sound hopeless to say that this also, in art, is inborn; it is still more hopeless to see many possessing it without the material on which they might worthily employ it.

Mendelssohn, who was endowed with *all* these gifts, only in less measure than the *very* greatest of his predecessors, possessed also in a very prominent degree that indefatigableness which made him devote the minutest care, as well as the whole force of his energy, to attaining his ideal. He could not conceive that anything else was possible. And yet after all, towards the close of the letter just quoted, he himself admits, that the best must always be the half-unconscious; for what else—to use his own words—can be said to be "the matter of a walk, or a moment—in short, of a thought?"

I need hardly add, that I have no wish to deny the necessity of the most uninterrupted, strenuous, and painstaking work.

(*To be continued.*)

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XI.

THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN.

"My religion has broken down." Such was the hopeless sentiment,—a sentiment rendered doubly mournful by the simplicity of the language, and the position of the speaker,—expressed to me a few nights since by a poor Spanish boatman. It was uttered in answer to my question why he was absent from his cathedral, the bells of which had just been clanging for evening service.

"My religion has broken down!"

The train of thought which these bitter words led to, urged me to throw together into a connected form the many observations I had already jotted down, as to the state of religious feeling in Spain; and I could not help reflecting, as I turned over page after page of my journal, and came upon the entries relating to this especial subject, with how much truth might both the educated and uneducated Spaniard of to-day say, with the poor boatman, "My religion has broken down."

This self-imposed task is a dispiriting one. For I cannot, to be candid, write of the vitality and living work of the Church in my present country, but rather of its lifelessness and stagnation: not of the growth and progress of faith, but, alas! of its rapid and visible decay.

The Church of Spain—of Spain in 1873 (I write of what I have seen in the South and in the interior of Spain; in the North, I am told, ecclesiastical affairs wear a wholly different aspect), is an institution which has lost its hold on the masses, both educated and uneducated; they do not look to its shelter for the offering of prayers, nor to its pulpit for instruction, nor to its minister for support and comfort. In literature, in intercourse with strangers, in thought and education, all around has moved: the Church moves not; she is left behind in the onward march: too proud to ask, to follow, or to learn, she stands alone; too proud to acknowledge, or too much wrapped in sublime slumber and dreams of her past glory, to recognize for a moment the fact that she *is* alone.

She writes her commands still, but none are found to obey them: she proffers her advice, but her sons turn away unheeding. "We have heart and mind like you," they say; "we can think and act for ourselves. Away!" The picture that rises upon one's mind when one sees the decrees of Mother Church slighted, ridiculed, or ignored, by her sons (though *not* by her pious daughters) is that of some aged officer, long ago suspended for his age —to whom the rules and implements of modern strategy are wholly new and strange—suddenly aspiring to command on the field of modern warfare: he raises his hand with all his pristine dignity; he gives the word with all the decision of one accustomed to command. Too full of respect for his grey hairs, and his pristine courage, and his rank, those around him do not ridicule him, or tell him he is mistaken; they simply salute him courteously, and pass on ignoring his commands.

The decay of religious faith in Spain divides itself into three distinct heads. The first subject of inquiry will naturally be, *What is the precise state of religious feeling existing at the present moment?* The second will be, *To what causes is the present state of things due?* And lastly, *Whither is it tending; what will be the result in the future of the religious position of the present?*

To answer these questions fairly, fully, and without exaggeration, will be the object of this paper: what the writer will say will certainly be suggestive; it

may, he trusts, be productive in England of much good. Anyhow, it cannot fail to be full of the deepest interest.

I. What is the precise state of religious feeling in Spain at the present day? Some few years ago it was the writer's privilege, when in London, to attend one or two of a set of lectures, very original and suggestive, given by the great Indian reformer, Cheshub Chunder Sen, lectures which ultimately fell into the writer's hand. Mr. Sen was, as the writer understood him, one who had advanced far beyond the creed of his countrymen—(Brahmees, if my remembrance serves me rightly, was the name by which he designated them)—one who, having become dissatisfied with the superstitions of the Brahmins, had gone hither and thither seeking for a creed. His words were very striking, full as they were of those Scriptures of which, as the writer believes, he had grasped a part—and but a part. "I," he said, in perfectly good English, "I was for many years a man without a creed; I and hundreds of my fellow-Brahmees could not accept or hold to our own religion, and I made trial first of other religious systems in India; but, thirsty as I was, I found none to give me drink; I was hungry, and they gave me no food. At last I read for myself, and I read carefully, the New Testament which you English deify. I re-read it with prayer: I read it, before I embraced its teaching, on my knees. I rose up a different man. I believed in the One God, the true Father of all who trust in Him; One who requires no sacrifice, nothing but the love of a true heart and sincerity."

"I do not," he went on, "with yourselves, call my Saviour God, because He says, '*I am the way*'—the way, not the goal: thither I cannot follow you; but I look up to Him as the only perfect Son of God.

"Long time had I gone about, seeking rest, and finding none; at last I had found rest to my soul—rest for which I thank my God daily."

The words were evidently the utterance of a true, loyal, and religious soul and of an inquiring and lofty mind: as I understood them, the speaker's position was that of the Unitarian Church: he believed in one God, and in one perfect Son of God, sent by Him to be men's guide and pattern, and there he stopped. Whether or no he went further, with Arianism, I cannot fairly remember. But it struck me at the time, that for a soul so devout and earnest the whole truth would be revealed: the whole evangelical faith, in all its fulness and blessedness, would be, I felt sure, finally grasped by his heart and soul.

The lecturer then went on to say that he and several hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, chiefly Indian barristers, and men of the other learned professions, had formed a sort of religious confraternity, or club, on the religious foundation he had explained, called the Brahmo-Somaj, and that their tenets were fast gaining ground among the educated Brahmins; that they were gathering daily disciples "from the thousands" (I quote his own words) "who are now in India going about, *having cast off their old faith, seeking for some faith on which to stay their soul.*"

The parallel between the religious state of the "thousands" here referred to and the "thousands" of Spain, among educated men, the writer conceives to be a very close one. Not for one moment does he intend to imply that the branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain—a Church which has given to its sons and daughters a duly-ordained ministry, and Christian rites, and religious instruction, and in whose sublime churches the thousands of its faithful have made their hearts' desire known to their God, aye, and still make it known—is not one in which men may find all things necessary to salvation; but, he says, and means, because the fact is one patent to him, and freely conversed of in street, drawing-room, plaza, and casino, by Spanish gentlemen, and others of the lower class (who are not too indifferent—alas! with most of these the thoughts soar not above the search for

daily bread)—and it is simply this: that the case of the educated Spanish gentlemen, and especially of professional men, tradesmen, and literary men and artisans—the state of all, in a word, who travel, think, or read—is exactly analogous to the state of his fellow-countrymen described by Cheshub Chunder Sen.

Like them, they have unobtrusively but certainly cast aside the faith in which they were brought up, and, having nothing sure, nothing established, nothing of a church, a public service, and the sympathy needed by mankind in its religious aspirations, which a church and assemblies foster—to which to cling, and on which to anchor their souls—they are simply going about, seeking someone to lead them by the hand, someone whose talents and character give him a claim to be trusted, to guide and direct their minds and souls; someone to help them to rise—as they do wish, and long, and pray to rise—above the dead level of indifferentism, and the weary, meaningless round of daily life: daily work, or daily idleness; casino, politics, and cigarillo.

What, then, are the signs by which this state of religious feeling is betokened, and on what grounds is it justifiable to present so melancholy a view of religion?

I answer, one must be guided by four different signs of the times in forming an estimate: the tone of conversation in social circles; the statistics of church-going; the observation of various small facts in connection with this great subject, all of which are small, it is true, but, like the eddying straw of our trite English proverb, "serve to show the course of the stream;" and lastly, books and literature.

(*a*) The decay of religious faith is shown by conversation in the social circles of Spain, especially among the more ardent of the Republicans.

There are three different names by which Republican Spain of the present day, in the districts from which this article is dated, calls her sons, namely: *Ateos; Indiferentes; and libres pensadores:* that is, Atheists; those indifferent to religion at all, or undecided; and free-thinkers.

These are terms of daily use among us. A man, however, would never say of himself, "I am an *Ateo*," although he *might* (and very frequently *does*) apply that "word without hope" to his friend's state of mind. The "El Credo" of the Ateo is something of this nature—a credo, if it can be called a credo at all, which has come into this country with freedom of French literature. A man reads little, prays little, thinks a good deal, and observes a good deal. He comes to the conclusion that *to sin* is according to nature (*muy natural*), and therefore, that He who has proclaimed that to sin is worthy of blame, and shall be punished, cannot be the Author of Nature; for he reasons: "Why did God make it natural to me to sin, and yet say, 'I will punish you if you sin'?" He goes further. He says: "I see Nature; I feel her power; I know in many things she is right. I do not see God; I do not feel His power. I see the poor oppressed; I see sin triumphant: I see the Church proclaim things in His name, as celibacy, clearly against Nature. Nature exists, as I can prove: I cannot prove that God exists: therefore, I believe that Nature is God; for Nature is stronger than anything." Such is the *Credo*, such the profession of hundreds of men of this belief, if it can be called a belief. They are sometimes known by the name of *Materialistas*, although this term implies something still more faithless. For instance, a *Materialista* would say, if his fellow-creature showed any deep penitence, any deep religious melancholy, "Oh! it is the work of Nature; bodily illness is diseasing his mind." Some of the coarser forms would go even further; but of these it is not needful to speak.

The position of the *Indiferente* is less defined, and more common. It is a state of heart and mind, this indifferentism, which, from many different causes, does not care at all for religion, or feel its power; and yet would, and does, saunter into church on the proper days,

and listen to the music, and to the sermon, if at all a striking one. Here is one reason, which incidentally I may be pardoned for introducing, why the clergy of Spain have so completely lost their hold on the minds of *men:* their sermons never strike home, never fairly meet a doubt, seldom inculcate the moral teaching of Christ. An Indiferente often becomes indifferent from long continuance in sin, or prayerlessness; still more often, from utter indecision of character. He is a man who reads, cursorily, the religious literature of France, of what is here designated the French Liberal School. He commences with a book read by all the educated Spaniards—"Vie de Jésus, par Ernst Renan," or "Les Apôtres," by the same author. Doubts are instilled into his mind—a mind in all probability of very barren soil before; the weeds grow up and flourish. He has no one to advise him; he does not go deeply into the subject; he is too careless and too pusillanimous, and has too much love for his wife's feelings and respect for his Church, to throw off the mask and openly say, "I do not hold the old El Credo;" so he goes on, and is called, and truly, one of the Indiferentes. Thousands are in this state of mind; like the disciples of the Brahmo-Somaj, they are going about, seeking rest, and finding none.

The third class of unorthodox Spaniard is perhaps the most common—the man who does not hesitate to call himself one of *los libres pensadores*, "the free-thinkers." This term, in England, is usually applied to one who has cast off much, or all, of his faith in God. Here, however, the term has no such meaning. It simply means, one who chooses to think for himself, and embrace that creed which he believes best for his temporal and eternal welfare. Thousands of the educated sons of Republican Spain would think it no discredit to themselves or others to say, "I am a free-thinker," or, "He belongs to the free-thinkers," because the term, in Spain, conveys no idea at all of disbelief in a personal God and Father of us all: it simply denotes, what is called in England, Broad Churchism. And men say, truly enough, there is more religion where there is life, thought, inquiry, restlessness, than in the torpor of indifferentism, or the dead slumber of one who is too careless about religion to take any pains about it, and therefore gives a careless acquiescence to statements and doctrines about the truth of which he has taken no pains to inquire—the "belief" of one who has never *dis*believed, simply because he has never really believed at all. This class of "*libres pensadores*" is composed chiefly of *educated Republicans.* This freedom of religious thought, which came in with the Republic—a sort of fierce reaction after the tight curb of Roman Catholicism in the Queen's time—is the *typo*, or type, of the modern statesman, orator, literary man of Spain. Although none of the three classes here alluded to are, strictly speaking, confined to the Republican ranks, yet they chiefly exist among the Republicans.

Having sought, with all candour, to explain the religious status of the three great bodies of educated Spaniards known in social circles as Atheists, Indifferents, and Free-thinkers, the writer of this review of Spanish religious feeling continues his description of the first and most superficial of those signs of the times by which the state of that religious feeling may fairly be appreciated:—*Conversation in the educated circles of Spain.*

And here, for a moment, I would pause. Those in England into whose hands these pages may fall, will naturally complain, and with some apparent truth, "The writer of this article keeps on speaking about educated men, and Republicans: do not the masses of the poor enter into his account?" The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered. The answer is this. The population of Spain, by our last Government returns, was sixteen millions; and, by the same documents, twelve millions were returned as "unable either to read or to write." Surely one can only speak, when one speaks of the

state of feeling in a nation on religious or political matters, of the opinions of those who can read or write at least a little. Were I to write of the state of religious feeling among the *uneducated,* in the town of the interior, in the fishing village of the coast, in the vineyard or the olive-press, I should merely sum it up in three words: superstition, carelessness, blind discontent. Before the end of this series, a few words shall be devoted to the uneducated masses; but, be it remembered, wherever there is an absence of education, there is present blind and palpable imitation of others; and the poor, rude, suffering fisherman or goat-herd has often said to me, when asked as to his religion, "I am an Evangelico;" and when pressed to explain, he would say merely the name of some Protestant church, or some popular leader of thought in his country, and add, with true Spanish pride, "He and I have common ground!"

Recurring to my subject—the state of religious feeling as indicated by the conversation current in social circles—let me say, that never have I heard, and never again would I wish to hear, such utterances of utter unrest, utter—I was going to say despair—as I daily and hourly hear now around me.

This state of unrest and disquietude, and fruitless quest of the good and the stable, perplexes and dismays the heart, and paralyzes the thought. One is fain to ask again and again the old question, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" And again and again the self-same answer is given back, "Dark and stormy. Dark and stormy." And truly our night *is* dark and stormy. Well do I remember, in the days of youth, passing down one of the back streets of London's lowest quarters, and speaking to a poor old withered-up crone who sat on her lowly doorstep: before her, overshadowing her little home, were a Wesleyan chapel, a Mission chapel of the Established Church, and a Roman Catholic church. "To which of all those, mother," said I, "do you go to worship?" And the answer came back, quietly but firmly, from her trembling lips, "*I looks only to One above.*" And one cannot help feeling that only, and entirely, the help in which that poor woman trusted, *can* save and redeem Spain of to-day.

The attitude of the thinking mass of Spaniards reminds one daily of the question asked in Holy Story, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" but one listens in vain for the answer from the self-same lips, "Thou (and only Thou) hast the words of eternal life."

If you shall be conversing with a Spanish gentleman of Republican views, on the subject of religion, his words will be very few; but they will be *very* sad. The following conversation occurred a short time since between the writer of this review and a literary man in Spain, of real culture and refinement. He himself introduced the subject on which I write by saying to me, "I believe you are a Protestant?" After answering his question, I merely said, "You have now the advantage of me: are you not yourself a Roman Catholic?" "Yes," was the reply; "yes. I am a Roman Catholic—that is to say, I have not renounced that *credo;* it is more convenient not to have an open rupture. But," said he, "I believe really in nothing of the ceremonies or rites of my Church; I pray to God at home; I believe in Him, and in Jesus Christ. I consider myself exactly at the standpoint of your English Church. I despise the music, the processions, and the unintelligible tongue of my Church's services; I hate to see money given for such things; but I do feel the need of public worship without all this. Four bare walls, and a pure heart, are all that is needed to serve and love God." He added a few words to this effect: that no appeal to the senses should ever be made in a church—nothing touched, save a man's heart.

I did not press the subject further, for both his heart and my own were too full. Yet once again let me recur to a few words said to me by a Spanish student—words which, spoken but a few weeks since, have never left my memory. We were supping together, merely

discussing the subject of art in this country; and, as conversations (even in Spain!) *will* fall into the religious groove, at last we spoke of religion. He was a Roman Catholic, but, as he himself allowed, "Indiferente." He was speaking of public prayer, and I merely remarked that, as he never went to public prayer, I supposed he found an equal solace in private prayer. I then spoke of sermons, and added, "Do you find no help in the sermons of your clergy?"

This then was, word for word, to the best of the writer's recollection, the language of his reply:—"The English pray; they try to act up to their religion, because they can believe it: we cannot, with modern literature at hand, swallow *our* religion at a gulp. You must give up one of the two. I hold to neither. As to us, as a rule, we do not pray to God. You ask about sermons: well, I went into a church, the other day, to listen to one who was said to be a good preacher. He did, truly, preach magnificently; I never saw a man with such a flow of language; he was an orator! But"—(*pero*, the constant Spanish antithesis)—"with all his flow of language, I only remembered two things, as I left the church: he compared the exceeding purity of the Virgin to a cup of silver and a tower of ivory; and there was no room at all for God or Jesus Christ. These clergy, who aspire to guide us to peace here, and in the next (*if there be a next*) world," continued he, "never preach about *the only two things worth preaching about, Virtue and the Almighty.*"

As usual, then, with the education of his order, this young fellow simply believed in and longed for tidings of the Christian moral code, and the Fatherhood of God. For *that* his soul thirsted; for *that* he went to church; he was a hungerer and thirster, I truly believe, after righteousness: a few simple words would have gone straight to his heart; for those few simple words he looked and waited, and for them, alas! he looked and waited in vain.

Another leading topic of conversation is (as I have already mentioned) the deification of Nature. In high Republican circles in Spain it is constantly said, "We make war against all that is against Nature. It must be wrong."

I once asked of a Republican orator, "How can you justify your fellows' act in turning the nuns out of their convent?"

"We would turn out the priests too, if we could; because we want all men not to be unnatural. Celibacy is unnatural."

"But is not *expulsion* a rough way of inculcating a moral lesson?"

"*Muy bien*," was his answer, "but we must use rough measures sometimes."

The ignorance of their clergy, again, is a constant theme of conversation among the Spanish Republicans. They will have it—I know not with what truth—that the priests know little besides the Lives of the Saints and Latin books. As to geography, say they, or modern history, they know nothing; and modern literature they never read!

Many thoughts here force themselves upon me. Among others, fain am I to confess that some slight tribute is due to the worth of the priests. Where they *could* give to the poor, the writer of this review believes, they freely gave of what they had. But now, they are poor indeed, and rejected of men. Still their influence is great, and this for two reasons. *First*, because their hold on the women of a family is still great: the devout and simple-minded women of the family still give to their church and priest—still are regular at confession, prayers, and Mass.

The *second* reason of their influence is this: that so many of the clergy come from influential families, are, in fact, *bene nati*. In Galicia, and the North of Spain, the poor, and very oftentimes the uneducated, become clergymen. But in the interior, and in the South, as regards the town clergy, most, or at least many of them, are well-born; and many a family puts its dullest member into the Church, as the *dernier ressort*, that he may have a certain position and status in society. In

the towns, however, the clergy are generally selected for the merits of their education and for their talents.

Gladly do I turn from this first part of the signs of the times, merely adding a trifling anecdote which I heard some few months since in the best-educated city in Spain—the only city where one-half of the population can read or write. A Spanish woman went into church a few minutes before service, to inquire who would be the evening preacher.

"*El chantre*," was the answer. This would be equivalent in English, I suppose, to the precentor.

"*Qué lo oiga su abuela*" ("Let his grandmother hear it") was the answer, as the woman swept out of the church.

To a candid mind this little anecdote (a "good story") shows, surely, an irreverence for the Church which dismays one, on the one hand, but, at the same time, a real seeking and longing for that which, for so many hundred years, we have called, with truth, the good news of God.

How bitterly upon English ears would have fallen the words with which, a short time since, the streets of my town were ringing—"Our Castelar is the Saviour, the Christ of 1873!" One can only say, as one hears such words, that one's best hope is that He whom they crucify may pray—as we doubt not He does pray for them—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they say." Alas! Castelar's reign over these people's hearts is short indeed; already are vague rumours of his unpopularity, and of "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system," floating about among us, though perhaps Spain has known no more liberal, religious, or noble leader than Emilio Castelar!

(*b*). Among those signs by which the state of religious feeling may be known, I mentioned, in the second place, the statistics of church-going.

Very few men, as a rule, attend church. The old anecdote of Sydney Smith is constantly recalled to one's memory. He preached, we have heard, upon the text "O that *men* would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness," when, Sunday after Sunday, his quiet village church was denuded of *men*. And in Spain the emphasis might well, and with reason, be laid upon the same word—"O that *men* would praise the Lord!"

What *is* seen in the churches of Spain—and I have gone to her country parish churches and to her large cathedrals—is this: the bright array of lights, the gaudy dresses of the saints, the black, white, and embroidered vestments of the priests, as in solemn silence they come forth to kneel and pray before the altar of our common God and Father. What is *not* seen is the bronzed face of the vine-dresser, the worn visage of the artisan, the pale face of the *littérateur;* the sailor, the soldier, the bookseller, the tailor. Where are they? They are not here!

What *is* heard in our Spanish churches is, the unintelligible prayers of the priests; the ringing, joyous, inspiriting clash of the music, oftentimes supplemented with the sweet carol of birds; the deep bass of the head singer. What is *not* heard is, the answer of *men's* voices; what is not heard is, the deep "Amen" to every prayer. "*No hay.*" It is not here! There is no response from the men! They are away—at the Muséo, at "La Libreria," at the Casino—but here, "*no hay.*"

In Spanish churches you simply see and hear women—for the most part well-bred women—kneeling devoutly upon the rush-matting of the church, and praying to their God: I *must say* praying, to all appearances, most fervently, most earnestly. I have seen nothing in Spain of that looking round and back, so common with ladies in England, to scan every person who comes into the church.

It is said, in England, that one out of every six of our *male* population goes to a place of worship. Here we have no places of worship save those of the Established Church, and I fear that not one in every twenty-five enters these to pray!

I mentioned as the two last signs of the decay of religious faith, the trans-

actions, however small, which have lately taken place; and the bookstalls of Republican Spain.

Let me touch upon these briefly, and then enter upon the *causes* of this revolt against religion, and the speculation, Whither does it tend?

(*c*). If it has more than once been asserted, in the course of this review of the state of religious feeling in Spain, that the small occurrences of daily life, and the acts of the revolutionary party in the summer of 1873, have shown and are daily bearing witness to the decay of religious faith in Spain, these assertions, it shall now be demonstrated, are not made without sufficient grounds.

Enter many of the Government (" del Rey ") hospitals in Spain, and ask whether there is any religious service, any ministrations of clergy, in those towns where there has been a revolution—that is, where popular feeling obtained for a while the mastery—and you will find that they no longer exist. They were dismissed during the summer revolution, and the chapel of the hospital is closed; the priest—an institution as old as the hospital walls—no longer lives within them, or attends to the sick and dying among its inmates.

Among the Foundling Hospitals, the Christian rite of baptism is in many cases no longer administered; in smaller hospitals, or homes, you will find, on inquiry, "We had a chapel, but have none now; the clergy lived here, but now only the doctors are allowed to reside on the premises." Go to many of the churches of Spain, whose walls, once richly gilt with the paintings of her great sons, attracted many a strange traveller's footsteps, and mark if in many of these cases they are not taken away. In some cases they were carried to a place of safety until this tyranny be overpassed; in a still greater number they were rudely torn down (I have seen some literally *torn* in the operation) and carried off to the Public Library or the *Muséo*, and thither you must follow if you would behold them.

Sundays are fearfully desecrated. If it be true, as has often been asserted, that where, during the great French Revolution, Sundays were abolished, and every day of the seven was a working day—if it be true that the abolishing of the prescribed day of rest, and the incessant strain of work caused by it, led to disease of mind, and in many cases lunacy, one can but tremble for this country, for it seems that Sunday is often wholly, and the Feast days partially ignored.

Again, the aspect of the Church herself is wholly stagnant. With her 42,000 clergy, whose charge are fearfully demoralized, and, in the interior, utterly ignorant, men who are joyless, religionless, mindless, one looks in vain for tidings of the newly-endowed home, the fresh school walls, the congress, or the midnight mission. These are not. The faded dresses, and in many cases the worn and sad countenances of the clergy, too, all point, not to life, but to a slow decay.

In the interior, the frequent interments without religious rites, the secular and profane so-called baptisms, known as the "Civil Funeral" and the "Civil Baptism"; the sight of the priests, oftentimes forced, because their pecuniary support has been taken away, or at least is no longer paid at present by the Government of their country; the indecent behaviour of men, very often, who keep their hats on as the procession of the Host files by,—these, and such as these, are the signs of a deep-seated hatred to the religion of their forefathers, and of the reaction which has set in with the Republic against the Church established in this land.

Petty in some cases have been the means by which men of very ultra opinions have shown their contempt for the "Credo" in which they have been brought up. To change the name of a street because it bore a Saint's name; to mutilate a pillar because the figure of a Saint was sculptured upon it,—these were unworthy of Republican Spain, and were and would ever be repudiated by all her right-minded sons. But such things were.

(*d*). And if the general tone of conversation in educated Republican circles; if the statistics of church-going; if the daily events—trifling perhaps in themselves, but not trifling when viewed in connection with other things—all bespeak and bear witness to a growing dissatisfaction with their established religion, restlessness, and reaction; no less do the gaudy bookstalls of the cities of Spain show the same tendency to revolution.

For a few reals (a real = 2½*d.*) the mind may have its glut of materialism and blank unbelief. Every school of thought here known as liberal ("liberal" meaning any work on religion which is not distinctively Roman Catholic) is represented on these shelves. To enumerate these cheap works would be a long and fruitless task; it would simply be to recapitulate the titles of the works of all the modern writers, French, German, English, and Spanish, of the various schools of free thought, beginning, as I have said, with the works of E. Renan, which are *very* popular here, in Spanish translations, and ending with the countless little works of the modern Spanish thinkers—oftentimes mere imitations of the French authors and schools—bearing such high-sounding titles as "The New Religion for the People," or "The Teaching of Natural Religion!"

II. The writer thinks that enough has been already quoted on the *first* subject proposed for consideration, and passes on to consider very briefly the two other subjects, or lines of thought, proposed at the commencement, in connection with the great subject of which he has merely endeavoured to present the picture as exhibited to the outsider.

He passes on therefore to ask, *To what causes is the present state of religious feeling due?*

The present state of religious feeling in Spain then is, he believes, simply a natural reaction from the excessively tight reins with which her sons were held during the reign of the late Queen, and, of course, long before the accession of that sovereign. We all know that the starting back of the bow is fierce, sudden, and often self-destructive, when the string is suddenly relaxed; and that in proportion as had been the tightness of the restraint, so will be the fierceness of the recoil. And so, now that men are suddenly freed, by enactments of the Republic, from the necessity of subscribing to the doctrines of the Established Church; now that liberty has been proclaimed after so many years of slavery, it is not at all, the writer thinks, matter for wonder, that their liberty should for a while be utter *license* (as it certainly is). The wonder would be if such were *not* the case.

And, *secondly*, the reaction of feeling against the Established Church—for we must still call it so—is due in great measure to the abuses and superstitions which have existed in that Church. When reasonable men are compelled to belong to a society whose members in authority proclaim as truths doctrines which they cannot accept in any sense as true; when they are compelled to acquiesce in what they believe to be gross superstitions, they *will*, and in patient, indifferent Spain they *have* for a while given a silent acquiescence; but now, men travel, men read; education, though very slowly, *is* spreading even here; floods of books come in from France, Germany, and England; all are now free to buy and read them; and men see that they have *been blinded;* that the whole truth has not been proclaimed to them; and they will not, in so vital a matter as religion, any longer be trifled with. With one voice, from the educated artisan to the Chief of her Republic, the educated sons of Spain say, "We will be free; we will serve God as our hearts tell us, and not submit the reason He has given us to the thraldom of Church decrees."

And, *thirdly*, the want of freedom and of a liberal and general education of the clergy of this land has been one fruitful cause of discontent. Many are men of education and culture, but not by any means all; and, as a rule,

they are too much bound down by subscription to *this* article, and *that* decree, to have any original thought or research for themselves; they do not meet the doubts and acknowledge the tendencies of the age in which it has pleased God to cast their lot, and so they cannot guide, shape, and direct into its proper channel modern thought.

And, *fourthly*, the Church of this nation has fallen in the esteem of her children because she has not, as other Churches have, sought to *educate* the masses committed to her care; she has given them no fresh light of knowledge, and they cannot understand her services, these poor, uneducated masses; and so, receiving little, they—the most uneducated—though still afraid of, and full of awe for her power, do not *love* her in their heart of hearts, and, not loving, they cannot believe in her beauty or her wisdom.

And, *lastly*, the revolt against the religion of their land by her sons may be assigned to this fact: that nothing which is not based upon perfect truth can ever ultimately prosper. With all that is good in her, no thoughtful man can fail to see how much is withheld of Divine truth, how much is supplied of human invention to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church. No warping of the truth, no withholding of the whole message of God can prosper. Such is one moral of the decay of religious faith among the thousands of my country this day!

III. But it is time to draw to a close a paper which has cost the writer many months of research and observation, but in the compilation of which he has never left his daily path of duty to seek his materials. He has merely thrown together, into perhaps a somewhat crude, but, he trusts, intelligible form, the result of a long sojourn in the country from which he writes, and from whose sons, of every shade of religious opinion, he has received unmingled kindness. Our third line of thought was this: To what is all this unsettlement of religious belief tending?

The writer answers: *To good.* To the establishment of a purer, truer, more lightful religion in this land; a religion more Scriptural, more what the Spanish people call "*Evangelical,*" i.e. Christian, in the broadest, deepest, widest acceptation of the word. Things, *as they are, cannot long remain.* Either the tight, fierce rein must be again had recourse to—(that, the writer believes, never will, or can be)—or, as most educated men think and say, a wave of truer, simpler, broader religion, of which this surf is but the prelude, will sweep over and cleanse this land. As in nature, so in things divine, things religious: when the storm is fiercest, it must soon be over; when the night is darkest, dawn is ever nearest. Man's extremity is ever God's greatest opportunity. How often in the history of individuals and of nations has the truth of these trite sayings been realized!—the Renaissance in France, the Reformation in England,—how were these heralded in? And may the religious dawn of suffering, restless, aspiring Spain, be the dawn of that true religion and useful learning which kindles more and more into the perfect, peaceful, shining day.

A short comparison between the state of the Church of this land, and that of her Sister Church of England, shall, in conclusion, be offered.

The Churches of England and of Spain are, if the writer's recollection of the former serves him in good stead, both of them to be considered as sick men, and to be judged of accordingly. But there is a difference in sickness, and in the signs of it: a difference which, by practised eyes, is well understood.

In the sickness of the Church of England I see all the signs of a sick man, fretful, and anxious, and dissatisfied, and restless, it is true—but, still, of a sick man waking up to life again from the long slumber that had promised, at one time, to end in nothing but death. In the Church of England I see life: life in her many Missions; *life* in her schools and churches, rising up in every desolate hamlet and every

over-populated outskirt of her large towns; life in her overflowing Congresses; life in the keen interest with which all her proceedings are canvassed and criticised by the public press; life in the existence of unorthodox ministers within her fold; life in her many religious dissensions: and, where life is, there is *hope.*

In her Sister Church of Spain I see no signs of life. Her clergy preach, one and all, as they preached one hundred years ago. Her chief prayers are still offered in a tongue "not understanded" of her sons and daughters—the self-same lack of independence and of originality of thought is, as of old, imposed upon her ministers. Her services are magnificent, many of her churches and cathedrals sublime; but it is the sublimity of a grand architecture, it is the attraction of a gorgeous and sensual ritual; there is spirited music, and flashing lights, and a grand appeal to the senses. There are, it is true, none unorthodox among *her* ministers; but it is all too possible, as the experience of past ages has taught us, "Solitudinem facere, pacem appellare."

As for the living souls outside her churches; as for those that hunger and thirst for Hope and Truth and Love and Faith, where are they? "*Aqui, no hay, señor. Aqui, no hay.*" ("Here they are not found—nay, not here.")

In conclusion, the writer would observe, it may be true that in the Church of England there is a vast deal of mental unrest, a certain amount of alienation of the masses from their Church's services; but, be it remembered, that in that country both clergy and statesmen and bishops are making gigantic efforts—by increased personal zeal, by increased manifestation of love for the masses, by the measures of educational improvement lately promulgated and acted upon; by the fixed determination of many of the most enlightened among the clergy not to tighten but to loosen the reins, not to make narrower but to make broader the terms of communion with their Church; by the increased education of the clergy, and their better acquaintance with *modern* and ancient literature—by all these means, the writer says, the Anglican Communion is making visible and gigantic efforts to recover its lost ground—ground won from it during the repose of centuries.

And in speaking of the Church in England in comparison with that of Spain, ever must it be borne in mind that the majority of those who do not enter the doors of the church at least enter the doors of the chapel; and that those who are not within the fold of England's Established Church are, at any rate, able to find shelter within the fold of some one of the many of her Christian communities; whereas that in Spain the case is wholly different. Here, there is no communion, save with the ancient Church by Law Established. "Leave her," men say. "Yes! But what then?" It is the question of many an uneasy soul in these days, and in this country: "Lord, to whom shall I go?" Leave the Church's one fold, and you have left all: all the light, all the guide, and all the shelter, such as they are! Alone you pass out into the great darkness, yea, even into a darkness that may be felt; alone must you wander upon the mountains, seeking some track to guide your weary footsteps; alone must you lie down, as the shades of your last long night draw on—confused, bewildered, baffled, deserted, and in pain. It is so. He who leaves the "one fold" in Spain has "*no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul." In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief, *for him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness: it is "*chacun pour soi*" in everything. That the finale of that proverb may also be true of the sons of Republican Spain—who have no anchor, sure and steadfast, of their souls—is the earnest hope, desire, and expectation of the writer of this review; that if, at present, it must be—and it must—"*chacun pour soi,*" it may also be "*et Dieu pour nous tous.*"

To be continued.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LETTER—REPLY—WHERE TO GO NEXT—ADVICE—UNCLE HERBERT DEPARTS—DANGEROUS CORRESPONDENCE—I KEEP A SECRET—MORE OF COWBRIDGE—CLUBS—SCIENCES—ARTS—THEATRICALS—MARMY DENNE—DR. FALKNER IN A RESPONSIBLE POSITION—LANGORAN AGAIN—BROAD'S—CALL ON THE VAN CLYMS—OF MRS. CAVANDER—ABOUT VERNEY—I BECOME MORE AND MORE UNSETTLED—I START NORTHWARDS—I MEET THE BIFFORDS—I LOSE MY ROAD—I COME UPON CLARA AND HER GRANDFATHER—WELCOME—A DAMPER—MRS. WENSLOW—VISITORS EXPECTED—DANGERS—THE FOUNTAIN—THE GOLD FISH—I AM CARRIED OFF—A NEW FAVOURITE—I JOIN AUSTIN AND MAKE A DISCOVERY.

I COULD not honestly write my congratulations. Like the Amen in Macbeth's throat, the words would not come out.

"You must send something civil," said Uncle Herbert, who now very rarely called at Langoran House.

This I achieved, after having torn up several sheets of paper, and having, as it were, written all round the subject in order to avoid calling Lady Colvin either "mother" or "mamma," and at the same time so mentioning her as not to pain my father.

In reply to this, I received a letter intimating that if my vacation were commencing soon, it would be as well to defer my coming home until the house should be a little more in order; as the advent of so illustrious a visitor as The New Baby had, it would be understood, thrown the establishment rather out of gear, temporarily, of course; but for a few weeks or so it would not be, I was given to understand, convenient to receive so gay and independent a young bachelor as myself as an inmate.

"Broad's?" I said to Uncle Herbert.

He shook his head.

"Don't overdo it, Cecil. You're inclined to go fast without knowing it, and the sooner you pull up the better. You don't gamble, thank goodness; and a little harmless loo, such as I've seen here among the best set, won't hurt you, or them. But not a step beyond. And as I'm going away, and while we are on the subject, let me warn you against"—he hesitated, then continued—"You won't take it ill if I mention a man here who seems to be more a friend of yours than he is of anybody's——"

"Rowdie?" I asked, feeling pretty sure that my Uncle did *not* mean him.

"No, no, not Rowdie. He's fast and noisy, but he comes of a good stock, and, *au fond*, he's a gentleman. Besides, when *he* has seen more of the world, he will tone down. No, I mean Dr. Falkner. I know the man somehow," said my Uncle, meditatively; "and I've seen him somewhere, and however I know him, or wherever I've seen him, I'm certain of one thing, and that is that I would not trust that man with sixpence. Besides, he has no more right to be mixing with gentlemen; and specially with such open-hearted, open-handed boys as you all are here"—Uncle Herbert owned to having been treated *en prince*—"than has one of those cads who sell toy terriers and fancy French Lulu dogs in your streets."

"I know some fellows speak against him; and Rowdie was blackballed for the Minerva"—this was the aristocratic Club at Cowbridge—"in consequence of his keeping up his acquaintance with

him. But Rowdie says he won't give up a friend for a parcel of snobs, and I think he's right."

"You do *not* think he is right, Cecil," returned my Uncle. "You really admire Rowdie for what you call his pluck in sticking by his friend. And so should I if Dr. Falkner *were* a friend, but he's not; he's only an acquaintance, and a disreputable acquaintance too. He lives on you young fellows. Recollect he's twenty years older than any of you here."

"Well, well; I'm not going to lend him any money."

"I hope not. Though, by the way, if you did, I'm not sure if it wouldn't be the best way to get rid of him. He's a bad 'un, mind that; and before long he'll turn out to be all I've said, and more."

Privately, I was entirely of my Uncle's opinion. Publicly, I acted with Rowdie, and we, with a few others equally careless, were Falkner's supporters, though not, perhaps, altogether his admirers.

In truth I had forgotten him as Mr. Venn; but this conversation with Uncle Herbert recalled to my mind all that I had previously known of this mysterious personage; and I determined to take Rowdie into my confidence, as to the Doctor's antecedents, on the first opportunity.

It being the commencement of the London season, Uncle Herbert regretted that he should have to leave me in order to fulfil an engagement with some friends in town, in whose house he had the usual peg for his hat. He begged me earnestly not to omit calling on Mr. and Mrs. Bob, at their London house, and to provide myself with visiting cards.

Once only, just as I was seeing him off at the station, did Uncle Herbert allude to Clara Wenslow. He pretended to rally me on this subject. But I confess to not having felt exactly at ease at being reminded of this episode in my time at Hillborough.

She had written to me, once, on some pretext about some pictures of Cowbridge which I had promised her, but from the tone of her letter it was evidently intended to bring to my mind the sentiments which I had professed to entertain for her at our last interview, and it startled me to find that I had gone further than I had thought, or that she, at all events, had understood me to be more in earnest than I had really been.

This letter I had answered by a promise to bring the drawings myself during the vacation, when I hoped to renew our, to *me*, (I said) most delightful acquaintance.

In the present unsettled state of affairs at home, I thought I could not do better than revisit that part of the country where I had found so many friends, and had spent such a pleasant time.

One letter more arrived from her thanking me for my answer, and informing me that in all probability she would, in July and August, be staying at her grandfather's, at Vale House, near Windermere, where she was sure her relatives would be only too delighted to make my acquaintance.

As Uncle Herbert had left before the arrival of this second epistle from Clara, I had no opportunity of informing him as to my progress in that quarter, and as I had not considered it necessary to say anything about the two previous letters when he had started the subject at the last moment at the railway station, Uncle Herbert went away satisfied that I was a wiser young man than he had given me credit for being, and pleased with himself for having given me such timely advice when we were last together in Devonshire.

I felt some compunction in having kept a secret of this nature from so kind and valuable a friend as was Uncle Herbert, but I consoled myself with the consideration, that, after all, it might, and probably would, come to nothing, and in the meantime it was no use bothering him about what was of so little consequence.

Term time came to an end with no further news from Austin, who had sent no reply to my answer to his letter. I concluded, therefore, that he was still travelling, and I now set myself, being

absolutely my own master, to map out some sort of a plan for a vacation tour.

One most important incident occurred before the end of this term.

Cowbridge, as every Cowbridgian reader knows, is a University of clubs.

Man is a gregarious animal, but the University man is perhaps the most fully developed species of the genus.

Whiggism and Toryism, of the most ancient kind, are represented by dining clubs, where youthful politicians emulate the example of their political ancestors by attempting to swallow, each one "to his own cheek," two or three bottles of such port wine as is easier imagined than described, in drinking loyal and patriotic toasts, after which they hoped to be able to speak; for had they not heard of such feats performed by the greatest orators of old, and had they not some vague ideas about Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Sheridan having achieved their successes in consequence, rather than in spite of, their magnificent potations? There were modern instances, but they were contented with those of a time when debates were fiery, when the old English gentleman could lick any seven Frenchmen, when the duello had not gone entirely out of fashion, and men had not yet learnt the habit of putting water in their wine.

Cowbridge had its rowing clubs innumerable, its public school clubs, its generally sociable clubs, its dining clubs, its debating clubs, its reading and writing rooms (also called a club), its aristocratic club, its sporting clubs, its swimming club, its cricket clubs, and I dare say many others of which I have never heard; for there were religious societies, chiefly professing Evangelicalism, which, while shrinking from the name, were practically clubs, with settled objects, meetings, and subscriptions. There was also a High Church club, a feeble and priggish affair, whose supporters were chiefly remarkable as being of an effeminate and dilettante character. Of course the members did not style themselves a Club, nor would they adopt the Exeter-"hall-mark," and form themselves into a "Society," but they got hold of the mediæval word "Guild;" and this pleased them immensely.

But, certes, in my time, religious fervour was not the distinguishing characteristic of this University, as some years before, during the marvellous period of Catholic revivalism, had been the case with its sister Bulford.

Neither did the arts flourish at Cowbridge. Sciences had it almost entirely to themselves, though some of the most useful were not taught at all; and others coming under the same category were, so to speak, taught in holes and corners, to which access was difficult. Special instruction was kept a secret from the many, and as in no case was it prominently brought before the eyes of the ordinary careless undergraduate, who, like Gallio, only with far better excuse than had that eminent statesman, "cared for none of these things," so even those who would work, and wanted to work, had to hunt up their own professors, whose lectures were interesting to the specialist, but were useless for a degree, whether in classics or mathematics.

Music had its votaries, and was honoured by the University in its chief scientific exponent. There was also a musical society which gave concerts in the Town Hall, and was patronized by deans and dons, by masters of colleges and their wives, and by the first-class townsfolk, with their wives and daughters, and by all that devoted band of ladies unattached, who, somehow or another, seem to hang about the township of a University, like October flies on a warm plate.

The Drama had been hitherto unrepresented at Cowbridge. Amateur theatricals had not been seen for years since "somebody," who had become quite a legendary person, had started a University Theatre, which had been very soon closed by order of the Proctors.

It was destined for Marmy Denne in our time to start the idea. He was of my standing, and remarkable at the University for belonging to no particular set, though welcomed as a genial companion by all. He was a sharp,

quick, odd, little man, with a round mobile face and rough hair, which, with a good voice, several songs, and a facility as a pianist, were his stock-in-trade for the amusement of his *convives*. He was one of the very few men who, uninvited, could drop in at a party and be welcomed. Rowdie and myself inclined towards him on account of his strong theatrical tastes, which, in my view, were ever associated with the earliest, and perhaps the happiest, portion of my life. The Hon. Malcolm, my co-lodger, liked Denne immensely, because of his eccentricity; for Rowdie took up with anyone who was outside the ordinary circle of University acquaintance, and it amused him to have in his rooms as heterogeneous a collection as he could get together, including a professor of the noble art of self-defence, another professor of the quarter-staff, a conjuror, a fiddler, Marmy Denne giving illustrations of popular actors to Doctor Falkner, who was smoking a pipe in a corner, while the action of the scene was accompanied on the piano, capitally played by a young undergraduate, who, having received the greater part of his education in Paris, was thoroughly acquainted with all the most sparkling and the latest airs popular in that gay capital.

Boxing, single-stick, fencing, fiddling, playing on the piano, singing, eating, drinking, talking, and games of cards, were, more often than not, all going on simultaneously in Rowdie's two rooms. The noise was rather too much for me, and Rowdie himself was gradually becoming too much for every respectable Tudor man. Thank goodness, he discovered one day that his soul could be no longer fettered by our restricted premises. He gave notice to quit, and changed his lodgings.

By this separation it came about that we met less frequently than heretofore, and my eccentric friend left the University long before my time there came to an end. Having said thus much of him, I may add that he has since entered the ministry of the Church of England, and has come out as a first-rate preacher—a man in the front ranks of the Evangelicals; distinguished, however, from his brethren, by the liberality of his sentiments. Further, he is incumbent of a popular church, in a fashionable district, and, if he had but been a schoolmaster, there would be hardly any room to doubt that, sooner or later, he must be fitted into a Bishopric. In any case, he is the respected father of a family; he is the "Honourable and Reverend," is on the high road to preferment, and, as the celebrated epitaph has it, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Marmy Denne had surrounded himself with undergraduates. Theatrically inclined, he had started a club, which came to be, both for its members within and their friends without, one of the most popular institutions founded by University men for intellectual and harmless recreation. It would take too long to dwell upon the history of this club, which, in its way, is as interesting, and far more amusing, than that of its ancient and honourable brother, the Junction Debating Society. The annals of the latter have often been referred to by compilers of statesmen's lives; the annals of the former have yet to be written. To this temptation, now, I will not yield. My only object in mentioning its existence in this place is, to tell just so much connected with this institution as affects my own private and personal narrative.

Mr. Venn—I mean Dr. Falkner—was admitted to this club as an honorary member, though his entrance at all was strongly opposed at first. Rowdie, Denne, and myself backed him, and our energy won the day. Nor was this all. Uncle Herbert's mistrust of Mr. Venn-Falkner chiefly arose from his having seen what an influence he had obtained over some men in this particular club. Mr. Venn's stories of Germany, German theatres, of London literary society, tickled us all immensely, and though Uncle Herbert, in whose presence Venn would not expose himself to the chance of a cross-examination, insisted that the man could never have been in any such good society as he re-

presented; yet Rowdie and Denne and many others made a clique to support their protégé, and when one after the other of the members declined the treasurership of the club, Rowdie actually went so far as to nominate my old usher as a fit and proper person for the office. This raised a storm; but we were all going away for our vacation: Venn-Falkner would be on the spot, able to look after our rooms and our interests generally; and as none of us were, after all, inclined to treat the affair as a serious matter of business, except one Irish member, who observed, "We ought to be mighty careful in our dealings with money matters," and who, having been secretary for one term, had run our ship into the very quicksands of debt; reasoning also that not to accede to Rowdie's proposition would be to imply a distrust of him and his friend, we finally handed over our cash-box to the honorary member, who was accredited with full powers, in the absence of the committee.

This was the last event of this term time, and then we separated.

At Langoran House I called.

Plemdale, the butler, was gravely pleased to see me, but the cheery welcome of old times was wanting.

"How is my father?" I asked.

"Sir John is not so well as we could wish," answered Plemdale. "Lady Colvin is doing well; and," added Plemdale, with a meaning smile, "so is the little baby."

"Not at home?" I asked, with as great a show of carelessness as I could affect.

"No, Mr. Cecil. At Dover. We don't expect 'em back for some weeks now."

It was absurd to ask whether I could stop at Langoran House,—in my own home. Plemdale had no orders on the subject; the room wasn't ready. There were, of course, plenty of rooms, and there was no difficulty; only, the servants were on board wages, and, in fact, Plemdale repeated, in a tone that implied his own personal dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, "I haven't had no orders on the subject, Mister Cecil."

I professed the most complete indifference, and took my luggage to Broad's.

"Horrid expensive!" said little Lord Pilchard, who was always in the coffee-room, looking out of window. Little Pilchard was enormously rich. The Earl of Dawlish, his father, having been a saving man, had also had the good fortune to marry an heiress of a noble Scotch family, daughter of the M'Kerrel of M'Kerrel. These facts I did not then know. Lord Pilchard was still, to me, only "little Pilchy" of Holyshade, with as much pocket-money as I had; that is, with as good a supply of counters to play for amusement as was in my possession.

"Is it horrid expensive?" I returned, with the most utter *insouciance*. "Is it? Ah! I haven't seen the bill."

Nor had Lord Pilchard.

I made a duty call on the Van Clyms, and saw my uncle for a few minutes. The girls and my Aunt were out shopping.

"Kee, kee, kee!" chuckled my worthy Uncle Van, jingling keys and small change in his pockets. "Your Aunt won't vizit at Langoran. Your couzans never go tere. Nor I. No, not to te countink-ouze in the city. Tat Cavanter he manishes everything now. Ton't like te looks of it. Zomething's wrong; kee, kee, kee!" And he shook his head, chuckled, snuffled, and laughed, as if he'd been describing a most humorous state of affairs.

"And Mrs. Cavander?" I asked.

"Ah!" replied Uncle Clym, drawing a long breath, and opening his eyes so wide that I really began to think he would never be able to shut them again; "ah! you 'ave not hert?" He meant "heard."

"No, uncle."

"Not from Erbert?"

"No."

"Ah!" he repeated, as if my answers had unsettled him in his former purpose of recounting to me some tragic history which would be better kept secret.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Vell," he replied, slowly, but always with something of a smile on his countenance, though speaking in the most serious tone, "I'll tell you. She vas left-a-tome too mosh, an' ven tey are left-a-tome too mosh, vat vill dey do to amuse temselves? I ton't blame her. She vent mat."

"Mad!" I exclaimed, startled by the suddenness of the intelligence.

"Tey *say* so," said Uncle Van. "It vas necessarry"—the "rr"s seemed to stick in his throat—"to put her under rrre-straint zumvere. She is gone."

"What! locked up?" I inquired, energetically. In truth, I had only come across such things in romances, and could not realize them as fact so close to home.

"Yes. It is no bizniss of mine;" and here Uncle Van broke into a nervous laugh. "She is not my vife."

No, it was no business of his, or of anybody's, except Cavander's. The further conversation was interrupted by Mr. Pipkison, who looked in, having heard from a friend that Uncle Clym had not been seen at Lloyds' that day. He wanted to know if Van was too indisposed to join the Baa-lambs' dinner next day.

"An old friend of yours was with us at our last gathering," said Pipkison to me. "Mr. Verney. He was in high feather. Someone with money has trusted him—a novelty in that line, I believe, and Mr. Verney is to have a theatre in town, and, on the first opportunity, is to produce a piece which a long time since has been written by his eldest daughter."

"I know it," I said; "at least I think I remember having heard it years ago. Mr. Verney has always had that piece coming out. I suppose his daughters will play in it."

"I don't imagine so; one may. But I gather from the old boy himself that his eldest daughter, the authoress, has made a splendid marriage—something millionairish, and baffling description. I think its her husband who takes the theatre; that another is just going to be married, and a third—he's got three, hasn't he?—ah, I thought so; and a third has had an offer, and is going to quit the stage altogether."

"An offer!—marriage?" I asked.

I felt he must be speaking of Julie, and, though the last thing in my thoughts would have been to marry Julie, or anybody else at that time, yet I did not like the idea of her belonging to anybody else. Julie had always been to me, though separated by position, as a sister—a sister of my own age—a confidante. That strong feeling came back to me on that idiotic night at Vauxhall. Then immediately after that it had occurred to me that I was her lover. And then I had thought of Alice, who had been to me as an elder sister, and lately of Clara Wenslow, whom, but for this information of Pipkison's, I should, without further consideration, have gone to visit at the Lakes.

Pipkison replied to my question as to the nature of the offer, that he supposed it to mean marriage, but had not inquired.

My time was my own to do what I would with it. Where was Mr. Verney? Pipkison didn't know. He had left town and given up his lodgings.

I remember his having mentioned "Heaven's own air" at Liverpool, and called to mind the fact that Nurse Davis was living somewhere near them.

This was all in my way to the Lakes. My tour was to comprise the north generally, with Liverpool to begin with, or Clara Wenslow first at Windermere, and Liverpool to finish.

There never was such a haphazard time as this vacation. No sooner had I decided upon taking Liverpool last than little Lord Pilchard, to whom I confided my plans, said he knew of a yacht at Liverpool which could be hired, that Rowdie had promised to join him. Would I make a third?

Certainly. My only knowledge of yachting was connected with the Bobs; but it seemed to me to be a pleasant way of spending part of a vacation, and so I settled with Pilchard, and we named a date of meeting.

So I took the Lakes first, and met

the Bifford Brothers on a walking tour, perpetually quarrelling as to their route, and as to which should carry the umbrella. We put up at the same hotel, and had some pleasant evenings.

As to discovering Miss Wenslow's house, which was the ostensible object of my visit, my real one being to amuse myself with novelties, that appeared to me to be a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but unattainable. Nobody knew it.

I have often noticed this in the country, that the nearer you get to the place of which you are in search, the less the resident peasantry can tell you about it.

The Biffords were walking on to Ullswater from Patterdale, and I determined to join them up to a certain point, when I would return.

This plan I carried out, but on coming back I managed to diverge from the path in order to take shelter from that not remarkably uncommon event in the Lake district, a storm; and fancying that I was making straight for Patterdale, I found, after an hour's walk, that I had completely missed the road.

I did not see a soul to speak to, no sheep even, which would have indicated a shepherd at some distance at all events, and not the slightest sign of a habitation of any description.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "I am in a valley:" for I had heard and read such mysterious stories of wanderers perishing in the hills, that I had come to look upon losing your way in the Lake district as something akin to the commencement of a German legend. I had followed the course of a small stream and had now entered a thick plantation, which seemed to me unenclosed, and showed no marks of cultivation or preservation. I pushed on for some time, and at length, to my surprise, came out upon a wild and picturesque looking tarn, such as I had met with up in the hills.

I now discerned two figures, of a man and a woman seated in a boat, at the end of the turn, furthest from me. Towards them I made. In a few minutes I found myself in the presence of Clara and her grandfather, old Mr. Wenslow.

Mr. Wenslow was the limpest man I have ever met. He was feeble, to such an extent of feebleness, that it seemed as if he had never had the slightest, faintest shadow of a will of his own. He had a watery smile, and humid mild eyes; he was flabby about the gills, and flabby about the nose, which seemed to have been wrung till it was loose, or injured by too much blowing. In fact, it being pear-shaped, richly tinged, and full towards what ought to have been the point, I say that, without offence, this feature could be fairly described as a full-blown nose.

Clara was charmed, she said, to see me, and blushed, at least I think she blushed. If she did, she did not appear confused. Whereas, in the presence of old Wenslow, my courage seemed to have oozed out, and I felt as though I had been caught trespassing.

"Very glad to see you, sir," said the little flabby old gentleman, landing, and holding out to me his flapping hand.

Fishing from a little boat on this tarn was Mr. Wenslow's favourite occupation, and so anyone from his appearance would have thought.

"Have you had good sport to-day, sir?" said I.

"So, so," he replied, feebly; "there's not much sport here. I'm afraid you'll find it very dull."

He seemed to think I was going to live on the tarn, or in it.

Clara reminded him that they would be delighted to see me at dinner.

"Oh, yes," said the weak old man, smiling at the prospect of such an excitement; "we shall, indeed. Mrs. Wenslow will be delighted to see you at dinner. We've only ourselves, and I don't know how we shall amuse you. I'm afraid you will find it rather dull."

He repeated this hopelessly, with a despairing glance round the tarn, from which it almost appeared as though he was expecting from it some corroboration as to his statement about the dulness which was to be my portion.

"Dull?" I returned, politely; "I am

sure this is the last place to be dull in."

I meant it; not satirically, but as a truth at that moment, and as a compliment.

"You are right," he replied, shaking his nose (I knew that he shook his head, but one lost sight of the cause in the effect) sadly, "it *is* the last place to be dull in. I shall never be in another. No, no."

Here he fell into a sort of brown study, from which Clara aroused him by jogging his elbow.

"It's getting late, grandpapa," she said, "and mamma said you weren't on any account to stop out after there was any chance of damp."

"Ah, yes," he said, rousing himself. Then, once more extending his hand to me, "Welcome to Greygill Holm. If you are not a fisherman, I—I,"—he looked at the time for a suggestion, but finding that none came, he dropped my hand, and added, slowly, and almost despairingly, "I'm afraid you will find it very dull."

Clara seemed somewhat annoyed, I thought, at this exhibition of second childishness.

We had some little distance to walk before reaching the house, which was one of those, quaint, sleepy old mansions seldom to be met with now-a-days in England, and bearing a strong family resemblance to those old châteaux of Normandy and Brittany. The house was not a large one, but it had a deliciously cool courtyard, where we found Mrs. Wenslow, Clara's mother (a widow lady), in a Bath-chair, drawn by a shy-looking, shock-headed boy, talking to her gardener.

Mrs. Wenslow was a sharp-eyed, fashionably and well-dressed elderly matron, with quick, brisk brown eyes, sharply-cut features, excellent teeth, which were generally very much *en évidence*, and thin lips; but her figure inclined becomingly towards *embonpoint*.

She was motherly in her style of reception, and removed all difficulties as to my dress, for I was in tourist's costume, with so ladylike and pleasant a bearing as at once put me at my ease. Her tendencies, she explained, were rheumatic, and this would account to me for her being wheeled about in a Bath-chair.

Their pony-chaise would take me back to Patterdale, and though they were unable to offer me a bed, owing to some friends being hourly expected, and their accommodation being limited, yet if I would only make their home mine while I remained, "we shall be," said Mrs. Wenslow, "only *too* delighted."

Grandpapa joined in this, but was still of opinion that I should find it very dull. This being his firm conviction, no one seemed to care to disagree with him about it.

Mother and daughter were remarkably attentive to the old man, and Clara seemed to me to be gifted with a most affectionate disposition.

Our conversation naturally turned upon the "Bobs."

Mrs. Wenslow upon this, exclaimed, "Why, dear me, of course I forgot to mention it. We are expecting them. They promised to be here this morning, but I know how uncertain they are; and really, at this distance from a civilized town, it is impossible to count on anything like punctuality. But they have been so kind to Clara, that of course, when I heard they were likely to be in this neighbourhood, I could not think of their passing us without a visit."

"I've heard," said Clara, while we were discussing the Bobs, "that Mrs. Bob was, at one time of her life, a concert singer."

"My dear!" protested her mother, "you should be really more careful. Mrs. Burdon is most highly connected, and so is her husband. Let me see, his father was one of the Southdownshires; I forget whether she is their cousin, or nearer than that. I don't mean," she continued, turning to me, as though to set herself right with a member of the aristocracy on a certain point, when she had unwittingly fallen into a slight error, "I don't mean the Southdownshires of Cropland; that of course was

the elder branch, with which the barony goes, though they *do* say, as *you* know well enough, of course, that the present Lord Woolcombe is *not* really a member of the family at all."

She raised her eyebrows, and nodded her head at me ominously thrice.

"Indeed!" I said, being of course much interested.

"Well, of course," she went on, with a little refreshing sniff, "it's nothing to me; I don't—" with a sharp laugh—"I don't belong to the aristocracy. But if I did, I *think* I should feel a little sore if I were the real heir, and saw another put into possession by present agreement of the family. For my part, I don't know how such things are done."

Nor did I. Nor did Clara. As for grandpapa, he followed the discourse at a distance; and only once, on the removal of the soup, he was heard to murmur, "I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull;" but on the appearance of the fish he cheered up again. When we had quite changed the subject—I cannot, though, veraciously say that the subject was ever quite changed, for, so long as Mrs. Wenslow led the conversation, it continued to be about lords and ladies, the crests of various noble families, their public and private scandals, their sayings and doings—in fact, we only played variations on the original theme, which was the aristocracy; however, half-an-hour after we had dropped the Southdownshires, grandpapa broke in on a conversation about the Davie Toffies, of Toffshire, Wales, descended, as everyone knows, from that most famous Saxon Earl, Harold Hardbake; "the Hardbakes having gradually altered their spelling to Hardebayke, and married with the Harmond Rockworths, of Rockcraggie, Toothshire," explained Mrs. Wenslow. It was into this interesting conversation the old man broke, with—"I remember young Charles Chopp at the University. He was somehow connected with the Southdownshires;" and, having favoured us with this contribution, he subsided for another half-hour.

Whenever he thus joined in the conversation, we three looked straight at him, smiled, and then went on with our own subject again—that is, Mrs. Wenslow went on with *her* own subject again.

The Bobs sent a letter to say they could not stay, and, indeed, should only be able to take advantage of Mrs. Wenslow's kind invitation, *en passant*, as they were coming from the north, were going down to Morecambe Bay, and so to Liverpool, where their yacht was waiting to take them to the Isle of Man.

"They were at Liverpool some little time ago," observed Mrs. Wenslow.

"Yes," said Clara, in a tone which showed she was not best pleased with Mrs. Burdon's present proceedings, "they stopped some time there. They never asked me, and they don't ask me to accompany them now. Mrs. Bob's very fickle, I believe. I daresay she has picked up someone whom she likes better than me."

Here she shot a glance across at me, as who would say, "Do you think there *can* be anyone to be liked better than yours truly, Clara Wenslow?"

For the moment I did not.

But oh! it was a dangerous place for a young couple to be left alone in, with a sharp general of a mother and a doddling old grandfather to act as sheep-dog, as a toothless, barkless, harmless guardian.

To stand by that old fountain in the courtyard was enough to suggest a proposal to the most bashful, for the basin being shallow, and of a peculiar curve, the drops trickled over regularly from above, and played little marriage-bell tunes on the water below.

The gold-fish eyed you suspiciously out of the corner of their eyes, as they halted meditatively in the sunlight for a second, then darted off at angles as if to fetch a friend, but only to reappear at the same point—all alone, as before—and repeat the evolution over and over again, as though it were some part of a game.

Then the fish, seeing a couple standing by the brink of their domain, would

come up to the top, open their mouths, as if saying, "Oh, I didn't know you were there! I beg pardon! Oh!" going off again as quickly as might be consistent with good-breeding. There are certain creatures in whose presence love-making is easy. Fish belong to this class. Singing birds are a trifle too noisy, and the presence of a tame bullfinch, with two-thirds of a tune in its puffy little throat, is simply intolerable.

That fountain had much to answer for. But in the midst of this, a whirlwind came and carried me away. The whirlwind was a party consisting of the Bobs and my Uncle Herbert.

"Come with us for a cruise! that'll do you good," said hearty Mrs. Bob; and Uncle Herbert not only cautioned me against refusing, but insisted upon my accepting so hospitable an offer, as he pointed out I could not refuse without positive rudeness.

I was carried off, but those three weeks at the Lakes had been fraught with danger to my peace of mind for some time to come.

There was, I ascertained, a good reason for Mrs. Bob not having invited Clara Wenslow to join them; what it was, Uncle Herbert intimated, I should know later.

"Had she got another favourite?" I asked, being indignant on Clara's account.

"It's nothing to you if she has, Cecil," replied Uncle Herbert. "You can't do better than stick to Mrs. Bob, and listen to my advice, mind that."

I was not, however, destined for the cruise with them, for, as it suddenly occurred to me, I was bound to Lord Pilchard, who with Rowdie descended at the Turtle Hotel, Liverpool, two days after our arrival.

I had promised to keep up a correspondence with Clara, and I began well, that is all I can say.

I pass over the absurd yachting expedition of us three, who knew nothing whatever about the matter; and after a month of it we returned to our starting point, Rowdie left us, and Lord Pilchard took me to his place near Shrewsbury. We had it all to ourselves, and idled our time away well into August, when his little lordship was off to Scotland; and I, left to my own resources, was only too glad to receive a letter from Austin, who was now at a small place called Clyn Strytton, North Wales, where he was staying with my old tutor, Mr. Blumstead, who had taken charge of this parish by way of a holiday employment for himself, and in order to enable its then clergyman—an old college friend—to get away for his vacation. Austin had arranged to spend a month at Clyn Strytton, for change and repose, and to see something of the work which a country curate with a scattered parish has to perform. When his friend wrote to Austin to say that he regretted being compelled to accept the only chance presented to him of a holiday, and mentioned Mr. Blumstead as his *locum tenens pro tem*, Austin, associating my name with this latter, proposed to keep the engagement as it originally stood, and then wrote to me.

Clyn Strytton was almost out of the reach of English civilization. The people spoke only Welsh, and the church had for years been almost deserted, save by the minister and his family.

It was a quaint old place, the date of whose erection was lost in antiquity.

Mr. Blumstead seemed to suit it exactly. His congregation consisted of ourselves and two or three Welsh peasants, who might happen to be in the neighbourhood by accident and looked in out of curiosity. They had their meeting-house at some distance off, and their out-of-door preachments in their own native tongue.

It was a holiday for my old tutor, who amused himself in the mountains waking the echoes, as he used to wake us at Hillborough, with his cornet, and giving himself what my friend Rowdie called, when I subsequently described it to him, "a regular good blow-out on the heights."

Austin and myself had much to converse about, but alas! much on which to be silent.

His search had been fruitless. Nothing had been heard of, or from, Alice, since Austin's last letter to me.

His mother, he said, was ill, but not at present so seriously as to suggest the probability of danger. He was, however, in daily expectation of a letter from his elder sister, Mrs. McCracken, with whom Mrs. Comberwood was staying.

His next duty was to write to his brother Dick in India, and the consequences of this he feared.

He had determined, at the end of the year, upon carrying out his plan of entering St. Bede's College. He prayed daily, he said, without affectation and in most perfect humility, for the safety of his sister, that she might be reclaimed, and that she might be led to him in her repentance, so that she should be repelled by no Pharisaical severity. "I do not speak," he said, "of the disgrace she has brought on our family, on our name. I esteem these as a matter of comparatively light importance. But, knowing how *she* will come to look back on all this, I dread her being driven to despair."

It was our amusement on a Saturday night to put the old church in order; and Miss Fowler, who had accompanied her brother-in-law, was glad to have something of the sort to do.

The ladies, in fact, were perpetually cleaning and brushing it up, as if a glossy appearance would induce the scattered flock to try the pasture provided for them by a maternal establishment, which they looked upon with about as much cordiality as I regarded my stepmother. This English Church was a strange mother forsooth, that could speak intelligibly neither to their hearts nor ears.

There was a worn-out old safe in a corner which belied its name immediately we attempted the lock. Here we found some musty books and a register, carelessly kept, of years gone by. Different hands were visible at various times, and we smiled at some of the odd names occurring here and there among the births, deaths, and marriages.

I was standing alone in the vestry lazily inspecting this book, when my own surname caught my eye.

There was no doubt of it, and the entry was that of a marriage; it was one of the few where the date and names were clear.

And the names that preceded the clergyman's signature (who wrote himself Daniel Gere) were—

John Colvin: Sarah Wingrove.

The remainder of the page has been torn across.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONSULTATION — TERM TIME — A DEFAULTER — SERIOUS BUSINESS — THE LETTER—THE OFFER—ROWDIE'S ADVICE—PROCEEDINGS—CLARA WINSLOW —DOUBTS—THE COMBERWOODS—THE BOBS—MR. VERNEY SUPER MARE—UNCLE HERBERT'S ANSWER—A RETROSPECT.

THESE names on the register. What was their history? what their purport for me? Neither "John Colvin" nor "Sarah Wingrove" were absolutely uncommon. But had not the latter haunted my life? Had it ever been allowed to drop out of my memory's grasp? Never, entirely.

I turned it over and over in my mind, and could make nothing of it. I consulted Austin, and he would have been for dismissing the subject as a matter of the merest coincidence, but for my mentioning the story of Mr. Venn at Old Carter's, and the death of the strange woman whom I had seen with Venn and Cavander in Kensington Gardens. I arrived at a determination.

"I will ask my father point blank," I said.

Austin shook his head over this proposition.

"Of what use," he inquired, "will such a course be to you?"

I could not exactly say, but it struck me it would lead to some catastrophe, which would include, at all events, an explanation, whether satisfactory or unsatisfactory I could not pretend to conjecture.

"No," returned Austin, "I do not think I would mention it until you and your father should be once more upon such terms of intimacy as would warrant an allusion to what may be either a painful incident in the family history—for it does not follow that the John here mentioned was your father—or an accidental concurrence of the names, which, as it happens, are of peculiar interest to yourself personally."

"I might tell Uncle Herbert," I suggested.

"You would be wrong to do so. Evidently, if it concerns your father at all, Sir John is the first person to be informed of your discovery, and that, not by a third person, even though he should be so near a relation as Mr. Herbert Pritchard, but by the discoverer himself."

"Then I must wait for an opportunity; for as long as my father is so guarded by my stepmother, and so entirely under the Cavander control as he now is, I shall have as much chance of seeing him alone, as anyone had of an interview with the Man in the Iron Mask."

This was the result of our consultation. I made a copy of the entry, and placed it in my diary. Gradually it ceased to trouble me, and by the time of my return to Cowbridge, I had well nigh forgotten its existence.

Had I acted upon the impulse of the moment, and gone at once to my father, register-entry in hand, I should have learnt what might, or might not have been its importance; but once having let myself stand to cool, I soon found plenty of other subjects of more immediate and special interest, whereon to expend my energy.

On the third day of term, Marmy Denne entered my room.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into an armchair, and looking as blank as the empty grate at which he was standing.

"What is it, Marmy?"

"Why, Thingammy—I mean Dr. Falkner's bolted."

"Bolted!" I exclaimed.

At that season of early youth, I could not imagine anyone in real life "bolting." I knew something of bailiffs, and writs and warrants, in novels and plays, but of their existence, save as expedients for the use of romancists and dramatists, and therefore as creations of the brain, I could at that time form no idea. Such words as time, money, trouble, sorrow, had for me rather less meaning than the strange characters on the Assyrian stones.

"Bolted!" I repeated. "What on earth has he bolted for?"

"Debt; so they say here," answered Marmy. "I've been talking to old Sam Lincoln and his wife"—he alluded to the proprietors of a well-known confectioner's, the back-room of whose shop was laid out like a small restaurant's, where those who either could not, or would not dine, or, at all events, had not dined, in Hall, were wont to take a simple well-cooked late dinner—"and they said he was a regular bad lot, and obliged to cut and run. He'd done all the tradesmen here, and in a heap of other places too, old Sam says."

"How does he know?"

"Lor!" replied Marmy, "he knows everything that goes on here."

Old Sam Lincoln was certainly a trustworthy authority.

"And," continued Marmy, "I met Jack Freshly"—he was my landlord, and as good a gossip as any in Cowbridge—"who told me that the police had been after him, and he wasn't away a minute too soon. I didn't quite make out whether it was police or bailiffs, but, anyhow, the Doctor bolted, and I rather think Master Jack has helped him to mizzle."

Marmy had a free-and-easy way with him, but was less slangy than Rowdie, who now came in with his usual big knobbly-stick, projecting out of his very short P-jacket. Why the Honourable Maledin Rowdie adopted this costume it was impossible to say. His best reason was because he chose to do so, and having chosen, he was not going to alter his style for anybody. I rather fancy that, if Professor Manley (of the P.R.) had hinted that his patron's cos-

tume was not quite the thing, it might have had some effect upon Rowdie. However, we took him as he was, and for what he was; and those who really knew him, honestly liked him. He began with a laugh; he always began with a laugh, which, in writing, it is impossible to describe exactly; the nearest approach I can make to conveying any idea of the effect of this laugh is to say, that like an orator's cough, it was generally prefatial; and, like a semicolon, it hitched up the conversation, in such a manner that for someone else to have spoken, under the impression that Rowdie had finished, would have been resented by the latter as a rude interruption.

"Oho!" laughed Rowdie. "Here's a pretty blessed boil over!"

"You've heard?" asked Marmy.

"Rayther so!" answered Rowdie, who preferred any slang to the pronunciation and terms of ordinary respectable society. In fact he had become worse than ever.

"I know," continued Rowdie, "what you coves will say. You'll say that I got him into our lot, and that I forced the card on the club."

A sudden light broke upon me.

"Why," I exclaimed, "we have entrusted him with the club funds!"

"Of course," rejoined Rowdie; "we were such a clever lot o' fellows, we were. But it's my fault, and so pr'aps, if you'll just send out to the Committee to come to my rooms, I'll offer to pay the little lot, and put myself right that way."

"No, no," protested Marmy, "you shan't do that. I voted for him too."

So had I, as Rowdie's friend.

The Committee however did meet, and the result was to place the whole matter in a solicitor's hands.

This, I think, was my first introduction to anything resembling important business. We made "a whip round" for the sum required, and the funds of the club soon looked as fresh as ever.

The third week after this I received a note which had been lying at the post-office under cover of initials, with direction on the outer envelope to the effect that if the letter were not called for within five days, the Postmaster was to break the seal and deliver it to where the letter was addressed. This was evidently a plan to render the post-mark useless. It was from Mr. Venn, alias Dr. Falkner.

In it he owned his guilt, and pleaded his necessities. He begged me not to proceed to extremities, as he had a wife and family dependent upon him, of whom I had never till that moment heard, and I was inclined to think that they had been invented for the occasion.

He wrote further:—

"If you will deal with me mercifully in this matter, and God knows I have troubles enough to weigh me down (from which may you always be spared), I say, if you will deal mercifully, and get your friends, who have been such good friends to me that I curse the moment of fearful pressure when I yielded to this dire temptation—and get your friends to deal kindly with me also (for I do swear I will work my fingers to the bone in order to repay them what,—had I had but the courage to ask as a loan, they would have granted), I will *put you in possession of some information which will most certainly be of the greatest importance* to you hereafter, and a clue to the nature of which you will find in one conversation (if you can call it to mind) at Broad's, when we were both on our way to Cowbridge,—after your accident in the dogcart. Let me implore you to attend to this, and, believe me, I am not using vain words. I can be of the utmost use to you, and one day you will, if you refuse me this request, deeply regret not having acceded to it. It is in *your* power to help me; it is in your power, even by the advance of a small sum and getting your friends to consider these funds (which I had intended merely to use and return with interest; I assure you upon my oath, this is true) as a loan, to reinstate me in my position, or at least to start me in another, where I shall recommence practice and honestly pay my debts. A

line addressed to John Hunter, 16, Rue des Carmes, Boulogne, will ultimately find me, but I cannot say how long it will be ere it arrives at its destination. I am in deep distress. But *the information that it is in my power to give you would make my liberty well worth your purchase-money.* It may so happen that circumstances *will prevent my ever returning to England;* if so, the secret will be safe with me, wherever I am, till you send to buy it. Let me know your decision, and believe me faithfully yours, V. Falkner."

This letter I showed only to Rowdie.

Rowdie was of opinion at once that it was "a dodge."

"The Doctor's a sly old fox," said Rowdie; "and all he wants is some more tin. He thinks you're a sort of soft-hearted cove, who'll be just before he's generous, with a lot of ready cash to spare, and nothing to do with it; and he imagines that you'll get the other fellows—he don't write to *me,* by the way," he suddenly interpolated, in a rather injured tone; then he went on —"He thinks you'll soft-sawder the others, that they'll say 'all serene,' and have the old boy back. But," said Rowdie, laying a finger significantly against his nose, "I wouldn't have him back; no, siree, not on no account! though, at the same time, I wouldn't be hard on the poor beggar."

I was inclined to take this view of it myself.

Rowdie was right. Venn had appealed to my soft-heartedness, which was, at that time, another name for my greenhornedness. For, see, I had never detected any thorough hypocrite; I had never, to my knowledge, met with such a creature as a swindler; and my youthful profession of faith was, "All men are truthful."

The supposition that Venn should have a wife and family, whose existence he had not, for reasons of his own, mentioned to me, or to any of us, seemed, on second thought, not at all improbable; and the more consideration I bestowed upon Venn's letter, the more thoroughly convinced did I become of his honesty and virtue, which had bent, not broken, beneath some temporary pressure.

This theory of mine was, it is needless to say, laughed out of court; and the result was to leave matters *in statu quo,* that is, we, as a Committee of a Club, were to proceed against Dr. Falkner on the criminal charge. Rowdie explained the case fully to me, and advised me to give the Doctor, so to speak, law, in a sporting sense, by not furnishing the solicitor with the address I had in my possession.

"After all," said Rowdie, "it'll be enough if he doesn't come back here. That'll be a good punishment for him; for he won't live so well anywhere else; and as we should never get our tinnums back, what's the good of transporting the ruffian?"

"But what do you think of his offer of valuable information to me, eh?" I asked Rowdie when we were talking over the affair alone.

"Bosh!" returned Rowdie, laughing; "all bosh. You recollect the story of the Irishman going to the jeweller's, and asking what would be given for a lump of gold the size of an ostrich egg. The jeweller dined him, liquored him, and tried to get over him in every possible way. Pat ate the dinner (he hadn't had one for a long time), and made himself thoroughly at home until a late hour, when he was leaving without ever having said a word about the prize supposed to be in his possession.

"'What about the crock of gold as big as an ostrich egg?' inquired the jeweller, nervously.

"'The gold as big as an ostrich egg?' says Pat, who seemed to have forgotten about it. Then, as if suddenly remembering, he replied, 'Ah sure I was only axing wat would you be inclined to give for a lump of gold the size of an ostrich egg, *supposing I should be after finding such a thing.*' I fancy that's about the size of the Doctor's valuable information."

"Then, perhaps, I had better not answer the letter?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Perhaps!" rejoined Rowdie, laughing at the utter absurdity of such an idea. "Of course not."

So the letter remained unanswered. Probably it went into the waste-paper basket, thence into the grate, and there was an end of it.

The remainder of My Time at Cowbridge, though far from uneventful, is of no importance to this record, except inasmuch as I gained no more experience of life than I had up to my entering at Tudor. My vacations I spent in visits, often to the Bobs, once to the Wenslows, when they had a house near London, and Clara Wenslow I frequently met at Mrs. Bob's.

My Uncle Herbert kept ward and watch over me, and was, while I was in his sight, ever on the alert to prevent me from plunging headlong into a deep matrimonial abyss. Still, for all this, and separated for a length of time together, I somehow felt myself gradually bound more and more towards Clara Wenslow.

We corresponded, clandestinely on my part, which was dishonest: openly on her part, which was perfectly fair: at least so it seemed to me.

Of Alice Comberwood no intelligence had been received by any of her family.

Dick learnt such news as there was to be learnt of her while he was in India, and having obtained leave of absence, himself attempted to discover her retreat.

His suspicions fell on one man, but he found himself utterly helpless in bringing the crime home to him. Had not Austin, had not I, had not the Clyms' suspicions all been directed towards one quarter? Towards whom? Towards a man who Mr. Comberwood professed to consider as one of his best friends, to whom he was bound in business, and who had already been the cause of such an increase to his wealth, by recommending judicious speculation, as had far exceeded the hitherto careful lawyer's old-fashioned notions.

True that Mrs. Comberwood regarded these dealings with anxiety; but in business her husband was out of her control, and, heart-broken by her child's desertion, she lacked all her former spirit and energy.

They were, neither of them, the same as of yore; their geniality had vanished; they were irritable, and shared their grief in separate burdens, which they bore apart, neither speaking to the other of the load, nor offering to lighten it. Mr. Comberwood was living for money, and showed no pleasure in anything else. Austin's object in life had no interest for his father. His mother was still affectionate with him, as was he with her, and through her he seemed to hope to touch his father's heart, which, strange to say, had been hardened by the same blow that had broken his mother's.

The home of the Comberwoods had ceased to exist. Thus, though from totally different causes, Austin and myself were placed in a similar position.

Sir Frederick was a careless man, and not a wise one. He shrank from making the scandal public property. He accepted his situation, saying that he had tried married life, and had no wish to return to it. He never spoke of his wife, and henceforth lived as a bachelor. In a short time his name was amongst the foremost at races, steeplechases, where he rode himself, and at all meetings of a sporting character. Dick Comberwood called on Sir Frederick, and, from what Austin hinted, I gathered that the baronet had not come with flying colours out of *that* interview.

My visits at Langoran House were of the most formal character. When in London I stopped at Broad's and enjoyed myself. Rowdie and Marmy Denne were my constant companions, and serving as a link between their tastes, I was pulled first to this side, then to that, taken here, taken there, until I had seen as much of London life as would have sufficed for me for many a year to come. Rowdie was hand-and-glove with all the sporting-men, publicans, with little rat-killing dogs, retired prizefighters, prizefighters not retired, while Marmy's tastes lay in the direction of theatres and theatrical clubs. His name was "up," he informed me, with great delight, for the Roscius Club, "where you meet everybody, all the actors, artists, and

literary men," and he had already managed, through myself, who had introduced him to Mr. Pipkison, to be elected an honorary member of the Baa Lambs. He was looking forward to quitting Cowbridge and residing in town, with the greatest possible anticipation of pleasure. On the several occasions of my dining at the Lambs' hospitable table Mr. Verney was absent. It was reported of him that he was engaged in beating up recruits in the provinces for his great Metropolitan undertaking. His eldest daughter had married "money," and Mr. Verney was to open a theatre on his own account, or rather with the account of his son-in-law, whose wife, playing under her maiden name, was to be the leading actress, the bright particular star of the new company.

Once, and once only, in my last long vacation, before my degree term, when I was passing a few weeks with the Bobs at Southsea (which Mr. Bob preferred as a station to "the Island"), I came across Mr. Verney and Julie. He had been recruiting, and Julie had been playing. To my surprise, Mr. Verney approached Mrs. Bob with his politest bow, taking off his hat with such a flourish, as, had there been a breeze, would have sent it into the sea.

Mrs. Bob had seen Julie at some provincial theatre, and had taken a great fancy to her.

I was delighted at hearing this; but Clara Wenslow was with us at the time of our meeting, and I had no opportunity of speaking alone with Julie.

This annoyed me considerably; and, somehow, from that moment I began to consider myself more firmly bound than ever to Clara (as I see by my diary), and at the same time to look upon the attachment which had sprung up between us, and which I felt was strong on her part, as an irksome tie. And whenever I named Clara, I thought of Julie.

"You're enjoying yourself here, Mr. Verney?" observed good-natured Mrs. Bob, who, I found, took great delight in drawing out her new acquaintance.

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Verney, turning so as to face the sea for his audience (we were on the promenade) and speaking more *at* Mrs. Bob on his right, than *to* her; "My dear madam, this is life; this is the pure air of heaven, and the revivification, the recuperation of the vital forces. The system," he continued, settling his hat slightly on one side with both hands, "requires it, and when Nature, who is of your own sex, madam, commands,—what remains for us poor mortals, being, men, but to obey? 'When lovely woman,' &c.," said Mr. Verney, stopping abruptly in his quotation, with a short laugh which showed either that he had forgotten the rest of it, or had suddenly become alive to its inapplicability to the present circumstances. However, he threw into his look just so much expression as would eke out the blank which he had made in his address, and before any of us could put in a word, he had waved his right hand as a sort of preliminary danger signal to give notice that his express train of thought was coming along the line, and all others must get out of the way for fear of accidents, and thus recommenced:—"Yes, my dear madam, I like Southsea, for a while: the air is bracing, the sky is open and clear; the offing is full of life with its ships, its yachts, and its steamers; on the greensward, a trifle too dusty, perhaps, and sunburnt—but you must be sunburnt by the sea-side—I say on the greensward from morning to night you can witness evolutions of troops to the beat of drum, and the sound of the stirring fife. Beauty is here more beautiful, being radiant with health; and to sit in the coffee-room of your hotel at breakfast, nice white table-cloth, a plateful of fresh-coloured prawns, a crisp French roll, a delicate pat of butter, and a homely pot of tea, with your morning's newspaper at your side, and a whiff of the briny stealing in through the open window, this appears to me to be the acme of earthly happiness, if not absolutely an anticipation of future bliss."

"You describe it feelingly," observed Mrs. Bob.

"Madam," returned Mr. Verney,

"my heart expands like the petals of the tropical convolvulus (a beautiful flower, but little cultivated in this climate) beneath the rays of the morning sun. And, after breakfast, being here for a holiday, I stick my cigar in my larboard gill—you, as a yachtswoman, if I may so say, will appreciate the expression—and I walk out on to the pier, where the sea-gulls perch, one on each shoulder, like a pair of epaulettes, and some genuine old salt in charge of the guns, or the tackle, or employed as the man at the 'look-out,' spins yarns to me as long as my arm by the quarter-of-an-hour, in return for a timely pipeful of tobacco, which causes me no loss, and renders him for ever grateful."

"You haven't yet finished your engagement here," said Mrs. Bob, addressing Julie.

"To-morrow is my last night," answered Julie, in her quiet voice. "I have not forgotten your kind note, Mrs. Burdon, and I think you gave me till to-morrow to answer it."

"Yes, or till you get to town, and can consult your father and mother together."

"My daughter *has* consulted me already," said Mr. Verney; "and it only remains to hear what Mrs. Verney has to say, because, my dear madam, though at first sight——"

"I don't think we'll discuss it now," interrupted Mrs. Burdon, somewhat hastily; "it will be time enough if I hear within the next two months. I suppose you are going up to London the day after to-morrow?"

"My poverty and not my will consents," said Mr. Verney. "I mean that the business which now engages my attention must be done by me personally on the spot, though indeed I grieve to leave this romantic and healthful situation, not to mention the most comfortable hotel, which I can recommend to anyone in search of quiet home comforts, where I have a small room, cosy as carpet slippers, snug as the winter nest of a dormouse," here he pointed his description as though he were arranging a scene on his own stage, "with a practicable window, left, looking out on to the sea, fireplace for ventilation, right centre, and door in flat: I go out and come in as I like. In the morning I stroll into the town, visit the fruiterer's, buy my green fig, the juice of which (for you must carefully cast aside the skin and the small residuum of hard stalk) cools the system generally, while the ozoic properties of the atmosphere so brace up the larynx, that a strong-voiced man can reach E flat in alt, or whatever the high pitch may be, I forget now, with comparative ease and certainty, and without distressing his physique. I have no hesitation in saying that, all things considered, a few days at such a sea-side resort as this, spent in the manner I have described, must represent the summum bonum—I may almost say the *summerum bonum* of terrestrial felicity."

Mr. Verney's speech ought to have been taken down in shorthand by an employé of the hotel he was patronizing: it would have served the proprietors admirably for an advertisement. Mr. Verney, it has since occurred to me, was himself quite an advertisement to them, and they certainly could have afforded (though I am not aware they adopted this plan) to let him stop there gratis. I believe had they done so they would have been the gainers by it to a considerable extent.

I record this occasion of our meeting, as it was not for some time afterwards that I had the opportunity of speaking with Julie.

"What was Mrs. Bob talking about to Mr. Verney?" I asked Uncle Herbert afterwards.

Uncle Herbert didn't know exactly.

"Doesn't Old Verney go out and get up private theatricals, and your little friend, his pretty daughter, Miss Julie, doesn't she go out, too, and act?" suggested Uncle Herbert in the form of a question.

"Ah, of course. I remember;" and the performances at Ringhurst Whiteboys flashed across me.

How I call to mind Alice entering the hall, and her look of contempt for

the young professional, who had played a page in an Opera. Alice would not then have thought her worthy to have assisted her in holding a garland of flowers for the decoration of Ringhurst chancel. And now—where was Alice, with all her religious training and her æstheticism? Alas! I knew not, nor did any one of those who loved her most, know more than this, that, by her own confession, she had fallen, fallen for ever from her high estate here—and for the rest it was a blank. But Julie, the little Miss Publican, scarce daring to raise her eyes to Heaven while my Lady Pharisee swept proudly by, how had *she* stood her trial—that trial which to my knowledge had come so early and with such strong inducement, such powerful temptation? Whence had she those principles which resisted the evil as soon as it was whispered in her ear, which made her strong not only to save herself, but to save her whom she loved so truly, her own sister? What education had she beyond the lowest Sunday and day school teaching, when from her earliest years she had been earning her own livelihood on the boards of the Theatre?

Our meeting had given birth to such thoughts as the above, which I have since found recorded in my diary. Sometimes I fancy that in my last vacation before my degree term at Cowbridge, this day when I met Julie at Southsea, was the turning-point of my life. Henceforth I was to take a more serious view of my future career; but I could only come unto the light very, very, very gradually; and I was moving onwards unconscious of my progress as is a ship of its own motion.

To be continued.

THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

The rivalries and jealousies of the Italian States, their struggles for liberty, and their individual feuds, have been a common theme with historians of the Middle Ages.

But however deplorable may have been the effect of such a continual state of civil war upon the general welfare of the country, it has not been altogether barren of good results.

The rulers of the various Italian States were indeed always striving to outshine each other in the splendour and magnificence of their Courts, but they cherished at the same time a far nobler emulation. They soon perceived that genius of any kind was the brightest ornament which they could obtain for their respective Courts, and that, by the protection which they vied with one another in affording to literature and art, they secured celebrity at the time, and a lasting renown for the future. They were, therefore, at all times careful to cherish and kindle the smouldering fire of that native genius which was the special heritage of Italy, and which she preserved through all the rude vicissitudes of external conquest and internal warfare.

In Italy first appeared that dawn of light, destined in its meridian splendour to dissipate the dense ignorance into which Europe generally was plunged. The earliest efforts of her language, half a century before Dante wrote the poem which so largely contributed to form it, were protected and fostered at the Court of Frederick II. King of Sicily. To touch only upon great examples :—In 1316 we find Dante entertained at the Court of the Scaligeri at Verona, and the princely hospitality of his host is immortalized in that portion of the "Divina Commedia" which, as a further proof of Dante's gratitude, was dedicated to Can Grande della Scala—"Il Gran Lombardo," as the poet calls him.

Similar hospitality was shown to Dante during the last years of his life by Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna; and Petrarch, following closely upon the footsteps of Dante, was sought after and honoured by all the princes of Italy, as we have recently shown in these pages. Nor did the princes only extend their favour to what may be called the creative genius of the thirteenth century; they were also foremost in promoting that research among the long-lost classics which was the distinguishing mark of the next century.

This research, first begun by Petrarch and Bocaccio, and pursued with infinite labour in circumstances of great difficulty, received in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries very general encouragement. The Pontiffs in Rome, the Medici in Florence, the Visconti, afterwards succeeded by the Sforza, at Milan, the Arragon kings of Naples, the Houses of Gonzaga in Mantua, and of Este in Ferrara, the Dukes of Urbino—all promoted this revival of learning. They sent emissaries to all parts of the world for the purpose of collecting manuscripts, and no journey was accounted too dangerous or too protracted to obtain them. Pre-eminently, Lorenzo de' Medici spared neither trouble nor expense in his researches. He sent to explore both Europe and Asia for Greek and Latin manuscripts, which, when brought to him, he purchased at any price; and twice, with a magnificence worthy of his name, did he despatch the celebrated Giovanni Lascari to the Sultan Bajazet, in order that under the Imperial protection he might carry his researches through Greece. Two hundred manuscripts, of which eighty were new discoveries, were the result of these journeys.[1]

On the discovery of the twelve come-

[1] Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 137.

dies of Plautus in 1429,—for up till that time only eight were supposed to exist—copies of the manuscript had immediately to be made for the several Houses of Visconti, of Este, and of the Medici. It is further related as a proof of the esteem in which these treasures of classical learning were held by the princes, that a manuscript of Livy's Annals, sent by Cosmo de' Medici to Alfonso, King of Naples, sufficed to appease a quarrel between them; though the king was counselled by his physicians to examine it carefully lest Cosmo should have introduced poison between the leaves.[1]

But none of the princes of this time deserve so much praise as an encourager of learning as Nicholas V. (Thomas Sarzana), who became Pope in 1447. He founded the Vatican Library, and left it at his death enriched with 5,000 volumes, a treasure far exceeding that of any other collection in Europe. Every scholar who needed maintenance, found it at the Court of Rome, and of several Greek authors were translated into Latin, by order of Pope Nicholas V.[2]

Almost all the works of the classical authors were either found in Italy or elsewhere by Italians, and the enthusiasm which had been shown in collecting manuscripts next took the form of bestowing them in those magnificent libraries which are among the great wonders of Italy. Niccolo Niccoli, a Florentine of eminent learning, first conceived the idea, and founded the first public library in the convent of the S. Spirito at Florence, of which Boccaccio's private collection of books was the germ, he having left them as a legacy to that convent. From this eventually sprang the famous Medicean library, only one among many of the princely libraries of Italy.

The fall of the Eastern Empire towards the middle of this century compelled the Greeks in considerable numbers to seek a refuge in Italy, when they further disclosed those immortal monuments of their language which the Crusades had been the first means of revealing to the European mind. Thus a new and still more powerful stimulus was given to the general desire for information.

This thirst was very partially relieved while the fountain of learning continued to trickle out, drop by drop, through the difficult and costly channels of copies and transcriptions. But the wonderful discovery of Gutenberg suddenly opened the spring, and diffused the long-pent-up waters of learning over the civilized world.

Printing could not have been invented at a more propitious moment for the perfecting of this wondrous art. The especial circumstances of the age caused it to be universally appreciated, and it seemed to crown the joint labours of the princes and learned men with a success which, in their wildest dreams, they could not have expected to attain.

Although Germany must fairly claim the honour of this great invention, it has never been questioned that Italy was the first to follow in her footsteps; and it is worthy of notice how quickly she adopted and succeeded in appropriating to herself the invention of another country. This was only natural. Abundantly rich in her own talents, she had no cause to envy a foreign discovery, and at that moment of supreme activity of mind she did not hesitate to adopt the new invention, although it did not originate with her. On the contrary, nursed and cherished in the centre of art and learning, printing soon reached its highest perfection.

The rude wooden moveable characters, Gutenberg's great discovery and improvement on the still ruder engraved blocks of wood, from which the so-called "block-books" were printed, and which was the earliest form of the art[1]—were now discarded for types cut by the artist-hand of a Francia; men of profound

[1] Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. vi. p. 126.

[2] Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 143.

[1] Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 150. "This mode of printing from blocks of wood has been practised in China from time immemorial."

erudition and cultivated talents were employed to select and revise the manuscripts about to be printed; while princes were willing to devote much of their wealth, and even to sacrifice a portion of their territories, to this new and wonderful method for the diffusion of knowledge.

Thus when Aldo Manuzio, who may be rightly called the father of Italian typography, first set up his printing-press in Venice, it was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, who defrayed the cost, —whose family name of "Pio" Aldo was permitted to bear, on account of the great affection and intimacy which existed between them, and by it the princes of Italy will always be associated with the first great printer of their country.

Before proceeding to speak of Aldo, whose life and works are more generally known, some few words should be said about his patron, whose remarkable talents and singular excellence, while they deserved a better fate in his lifetime, have been allowed to remain too long in obscurity after his death. Tiraboschi,[1] the great historian of Italian literature, first brought them to the light. Till that time no one had ever written any account of the life of the Alberto Pio. He was the son of Leonello, Prince of Carpi, a small principality, now only a town in the present Duchy of Modena. His mother was the sister of Pico della Mirandola, the accomplished friend of Lorenzo de' Medici. It had been arranged that Alberto Pio, and his brother Leonello, should divide the principality with Giberto and his brothers, the descendants of another branch of the same family. This division of authority, especially when the estate to be governed was of small dimensions, caused, as may easily be imagined, fierce and continual dissensions, and the estates of the Pio family were the scene of perpetual warfare. As usual, the Emperor of Germany was appealed to, and, as usual, no good result ensued. The neighbouring Dukes of Ferrara also strove more than once to appease the quarrel in Carpi. But the truces were always of short duration, until in the year 1500, Giberto, in order to revenge himself on his cousin Alberto, sold his rights over the principality of Carpi to the Duke of Ferrara, receiving in exchange a few towns belonging to the dukedom.

Thus did Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, first obtain a hold over the principality of Carpi, and his successor, Alfonso, was not slow to avail himself of this semblance of a right. By the payment of 100,000 florins to the Emperor Charles V., he obtained from him in 1552 the investiture of the principality, in defiance of a former decree of the Emperor Maximilian, which upheld the rights of Alberto Pio and annulled the cession made by Giberto to the Dukes of Ferrara. The Prince of Carpi, when thus robbed of his dominions, retired to the Court of Francis the First, and found his best consolation in those literary pursuits which in his brighter days he had so liberally protected.

Passing by the further political vicissitudes of Carpi before its final absorption into the Duchy of Ferrara, which have but a remote bearing on the subject of this paper, we will now look upon her Prince from a literary point of view. Our admiration for the eminence which he obtained, both in the cultivated use of his own mind and in his endeavours to promote it in others, is increased by the consideration of the perpetual state troubles by which he was harassed. From his earliest years, at the age of four, he was the pupil of Aldo Manuzio,[1] and for nine years he enjoyed the advantage of so distinguished a tutor, whereby he acquired a permanent taste for literature. The gratitude which the young prince felt on this account to Aldo, lasted through life, and showed itself on every occasion. Aldo, on the other hand, had the highest esteem for his young pupil, and paid a striking tribute to

[1] *Storia*, vol. vii. pp. 236, 283, *et seq.*

[1] Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 9.

his zeal for learning in dedicating to him the first volume of his magnificent edition of Aristotle of 1495, called "Editio Princeps."[1] In this dedication, Manuzio addresses Alberto Pio as the patron of all learned men, his own patron more especially; adverts to his enthusiasm for collecting Greek books, thus following in the footsteps of his learned uncle, Pico della Mirandola; and dwells upon the fair promise of his early years, so admirably spent in the improvement of his own mind and in endeavouring to promote the revival of learning, since he had for many years been indefatigable in collecting Latin, Greek, and Hebrew manuscripts, while he entertained with a princely magnificence the most learned men he could find, to correct and explain them.[2]

Of a similar nature is the eulogium of Federigo Asolano, who also dedicated to the Prince of Carpi the second volume of the works of Galen. But Aldo Manuzio was more especially bound to express his sense of obligation to Alberto Pio, for, together with his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, this prince had formed a design which may well entitle them to be called the "Prince Printers of Italy." Their scheme was to publish an entire set of new and correct editions of Latin and Greek authors, in order the better to promote the study of the two languages.

The greatest printer of the age, Aldo Manuzio, was chosen to execute their project, which Erasmus, in his "Proverbs," afterwards printed by Aldo, rightly terms one of princely magnificence: for it included the restoration of literature fast falling to decay; the disinterment of that which had lain concealed for ages; the supply of what was deficient; the correction, by careful comparison, of manuscripts which appeared erroneous.[3]

For this purpose Alberto Pio, although according to Rénouard he was then only twelve years old, and his uncle, Pico della Mirandola, wished to set up a magnificent printing-press in Carpi for Aldo Manuzio, giving him absolute possession of one of his castles in which to carry on the work, and even as a further mark of honour investing him with the government of a part of his territory. An Academy of Arts and Sciences was to be included in the scheme, in order that these might flourish in his dominions, and Carpi be the centre whence the Aldine editions should emanate. Unhappily, so splendid a design was frustrated by the political disturbances already alluded to, and Aldo had to betake himself to Venice, where he set up, in 1488,[1] his famous printing-press, the cost of which was defrayed by the two princes, Alberto Pio and Pico della Mirandola, who by no means abandoned that part of the project because they could not have the glory of executing it in their own dominions. On the contrary, they gave large sums of money for this purpose, and throughout the various vicissitudes of the life of Aldo these two princes, despite their own political troubles, continued to befriend him. The printing-press thus established at Venice had a marvellous success. Before twenty years elapsed there was scarcely a Greek or Latin author whose works had not issued from it in one of those beautiful editions now so rare and so eagerly coveted.

The full merit of these editions can only be rightly appreciated when we consider that the manuscripts from which they were printed were often imperfect, mutilated, and half effaced; the copies of the same author not always agreeing together, and demanding as much patience, wisdom, and sagacity on the part of the critic as manual dexterity on the part of the printer.

[1] This edition of Aristotle was in five vols., the first bearing date 1495, the last 1498.—HALLAM, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

[2] Tiraboschi, vii. p. 291.

[3] Maffei, *Storia della Lett. Ital.* vol. i. p. 242.

[1] Manni, *Vita di Aldo Pio Manuzio*, p. 12. There have been various opinions as to the exact date of this event, but Manni founds his assertion on Aldo's Preface to Aristotle, dated 1495, in which Aldo affirms that he has been seven years engaged in the "difficult and costly undertaking of printing."

Hitherto books had been usually printed in folio, but Manuzio was first inspired with the idea of publishing them in a smaller and more convenient form.

In order to compress the contents of these folios into the 8vo size which he invented, and which has since become so common a form of volume, he caused to be engraved that peculiar kind of type, which for a long time bore the name of the "Aldine Type," and which we now term "Italic."

It was originally copied from the handwriting of Petrarch in the manuscript of the "Canzoniere," and the characters to which Aldo owes so much of his fame, and which may justly claim our admiration for the grace and taste of their forms, are supposed, with good reason, to have been cut by no less a hand than that of the great artist Francesco Raibolini, or "Il Francia."

From the beginning of the invention of printing, the types were for the most part engraved by either goldsmiths, coiners, or engravers of some kind or another, and the chief masters in the art were always chosen for this purpose. It is well known that "Francia" was unrivalled in his goldsmith work; that the medals and money stamped with coins of his engraving were equal to those of the famous "Caradosso" of Milan, and that when employed to paint the Altar-piece of the Bentivoglio Chapel, he signed his work "Franciscus Francia, Aurifex," as if to denote that he was by profession a goldsmith, and not an artist.[1]

The first time that this type was employed was in the edition of Virgil published by Aldo in 1501, and he is careful to acknowledge his obligation to the great artist in the following inscription:—

"In Grammatoglyptæ Laudem
Qui graiis dedit Aldus, in latinis
Dat nunc Grammata scalpta dædaleis
Francisci manibus Bononiensis."[2]

It is only much to be lamented that Aldo did not continue to act in accordance with this acknowledgment. Far from doing so, he obtained from the Government of Venice a monopoly for the use of these types during a period of ten years, and three successive Popes—Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.—laboured to secure Aldo this monopoly, while it was forbidden to Francia to cut types for anyone else, and to all, save Aldo, was their use forbidden. In all the history of monopolies and privileges one more odious than this could hardly be found. Even admitting, as it is commonly urged, that Aldo first invented the characters to which he gave his name, the mere fact of their having been executed by another hand ought to have restrained him from demanding, and the Government from according, so unjust and so exclusive a monopoly. In the rare and beautiful edition of Petrarch which Francia published at Bologna, where he set up his printing-press after his separation from Aldo, is to be found, on the title-page, his lament that he had lost both the glory and the profit which he would have derived from the characters cut by his own hand, had not both fallen to the share of Aldo Manuzio. The rival printers of Soncino, near Cremona, who first printed the Hebrew characters, and who, although they afterwards set up their printing-presses throughout Italy, always preserved the name of their native town till it became a family name, declared also, without hesitation, that Aldo had usurped from Francesco da Bologna the honour of the invention and the design of the running characters.[1] They further added that no one was to be compared with Francia for skill in engraving, not only Latin and Greek, but also Hebrew characters.

It must, however, also in fairness be

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[1] Lanzi, *Storia Pittorica dell' Italia*, vol. v. p. 20.

[2] Rénouard, *Annales des Alde*, vol. i. p. 165. There has been some doubt as to whether this Francisci was the same person as the famous Francia, but Sir Antonio Panizzi, in a beautiful little treatise (from whence this information has been drawn) entitled "Chi era Francesco da Bologna," and privately printed in 1856, proves this point to the satisfaction of all his readers. See also Blade, *Life of Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 24.

[1] Familiarly called "caratteri corsivi."

stated that Rénouard does his best to justify Aldo from this accusation, by asserting that the inscription in the Virgil is an all-sufficient acknowledgment of the artist's share in the invention of the running characters.[1] Be this as it may, it would still seem much to be regretted that even the semblance of so great a blot should rest on the character of a man who, like Aldo Manuzio, spent his whole life in efforts to contribute to the progress of the human mind and the advancement of civilization.

It is indeed difficult to form an idea of the enthusiasm with which Aldo laboured to place once more before mankind those grand productions of ancient classical literature which had so long been allowed to remain in obscurity. If he discovered a manuscript which had not yet been printed, he never ceased in his efforts till he had gained possession of it, regardless of trouble and expense. While he thus promoted the interests of learned men, they in return gave him their best assistance. From all sides contributions of manuscripts flowed in, some for sale, and some sent gratuitously as gifts.

From 1501 to 1505 the Aldine Press was in the fullest activity, publishing all the principal classical and Italian authors in that smaller form of which the Virgil of 1501 had been the first sample. The transition from the cumbersome and expensive folios to these cheap and portable editions was so great a step in the progress of printing, that it appeared only second in importance to the discovery of the art itself.

Nor does the reputation of Aldo rest only on his printing, or even on his editorial labours, the Greek and Latin dissertations, prefaces, and criticisms with which he illustrated the books which issued from the press ; he left behind him also some original works, chiefly of an instructive kind, of considerable merit. His first work was a Latin Grammar written to take the place of the old scholastic "Doctrinale" of "Alexandri da Villa Dei," written in barbarous and meaningless rhymes, which had been the torment of his youth. This was followed by a Greek Grammar, a Greek and Latin Dictionary, and other works, whose names cannot be inserted in this paper for want of space.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

1 *Annales des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 22.

To be continued.

A SPEECH AT WESTMINSTER.

[The following address was made to an Association of Public Elementary Teachers in Westminster, at the Westminster Wesleyan Training College, on Saturday, December 6th.]

It is not at all in my line to attend meetings or make speeches, and when I was asked to come here this evening, my first impulse was to decline. But when I found that the teachers of Westminster, my own district, were very desirous I should attend this first meeting of their association, and would be much disappointed if I did not, I felt that I could not refuse. Many of these teachers are very old friends of mine, and with the rest I hope to become every year better acquainted. And now it is impossible, I think, for school teachers and a school inspector to come together at the present moment, without talking of the blame which is being so freely cast on their schools. Our schools, we are told, are "a miserable failure;" we are told that both the schools and their system are bad, and that if we want a proper supply of "decent schools and decent teachers," we must imitate the United States and Australia. It most certainly behoves us to ask ourselves: Are these things really so? The inspectors' reports are quoted in proof of it. I am glad that no report of mine is quoted, for the remarks of inspectors may easily be misused; and some of those which I see quoted seem to me, as they stand and divorced from their context, neither fair nor judicious. But you must remember what is the nature of the inspectors' reports. I believe ours is the only Government which publishes the reports of its school inspectors; and certainly the practice, if on the whole expedient, which I think it is, has yet some disadvantages. For the inspectors' reports are addressed to the Education Department, which knows the circumstances of our schools, which can supply the qualifications and make the allowances which ought, and which the inspector himself means, to be supplied and made. To such a department an inspector may speak of our schools as they are relatively to the ideal of a thoroughly good elementary school. Now, relatively to this ideal our schools fall very short. But relatively to the American or Australian schools and their system, are our schools and their system bad? Compared with the American and Australian schools and teachers, do our schools and teachers deserve the blame which their inspectors appear to cast on them? I entirely disbelieve it. It happens that in the very last (the November) number of one of the most seriously conducted and trustworthy reviews in Europe, the *Revue Suisse*, an article caught my eye with *Public Instruction in America* for its heading. I have had to concern myself so much with education on the Continent that what they say there about public instruction always interests me. And this article in the *Revue Suisse* I found of special interest at the present moment. For in this article a Swiss lady, who appears to have been a teacher in America for some years, gives us her experience of the American schools. "Suppose," she begins, "we were to attend a meeting of American teachers and to tell them what their schools really are?" Why, this is exactly what I, and the English teachers I see gathered before me here, want to know. "As we cannot do this," she continues, "we will say here what we know of them." Well, she quotes official reports to show how the American schools suffer, just as ours do, from irregular attendance. In the state of Maine, she

says, the average school time is but nineteen weeks and two days in the year. Then the teachers, too, are said on official authority to be, great numbers of them, incompetent; in Michigan ninety-four per cent. of the schoolmasters are declared unfit for their function. Even the inspectors' reports have not alleged such a rate of incompetency against you here. But it is the lady's own remarks on the instruction which are the most interesting, for a Swiss teacher well knows what sound instruction is. "Is the American school-child a bad pupil?" she supposes people to ask; and she answers, "In most cases, yes!" The great majority, though quick and sharp, "go through their school years without any of their lessons taking real hold on them; irregular, constantly changing school; ill-disciplined, a perpetual subject of astonishment to foreign teachers who have been accustomed to something better." This, it will be said, relates to higher instruction than the primary. Yes; but where is the root of the mischief? In the primary instruction. *The first stages are neglected*, says our informant—"on neglige les premiers degrés." As long as their primary instruction is not better, she continues, the Americans will never get a due return for their really great outlay on schools. Now Mr. Morley heard in America, that in one of the great towns of the West one of the best students at the professors' lectures there is a youth who goes down to the town every afternoon to earn a dinner by shaving at a barber's; and he was assured that it was the fault of any boy who had been at a common school if he had not picked up instruction enough for this. I put genius out of the account; Porson was the son of a parish clerk, and his first schoolmaster was his father. But I take the allegation that an American common school fits its pupils for going on to professors' lectures and higher instruction, while our schools cannot do as much. Now, professors' lectures and an ambitious programme of higher subjects are of little use if the foundations are unsound. At present, says our Swiss teacher, "for every twenty scholars, and even for every twenty teachers, who have studied geometry, *philosophy*, physiology, political economy, and much more, you will scarcely find two who can read really well, can write easily, correctly and legibly, or parse the simplest English sentence." So that when Mr. Morley was told by his American friends that it was the fault of any boy in an American common school if he had not picked up sufficient instruction to follow professors' lectures afterwards, he should have asked what this exactly amounted to; what the "professors' lectures" were, and what the "sufficient instruction" was. For how it stands with the primary instruction we have seen; but as to the professors' lectures also, as to the American pupil when he comes to higher instruction, our Swiss teacher gives us some very curious information. "The American pupil," says she, "imagines that the whole of knowledge is to be learnt in class by swallowing down bodily a certain number of manuals. Thus, as he is to know geometry, a treatise on geometry is learnt by heart, and he knows geometry. It is the right thing to know history, so a history of the world is learnt in the same fashion, and one has settled one's accounts with that branch of human knowledge. The same with everything else —English literature, French, philosophy, physiology, political economy— a manual to be tossed off, nothing more." It is the same with pupils of both sexes. Young ladies are presented to a professor of foreign languages with an assurance that they know French. He speaks to them in French; they don't understand a word. Oh, but they read? Yes, a great deal. Well, what have they read? A book of extracts and *Télémaque*. And a pupil who has done this is in America, says our informant, quoting in English the very phrase she has been accustomed to hear, "a fine French scholar." This sort of thing is not quite the higher instruction, perhaps, that Mr. Morley was thinking of when he extols the American com-

mon schools for being able to pass on their pupils to it, and defies the English common schools to do the same. It is the sort of instruction we generally associate with our "Classical and Commercial Academies."

Now all this agrees, I must say, with what I have been told in Germany; that something might be learnt from America as to providing and maintaining schools; but as to instruction, nothing. Good judges say that in countries without a real superior instruction, literary or scientific, countries without a learned class and a learned tradition to set the standard of thoroughness in knowledge, primary or popular instruction can never be sound. The best Americans know the deficiencies of their country, deficiencies inseparable from its circumstances, and are bent on, with time, remedying them. The high praise of American schools comes to us from two sorts of people, philanthropists and politicians. A philanthropist, with a taste for institutions and no special knowledge of instruction, goes to America, sees great schools, great public interest in them, a great attendance of scholars; he sees a smart young lady of fourteen get up and rattle off an account of the organization of the ear or of the functions of digestion, and he exclaims, "Bless me, how very beautiful! we cannot do these things in the old country." Then there is the politician, who, like Mr. Morley, thinks the Church of England "the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage," and who is delighted with the secular and free schools of a democratic country. I do full justice to Mr. Morley's talents; and I must say that with what seems to be Mr. Morley's governing feeling, impatience and indignation at the state of the English labouring class, it is impossible, to me at any rate, not to have great sympathy. But it is not well to warp facts about schools to suit one's feelings about politics. It is, above all, unjust to those who, like yourselves, are giving—and in general honestly and ably giving—the work of their lives to our elementary schools. I will not speak positively of what I have not seen with my own eyes; but I do not believe that your schools need fear comparison with the common schools of America. I do not believe that if you caught and examined all the boys of twelve in Westminster and all the boys of twelve in New York, or all the boys of twelve in Westmorland and all the boys of twelve in Michigan, the Westminster and Westmorland boys would be found to read and write worse than the New York and Michigan boys. The difference comes later; the young American of eighteen or nineteen, who ploughs land or fells timber, is a very different person from the English agricultural labourer of the same age. But this is due not to a difference in schools, but to a difference in the social condition of the two countries. The young American has carried on his reading and reads the newspapers; the English rustic has lost his and reads nothing. But let us be careful, when we speak of instruction and of mental training, not to rate reading the American papers as something higher and more fruitful than it is. This great staple of American popular reading, their newspapers and periodicals, our Swiss informant (to take her testimony again) judges very severely. She says that these are indeed devoured; but she describes scornfully "the undigested mixture offered by this ephemeral literature," politics, poetry, advertisements, criticism, novels, scandal, horrors, marvels; and she records her answer to an American friend who had said to her, "It is the means of spreading a taste for instruction;" "No," was her answer, "it is the means of spreading presumptuous ignorance!" I say, then: Our schools are a serious thing; when we contrast their instruction with that of American schools, let us have the real facts about these schools, and do not let us warp the facts because we admire the political and social system of America.

It is the same case with that burning question which one hardly likes to approach, but which really we ought to approach, the question of

religious instruction. For us it is, or ought to be, a question of education, and not a question of religious politics. We may take it as admitted at the present moment that some religious instruction school-children ought to have. Now, it is a real question in education, who can practically give the religious instruction best, the teacher or the minister of religion. I myself think that the facts and history of religion are one thing, the religious application of the facts and history another; to get acquainted with the parables is one thing, to have a sermon on them is another; and the facts and history of religion are, it seems to me, best taught by the person trained to teach, by the schoolmaster. It is vain, I admit, to try and restrict him to some bare outline which you call the facts and history as they stand simply: that cannot be done. You must leave him free, he will put his colour on the facts and history, and the colour will be that of his own religious persuasion. Still, while I fully allow this, I say the teaching the facts and history of religion, colouring and all, is a very different matter from preaching a sermon on them; and that while the minister can probably preach the best sermon, the schoolmaster can probably best give the teaching. Certainly the worst teaching I saw in Germany was the religious teaching given by a minister. But it is a fair matter for debate; only let us have the facts about it as they really are. Mr. Morley says, in his rhetorical way: "In Prussia the minister of the parish is personally charged with the religious instruction of the school. That is not added to the proper duties of the schoolmaster, nor, I believe, is the function of digging graves." That is astounding! I say, on the other hand, that at this moment in every public elementary school in Prussia the religious instruction is given by the teacher. It is given by the minister to the dissenting minority only, who are withdrawn from the religious instruction of the majority. What probably misled Mr. Morley was that the minister of the parish is in Germany the local school inspector of all elementary schools. Would Mr. Morley like to introduce that here?

Nor is it Mr. Morley alone of whom the schools have a right to complain in this matter. Almost all public writers and speakers treat those questions, which for us are practical, in the same unsatisfactory manner. I read the other day a leading article of the *Daily News* on Mr. Forster's recent speech at Liverpool. It complained of Mr. Forster for alleging that anyone proposed to exclude religious instruction from our schools. "He can hardly have been so unobservant," said the *Daily News*, "as not to know that the question is not whether religion shall be taught, but who shall teach it. The undenominational party ask that the schoolmaster shall be limited to his own province, and provision be made for authorized teachers of every Church and denomination to give voluntary instruction in religion to the children of their respective adherents." The *authorized teacher* means, I take for granted, the minister; at any rate, he it is who will almost always be the authorized teacher in these matters. Well, this is the demand of the earnest and intelligent Liberal who writes the leading article. But in the very same newspaper I find a speech by another earnest and intelligent Liberal, Mr. Rogers, the well-known Nonconformist minister of Clapham, and what does he say? He, too, denies that the party with which he acts advocate the exclusion of the Bible from schools. Of course; but how does he go on? "But what they desired was that in any teaching given from the Bible care should be taken that religious instruction should not be placed in the hands of the priests." "The present struggle," says Mr. Rogers, "is, whether the education of the children of the poor shall be in the hands of the priests or of the people." That was loudly cheered. Now I know, of course, that Mr. Rogers would repudiate the title of priest for himself and his brother dissenting ministers. But how, if religious instruction is to be given in our schools,

and the schoolmaster is not to give it, you are to give it without admitting the ministers of religion, and of course the priest, Roman or Anglican, among them, it really passes my wits to discover. So that our earnest and intelligent Liberalism demands two incompatible things, and our poor unfortunate schools may well say to its professors: "What are we to be at, gentlemen? which cry do you really mean to go in for, *The intrusive Schoolmaster* or *The intrusive Clergyman?* because you cannot well go in for both at once. Or rather, you both can and do; but we cannot practically comply with both at once." Why really, I must say, and I am sure you feel the same as I do, what unprofitable, insincere, rhetorical stuff all this sort of talk about the religious instruction in our schools is!

But the question remains for us, nevertheless, however rhetorically and inaccurately people may talk about the instruction in our schools, however rhetorically and inaccurately they may compare other schools with our own, the question, I say, remains: What *is* the truth about our own schools, what *is* their character? Better, a great deal, than Mr. Morley supposes; not at all inferior, probably, to that of the American and Australian schools. Better, far better, than that of the schools of our middle-class; but then, the schools for our middle-class, which no one talks about because no political or politico-religious capital is to be made out of them, are probably the worst in Europe. Ten years ago I should have said that our inspected elementary schools, in their way, might very well be matched with what are commonly called our public schools, that is, those secondary schools which have got publicity and the stimulus and advantages of publicity. Both left much to be desired, but the instruction in both had the same sort of faults and the same sort of merits, and the merits were considerable. Since the Revised Code, I should say that our inspected elementary schools correspond very well, in their way, with what our public schools would be, if for ten years their income had depended on an annual examination, in which each individual boy was to construe a sentence of Latin and a sentence of Greek, and to write a sentence of Latin prose. But if we are to match our elementary schools with schools of their own class, such as the elementary schools of the continent, what are we to say? Mr. Fitch, who has just done good service by picking to pieces some extravagant statistics used in condemnation of our schools, gives these schools higher praise, I confess, than I, when I compare them with the continental schools, can quite agree to. I agree with Mr. Mundella, that our schools are far inferior to the schools, for example, of Prussia, Saxony, or Zurich. And from what cause? One great cause, of course, is the irregularity and brevity of our school attendance. This is not the fault of you teachers; it has come from the condition of our people, from the want of care for instruction in our people itself. The people of England, with all its splendid qualities, has long remained a people mentally untouched and unawakened. This it is, even, which gives a peculiar character to what we, as a nation, have done; that it has been done with a people mentally untouched and unawakened. If so much has been done with a people even in this state, what may not be done with the same people awakened? And now our people is waking up, is beginning to feel its own mental life. Well, and now, therefore, we shall get their children to school, we shall get schooling made obligatory. The great obstacle, however, here in England, to this, is one which is in general left out of sight; it is, that whereas everywhere on the Continent you have the municipality, the *Gemeinde*, the *Commune*, in all rural England, and in nearly all our small towns, you have still only the ecclesiastical organization of the middle ages—the parish. The other great cause of the inferiority of our schools to the best continental schools is, I agree with Dr. Abbott, the Revised Code. I incurred some danger, perhaps, by freely blaming this Code in its day of triumph; I shall speak of it

with great moderation now that it has been succeeded by another. It was just the sort of measure which it would have occurred to a very clever man, not practically conversant with schools, to introduce. *Payment by results* sounds extremely promising; but payment by results necessarily means payment for a minimum of knowledge: payment for a minimum of knowledge means teaching in view of a minimum of knowledge; teaching in view of a minimum of knowledge means bad teaching. George Herbert well said:

> "Who aimeth at the sky
> Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

The teacher's high aim, the formation, out of his regularly attending scholars, of a good first class, to be a sort of nucleus of light, came to be forgotten; the instruction of his irregularly attending scholars remained imperfect still, for it could not, so long as they attended irregularly, be otherwise. The mere introduction of extra subjects could not cure the defects of the Revised Code; payment by results on individual examination in extra subjects involves the same bad teaching as in the case of elementary subjects; it is an educational law, this; the thing cannot but turn out so. Most of us who are here present know, by sad experience, that piece of futility, the map of Middlesex, which our scholars in the fifth standard learn to draw, and learn to draw nothing else. Where is the remedy? In general, in giving greater freedom to the teacher, greater freedom to the inspector; in particular, I am inclined to think the remedy lies in retaining the present examination for only the first, second, and third standards, and beyond that point, paying grants, not on individual examination, but on the report that the classes have been properly instructed. In that direction, I myself think, the particular remedy lies; but you teachers should turn your own minds to these matters, they can only be settled by experience and reflection. There is now no distinction of schools before the State. Teachers have a common ground on which they can unite in associations like this of the Westminster teachers, and the united experience of teachers, if they are reasonable, must have great weight, as the school synods have in Switzerland. We must be patient, however; things cannot move as fast as our wishes would have them move. Our schools will not in our lifetime be what we could wish to see them; we shall not live to do more than a very small part of what has to be done for them. What, however, we can all do, each in our measure, is to set ourselves against having our schools and their system governed by clap-trap of any kind—educational clap-trap, or political clap-trap, or politico-religious clap-trap, the worst of all. For the rest, let us not deceive ourselves; the science of teaching is still in its infancy, the right programme of studies has yet to be discovered. Give your pupil a whole of some important kind for his thoughts to crystallize around; that is the best advice I can give you. The reason why I have taken such interest, as you know, in introducing the exercise, so novel to our schools, of learning passages of standard poetry by heart, is this: that to give a child the possession of two or three hundred lines of sterling poetry is to give something to nature to work upon, something that we cannot manipulate by our codes and schedules, but are obliged to permit nature to work upon freely. For a child's mind is a soil with its own powers; a soil which we did not make, but into which we have to put the right thing. Our best art consists in enabling the powers of the soil to act, instead of thwarting and perverting them. The seed we sow we should sow with this thought before our eyes; a thought as true in education as it is in religion, and admirably conveyed in one of the most profound verses of the New Testament, with which I will conclude these remarks that you have listened to so kindly. "So is the kingdom of God, as a man may cast seed on to the earth, and may go to bed and get up night and day, and the seed will shoot and extend he knoweth not how."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

VIVISECTION.

In the following pages I propose to inquire whether it is desirable that physiologists should continue the practice of what is commonly called vivisection, to which they have hitherto been accustomed. By vivisection I understand the operating with cutting instruments or by other means on the still living bodies of animals. The word "living" requires perhaps some further definition. In the long series of changes through which the body of a living animal passes from full functional activity to complete decomposition there are three chief stages, each of which may be arbitrarily taken as the end of life. There is the time at which consciousness is lost, the time at which the breath stops and the heart ceases to beat, and the time at which the muscles become rigid with the death-stiffening. The succession of the three events is always in the same order, but the interval of time between any two of them varies within very wide limits. For our purposes it will perhaps be best to take the second as marking the end of life, to say that an animal is still alive so long as the heart is beating and air enters into and issues from the chest.

It is very desirable that a discussion, the decision upon which must be of the utmost importance to physiology at least, should not be turned aside to any false issues. The question whether vivisection is a bad thing is in no wise settled by asserting that there are many things equally bad. Thus, to say that the evil wrought upon animals in the name of science is but a flea-bite compared to that done in the name of sport, is simply to bring forward a *tu quoque* argument of no real worth except to stop the mouths of particular opponents. When an ardent sportsman, or when one, no sportsman himself, but having a theoretical admiration of the pleasures of the field, declaims against vivisection, it may be worth while to remind such a one of some of the agonies of sport—of the scenes which accompany a *battue* or a pigeon-match; of wounded birds dragging their maimed bodies to some hidden covert, there to die a lingering death; of the piercing squeals of the hunted hare; of the last moments of the brave fox, when, after a fruitless struggle, the time comes for his living body to be torn by the pursuing hounds; to ask him how often a living object of sport is by some purposeful sudden blow humanely killed "to put it out of its misery;" to suggest to him as a matter of reflection that had we any satisfactory measure of pain, it would be found that all the pain which physiologists have caused since their science began, is less than that which the animal creation has suffered in the field from the hands of the members of the two Houses of Parliament since the last General Election. It may be of use to say this to a sportsman; but vivisection is not thereby justified. It is no use saying it at all to those who are now agitating this question. They are equally opposed to cruelty in sport as to cruelty in science; but they are also wise in their generation. They see that there is far more hope of putting down the one than the other. Biologists and physiologists are at the present moment clearly in disrepute. To call them atheists, is to show oneself a man of spirit and intelligence. Following out their own science, along the path Nature has pointed out to them, they have run counter to many established opinions and cherished views. Divorced by the divergence of their respective methods in large measure from the mathematicians and physicists, to whom orthodoxy is easy, accused of materialism, active in the support of Darwinism and evolution theories, believed by the many to have no faith,—their position not a little resembles that of the Jews

in the middle ages; they are just in the condition in which the accusation of cruelty is most tellingly made and most readily credited against them by a vulgar public. This the opponents of vivisection know full well; and therefore it is against the physiologists and not against the pigeon shooters that they make their complaint. They are even willing at the present to use the latter against the former. By and bye, if they are successful in this, they will move against sport, on the ground that it is far more cruel and has far less justification than the vivisection which has been done away with.

Nor is it any use to tell a far larger class, the eaters of meat, that the pain which physiology has caused since the time of Galen is far less than that which in any one week is caused in butchers' shambles in providing flesh to fill the mouths of the people of London.

Nor is it, on the other hand, any use to say that because many physiologists are kindly, humane men in private life, therefore the accusation of cruelty brought against them must be false. I know a physiologist who, after a day spent in experimental work, may be seen sitting in the evening with a favourite cat on his lap, an old dog by his side, and a new one at his feet; but I would not therefore guarantee that he had not been cruel in the morning. He might be an angel in the bosom of his family, but a demon in the laboratory. I know a physiologist of whom his friends have said, that had he not been so amiable he might have made a noise in the world, and yet who at the present moment is being accused of brutal cruelties. I feel that the accusation might be true.

Nor is it of any use to say, though it may be said with perfect truth, that a great deal of the present agitation against vivisection is one of the many fruits of a mawkish sentimentalism which is stealing over the present generation, and by a lessening of manliness is curtailing the good effects of increased enlightenment. The foolish of this world are often used to correct the wise; and actions brought about by a wrong sentimentalism may be in themselves right and good.

The question whether it is desirable that man should continue to inflict the pains of death, or pains without death, on other animals, and if so, within what limits, is one which must be argued out on its own merits alone, and the discussion of it will not be advanced by irrelevant considerations such as these on which we have dwelt.

There are two aspects of the inquiry —one from the side of man, the other from the side of the animal. Let us first consider the question from the point of view of the animal.

We have to determine the principles which govern or should govern the conduct of man towards animals. One broad principle may be briefly stated: Unless man destroys animals, animals would soon destroy man. Mr. Tennyson has told us—

> "Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;"

and Mr. Darwin has shown that the lives of all living beings are shaped by "the struggle for existence." Man's life is a struggle for existence with his fellow-men, with living animals and plants, and with the lifeless forces of the universe. The very conditions of his existence lay upon him the burden, and in so doing give him the right, to use the world around him, the lives of animals included, to aid him in his strife. Imagine the results of forbidding man to take away the lives of animals. Suppose, for instance, the whole human race were to form itself into a Society for the Prevention of the Destruction of Tigers. How many generations would pass before "the last man" provided a tumultuous crowd of tigers with the last human meal?—possibly the indefatigable Secretary of the Society sealing with his death his loyalty to the cause. Or, since tigers, like man, are carnivorous, and might therefore be supposed more worthy of death than herbivorous creatures, let us suppose the efforts of the Society to be directed to-

wards the preservation of sheep. How many generations would pass before the face of the earth were covered with woolly flocks, and man were driven to lead a laborious, frugivorous, arboreal life on the tree-tops, or to earn a scanty subsistence on resuscitated *Pfahlbauten*, as being the only places where the necessities of the sheep would permit him to dwell? Did the reader ever by chance descend at early dawn into the kitchen and watch the convulsive agonies of a writhing heap of cockroaches drowning in the watery trap set for them by the cook overnight? What a scene of unutterable woe is that when judged from the standpoint of the cockroach! But, if man were to deny himself the right of vivisection or vivipression over the vermin which infest his home and bed, what would come of it?

To be serious: man, if he is to live and prosper, *must* kill other animals. It is a duty laid upon him by the nature of things; a duty, and therefore a right. Self-preservation demands it. But what do we mean by self-preservation? Can we draw a line and say that he is justified in slaying an animal for this purpose and not for that? We can only do so by applying the test of whether the death of the animal is useful to him or no. Whenever or wherever the death of an animal is of advantage either to himself or to the human society of which he is a unit, he is justified in slaying that animal.

The success of the human race in the struggle for existence depends on man's being well fed; man is therefore justified in slaying and eating a sheep. The success of the human race in the struggle for existence is dependent on knowledge being increased; man is therefore justified in slaying a frog or a rabbit, if it can be shown that human knowledge is thereby enlarged.

Death is in itself painful. It is only by special means that the pangs amid which the ties of life are loosened can be done away with. The slaughter of an animal is therefore of necessity painful, except in the special cases where means have been taken to do away with pain. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when an animal is slaughtered by man, it is the death of the animal which benefits man, the pain itself which accompanies the death does him no good at all. While justified, therefore, in killing the animal, he is not justified in causing it pain. He is bound, in fact, to kill the animal in such a way as to cause as little pain as is consistent with his own interest. The death of a sheep in a butcher's slaughter-house is painful; but men cannot therefore be said to do wrong in killing a sheep for food. They kill it with as little pain as is under the circumstances possible. They could not make the pain less, except by the introduction of elaborate and costly methods which would probably ruin the butcher or spoil the meat, or at least, in the present state of our knowledge and of the market, do damage to the interests of mankind. The death of an ox, again, is more painful than that of a sheep; but men do not therefore feel bound to live on mutton alone. They consider that the advantages of a mixed diet of beef and mutton justify them in inflicting that additional quantity of pain which is suffered whenever an ox is felled.

In short, this, under one aspect, is a selfish world. The struggle for existence is its guiding principle. If we believe that man is to govern the world, and he must either govern or succumb, then we must be prepared to use animals selfishly, if you please to call it so—to use animals for our advantage—to kill them when we have need of their deaths—to kill them with pain when the pain is for our benefit; and inasmuch as the greater includes the less, to inflict pain without death where their pain does us good.[1] Our good is in fact the rule of our conduct towards animals. Whenever an animal is killed by man, or suffers pain at the hand of man, without

[1] Some writers have urged that while man is perfectly justified in *killing* any number of animals, he is not justified in causing *pain*. From the point of view of the animal this is simply a grotesque absurdity; from the point of view of man we shall have to speak of it later on.

benefit to man, or where the same benefit could be gained without the death or without the pain, then the death or the pain can be no longer justified. The man who inflicts them is a cruel man; he no longer does good, but harm, to humanity, and humanity ought to stop his hand.

I feel that I ought almost to apologize to the reader for having spent so much of his time over what are almost truisms; but so many absurd statements are continually being made, and so many whimsical ideas broached, that it seemed desirable to have a clear understanding concerning the principles which should guide our general conduct towards animals before discussing the special subject of vivisection.

We have now to inquire whether the deaths and pains which the word vivisection implies are, or have been, wrought for the benefit of mankind, inasmuch as they have led to knowledge and power which could not otherwise have been gained; or whether they have not been wrought for the benefit of mankind, inasmuch as they have not led to knowledge and power, or the power and knowledge might have been gained in some other way, or, being gained by many deaths and much pain, have been so small that mankind could well have done without them. I introduce the word death as well as pain, because, in spite of the etymology of the word, and the fact that vivisection suggests to the public mind pain only, and not death at all, the truth is, that in at least the great majority of cases vivisection does or ought to mean death only, and not pain at all. In the minds of those ignorant of physiology—and they are foremost, if not alone, in blaming vivisection—much confusion has arisen from the different meanings attached to to the words "life" and "living." I alluded to these in the beginning of this paper. To many such it is perhaps a revelation to learn that an animal may be kept alive—that is, with its heart in full working order, and its respiratory movements continuing with perfect regularity—for hours and hours after all signs of consciousness have disappeared. All operations performed on such an animal would come under the term vivisection; but in the total absence of all signs of consciousness it would be absurd to speak of pain. It would perhaps be a still greater revelation to such to learn that a frog, at a later stage in the series of events which we class together as death—when its brain and spinal cord have been instantaneously destroyed by an operation the pain of which may be said to be infinitesimal, and its heart removed at a time when feeling is impossible—may yet be made by proper means to kick and jump and move its body about in almost all possible ways. Any operation performed on the body of such a frog would by many be still called vivisection; but to speak of such a mere mass of muscle and nerve as suffering pain, is about as truthful and rational as to say that it is cruel to cut down a tree, though a silly, ignorant looker-on might shriek when the leg moved, for about the same cause and with the same reason that the African grovels before his Fetish.

Did the reader ever see a rabbit completely under the influence of Chloral? Lying prostrate, with flaccid limbs, with head sunk back on the limp neck, motionless and still, at first sight it seems quite dead and gone. But a gentle heaving of the body, a rise and a fall every few seconds, tells you that it still breathes; and a finger placed on the chest may feel the quick throb of the still beating heart. You pull it and pinch it; it does not move. You prick with a needle the exquisitely sensitive cornea of its eye; it makes no sign, save only perhaps a wink. You make a great cut through its skin with a sharp knife; it does not wince. You handle and divide and pinch nerves which in ourselves are full of feeling; it gives no sign of pain. Yet it is full of action. To the physiologist its body, though poor in what the vulgar call life, is still the stage of manifold events, and each event a problem with a crowd of still harder problems at its back. He therefore brings to bear on this breathing, pulsa-

ting, but otherwise quiescent frame, the instruments which are the tools of his research. He takes deft tracings of the ebb and flow of blood in the widening and narrowing vessels; he measures the time and the force of each throb of the heart, while by light galvanic touches he stirs this part or quiets that; he takes note of the rise and fall of the chest-walls, as they quicken or grow slow, as they wax or wane, under this influence or that; he gathers the juice which pours from one or another gland; he divides this nerve, he stimulates that, and marks the result of each; he brings subtle poisons to bear on the whole frame, or on parts; and having done what he wished to do, having obtained, in the shape of careful notes or delicate tracings, answers to the questions he wished to put, he finishes a painless death by the removal of all the blood from the body, or by any other means that best suit him at the time. I am not exaggerating when I say that this is at the present day one of the commonest forms of vivisectional experiment; this is what newspaper writers speak of as "torture," and on the strength of it accuse cultivated physiologists of barbaric cruelty.

A dog under chloroform or morphia may be brought to very nearly the same condition as a rabbit under chloral; but as far as my experience goes, the same long duration of complete quiescence is maintained with greater difficulty. Dogs sometimes howl under chloroform or morphia when nothing is being done to them, and under circumstances in which they can be suffering no pain. At the moment when the chloroform begins to take effect upon them, when probably confused carnivorous visions chase through their brains, the howling is often excessive. Anyone who knows anything about the administration of chloroform to human beings is well aware how frequent cries and noises are in the stage of excitement, and how little dependence can be placed on them as signs of pain.

In a large number of cases, then, where anæsthetics of one kind or another are used, vivisectional experiments cause no pain at all; and, as far as I know, in this country at least, physiologists always use anæsthetics where they can. They do so not only for the sake of the animal, but also for the sake of the experiment itself. Unless they are studying actual manifestations of feeling, pain with all its consequences is a disturbing element which must by all possible means be eliminated if the experiment is to have its due value. The apparent lifelessness of the animal is the physiologist's opportunity; struggling limbs would utterly defeat his aims, and a sudden start might wreck his whole experiment. Chloroform and other anæsthetics have immensely lessened human suffering, not only by simply diminishing pain, but even still more by putting it in the power of the surgeon to perform operations which he otherwise would not dare to attempt. In the same way they have powerfully aided the progress of physiology by rendering possible new experiments, and by allowing the investigator to analyse securely phenomena which otherwise would, perhaps for ever, have remained confused through the disturbances caused by pain.

There are some experiments, however, requiring vivisection, in which the use of chloral or other anæsthetics is, for various reasons, inadmissible or undesirable. These form two classes. In the first and most numerous the experiment is generally a short one and quickly carried out, and the pain slight and transient. It is of course impossible for anyone to judge truly of the pain felt by any other body, and we may err in two ways in estimating the pain felt by animals. We may over-estimate or under-estimate it. Perhaps a rough but tolerably safe test of great pain or distress may be gained by noting whether the animal is willing to eat or no. When a rabbit, for instance, not previously starved, begins to munch carrots immediately after an operation, or even continues to munch during the greater part of the time the operation is being performed, it is only fair to conclude that the operation cannot be very painful. I may add, that in the experience of ex-

perimental physiologists, the skin of the dog and the rabbit—allowance being made for individual peculiarities—is not nearly so sensitive as the human skin.

The second class of experiments carried on without anæsthetics, those entailing a considerable amount of pain, are not only by far the least numerous, *but must of necessity become less and less numerous as physiology advances.* The end which the physiologist has in view is to analyse the life of any being into its constituent factors. As his science advances, he becomes more and more able to disengage any one of these factors from the rest, and so to study it by itself. He can already, as we have seen, study the complicated phenomena of the circulation of the blood, of respiration, of various kinds of movement, quite apart from and independent of the presence of consciousness. As his knowledge widens and his means of research multiply, this power of analysis will grow more and more; and by and bye, if physiology be allowed free scope for its development, there will come a day when the physiologist in his experimental inquiries will cause pain then, and then only, when pain is the actual object of his study. And that he will probably study best upon himself.

At the present day, the greatest amount of pain to animals is probably caused in experiments which perhaps hardly come under the title of vivisection, experiments in which the effects of starvation or of insufficient food, or the actions of poisons, are being studied. These, however, lead to valuable results. The pain which is the greatest in amount and the least worthy in object is the pain which comes to animals whose bodies have been used as tests to ascertain the poisonous nature of some suspected material; but this is a matter of the witness-box, not of physiology.

We may conclude, then, that physiologists are the cause to animals of much death, of a good deal of slight pain, and of some amount of severe pain. A very active physiologist will, for instance, in a year be the means of bringing about, for the sake of science, as much death as a small village will in a week for the sake of its mouths and its fun, and will give rise to about as much pain as a not too enthusiastic sportsman in a short sporting season.

We have now to ask what justification does he plead for this death and this pain? What good to mankind is thereby wrought which could not otherwise be gained?

His answer is, that the science of physiology is thereby advanced, that our knowledge of the laws of life has in the main been won by experiments on living animals. He of course cannot, and no one can, tell the "might have been." Without any such experiments, physics and chemistry, aided by mathematics, might have synthetically resolved the problems of life (though even then it might be said that both physics and chemistry sprang from the older biologic lore, and not so long ago a common physiological preparation, the muscle and nerve of a frog, started a new epoch in physics); but, as a matter of history, experiments on living animals have been the stepping-stones of physiological progress.

The great Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, turning his thoughts to the uses of the structures he had so well described, saw clearly that the problems opening up before him could be settled only by vivisection. In his great work, "De Corporis Humani Fabrica" may be read the evidence, not only that he performed experiments on living animals, but that, had he not in so inscrutable a way forsaken the arduous pleasures of learning for the gossip of a court, those experiments would have led him up to and probably beyond the discovery which years afterwards marked an epoch in physiology, and made the name of Harvey immortal. He, indeed, sowed the seed whose fruit Harvey reaped. The corner-stone of physiology, the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, was not built up without death and pain to animals. To-day, it is true, much of the evidence

touching the flow of blood may be shown on a dead body, yet the full proof cannot be given even now without an experiment on a living creature; and certainly Harvey's thoughts were guided by his study of the living palpitating heart and the motions of the living arteries, quite as much as by the suggestions coming from dead valves and veins.

After Harvey came Haller, whose keen intellect dispersed the misty notions of the spiritualists, and by the establishment of the doctrine of "irritability" laid the foundations of the true physiology of the nervous system: he too, in his work, wrought death and suffering on animals.

Another great step onward was made when Charles Bell and Majendie, by experiments on animals more painful than any of the present day, traced out the distinction between motor and sensory nerves; and yet another, when Marshall Hall and others demonstrated by vivisections the widespread occurrence and vast importance of reflex actions.

What was begun with death and pain has been carried forward by the same means. I assert deliberately that all our real knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system—compared with which all the rest of physiology, judged either from a practical or from a theoretical point of view, is a mere appendage—has been gained by experiment, that its fundamental truths have come to us through inquiries entailing more or less vivisection. By meditating over the differences in structure visible in the nervous systems of different animals, a shrewd observer might guess at the use of some particular part; but till verified by experiment, the guess would remain a guess; and experiment shows that such guesses may be entirely wrong. Where experiment has given a clue, careful observations have frequently thrown light on physiological problems. Without the experimental clue, the phenomena would ever have remained a hopeless puzzle, or have served to bolster up some baseless fancy. What disease, or what structure in what animal, could ever have made us acquainted with that "inhibitory" function of the pneumogastric nerve which the vivisectional experiment of Weber first detected? What a light that one experiment has thrown on the working of the nervous system! What disease could have told us that which we have learnt from the experiments of Du Bois-Reymond and of Pflüger? Where would physiological science be now if the labours of Flourens, Brown-Séquard, Schiff, Vulpian, Goltz, Waller, and others, were suddenly wiped away from the records of the past? Yet each of these names recalls long series of experiments, some of them painful in character, on living animals.

I repeat, take away from the physiology of the nervous system the backbone of experimental knowledge, and it would fall into a shapeless huddled mass.

The chemistry of living beings, one would imagine at first thoughts, might be investigated without distressing the organisms which formed the subjects of research. The labours of Lavoisier and Priestley, who first made clear the chemistry of respiration, if they entailed no use of the knife, caused at times a no less painful suffocation; while the great advances which have been made in this branch of the study during the last quarter of a century, and are still being made, necessitate almost daily vivisection, in order that the gases of the blood may be studied in exactly the same condition as they are in the living body. Even still more bloody has been the path by following which we have gained the knowledge we now possess of the chemistry of digestion and nutrition. I have only to mention the names of Bidder and Schmidt and Bernard, to call to the mind of the physiological student important results, nearly all reached through vivisection. The shifts and changes of the elements within our body are too subtle and complex to be divined from the results of the chemical laboratory; the physiologist has to search for them within the body, and to mark the compounds changing in the very spot where they change; otherwise all is guess-work.

Among the labours of the present generation, none perhaps have already more far-reaching results, none hold out more promise of fruit in the future, than those which bear on the influence of the nervous system over the circulation of the blood and over nutrition. The knowledge we are gradually acquiring of the subtle nervous bonds which bind together the unconscious members of the animal commonwealth, which make each part or organ at once the slave and guardian of every other, and which with cords of nervous sympathy draw each moiety of the body to work for the good of all, is putting a new aspect on physiology, and throwing many a gleam of light into the very darkest regions of the science. The words "inflammation" and "fever," bandied about of old as mystery-words, sounding much but signifying little—shuttlecocks tossed to and fro from one school of doctrinaire pathologists to another—now at last, through the labours of modern physiology, seem in a fair way of being understood. That understanding, when it is complete, will have been gained step by step through experiments on living animals, one of the first of which was Claude Bernard's research on vaso-motor nerves.[1]

There still remains the question, What good does physiology bring to mankind? Of the value of physiology as a not insignificant segment of the circle of universal knowledge, nothing need be said; where saying aught is necessary, it would be useless. Nor need much be said concerning the practical value of physiology as a basis for the conduct of life. So long as men refuse to learn or to listen to physiology in order that they may the better use their bodies, it would be hopeless and useless to talk of the day when they may come to it for instruction how to form their minds and mould their natures. It will be enough for my present purpose to point out briefly the relations of physiology to the practical art of medicine.

These are twofold. In the first place, the medical profession is largely indebted to physiology on account of special discoveries and particular experimental researches. If we regard the profession simply as a body of men who possess or should possess a remedy for every disease, this may seem an exaggerated statement. Many of the remedies in use or in vogue at the present day have been discovered by chance, borrowed from ignorant savages, or lighted on by blind trials. Physiology can lay no claim to the introduction of opium or quinine. Where specific remedies have been suggested by physiological results or theories, it has not seldom happened that the remedies, though useful, have been given for a wrong reason, or have done good in a way which was not expected.

But if we look upon the medical profession as a body of men, cunning to detect the nature and to forecast the issues of the bodily ills under which we suffer, skilful in the use of means to avoid or to lessen those ills, rich in resources whereby pain is diminished and dangerous maladies artfully guided to a happy end, then we owe physiology many and great debts. Did the reader ever suffer, or witness others suffer, with subsequent relief, a severe surgical operation? if so, let him revere the name of John Hunter, the father of modern surgery. But Hunter was emphatically a physiologist; his surgery was but the carrying into practice of physiological ideas, many of which were got by experiments on living animals. Does the reader know that in all great surgical operations there are

[1] The great importance of the vaso-motor system justly led Mr. Huxley to introduce into his Elementary Lessons in Physiology Bernard's fundamental experiment with some such words as "a rabbit may be made to blush artificially by dividing the sympathetic nerve." A writer, apparently biassed by the memories of his own boyhood, has accused Mr. Huxley of thereby dangerously inciting boys and girls to cruelty, as if the division of the sympathetic nerve were the sort of thing a schoolboy might do with a pocket-knife and a bit of string. Is it any use to enlighten the malevolent ignorance of such minds by telling them that many physiological experiments require such skill and care as make ordinary surgical operations seem rough and easy proceedings?

moments of imminent danger lest life steal away in gushes of blood from the divided vessels, danger now securely met by ligatures scientifically and deftly tied? Does he know that there was a time when the danger was imperfectly met by hot searing-irons and other rude means, and that the introduction of ligatures, with their proper application, is due to experiments, cruel experiments, if you like, on dogs and other dumb animals, experiments eminently physiological in their nature, about which much may be read in the book of Jones on Hæmorrhage? Even now, year by year, the scientific surgeon, by experiments on animals, is at once adding to physiological knowledge and bettering his treatment of wounded or diseased arteries. Has the reader seen anyone once stricken by paralysis, or bowed down by some nervous malady, yet afterwards made whole and brought back to fair, if not vigorous, health? The advice which turned such a one towards recovery was based on knowledge originally drawn from the vivisectional experiments of physiologists, and made safe by matured experience. Or has he watched any dear friend fading away in that terrible malady diabetes, after rejoicing that for a season he seemed to be gathering strength and ceasing to fail, even if not regaining health? The only gleam of light into that mysterious disease which we possess, came from the vivisectional researches of Claude Bernard on the formation of glycogen in the liver; and by judiciously acting upon the results of those researches the skilful physician can sometimes stay its ravages. He cannot cure it even now; and unless some empiric remedy be found by chance, will never cure it, until, by the death of many animals in the physiological laboratory, the mystery of the glycogenic function of the liver be cleared up.

But why need I go on adding one special benefit to another? They may be all summed up in one sentence, which embodies the whole relation of physiology to the medical profession.

The art of medicine is the science of physiology applied to detailed vital phenomena by the help of a wisdom which comes of enlightened experience, and an ingenuity which is born of practice. Were there not a single case on record in which physiology had given special and direct help to the cure of the sick, there would still remain the great truth that the ideas of physiology are the mother ideas of medicine. The physiologist, unencumbered by the care of the sick, not weighted by the burden of desiring some immediate practical result, is the pioneer into the dark places of vital actions. The truths which he discovers in his laboratory pass over at once to the practitioner, busy in a constant struggle with the puzzling complexity of corporeal events: in his hands they are sifted, extended, and multiplied. The property of the physiologist alone, they might perhaps lie barren; used by the physician or surgeon, they soon bear fruit. The hint given by a physiologist of the past generation becomes a household word with the doctors of the present, and their records in turn offer rich stores of suggestive and corrective facts for the physiologists of the generation to come. Take away from the practical art of medicine the theoretical truths of physiology, and you would have left a crowd of busy idlers in full strife over fantastic ideas. The reader has laughed with Molière over the follies of the doctrinaire physicians of times gone by. He has to thank experimental physiology that he has not the same follies to laugh over and to suffer from now. The so-called practical man is ever prone to entangle himself in and guide his conduct by baseless speculations. Such has been the case with medicine. The history of medicine in past centuries is largely occupied with the conflicts of contending schools of pathology—schools which arose from this or that master putting forward a fancy, or a fragment of truth, as the basis of all medical judgment. These have given place in the present century to a rational pathology, which knows no school and swears to the words of

no master, but is slowly and surely unravelling, bit by bit, the many separate tangled knots of disease. They have given place because men have come to see that maladies can only be mastered through a scientific comprehension of the nature of disease; that pathology, the science of disease, being a part of, is inseparable from, physiology, the science of life; that the methods of both are the same, for in each a sagacious observation starts an inquiry, which a well-directed series of experiments brings to a successful end.

Many, if not most, of these experiments must be made on living beings. Hence it is that animals are killed and suffer pain, in order that physiological knowledge may be increased, and disease made less.

Take away from the art of medicine all that with which physiology has enriched it, and the surgeon or the physician of to-day would be little better than a mystery-man, or a quack vendor of chance-gotten drugs. Take out of the present system of physiology all that has been gained by experiments on living animals, and the whole structure would collapse, leaving nothing but a few isolated facts of human experience.

As far as we can see, what has been will be. The physiology of the future, if not hampered by any ignorant restraint, will, out of the death of animals, continue to press further and further into the mystery of—and year by year bring the physician, and not the physician only, but everyone, power to prolong, to strengthen, and to purify—the life of man. By no other way can man hope to gain this end. He is thereby justified for the death he causes and the pain he gives.

We have yet to consider this question in its other aspect; we have to examine, not only the effects of vivisection as far as animals are concerned, but also its influence on man himself. Little, however, need be said. Necessary vivisection, we have shown, cannot be called cruel. The question of the necessity of any particular case can only be judged by the investigator himself. I content myself with asserting that any attempt to draw up for the guidance of others a general definition of necessary and unnecessary vivisection must prove utterly futile. Only he who is making an inquiry knows his own needs. If he experiments recklessly and needlessly, he becomes cruel, and, being cruel, will thereby be the worse. But if he experiments carefully and heedfully, never causing pain where it could be avoided, never sacrificing a life without having in view some object, to attain which there seemed no other way, remembering that whoever "tortures" either dead or living nature carelessly will get no true response, there is no reason why his moral nature should suffer even ever so little tarnish. On the contrary, experience teaches us that earnest physiologists, who have killed animals in the single hope of gaining new truths or of making old ones plain, have grown more gentle and more careful the longer they worked and the more experiments they made.

The effects of vivisection on the moral nature of man may fairly be tested by experience. There are in this country several physiologists, myself among the number, who have for several years performed experiments on living animals. We have done repeatedly the things which a distinguished lady has seen fit to say "are best spoken of as nameless." I can confidently appeal to all who know us, whether they have seen any deterioration in our moral nature as the result of our work; whether we are to-day less careful of giving pain than we were when we began to experiment; whether they can trace in us any lessening of that sympathy with dumb animals which all men should feel even in the very thickest of the struggle for existence.

Michael Foster.

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ENDOWED COMPETITIONS AT THE UNIVERSITIES, AND THEIR RESULTS.

The publication of the evidence collected by the Royal Commission on the revenues of Oxford and Cambridge is pretty sure to excite considerable outcry, and lead to many proposals for altering the mode in which the incomes of those Universities are distributed. Prior to the appearance of the Report we may, I think, advantageously discuss the salient feature which distinguishes our two ancient Universities from all others: their system of annually spending an enormous sum in rewarding success in competitive examinations.

Before any scheme for reorganization is seriously proposed, there ought to exist substantial agreement among University Reformers as to the proper destination of Fellowship and Scholarship funds. The following paper is a contribution towards the attainment of a greater approach to unanimity on this subject than has as yet been reached. The point of view from which it is written is that of a Cambridge man belonging to the scientific moiety of his University.[1]

As the result of success in a single examination, a man of three or four and twenty is elected into the governing body of a College, and has thus committed to him an educational trust of great national importance. He steps at once into an income of from two to three hundred a year, to which, as a rule, no duties whatever, and no conditions save that of celibacy, are attached. The nature and length of the tenure of Fellowships varies very much at different Colleges. A layman cannot generally remain a Fellow longer than ten years, unless he has held some educational or administrative office in his College for an assigned period. The taking of Priests' Orders in the Church of England, within a given time after election, qualifies, at many Colleges, for the life-long holding of a Fellowship. The teaching posts within the Colleges are, with rare exceptions, conferred exclusively on Fellows; and, at some Colleges, the celibacy restriction has been removed and a life tenure introduced in the case of the holders of such offices, whether clergymen or not. Thus a Fellowship, once gained, may lead to a good share of College power and profit, and, in the opposite event, will certainly ensure, for a considerable number of years, an absolutely sinecure income, which its holder is as free to spend in London, Paris, or New York, as within the precincts of his University. In no other walk of life are such prizes accessible on such terms: no wonder,

[1] Without affecting the accuracy of information which the Royal Commission was appointed to secure, it may safely be assumed that fully 100,000*l*. is spent annually in Cambridge in Fellowships and Scholarships—about 80,000*l*. going to the former and 20,000*l*. to the latter.

then, that the competition for them is excessively severe, and profoundly affects the whole structure, both of study and of examination, at the national Universities. Let us examine some of the ways in which this result is brought about.

In the first place, a number of able men are bribed by the prospect thus held out to them into devoting themselves unremittingly, for several years, to the study of either classics or mathematics, the only subjects, as matters stand at present, in which success can be depended on to ensure a Fellowship. Now, even if the old-fashioned theory which regarded these two branches of knowledge as indispensable agencies of the highest training could be sustained at the present day, this would in no wise justify the Universities in holding up before their ablest scholars a mercenary standard, and persuading them, in act if not in word, that learning is lucre. One of the most eminent services which the German Universities, possessed of no national trust-funds wherewith to make annual money-scrambles, are able to render to the German people consists in setting before them, both in theory and in practice, a high unselfish ideal of scholarly excellence. In England we have a right to expect that our great Universities shall raise up a standard against the Ploutolatry which seems coming in like a flood upon us : we may and must *insist* that they shall not make common cause with the enemy.

I am, however, very far from admitting that classics and mathematics possess, as objects of *advanced* study at the University, any inherent right divine whatever. On the contrary, I believe that, but for the artificial vogue given to them by our bribing system, they would have already taken up in England the position of professional studies (*Fachstudien*) which they now occupy at the German Universities. Advanced classical scholarship is cultivated there only by those students whose life is to be spent in teaching the languages, and expounding the literatures, of Greece and Rome. The higher branches of mathematics form the special study of that goodly company which looks forward to a settlement for life on some favourite spot in the vast domain of physical science. It is, I think, so generally agreed that an intending lawyer, doctor, or statesman does ill in devoting the crowning years of his period of direct training to the dissection of dead languages and extinct civilizations, that the point no longer needs arguing. As, however, a portion of the superstitious reverence which formerly attached to classics seems now to be settling down upon mathematics, it will be worth while to examine to what extent this subject ought to be studied in *general,* as opposed to *professional,* education.

Dr. Whewell, in a little-read, but sound and suggestive book,[1] published in 1837, pointed out with remarkable clearness the causes which give to the study of exact science its educational value. One of the most important of these is the distinct and sharply-defined meaning assigned to every term used. When, in a train of reasoning, the mental conceptions corresponding to the terms employed are kept clearly and continuously in view, and the conclusion arrived at springs directly out of the relations which those conceptions bear to each other, we have, according to Dr. Whewell, a process of the highest educational utility. On the contrary, he assigns the lowest value to the kind of reasoning which reaches its conclusion without requiring this steady and unrelaxing grasp of the ideas with which it deals. This distinction may appear, at first sight, somewhat superfluous, since accuracy of conception is the essence of all scientific reasoning. Nevertheless, the nature of the progress made by the mathematical sciences since the time of Newton gives it abundant justification. This progress is due to the almost exclusive domination of *analysis.* The essence of this powerful and highly-developed method of investigation consists in its representing the mental con-

[1] "Principles of English University Education."

ceptions involved in any inquiry to which it is applied by certain symbols. These symbols are then treated according to fixed rules entirely independent of the nature of the problem under discussion, and the same whether we are investigating the motion of a planet, the flow of a river, or the tints of a coloured fringe of light. During the process, the meaning of our symbols is of no importance; we may even be unconscious that they possess any meaning at all; and, only when the analytical instrument has performed its task, need we ascertain what our symbols stand for, and translate into mental conceptions the result to which it has conducted us. A scientific inquiry carried on by the aid of the method just described involves, therefore, three steps: the reduction of the data of the problem to a symbolic form; the application of the analytical process; and the return to non-symbolic expression. Only during the first and concluding stages are we directly dealing with the conditions of the problem before us; during the second we, as it were, hand these over to a self-acting machine which is capable of working them up into a finished result. On the other hand, in the old geometrical methods used before the invention of the differential calculus, a concrete conception was steadily kept in view from one end of the inquiry to the other. This method, however, though admirable for the clear exposition of known elementary laws, proved inadequate as an instrument of research, or even as a means of demonstration in the higher regions of scientific truth. Accordingly, it has for these purposes been completely superseded by modern analysis. From the time when Newton laid its foundations up to the present day, that great engine of calculation has been the object of unremitting labour at the hands of the most distinguished mathematicians. Its powers have been greatly increased, its field of operation enormously extended. Unfortunately this advance has been accompanied by a proportionate increase of complexity and intricacy in the processes employed, and this in so extreme a degree that to call out the highest powers of the instrument in original research is a task to which genius alone is competent; while even to understand the nature of its working in the hands of a master requires years of preparatory study. These considerations appear plainly to indicate that a detailed acquaintance with the methods of analytical calculation ought to be regarded—like the anatomist's minute knowledge of the human frame, or the musical theorist's familiarity with the powers of every instrument in the orchestra—as a distinctly *professional*, not as an *educational* attainment. Those only who intend to devote their lives to research or exposition in the domain of the exact sciences, ought laboriously to acquaint themselves with the results attained in the chief departments of analysis, and endeavour after practical mastery over its processes.

The course of reading gone through by candidates for high mathematical honours at Cambridge involves, except in its earliest stages, the constant use of symbolic methods, and travels into the highest regions of analysis. The progress of research, by bringing fresh discoveries within the limits of the examination, tends to elbow out those portions of pure and mixed mathematics which, by virtue of the geometrical mode of treatment applied to them, and the clearness and definiteness of conception thence attained, alone possess a pre-eminent educational value. If, therefore, it is desirable, as I think it is, that students of first-rate ability, who are not destined for a scientific career, should give a certain amount of their time to the study of exact science, we ought to encourage them to concentrate their attention on the fruitful elementary parts of it from which they are likely to derive the greatest intellectual benefit. The honours and attendant rewards of the Tripos exert their influence in *precisely the opposite direction.*

The Fellowship system happens in Cambridge, owing to local and temporary circumstances, to stimulate artificially certain arbitrarily-selected

branches of study. It will be easy to show, however, that even were this evil corrected, there must remain others of a still graver character which are inseparable from that system. The mode in which a subject is taught will always practically be decided by the student's aim in taking it up. In Cambridge, the main object of all the ablest undergraduates is a high place in the final competition for honours. The principle of emulation, stimulated by the prospect of reward, carries all before it; and the love of scientific truth is rudely pushed aside by desire for the golden prizes which, in the intellectual athletics annually held at our seats of learning, replace the parsley garlands of Olympia. The system of teaching and study, or, to describe it more accurately, of training and practice, in which an enterprising student is immersed from the moment of his entrance at the University, is moulded with the utmost care on the requirements of the Tripos examination. The formidably numerous "subjects" are minutely gone over by the trainer, and the portions of them likely to be "set" in the all-important examination carefully mapped out, in order to guide the student's steps and prevent his wasting his time on what has merely a historical or purely scientific interest.

In this way a special literature of Manuals has come into existence, mainly the work of private tutors, or of those who aspire to be such, and betraying unmistakeably the examination-ridden nature of their origin, even when it is not explicitly asserted in the preface. A treatise of this class, after rejecting whatever parts of the subject are unsuitable for examination purposes, aims at arranging the rest in a series of distinct propositions fit for exact reproduction in the Senate-house. Each demonstration is made, as far as possible, independent of those which precede it, in order that an examinee, when asked to establish the proposition to which it relates, need spend no time on collateral questions which will not bring him any "marks." The student's task is by no means limited to *understanding* every step in the reasoning of such a manual. His success in the final examination greatly depends on his being able, at a moment's notice, to reproduce its propositions accurately on paper; and any delay, caused either by failure of memory or slowness in writing, may enable a competitor to pass him in what the late Professor De Morgan used to call "The Great Writing-Race." Hence, assiduous practice to insure "pace in writing out bookwork," forms an essential element of the training to be gone through. The private tutor prescribes a fixed series of manuals, corresponding to the array of subjects included in the Senate-house examination, and through these the student is dragged without any intermission, from term to vacation, from vacation to term, with no more independent exercise of volition than a railway-train at the tail of a locomotive.

In addition to the above requirements, examples directly illustrating the propositions of the manuals ("riders"), and questions of a freer and more general character ("problems"), are placed before the candidates for mathematical honours. Since, however, the nature of the examination inevitably much limits the range of what can be set under the last two heads; and, moreover, through the exertions of the private tutors, the riders and problems of one year are constantly becoming absorbed into the bookwork of the next, examiners in quest of suitable novelties are forced to take refuge in questions either of excessive difficulty or involving conceptions of an utterly unpractical kind.

The inferiority of the training supplied by a system like that just described to the generous and ennobling culture which a free study of scientific truth confers on those who love that truth for its own sake, can hardly be too strongly insisted on. And first, it replaces the original works of the great masters of science by dry compendiums, and thus deprives the student of that direct intercourse with some of the

grandest minds ever sent into the world by the Father of Lights, which is pre-eminently efficacious in kindling and sustaining a high and unselfish enthusiasm. The manual may arrange its propositions in a more logical order, and demonstrate them with greater ease and expedition; but this is no equivalent for the sight presented to us, in the writings of discoverers, of the man of genius wrestling in personal conflict with a hitherto unconquered difficulty, and, after many a foil, at last victorious. The very mistakes and failures of such a man are often more fruitful in suggestions of masterly expedients, than is the cut-and-dried routine which summarizes and methodizes his discoveries. Unfortunately for Cambridge, she has allowed the examination incubus so completely to stifle the true historical method of teaching science, that her students utterly neglect, and are encouraged by their trainers in neglecting, the original works of the great pioneers, of whose very names, indeed, the majority of them are probably ignorant.

When we consider how severe is the strain which must be undergone in order to reach even moderate success in any of the open professions, in their present overcrowded condition, the unwisdom of deliberately submitting the best heads among the rising generation to a preliminary and perfectly needless competitive ordeal, is most glaringly manifest. The course of training for mathematical honours at Cambridge entails an exceptionally severe and long-continued strain, not due, indeed, to the nature of the subjects it prescribes to be read, but to the enormous demands made upon the memory. A candidate for a high degree must, when the end of his three years' probation arrives, be ready to produce, at a moment's notice, any important proposition, proof, or process of calculation contained within the whole range of the subjects which enter into the examination.[1]

The feat to be performed reminds one, instinctively, of a Chinese juggler keeping ten or a dozen balls in the air at the same time. It involves a sickening effort of memory, to say nothing of the precious time wasted, as far as any permanent benefit is concerned, in practising it. The examination, which lasts nine days, with a break of ten days between the fourth and fifth, is a most trying ordeal, and leaves many of its victims quite worn out and exhausted. Some "break down" during the examination itself, others go through a subsequent period of languor and depression. The list of those "killed" outright in the action may be small, but if that of the "wounded" could be completely made up—if we could trace in after life the results of these gladiatorial conflicts, around which academic tradition casts so dangerous a halo of glory—we should, I have no manner of doubt, stand aghast at the sight.

The amount of matter to be mastered by a candidate for high mathematical honours is, as has been already said, so large, that, throughout his University course, he is kept unremittingly at work in the harness of his trainer, whose duty it is never to allow him to stray off the dusty beaten track of the Senate-house highroad into the green by-paths and among the blooming hedgerows of independent study. If occasionally irrepressible originality insists on breaking bounds and following its own bent, a lamentation is raised over "poor So-and-so, who *would* waste his time in making experiments, or in reading wide of the examination, and, in consequence, spoilt his Degree or missed his Fellowship!"

The direct tendency of this nursing system is to discourage original talent, by forcing it inexorably through a fixed

[1] The following are taken up by all the best-prepared men:—Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Theory of Equations, Analytical Geometry, Finite Differences, Differential and Integral Calculus, Differential Equations, Statics, Hydrostatics, Dynamics, Optics, and Astronomy. Those who have time to spare devote it to any of the following subjects—Calculus of Variations, Theory of Probability, Hydrodynamics, Acoustics, Physical Optics, Waves and Tides, Theory of Elastic Solids, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism.

routine; to engender narrow-mindedness by the exclusion of collateral studies; and to intensify that petty local vanity which attaches a ludicrously exaggerated importance to academic distinctions, and measures a man, not by the solid achievements performed in the maturity of his powers, but by the result of a barren examination-feat achieved at three-and-twenty. A success of this kind may sometimes prove a most serious misfortune to its victim, by deluding him into fancying himself registered for life as the unquestioned superior of men, to whom in every respect, save the power of making Latin verses, or solving differential equations, he is hopelessly and dismally inferior.

Many complaints have been made of late, and with very good reason, of the dearth of original research in the English, as compared with the German, Universities. I believe this dearth to be directly due to the influences just described. Original research does not come by the light of nature, except to men of absolute genius. It must be learned by carefully studying the methods of the greatest discoverers and investigators, and seeking to apply them in actual practice. It has been seen that our honours' course, far from promoting such work, discourages it to the utmost, and that our Fellowship system, as it is worked at most Colleges,[1] holds out to the student a strong money temptation to neglect it. Nor has the successful examinee, when installed as a College lecturer, the least inducement offered him to embark in original research, but the very opposite. He is at once set to teach to others the acquirements which gained him his own place; and his pupils, whose goal is just what his was a year or two before, want the examination-curriculum pure and simple, and would probably desert his lecture-room were he to give them new matter of his own, which they could not calculate on turning into marks. The leisure time which he might, under a freer system, devote to original work, is, to a great extent, absorbed by the necessity of taking his share in conducting never-ending College and University examinations—one of the hardest and worst paid of all possible employments.

Finally, no professional advancement is to be gained by success in original research, unless of the most exceptionally brilliant kind. The tuitional posts in the Colleges are filled up according to the results of the Degree and Fellowship examinations, and promotion afterwards goes by seniority, so that the merest routineer, when once elected into the educational staff, has exactly the same prospect of a Tutorship[1] as a colleague who devotes himself actively to research. The University Professorships are so few, and other qualifications besides ability to perform the duties pertaining to them sometimes play so influential a part in elections to "chairs," that they may be said practically to offer little inducement to an aspirant to take up any line of independent inquiry.

In Germany we meet with a state of things exactly opposite to that above described. The Universities have no funds to distribute among their graduating students, and hold it to be no part of their duty to arrange them in order of success in a particular examination, or set of examinations, so as to keep a kind of register-office for under-masters and inspectors of schools. Accordingly, competitive examinations do not exist at the German Universities. This difference between their system and our own is vital, and gives to the work of both professors and students a dignity, freedom, and freshness, which we, staggering along with our competitive old man of the sea firmly established on our backs, may sigh for, but cannot hope to attain. The one recognized duty of a German

[1] At Trinity College, where the Fellowships are awarded after a special examination, account will henceforth be taken of any original work performed by candidates, and sent in to the governing body some months prior to the examination.

[1] A Tutorship, being essentially an *administrative* post, is extremely ill-fitted to be the reward of a man who has been long immersed in the absorbing pursuits of original research.

professor is to present his subject in the most clear, consecutive, and attractive form possible. He selects freely whatever department of it he is specially familiar with, or thinks the state of knowledge at the time being requires to be laid stress upon. He illustrates it with historical or collateral details, to whatever extent he chooses, and, if he has made any original researches in connection with it, he unreservedly communicates them to his hearers. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying with what delight I visited the laboratory of the Professor of Physics at Jena, and found the walls studded with photographs of the great discoverers in his department, and, in the hands of his students, a manual compiled by the professor himself, in which the main results attained by each pioneer were carefully indicated, and a few incidents of his life grouped around them. The whole subject, kindled under his hands into a heart-warming glow, and a glance at the bright young faces of his hearers, sufficed to show that they rewarded his enthusiastic devotion with eager interest and manly personal attachment.

The passage of a German lad from school to the University constitutes for him a most marked æra of intellectual emancipation. He leaves behind the season of allotted tasks and fixed routine, and sets out on a course of free activity. He quits the tutelage of masters and governors to enter on an heritage of intellectual independence. He is not, indeed, deprived of the assistance of his elders: the professors are there to counsel him, but their advice must be *sought;* it is forced upon no one. In this way the German student learns to swim without corks, and, though, no doubt, he gets many a mouthful of sea-water during the process, he is prepared, when the time comes, to go boldly out into the deepest water alone. The English system by its constant direction of the student's aim, and its perpetual supervision of his work, protracts into early manhood an attitude of passive mental receptivity which is appropriate only to an earlier season of life. In Germany the student's powers are carefully husbanded for employment in the serious toils and struggles of mature intellectual life: in England they are wasted in a ruinous and unmeaning rivalry of striplings.

I have endeavoured to show the deteriorating effect which a violently competitive system exercises on the mode in which a great department of knowledge is both taught and studied under its influence. If the results are such as I have described them in the case of the particular instance selected, that of the exact sciences, there arises immediately a strong presumption that, in other branches which form the subjects of honours' examinations, the evil will be still more serious. Of all bodies of permanently acquired truth the sciences of demonstration, by their very structure, afford the smallest field for the exercise of mere memory. Subjects like philology, history, moral philosophy, and natural science, on the contrary, when forming the matter of competitive examinations, almost inevitably play into the hands of the recollecting faculty, and are, therefore, likely to be more rapidly and deeply deteriorated under the stimulus of competition than are the exact sciences. It follows from these considerations that the mathematical Tripos, from which our conclusions have been drawn, is, of all the honours' examinations, precisely the one likely *à priori* to yield results least unfavourable to the existing state of things.

The evils enumerated in the survey just completed have been shown to flow directly out of the system of conferring extremely valuable rewards on the sole condition of success in examinations. They cannot, therefore, be removed by any changes of tenure, as long as a Fellowship constitutes the one avenue to College office, and is awarded by the test of competitive examination. The advocates of the present system, or of one differing from it by modifications of detail only, ought, therefore, to be able to point out very strong corresponding advantages to

counterbalance its numerous and grave defects. The point on which they mainly rely, is that Fellowships are of great value in providing young men who have no adequate funds of their own with the means of maintaining themselves for eight or ten years, while they are fighting their way into practice at the bar, or in the medical profession, or serving in ill-paid curacies. Liberals are pressed with the arch consideration that, at any rate, we have here a thoroughly *democratic* institution, which looks exclusively to merit as shown in an absolutely fair competition, and thus tends to diminish the disadvantage at which a poor man starts in the race of life against monied competitors. Both these positions seem to me to take a great deal for granted. The first assumes that it is desirable to support, out of national funds, a certain number of men who have won high places in academic competitions, while they are making good their footing in some learned profession. I am by no means sure that the balance of advantage is not in the opposite direction. The old hard and fast line which formerly separated the "learned professions" from other modes of bread-winning is rapidly becoming obliterated. A field for ability and acquirement is now open in a vast variety of different employments, and the nation is deeply interested in having men of talent and high character engaged in many and various branches of activity, so as to sustain these at a high level of thoroughness and efficiency. The traditional "gentlemanliness" of certain professions, nevertheless, still exerts on the middle ranks of society an attraction similar to that which often induces the sons of artizans to abandon the workshop for the clerk's office. The result of the long-continued action of these influences is, that both classes of occupation are now overstocked, and, under these circumstances, it is hard to see how the country benefits by the increased glut due to the action of the Fellowship system. I am curious to know whether any political economist will undertake to justify this glaring interference with the action of supply and demand.

The second argument assumes that the Fellowships are, as a rule, held by poor men. In fact, however, the chance which a really poor man has of attaining a Fellowship is extremely small. The effect of a coming competition much depends on the nearness of the examination by which it is to be decided. Were a Fellowship the sole reward to which the student looked forward, its disturbing force would be far weaker than it actually is. The Scholarship system here comes in, as the auxiliary by which the competitive fervour is maintained at the season when the great disturbing body is too distant to produce alone any considerable effect. Formerly Scholarships could not be gained until the end of three terms of residence, but the practice has now become pretty general of offering them for competition among boys just leaving school, and before their matriculation at the University. This system, by which different Colleges bid against each other with national trust-funds in order to buy up the best-prepared boys from the public schools, originated at Oxford, and was only adopted at Cambridge with extreme reluctance as a measure of self-defence. Its effect has, of course, been to call the forcing and cramming process into activity at a much earlier time of life, when it is likely to do proportionately greater mischief. As soon as a regular course of preparation for a particular examination has been devised and got into working order, those boys whose parents can afford the trainer's fee may safely reckon on being able, as a rule, to carry off the prize against the sons of people who can not. Only tolerably well-to-do parents can bear the expense of eight or ten years of high-class school-teaching, and it is therefore among the families of such persons, and not among "poor" men, that the great bulk, first of Scholarships and afterwards of Fellowships, are actually distributed.

A certain number of Fellowships are, no doubt, won by really necessitous

men of very decided ability; but they probably form only a small proportion of all the holders of such incomes. Even in their case it is by no means certain that, after completing a University course *ex hypothesi* brilliant enough to open to them many careers offering an immediate livelihood and a good prospect of future comfort, the best thing, both for themselves and for the country, may not be to leave them to push their further way by their own exertions. The possession of an income of two or three hundred a year for eight or ten years may, for aught we can tell, induce a man to relax the strenuous and unsparing exertions necessary to ensure success in the line of life which he is adopting. Such exertions may be fairly demanded of a man of average health at the age when he leaves College; and in cases where high capacity is accompanied by a tendency to indolence, the sharp spur of compulsion may be the indispensable stimulus to sustained and decisively effective activity.

For the reasons just assigned, I must maintain that the arguments relied on by supporters of the existing system cannot stand, in the face of the evils inherent in the mode of distributing national funds which they desire to perpetuate.

These evils can, I believe, be removed by no measure short of the entire abolition of Fellowships and the complete reorganization of the existing mode of administering the Scholarship fund. So extensive and momentous a change ought not to be contemplated except as part of a complete scheme of academic reform, planned to remove the cumbrous mediæval system which most seriously clogs the action of our ancient Universities. Proposals towards such a measure can only be usefully advanced when the Report of the Royal Commission has afforded comprehensive and exact information on the present state of Oxford and Cambridge endowments. It may not, however, be premature to point out a mode in which the funds set free by the abolition of Fellowships might, in part at least, be expended, and to make a suggestion towards the reorganization of the Scholarship fund.

Persons unacquainted with the working of the Collegiate system, will experience considerable surprise when they are told that only an insignificantly small portion of the corporate revenues is devoted to the main objects for which Colleges are commonly supposed to exist, viz. education and research. College tutors, assistant tutors, and lecturers are not remunerated out of endowments, but out of the fees paid by students. Since the tutorial posts are nearly all held by Fellows, it may be urged that the Fellowships practically form part of the consideration paid for teaching done in College, and that, to this extent at least, the corporate revenues go to the support of education. This is so far true, that, were it not for the Fellowship, a first-rate man could not be induced to remain at the University by the scale of payment at which lecturing in the Colleges is now remunerated. Of all the traditional notions about what goes on within the Universities, none is more baseless than that of the College Don immersed in Capuan luxury, and enormously paid for delivering worthless lectures.

What is the actual fact? At a few of the large Colleges in Cambridge there are a certain number of posts which, relatively speaking, may be called lucrative, ranging, say, from 600*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year; but it is not, as a rule, thought seemly for a man to hold one of these beyond about ten years. The great majority of College teachers certainly do not receive more than 300*l.* per annum in direct payment for lecturing.[1] The work is decidedly hard, and the men who do it are of such a calibre that, had they adopted any other career, they might legitimately have calculated on attaining, in due course, a good share of the emoluments it had to offer. Had they become under-masters at any of the Public Schools, they could have insured at least as good an income to begin with, and a certainty of a boarding-house

[1] At the smaller Colleges very much less: say, 100*l.* or 150*l.*

within a moderate period. In the Civil Service, a steady progressive increase of income would have been within their reach; at the bar, or in medicine, their prospects would have been decidedly above the average. As it is, they cannot, even with their Fellowships, reckon on more than about 600*l.* per annum.

Where the tuitional posts are practically limited to Fellows, and the celibacy restriction is still in force, which is the case at the largest and most important Colleges in Cambridge, marriage is of course an impossibility, and the amount of income obtained offers no hope of laying by enough to secure a prospect of it within any reasonable time. There are few educated men of energy and recognized ability whose outlook is so gloomy as that of a College lecturer, unprovided with private means, who has reached a period of life at which it is too late to embark in any other career than that in which circumstances, rather than any deliberate exercise of his own choice, have placed him.

There are not wanting marked indications that this state of things cannot last much longer. The bulk of the present generation of College teachers, who have practically nothing else to turn to, may probably be reckoned on to continue working under the existing conditions; but those of the next generation will not allow themselves to be bought at the same price. Several instances have even occurred of able men who had entered on College tuition, becoming aware of the *cul de sac* to which the employment leads, and extricating themselves, while they still had strength and energy left for a fresh start. The difficulty experienced by the College authorities in inducing those who are elected to Fellowships to "stay up and lecture" is yearly increasing, and is said to have reached, at Oxford, the point at which the possession of preeminent ability is regarded as a decisive ground for declining a lectureship. If it is desirable to retain the highest talent in the service of the Universities, as to which there can hardly be two opinions, it is imperatively necessary to open for teachers a prospect of competence and family happiness not altogether incommensurate with that which first-rate men can practically secure in other spheres of action.

The first charge on the liberated Fellowship fund ought, in my opinion, to be the realization of this urgently vital object. I have no wish whatever to go from one extreme to its opposite, and advocate a lavish profuseness which might only minister to self-indulgence and paltry social ostentation. On the contrary, I hold that at the Universities, if anywhere, we have a right to look for a mode of life emancipated from this vulgarest and feeblest of all possible ambitions. Still, a moderate and assured competence for the teacher and his family must be provided; and when this has been done with all desirable liberality out of the Fellowship fund, there will remain ample sums to be applied to other purposes.

The promotion of original research has been referred to as one of the functions of a Collegiate foundation. A demand has recently been made, in an influential quarter, for the appropriation of a share of the endowments to posts of research unconnected with any teaching duties. This proposal seems liable to insuperable objections. It is impossible to tell beforehand who will make discoveries and who will not; and invidious, in the highest degree, to have to single out a man from among his compeers for an appointment which must be made, if at all, on such subjective, delicate, and disputable grounds. Further, it is not easy to see how to lay down any criterion by which to determine whether a particular inquirer is making enough discoveries to retain his post. Moreover, there can be little doubt that a certain quantity of teaching is highly beneficial to the original investigator, by compelling him to subject his thoughts to the systematic revision which is essential in order to communicate them to others with clearness and precision. This process is eminently fitted to expose to view the unexplored recesses in which clues leading to im-

portant discoveries often lurk; but it is too irksome to be gone through, except under the pressure of preparation for the discharge of recognized duty.

For reasons such as the above, I would far rather see an attempt made to compass the same end by the establishment of a considerable number of educational posts involving only a moderate amount of lecturing. The salaries attached to those positions should be so small that they would be sought only by men who desired to employ the leisure they afforded in qualifying themselves, by the attainment of efficiency as teachers and investigators, for promotion to better-paid posts. I conceive that, in this way, we should enlist more efficient forces under the banner of original research than by making its prosecution a matter of direct purchase, as advocated by the persons to whom I have above referred.

The system I recommend is modelled on that of *Privat-docents* which plays so important a part in the German Universities, and has contributed so powerfully towards attaining for them the prestige for original research which they now enjoy. A *Privat-docent* is a graduate who, on his own application to the governing body of a University, is admitted, after giving evidence of adequate qualifications, into its staff of public teachers. His lectures are announced on the official notice-board, side by side with those of the most distinguished professors, and his certificate of attendance at lectures has equal force and validity with theirs for every public purpose. The *Privat-docent's* privileges end, however, at this point. He has no share in the government of the University to which he is attached, and receives nothing but what he makes by the fees of the students whom he can attract to his lecture-room. The *Privat-docents* form the reservoir which feeds the professoriate, and are, therefore, under the strongest inducements to show themselves worthy of promotion to salaried posts by good lecturing and successful research.

Were this institution introduced among ourselves, it would, as has been already intimated, be desirable to modify it so far as to pay small salaries to, at least, a certain number of the persons appointed. Considering the more expensive mode of life which prevails in England, and the greater dearness of most articles of consumption, this would be almost a necessity. On the other hand, I would adhere rigidly to the precedent set in Germany of appointment *on the application of the candidate himself.* At Cambridge the tutor, or tutors, in each College, decide absolutely which of the Fellows shall, and which shall not, have lectureships offered to them. In doing this they are practically guided by the result of the Degree examination: and it would no doubt be extremely invidious, as things now are, to adopt any other course. At the same time the qualities which make a good lecturer are by no means necessarily co-extensive with those which enable a man to pass a brilliant written examination. Hence, appointments thus made cannot always be depended on to give satisfactory results. A man who has achieved high examination-success perhaps proves uninteresting or unintelligible in the lecture-room; while another, who is passed over by the College tutor as not having taken a sufficiently good degree, subsequently shows, in some non-academic arena, that he possesses those very qualifications which would have made him an effective and valuable University teacher. The plan I am advocating would provide a probationary test by which mistakes of both these kinds might be avoided.

It will not be supposed that, because I hope for good results in original research from the holders of the proposed subordinate posts, I for a moment imply that the regular professoriate is dispensed from productive labours of the same kind. On the contrary, I should look to the enterprise of the younger men to supply a gentle emulative stimulus, by which the inventive ardour of their seniors might be saved from a premature chill.

It remains to say a few words on the principle which should guide our re-distribution of the Scholarship fund. I hold it to be as follows: that only those students ought to have the cost of a University course defrayed, wholly or in part, out of the corporate funds who possess very decided and unquestionable talent, and are too poor to purchase the highest education for themselves. Neither of these two conditions is fulfilled at present. A certain number of the most valuable and honour-conferring Scholarships always attract aspirants of a high calibre; but, on the other hand, those of smaller value at the less distinguished Colleges are generally held by men of only average ability and perseverance. Further, in elections to Scholarships no regard is had to the candidate's pecuniary position. This circumstance necessarily leads to much waste of funds which ought to be administered with the utmost thrift. A small Scholarship, the income of which suffices only to pay the fifth or sixth part of an average student's expenditure, assigned, too, without reference to the holder's private circumstances, is quite as likely to end in endowing an annual Swiss tour, as to be applied to any academic object. Money spent in sums too small to make the difference, to a necessitous man, of coming up to the University or not coming up, is practically wasted; and the same thing occurs, at the other extremity of the scale, when an exceptionally brilliant and well-trained undergraduate, arriving with an exhibition from his own school, is allowed to pile College and University Scholarships on one another, until his income equals the pay of the College teacher whose lecture-room he frequents.

While fully recognizing the personal advantages which University training ordinarily confers, and the additional means of general usefulness which, when made the most of, it is capable of imparting, I maintain that only in the case of men of unusual natural gifts is its action so intense, and the indirect benefit to the community so decisive, as to make it a matter of national concern to secure, by the employment of public funds, the presence of such men at the sources of the highest education. Accordingly, I hold that our Scholarship fund ought to be devoted to bringing up to the University poor men of original talent wherever they are to be found, and paying the cost of giving them the very highest culture which it affords. In order to secure all the advantages derivable from such a mode of proceeding, it would be necessary to connect with it a complete system of exhibitions from the primary schools to those of a higher grade, such as was, I believe, advocated on the London School Board by Professor Huxley. Those who have taken part in the movement for acting on the masses by lectures and examinations, which, through the patriotic and untiring exertions of Mr. Stuart, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is now obtaining public recognition and support, have, unless their experience differs widely from my own, frequently come in contact with young minds of the rarest promise, only needing air and culture to develope into exceptionally fruitful maturity. Let but such a scheme as that which I propose bring to the front numbers of these sturdy intellects, joined to physical organizations untouched by the weakening influences which have long acted on the professional classes, and they will soon wipe away the reproach of lack of original work which now lies heavy on the national Universities, and which I, for one, will never admit to be due to any inherent speculative inferiority of English minds to those of any other people in the world.

SEDLEY TAYLOR.

CASTLE DALY,

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER IV.

As the days passed on, Mrs. Daly began to fear that her husband, with his usual disposition to put off evil times, would allow the whole of her brother's visit to expire without ever permitting himself and his guest for a single hour to be sufficiently at leisure to give opportunity for the conversation on which she had set her heart. The sunshine and the clouds seemed to conspire against her wishes by bringing the kind of weather which gives people an excuse for saying, "We must spend this one more day out of doors; for, bright as it is now, there are signs of a change coming."

It was a positive relief to her to wake one morning and look out on a distance of cloud wreaths, which seemed to have blotted lake and mountains from the world, and left only a narrow circle of sodden road and drenched shrubbery between earth and heaven.

Two middle-aged men shut into a house by walls of drenching rain could hardly pass an entire day together without getting into discourse on business matters of some sort; certainly not when one of them had such a talent for managing his own and his neighbours' affairs as had Sir Charles Pelham.

Mrs. Daly saw by the expression on her husband's face, and by the gesture with which he threw away the end of his cigar on the doorstep before entering the house, as he and her brother returned with dripping waterproofs from their morning round of visits to dog-kennels and stables, that the confidential talk had begun already; and she watched them as they shut themselves into the study with an anxious heart. She suffered a great deal more from thinking of the pain it would cost her husband to say much that he would have to say that morning than she could have managed to make him believe. Her disapproval of his extravagance had been a vexed question between them for so many years, that it had built up a wall of coldness and reserve round her that it would cost her a great deal to break through now. The prison might be of her own building, but she was a close captive in it all the same, and could not get out. He thought it was only her English prudence that was outraged by his reckless doings, and that all her horror over them rose from fears for the future with which his own sanguine temper could little sympathize. She had another way of looking at his conduct. Her heart as well as her conscience was wounded by the failure of her efforts to alter what she disapproved. She could not help asking herself, "what can the love be worth of which he speaks so much, if it cannot induce him to make the little efforts of self-control that I should value so much more than any other token of affection?" She did not know it was the whole nature she wanted changed. She thought it was just a few actions that might easily be regulated so as to satisfy her requirements.

This was the thought that for years had been a chill wind blowing through her heart, stiffening all her feelings with an ice covering of reserve; so that now she could not go down and sit by his side holding his hand, and claiming a share of the pain and blame he had brought on himself. She could only go up to the solitude of her own room and spend the morning pacing up and down, clasping and unclasping her pale hands as in imagination she went through the conversation going on below, and pictured to herself the looks of astonishment that would

come on her brother's face; the little shrugs and exclamations of disgust that would escape from him as the story went on; longing all the time that she could in some invisible way make herself into a shield to ward this vexation from her husband. He had looked up at her as he followed her brother into the library, with a little nod and a smile as nearly bitter as a smile of his could be, which seemed to say: "Yes, you have your own way at last; this is your triumph. I hope you are satisfied." And in reality, though no one would ever know it, it was an hour of bitterer pain and humiliation to her than to him.

While the elders of the family were thus occupied in their own quarters, a desultory holiday-kind of feeling pervaded the rest of the house. No special plan for amusement or occupation had been pointed out for that rainy day, and consequently everybody took the congenial course of doing nothing. The servants, out-door and in, congregated round the great kitchen fire; and in spite of the deep-mouthed remonstrances of a favourite bulldog of Pelham's, that he had had sent to him from England, and a day or two ago installed as guardian of the back yard, invited such of the passers-by as were likely to repay hospitality by gossip to come in and taste the warmth. The first word of each dripping figure, after the pause on the threshold that was occupied by the customary "God save all here" and the "kindly welcome," was naturally a question on the sudden appearance of this unwelcome obstacle to free coming and going, and an invective against his energy.

"Shure I knew he was a stranger and a *furriner* from the moment whin his ugly voice troubled me ears. There's not a dog big or little in all Galway that 'ud drame of barking at me," remarked one-eyed Kitty, the most audacious beggar of the neighbourhood, whom even Mr. Daly had forbidden the house, indignantly displaying, as she spoke, to the general view the corner of her draggled red cloak that had a new rent across it. "It might have been me leg that the cratur cotched hould of. Will I niver again ate me plate of praties and drink me noggin of milk in pace and quietness in me ould corner by the sunny edge of the wall, that's been by rights the beggars' corner since a Daly reigned in the place. An' now the murthering dog's kennel is put full in front of it. Boys and girls, somethin' must be done or a curse'll rest on ye all—driving the poor from yer doors in this new fashion."

"You'll have to make friends wid the dog, Kitty," answered James Morris, a young groom in special favour with Connor; "for it's none of us can get him banished. The thundering big brute belongs to Mr. Pelham, the young squire, who has lately come home from England, and colloquies more wid his English dog than wid any Christian soul here. Word or look can boy or girl get from him—only his dog will he open his lips to; and is it likely now he'd give up for your convanience the only cratur he's capable of conversing wid?"

"And he a Daly! the saints be betwixt us and harm."

"The dog's a stranger anyhow; and maybe the air of the counthry'll be altogether too damp to shuit his constitution. It'll be the death of him, ye'll see, boys, sooner or later; the rain and the attintion he'll get from those that have a better right than he to come and go about the place; so be aisy about him, boys," concluded, with a cunning wink of his eye, old Phelim, the pedlar, who, already established in the most comfortable seat in the chimney corner, was slowly undoing the straps of his pack, and preparing for the display of goods and the commencement of the barter and bargaining which was designed agreeably to while away the idle morning.

In the old school-room at the top of the house, where the younger members of the family congregated, the tongues did not wag quite so merrily.

Pelham had been driven, by the deserted state of the downstairs sitting-

rooms, to betake himself for the first time since his return to his brother's and sister's sanctum; and he fancied that Ellen and Connor, as they hastily crumpled up a sheet of paper over which their heads were bent when he came in, exchanged looks that showed he was not welcome.

"I can go downstairs again, if you are talking secrets," he said. "I only came here to write a letter; though what on earth you two can find to talk about all day I can't imagine."

"Oh, it is nothing," said Ellen; "I only hurried this paper away because you say you hate poetry. We ought not to be talking now. Connor has his work to do, and so have I. Do stay and write here. You can have this half of the table, and I will take my books to the window and sit there."

Pelham's letter was one which he considered required thought and careful wording, and its composition did not tend to put him into a good humour. A school friend whom he had employed to manage the transfer of his dog from its quarters near Eton to Ireland, had in his last letter put him in mind of an invitation to spend a vacation in Ireland, which he had long ago rashly given, and dropped a hint that as his family were now abroad, the next two months would be the most convenient possible time for him to make such a visit. Pelham had spent more than one of his vacations from school at the pleasant country home of this friend, and he had often spoken to him of the pleasure he knew it would give his father to return the hospitality. Yes, and he was right in saying that it would give his father pleasure. As Pelham sat biting the end of his pen and staring blankly at the first line of the letter, he saw in his mind's eye exactly the sort of reception that would be given; his friend would be made thoroughly at home; he would hear all the family talk; he would see all the family ways; there would be no restraint, no reticence; he would be made quite one of themselves, and what would he think of it all—Connor's wild ways; his father's and Ellen's random chatter; the servants' familiarity; the slipshod grandeur of the establishment? And side by side with this rose the picture of the quiet, trim household from which his friend came; the dignified, silent father; the brisk, capable mother; the clock-like regularity of meals; the noiseless domestics; the awe-inspiring group of pretty sisters always smiling, well dressed, and occupied under the governess's or mother's wing. What was the great difference between them and Ellen? He raised his eyes from his letter to study her, as she sat curled up on the floor in the window recess, with a large book she was not reading open on her lap, and her dreamy blue eyes gazing up towards the window. Was it that quantity of yellow hair always tumbling over her shoulders, or what was it that made her so unlike the quiet, low-voiced, nothing-speaking, well-governessed type of young ladyhood he had taken into his mind as the standard of excellence. Ah, what is she doing now?—the blue eyes have wakened up—no medium with her between absolute idleness and movements that take away one's breath. She has thrown up the window wide, and any possibility of continuing his letter is snatched away from Pelham by the irritation of having to listen to a dialogue shouted between a frieze-coated man at the front gate, and Ellen with her golden-haired head out of the window.

"Good morning, Thady M'Quick. I saw you did not like to pass the gate without a word from some one. You are taking the young pigs you told me about to sell at Ballyowen fair, I see. I wish you the height of good luck in your bargaining."

"Hurrah, thin! It's Miss Eileen her own self—the jewel of the world—that's spaking to me!" responded the voice from the gate. "An' if the hoight of good luck don't come to me this day, it'll only be becase luck, they say, is a famale, and, maybe, won't forgive Miss Eileen for bating her out and out in beauty. Anyhow, the pigs, poor bastes, have seen ye for the last

time, and that's luck enough for thim and me."

"Well, good morning, Thady. You must make haste, or you'll be late at the fair; and Connor and I will come round by your cabin to-morrow to hear how you fared."

There was a great sound of *hŭrrishing* and loud squeaking of the pigs. The procession must be moving on. Surely she will draw in her head now, and shut the window!

But no; something fresh caught her eye. Regardless of the rain that was drenching her hair, she stretched her head further yet, so as to gain a view round the corner of the gable, and when she drew back into the room again, it was with an exclamation of dismay. "Oh, Connor dear, I wish you would go down and see what is going on in the yard. That horrid dog of Pelham's is barking furiously at Murdock Malachy, who is trying to slip past him into the yard by the side gate. Do go down and see what he wants."

"He's bringing me the swans' eggs I told him to get for me, no doubt. He's a broth of a boy, that Murdock. Send him the least taste of a message, and the thing's done. Well, I'll go down, but it will be for the sixth time this morning. I'll tell you what it is, Pelham: you'll have to get rid of that dog Lictor of yours; he's in everybody's way."

"He's only in the way of people who come where they have no right to be. My father said that side gate was always to be kept locked."

"But it never will be kept locked. It is a great deal too convenient for people who want to slip in on the sly. I shall go down and stop that howling by shutting Lictor up in the stable for this morning, at least."

"You will do no such thing," said Pelham, testily. "The dog's mine, and I won't have him spoilt. He's been trained for a house dog, and he shall not be punished for barking at beggars. Sit still where you are, and mind your own business, and let him do his. You said you had work to do."

"Is it your business to see that I do my work, pray?"

"I shall make it my business to see that you don't spoil my dog."

"And I shall see that the horrid brute is hindered from hurting anyone."

"Oh, boys, don't quarrel, whatever you do!" cried Ellen.

"Sit down, and don't be a fool, Connor," said Pelham, taking up his pen to continue his letter, as if the matter were ended.

"Yes, be easy, Connor dear," whispered Ellen. "I'll put my head out of the window, and, though the wind is high, perhaps I shall be able to make Murdock understand that he is to go round the other way."

A burst of wind and rain came in at the open window, and with them the sound of a fierce, low growl, and a wail of fear or pain, that made even Pelham start up and throw down his pen.

"The fools have worried the poor brute till they have made him savage," he muttered to himself. "I suppose I must go down, or some harm will come of it."

Connor and Ellen were, however, beforehand with him in reaching the scene of action. They rushed impetuously past him down the stairs and through the offices into the dripping courtyard, while he followed with the more deliberate step of a person making up his mind how to act. He had chosen the position of the dog's kennel himself, and decided on the length of the chain, against the vociferously-expressed advice of half a dozen servants, who, without his consent, had thrust themselves into the discussion; and he could not help feeling convinced that this catastrophe, if it had not been planned, would certainly be made the very most of by his discarded advisers for the sake of triumphing over him.

The hubbub that was going on in the yard when he arrived there confirmed the irritating suspicion. The talkative crowd in the kitchen had emptied itself bodily into the courtyard and divided into two surging, shouting, gesticulating

groups. Five or six men and as many boys, with faces expressive of real or assumed horror, had surrounded the dog. Two of the most courageous had their hands clutched in his collar, and were dragging him down to the ground. One held on to his tail, and the remainder at a safe distance flourished sticks and kitchen utensils, snatched up on the spur of the moment, in his face, the bewildered animal meanwhile glaring wildly on his tormentors, and almost strangling himself in his efforts to break from their hands. A little nearer the gate all the women servants of the house, with Ellen and Connor among them, were ranged in various attitudes round a bare-footed boy, who had already been lifted from the ground, and was leaning a shock head against Ellen's shoulder. It was all very well, of course, to be compassionate, thought Pelham. The girls at Pelham Court would be as ready as Ellen herself to help anyone who had been hurt, but they would not have gone down on their knees in a puddle of wet in the stable-yard, and had tears streaming down their cheeks, while all the grooms and half the people of the village looked on. Had nobody any common sense? Was the chief business of life here to make ridiculous scenes? Pelham strode on furiously towards the men.

"Let that dog loose instantly!" he shouted. "You're driving him mad by ill-treating him in that shameful way."

"Ill-trating the dog, is it we are, sir? Shure we all thought it was the dog that had been ill-trating the boy," exclaimed James Morris, one of the men who held on to the collar, looking up at Pelham as he spoke with an air of innocent surprise.

"Mad's the word, and mad he is," cried the second holder. "Shure it's at the risk of our lives we're houlding him for Mr. Pelham to see how out-and-out mad and savage the cratur's turned all on a suddint, as we all knew he would, alang of being chained up here and angered wid the boys coming and going."

"Hould on a minute longer, boys!" shouted the man from the tail. "Glory be to the Saints, we have him safe, Mr. Pelham dear, and he shan't touch ye till ye tell us what to do wid him. Will we knock him on the head wid a shillalagh, yer honour, or bring the loaded pistol from the masther's room, and make an end of him that way?"

Without deigning another word, Pelham pushed a path through the crowd till he reached his favourite, who, at sight of him, shook off the relaxing hold of his captors, and, springing towards his master, placed two huge paws on his shoulders, and joyfully licked his face.

"You see he is as safe and gentle as a lamb if you only knew how to manage him properly," Pelham said, looking round haughtily on the scattered servants, who had fled far and wide as soon as they saw that the dog was loose.

"And those who don't know how to manage him'll desarve the tratement they get, and will have to put up wid it. Shure, boys, we are warned, and can't complain," observed James Morris, the young groom, who alone had kept his place by the kennel.

Still with a restraining hand on the dog's head, Pelham bent over towards the boy, who, supported by Ellen's and Connor's arms, was now sitting up and staring confusedly round him.

"I hope he is not much hurt," he said, addressing Ellen; "I shall be very sorry for it if he is—really hurt. You may give him anything he likes from me to make up for it—money, or anything."

Two wild blue eyes, gazing out from the roughest elf locks and the palest cheeks Pelham had ever seen in his life, were lifted to his face as he spoke, and took a long considering look into it—one of those looks from which a life-long love or hate may take its birth.

"Thank yer honour; but there's nothing yer honour could give me that I would like," was the deliberate sentence that came at the end of the look, from two white lips trembling with pain.

Pelham turned hastily away, shocked and hurt.

It was not his fault if the lad was injured; and he had spoken to him kindly. What could be the meaning of the indignant flash that came from Connor's and from Ellen's eyes, as they almost pushed him out of their patient's neighbourhood.

"We are going to try to carry you into the house now, Murdock, Miss Ellen and I," Connor said.

"And the swans' eggs, Mr. Connor dear! By good luck I put thim here inside the breast of me coteen, and they're safe. As soon as I heered ye wanted thim, what could I do but come to ye wid thim?"

"And this is what you get by coming, my poor Murdock!" cried Connor, the quick tears swelling in his eyes as he spoke.

A flush of colour came into the fainting boy's face at the sight, and he made an eager effort to raise himself.

"Maybe I'm not hurt, after all, Mr. Connor dear, barring me leg: that's a trifle oneasy. I'll walk to the house wid the best of them."

But the effort to drag his leg from the ground only resulted in a deeper groan of pain than he had yet suffered to escape him, and a recurrence of the faintness, during which he was lifted carefully up from the ground in Connor's and Ellen's arms and carried to the kitchen.

"Could not some of these women help to carry the boy better than Ellen?" remonstrated Pelham, who could not help an involuntary movement of disgust as he saw an arm, that a mass of dirty rags did not cover, passed round Ellen's white neck.

"Begging yer honour's pardon," volunteered the beggar Kitty, who was standing near. "There is not one of us—not the strongest— that could do it anything nigh as well. It's not the strength; it's the way, as we've all seen betwixt you and the great brute that's whispering in yer ear this minute. Ladies there are, and Miss Ellen's one of them, glory be to the blessed Virgin for that same, that have ways wid the sickness, and pain, and sorrow, to keep it down under their hand as you keep the dog there. Long may they reign over us in the land!"

There were many murmured "True for ye, Kittys," as the lookers-on flocked after the sick boy and his bearers into the kitchen, leaving Pelham alone in the court-yard to secure Lictor's broken chain, and coax him to subside quietly into his kennel.

He was bitterly vexed and annoyed at what had happened, and in the midst of his real concern for the principal sufferer, his heart swelled high with indignation at the ill-will that had been shown to himself. Those people had looked at him as if he were a sort of Cain, and he could not see that he was in any way responsible for the accident, or had done or said anything blameworthy. He felt it very hard to be so capriciously and unjustly judged; yet before he had made the link of the broken chain secure, he had taken, what appeared to him, a magnanimous resolve. The prejudices of these people should not prevent him from doing what he considered his duty in this matter; neither more nor less. All proper precautions against future accidents he would enforce himself, but he would not give up the only living thing about the place that seemed capable of trusting him, (Lictor was vehemently caressing the hands that were restraining his liberty at the moment), and he would insist on making compensation to the injured boy. There was no sense in the lad's saying that he would not accept any present from him. It was clearly his duty to offer him a present, since he was hurt, and the beggar-boy must be made to accept it.

The consciousness of having made up his mind how to act supported him during the trying hours of the rest of the day, while the whole household continued in a state of excitement, and persisted in keeping up an aggravating show of antagonism against him.

At luncheon the story of the accident had to be told in full to his father, Sir

Charles Pelham, and Mr. O'Roone, who, unluckily for himself, had riden over to Castle Daly with papers to sign, and had, to his extreme discomfiture, been drawn into the conference in the study.

The gentlemen were all pre-occupied, and paid less attention to the narrative than it would have received at another time, but the few comments that did pass were distasteful to Pelham.

"Of course you won't care to keep the hound here after this, Pelham?" his father said. "He is a fine animal, and all right as far as I can judge, but there seems to be a notion among the servants that he has gone or is going mad, and they will lead him a dreadful life. Better send him back to Pelham Court, before he gets injured."

"May I not keep him here if I like, father?" cried Pelham; "he is not any more mad than I am; and I should not like to be forced to send him away for those fools saying so."

"Quite right too, Pelham," put in his Uncle; "Lictor is a faithful servant, and does his work of guarding the yard only too well; that's why your idle rascals of servants want to get rid of him, Daly. I would not give in to them if I were you, or you'll never be master of your house again."

"Sir Charles Pelham might find if he lived here that to support unpopular servants, especially if they are strangers in the country, is a task that the most popular masters find beyond their power, and that costs them their lives sometimes," observed Mr. O'Roone, carelessly.

"Yet under some circumstances it may prove a task that has to be undertaken, even if it be at the risk of life," said Mr. Daly, looking across the table at his agent, with a little sparkle of displeasure in his lazy eyes. "If you've done eating, O'Roone, we will go back to the study; I shall not rest now till I have carried this business through. As for Lictor, Pelham, do as you please; you are right not to desert a calumniated friend, only you must prepare for some trouble. If you keep him here you will have to look after him closely."

When his father left the room, his mother took up the subject.

"Pelham, dear, you know I can't bear you to be obliged to give up anything you like, but——"

"It will be very hard if I am obliged to give up my dog," interrupted Pelham; "Connor has no end of pet animals, and the servants are ready enough to wait upon them. Why should they all take against the only creature I care for?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Daly, sadly; "but, Pelham, I've had the same thing to bear; I know what it is to live among people who make a point of disliking every person or thing I favour. I've learned to do without wishes and favourites now."

"Of course, if you desire it, mother, to please you, I will send Lictor away; but all I can say is that if he goes I'd a great deal rather not stay behind. I shall wish the vacation over, and never want to come back here again, that is all."

"Then keep him, pray keep him," cried Mrs. Daly, with more warmth than usual in her manner, as she stooped to kiss her eldest son's forehead; "I should be sorry indeed to think we could not make your home happy to you for one holiday."

Here was another pain for her to take back to her room and her pacings up and down, the thought that her favourite son cared more for his dog's company than he did for hers, and could talk indifferently of never seeing her again if his will were crossed in a trifle. Certainly, she said to herself, she had not the enviable art of making people happy about her, or of being much to them. An odd-looking old maid like Anne O'Flaherty could make herself of consequence to those over whom she had no claim—men who had never loved her; children she had neither borne nor nursed—but it was different with her.

Pelham found his way back to the school-room, when his mother left him, and spent the long afternoon in alternately writing a sentence in his letter

and sitting with his feet on the fender, pulling a pen to pieces, and trying to make up his mind whether or not he should add a postscript to tell his friend that he might be on the look-out for Lictor's return to his old quarters. The decision hung long in the balance, while he sat listening listlessly to the little sounds that were distinctly heard in the unusual silence into which the household had subsided. The arrival and departure of the doctor who had come to set poor Murdock's broken limb; Ellen's and Connor's cautious steps passing and repassing the corridor that led to the room where he lay; and now and again, when a door was opened in the lower storey, the sound of voices in eager, if not angry, conversation in the study below. A decision was being slowly come at there too, on which this seemingly trifling decision of Pelham's was to weigh in a manner he little expected, and which had that in it that altered and coloured the lives of everyone in the house.

Just as Pelham had all but made up his mind to add the postscript, the school-room door opened, and Ellen stole in with a deprecating, entreating look on her face that at once put all Pelham's obstinate instincts on guard.

He laid down his pen and began to fold his letter. "Well, what do you want?" he began at last, finding that she stood still before him, looking at him in a fashion that made him fear his ill-humour might slip away under the influence of her appealing eyes.

"Connor sent me. He wants to know what you have settled to do about Lictor."

"Settled nothing but to go and see him fed, which I shall do as soon as I have folded my letter."

"He cannot possibly stay here after what happened this morning."

"Who says so?"

"Connor and I. Connor has promised Murdock and the other boys that Lictor shall be sent away, and he must keep his word."

"He seems to fancy himself master here, but as I happen to be two years older than he, it's not very likely I should take orders from him. Let him look after his own ragged regiment. I shall keep my dog; and you may just tell Connor that I'll never forgive anyone who meddles with him—never. Now, don't open your eyes and stand staring at me in that idiotic way. Let me pass; I tell you I want to post my letter." It cost Pelham a good deal to work himself up into such anger as this. He felt he was sacrificing his dignity, but it was a relief to come to a decision of some sort, and to have declared war if war was to be.

Ellen left the room with reluctant steps, and was beckoned by Connor, who was holding a door ajar at the end of the long corridor.

"Well, what does he say? Murdock has fallen asleep at last, so you may speak out."

"He is very angry, and says he will never forgive anyone who interferes, never; and he looks as if he meant it."

"Hum—does he!" said Connor, abruptly drawing in his head and shutting the door in Ellen's face.

She could not bear to go back into the deserted school-room, nor downstairs with the chance of again encountering Pelham. There was nothing for it but to ensconce herself in the low seat of the passage window, and drearily watch the rain lashing the window-panes. It seemed a cruel stroke of destiny that this day, of all days, should be hopelessly wet; if only the clouds would have lightened a little, and she could have ridden off post-haste to "Good People's Hollow," and brought back Anne O'Flaherty, there might have been some chance of an amendment in circumstances and people's tempers; as it was, it was a dreary day—Ellen Daly's first experience of irremediably dreary days.

She saw nothing more of Connor till late, when he rapped at her door as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilette before going down into the drawing-room after dinner.

"Come in. I am only sewing fresh pink bows on my skirt. Mamma looked

so vexed last night when Uncle Charles noticed the ravelled state of my old ribbons; but, oh, Connor, dear, what is the matter? you look dreadful. Come in and sit down. What terrible thing has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, that's it—that's what's the matter," said Connor, after a minute's silence, drawing away the trembling hands with which he had covered his face as he sank into a chair. "Ellen, I can't think how people do things. That Matthew Lynch, when he strung up his son from the window in Galway, with all the people looking on below; and Connor of the double-sword, when he struck off the spy's head as he sat at table—how did they make their hands move when the moment came? mine would not. I have often pictured myself doing such things; but when I was there—when I saw it—when it lifted its eyes to my face and whined—I could not—my hands would not. Never again shall I be able to fancy myself doing a thing. How horrid it is!"

"Oh, Connor, dear, I hope you never will! Not anything dreadful like that! Pelham would never have forgiven you. How could you ever think of doing such a wicked thing?"

"He threatened me, and that was what drove me to try. I was in the yard while he was feeding Lictor, and it put me past all patience to see how he fondled the ugly brute and let it lick his face. I thought I would put an end to that, and show him he could not lord it over us all here yet; so, when he and everyone else had gone in to dinner, I took one of the pistols from my father's case, those he keeps loaded, and went out again; there was no one in the yard but James Morris. It was nearly dark. Lictor was lying still after his feed. I went quite close up to him, and held the pistol to his head, and then I found out that about myself I told you of."

"Connor, I am so glad; it was a wicked thing you wanted to do, and Someone [Ellen bowed her head] hindered you. I am glad."

"I believe I am glad too. Glad that I did not do it—not that I could not—that part disgusts me. I would not have Pelham know for the world; he would despise me more than ever. You may depend upon it, when he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it."

"But he never thinks of such outrageous things to do."

"However, you are not to suppose that I have given in to him about Lictor yet."

"Oh, Connor!"

"Don't cry out! I'm not going to hurt the brute, or let anyone else hurt him; but I shall keep my word about his not staying here. I came up to tell you, because you are sure to be the first person questioned, and you had better be on your guard as to what you say. James Morris is waiting for me now in the yard, and we have concocted a capital plan together. Lictor is always unchained at ten o'clock, and let roam about the grounds till morning—at least Pelham thinks so—but already the boys are too many for him. To-night James will manage as he has done before to muzzle Lictor tight and lead him out of the yard. There'll be a car waiting at the corner of the road to take Murdock's grandmother, who has come to see him, back to her cabin, if anybody asks what it is there for; but the old lady 'll stay quietly enough in the house till morning; it's the dog, and James, and me, that the car will carry away. I shall take Lictor to a place among the hills that I know of, where there are boys who to please me would hide bigger things than a dog, so that it would take sharp eyes to find it. There he shall stay, till Pelham gives in, owns we're too many for him, and consents to send his pet back to England."

"Con, I don't like it. Pelham does love his dog, and he'll be so bitterly angry."

"How many more boys would you like to see kilt before somebody pistols the animal, for that'll be the end of him if he stays here?"

"Oh, dear, there is the dining-room

door opening—I must go down in a minute. Shall you come back before night?"

"No, I'm going too far away for that; and, Ellen, do you know I've an idea of not coming back at all for a day or so, till the storm's blown over. It would be capital fun being lost. The boys up there, where I'm going, trust me enough to hide me for as long as I choose to keep out of the way. Whatever I see, they know I shall never tell, and I've a fancy for seeing."

"Connor, you dreadful boy, you must not; mamma would go out of her mind. Imagine all Uncle Charles would say. Even papa would be angry. For my sake give up that part of the scheme at least. Is it not to Hill Dennis's place you are going? Red-haired Dennis, who brought Pelham back from the bog when he was a boy."

"You had better not know, and then when the row begins, you can't be bullied into telling."

"No, I won't know, but I can't help guessing. You said up among the hills. You will be near enough to Good People's Hollow, to go there the first thing in the morning, before they inquire for you here. Promise me to go there, Connor, or else I won't keep the secret. Then, at breakfast to-morrow morning. I can say you have gone over to see Cousin Anne. It will keep mamma from being anxious, and if Cousin Anne gets to know all this trouble, she will come over and put us all to rights."

"It's not a bad idea. I believe the hiding will be most complete that way. There will be nothing odd in my having gone over to the Lodge before breakfast; no one will suspect me of taking Lictor there. He will seem to have been spirited away, and no one will ever get a word of the truth out of James Morris. I should like to see Pelham's face when he comes up to the empty kennel to-morrow, and James begins to blarney him."

"I shall not like to see it. You know, Con, I am always on your side whatever you do; but I shall not be able to help being sorry for Pelham. It's a harder thing for him to be made angry than it is for you or me. He can't forgive as we can, because it has been such much greater pain. I know that about him, though he says so little."

"Well, but you'll keep the secret whatever comes? Beyond all, don't let out a hint of James Morris or Red-haired Dennis being in it. What would they say through the country if Miss Eileen turned informer? I'm going to bed now—you understand—tired out with nursing Murdock Malachy all the afternoon. As you open the drawing-room door, I shall be shutting myself into my bedroom with a good loud clap."

"No don't, Connor dear, that's just a useless bit of the scheming I wish you were not so fond of. No one will ask for you, for I think the elders are all busy about something to-day, and have no thoughts to spare for us. I shall keep close to the piano all the evening, and play all the vulgarest jigs and dances I know, to please Mr. O'Roone, and set Uncle Charles off talking to papa and mamma about his daughters' music-lessons, and the grand German and Italian music they perform. I know how quiet that keeps everybody."

CHAPTER V.

The world, or at least the secluded nook of it in which Happy-go-Lucky Lodge nestled, seemed to have been plunged bodily under water for a day, and lifted up again to dry in the sun, so pure and vividly green, and sparkling with diamond drops, were every blade of grass and clump of fern and flowery gorse bush within its hill-enclosed circle, when Connor next morning reached the turn in the steep road at which the little valley first burst upon his view. It was early, but the range of hills towards the east was broken by a cleft, through which the morning sunshine streamed in solid-looking rays, that made the green fields and tiny garden plots round the cabins glow like emeralds, and brought out in

strong contrast the soft lilac shadows on the opposite hills, and the purple gloom of the mountains in the distance. Connor was too full of his own affairs to have much thought to bestow on the beauty of the morning, yet he could not help pausing for a minute before he began the rugged descent into the hollow to glance around him. It looked like a nook dropped among the hills and forgotten. Yet, in spite of its seclusion, an air of brisk life and activity pervaded the place. Already Connor could catch the sound of voices, and descry strings of figures verging from different quarters towards a group of buildings that occupied the centre of the valley.

The principal of these, a tall white house, was situated on a jutting-out mass of rock, that had been turned into an island by the waters of a little mountain stream that, after running impetuously down the hills on the western side, suddenly, on reaching the middle of the valley, spread itself out into a shallow pool, and had once lost itself altogether in swamps and bog-land, but was now by judicious violence obliged to gather its waters together a few yards below the stone house, and keep a meandering course through reclaimed plots of potato grounds and meadow land till it found a vent among the eastern hills. The rocky prominence rose some height above the level of the water, and just afforded space for the tall white house, each corner of which was rounded off into a projecting turret. The front of the house was connected with the mainland by a wide-arched bridge, and facing each of the four turrets stretched four long, narrow, red brick buildings, which, seen from the height on which Connor stood, seemed to hang down like ropes from the airy white building on the island, and fasten it solidly to its bearings on the firm earth as the suspending threads of a spider's web hold it safely swaying in the air.

It was towards these buildings that the children from the cottages and hill-sides were wending their way, and as Connor approached the house he heard their voices rising through the open windows from one quarter, in the loud buzz of repeated lessons; from the other in songs mingled with the click of tools and the hum of wheels that told of some sort of manufactory being carried on within. He knew the ways of the Happy-go-Lucky establishment too well to have any curiosity to look in at the work-rooms. The gates of the farm-yard and flower-garden, which had to be passed through before reaching the head of the bridge, were wide open, free to anyone to pass through, and the first person Connor encountered was a wooden-faced old man, seated on a horse-block, with his elbows on his knees, staring disconsolately at the *débris* of a carriage which lay in a heap in the middle of the yard, and every now and then shaking his head vehemently and making a threatening gesture towards it with his fist. Connor's "Good morning, Peter Lynch. Is that your fine three-wheeler you have got in ruins there?" elicited only a growl such as might have been drawn from a sullen bear by vehement poking, and as his further question as to whether Miss O'Flaherty was at home received only for answer a gesture of the man's thumb towards one of the turrets, he walked on without any further attempts at conversation.

The front door, though it faced the bridge with a flight of white stone steps and a bright knocker, was the last place by which anyone thought of entering the Lodge. Con passed it as a matter of course, and made the circuit of the building, looking into three of the turret bay-windows as he passed till he came to the fourth where, finding what he was in search of, he calmly crossed his arms on the low sill, put his head in at the window, and waited till the occupant of the room should chance to look his way.

Breakfast was laid out on a small table, close to a cosy-looking turf fire, before which two little white-capped maidens were busy making toast and boiling eggs, with a good deal of the bustle and importance of juvenile cooks. They were the first to spy Connor at the window, but he made a hasty sign to them to be silent, and the

little giggles into which they exploded at the sight were evidently too ordinary accompaniments of their work to attract the attention of a lady who lay half-reclined on a sofa in the window recess, only separated from the open window and from Connor's head by a narrow table, which held her books and work. She had evidently been trying to do two or three things at a time. The table was covered with a quantity of feathers of various colours, which she had been sorting into heaps. She held a little bunch suspended in one hand, but the other was busily turning over the leaves of a large book that lay in her lap, and her eyes were so intently devouring its pages that neither Connor's proximity, nor the twitches at her hair of a tame raven that had perched itself on her shoulder expectant of its breakfast, had power to draw them away. Connor looked straight down into her face, but not a muscle of it changed. It was a pleasant face to look down into: the hair at which the raven was pulling was partly hidden under a falling black lace handkerchief, knotted under the chin; the bright colouring of youth had long since faded out of it, but its pale yellow tints, deadened with streaks of grey, still had a softening and brightening effect on the rather strongly-marked features and high wide brows round which it was bound. The cheeks, though lined and worn, had not lost their original delicate pink and white; and even the absorbed attention to which the face was composed, did not quench an expression of energy and alertness that was almost youthful.

Connor's patience was exhausted when the third leaf was turned; the toast and eggs were growing cold on the table, and he was hungry. He leaned a little further into the room, and blew a cloud of feathers into the wrapt reader's face. She looked up suddenly, but without start or exclamation—rather with an air as if she had been so far away it took a second or two to get back again; and Connor, propping his elbows on the window-sill again, and dropping his face between his hands, had the first word.

"So, Cousin Anne, you and Peter Lynch have come to grief with the three-wheeler. I thought, between you, you had built a carriage that could not be overturned. How was it?"

Full consciousness came back with a flash into the blue eyes in which years had not extinguished the mirth.

"It was not our fault; certainly not Peter Lynch's. By all rules of mechanism that ever were ruled the thing could not have overturned. I stick to that and by Peter, whatever anyone says."

"In spite of broken limbs got in the overthrow?"

"No; only a sprained ancle. I tell Peter, to comfort him, that it might just as well have happened any other way—in crossing the bridge, or coming downstairs. Nothing's easier."

"Ah, but it was done in an overthrow of the three-wheeler. The great prime minister driving you himself, eh?"

"Well, yes, Peter was driving."

"I only hope it has overturned his conceit a little. I see it has brought him to his dumb condition, for he would not speak a word to me as I passed through the yard. To the condition of owning that he and you could make a mistake I suppose nothing will ever bring him."

"And we have not made a mistake; the three-wheeler is an admirable invention, and could not have been overturned if by ill-luck it had not been built the least taste of an inch higher in the back than I intended. As soon as I am well, and Peter has recovered his spirits, we shall set to work to build another. You heard of the accident yesterday at Castle Daly, I suppose, and your father good-naturedly sent you off to triumph over me?"

"Well, no, not exactly; it was Ellen that told me to come here."

"Why don't you jump over the sill, then, and sit down to breakfast."

"I'm waiting for you to tell me I'm welcome."

"Of course you're welcome. Would you like me to say 'as flowers in May' —or what form of flattery will satisfy you?"

"Say 'under all circumstances.' If I were a thief running away from justice, for example, should I be kindly welcome then?"

"What ridiculous humour is the boy in this morning?"

"It would be so pleasant to know I could never come amiss to you. And there are a great many different ways of thieving. One might have to steal something at some time in one's life, on principle, for the glory of God and the Church, as Henry II. stole Ireland, and as all the fierce O'Flahertys of old times fleeced the poor-spirited Lynches of Galway, leaving you one for your bond slave, or bond master. Which is it now?"

"If it is only nonsense about O'Flahertys and Lynches you are talking, you had better come in and eat your breakfast before the eggs are cold. You must have left home in the middle of the night. How come you here so early?"

"There was a car coming along with one of the boys, and he brought me to the turn of the road. But I *am* hungry. I say, Anne, if you have one of your famous fish pies in the larder, it would not be amiss to send for it. It's best to be candid on such points, you know; and, as I said before, I just am hungry."

Anne laughed, and ordered the pie. By the time half of it was dispatched, Connor's tongue was at leisure for conversation again.

"Well, if there's a capital dish anywhere it's a 'Happy-go-Lucky' fish pie. No one like you for turning out a good thing to eat, Cousin Anne."

"If there's a boy anywhere great at the blarney, it's Connor Daly."

"But how about the supply of fish? Have you completed your invention yet for making the fish catch themselves on rods stuck through the walls of the house, and ring little bells at the same time to warn you to come and pull them in, as the fish of the monks of Cong used to do?"

"If we have not rivalled the monks of Cong yet we have no reason, as you see, to complain of a failure of provisions—and, by the way, you have come on a lucky day. The pond on the east of the house wants cleaning. They are going to let off the water to-day, and there will be a grand take of fish. As I can't look after it myself——"

"Thanks to Peter Lynch."

"And as poor Peter is a little out of spirits——"

"In a black temper."

"Out of spirits, you may as well go out and see the spoil divided. I have decided to give the fish to the women of the valley who can cook it properly. The bad cooks are to get nothing."

"I quite understand, such wretched creatures as refuse to follow 'Happy-go-Lucky' receipts deserve to starve. But, I say, Anne, who judges the cookery? Do you make them all bring little bits of their dinners for you to taste, that you may judge of their skill and obedience?"

"No, you saucy boy, I take the husbands' opinion about the cooking, and so you see if any of them have been mean-spirited enough to defame their wives, they'll suffer for it. Now, you may as well go off to the pond, for I have plenty to do this morning."

Cousin Anne betook herself again to her book and her feathers, but these only served as interludes to the real business of the day which thronged round her as the morning wore on. The Lodge stood conspicuous in the middle of the valley, and seemed to lie so directly in the way of all comers and goers, that no man or woman in the district thought of setting out on or returning from any business a little more important than ordinary, without turning in at the bridge-head, to tap at the window and consult the Lady, or report progress, on his or her proceedings. Now, it was a little group of children who came to show the baskets full of cranberries they had gathered since morning on the hills, and to receive the slice of white bread and butter which Miss O'Flaherty's little handmaidens were instructed to serve out to the possessor of the best-filled basket. Now, it was a man with an important face, carrying something mys-

teriously wrapped up in a red neckerchief, which something, when its bearer had filled up the window opening by thrushing his person through it, and bringing his face close enough to Miss O'Flaherty's to whisper in her ear, was discovered to be the sum of money received yesterday in Ballyowen market for a litter of pigs, and brought to the Lady, to be kept safe out of the way of an extravagant wife and grasping son, till its proper owner had studied what he wished to do with it.

A little later, it was a woman with wild black hair streaming over her shoulders and cloak awry, sobbing as she ran, who had come hot from a quarrel with her husband, and who would have made the whole place ring with her outcries, if Anne had not contrived to take possession of the hands she was wringing passionately, and draw her down into such a position within the window-seat that she could look straight into her eyes; after which the conference went on quietly, between eagerly-spoken complaints that changed by degrees into sobbing murmurs on one side, and short, soothing sentences extending into remonstrances and exhortations on the other.

"Eh, but it's your ladyship that leads the happy life intirely," said the poor woman, recovering herself sufficiently at last to draw the tear-drenched corner of her cloak from her eyes, and glance admiringly round the sunshiny room,—"wid nothing to do but plase yerself night and day, and never knowing what it is to have a man to contend wid. It's aisy talking for the like of you."

"I dare say you are right," said Anne O'Flaherty, smiling; "I don't suppose I do know as much about the real sorrows of life as do most of you women who come to me for advice; but you know, Biddy, it's standers-by that see furthest into the game; and any way it's not my own words I give you. 'Twas the wisest man ever lived wrote that little word, about the soft answer I want you to take home with you; and, for the rest, you're not the faint-hearted woman to be willing to give up your man for the first hard words that have passed between you. Go home and cook the fine fish I shall send you, for his supper, in a way that'll make him just ashamed of himself."

As interludes to the business of the elder people, Anne's attention was every now and then claimed by the occupants of the four buildings that flanked the house where the children of the valley were assembled, learning their lessons and practising one or other of the little arts that Anne had introduced among her people. In the midst of all came running messengers, bare-footed gossoons with elf-locks flying to report the progress of the operations that Connor and his party were carrying on at the pond below, and to carry back her instructions and congratulations on the success of their sport.

Connor was quite in his element, and did not allow himself to be troubled by any uneasy thoughts about the effect his disappearance might have produced at home. Ellen knew all about it, and might be trusted in any emergency that arose to look after his interests at all events. The habit of relying upon Ellen to bear the first brunt of the blame due to his escapades was of such old standing that the selfishness of the proceeding scarcely struck him. If he had been present and seen the trouble going on, he would have been forward enough to take his share, but out of sight of it he could no more help throwing himself with zest into any amusement that came in his way than he could help breathing.

Anne did not trouble him with embarrassing questions; it was not her way. People who came to her with anything on their minds, generally took her into their confidence before they had been many hours in her company; and she could always wait.

When the house was still in the evening, Connor took possession of a low seat by Anne's sofa, and amused himself by turning out a table-drawer which contained plans, drawings, and half-finished models of all the mechanical contrivances that had haunted

Anne's inventive brain since the last time he had weeded out her private repository; and when he had done criticizing and she defending these, he made her laugh by giving a representation of Sir Charles Pelham opening out his views on Ireland to his father and Mr. O'Roone. Only once in the course of the evening, when Anne, tired out with laughing and talking, lay back on her sofa to rest for a few minutes, was he in danger of telling his secret.

"Do you remember, Anne," he began, suddenly, after a little interval of silence, "one day last summer, when we drove down to the shore and brought back a quantity of shells you wanted for something you were making? Some of the shells turned out to have hermit crabs in them. I put them into a jar of salt water to keep them alive, and in the morning we found that they had fought and torn each other out of their shells. You cried about it. Yes, you did, Anne—I saw you. You said it was cruel to shut fierce creatures up in a small space, where there was nothing for them to do but tear each other to pieces."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, I was only thinking that I know people who are a good deal like those hermit crabs. Shut them up together even for a rainy day, and they fight not to death exactly; but they tear each other out of their shells—the worst parts of each other, you know; the vexation and dislike and contempt, that used to be so covered up, you did not know it was there. Such people had better get out of each other's way anyhow."

"I don't know about anyhow," said Anne, reflectively.

"Then just look here," Connor began, —but at that moment a bell in some downstairs region rang, and a troop of maidens flocked in for evening prayers. There was no opportunity for the conversation to be renewed that night, and as Connor went up to bed he could not help congratulating himself that his impulse towards confession had been arrested. Anne would not have given him any peace till he had restored Lictor to Pelham, if once she had heard the particulars of the quarrel. And Connor thought he might as well let himself have as long a respite as possible before disagreeable concessions had to be made.

It was not till the third morning, just as he and Anne and Peter Lynch, in recovered spirits, were engaged in an eager discussion over the best method of repairing the three-wheeled car, that he espied his father approaching the house on horseback.

"I think I shall go down to the old stone quarry, and watch the men blasting; they are at work there this morning," he said. "Here's my father coming to pay you a visit. He always likes to have you to himself, and you'll know where to find me when I'm wanted."

"Oh, Connor, then you have been doing something you are ashamed of. I did think you would have told me honestly, and not let me shelter you on false pretences," said Anne reproachfully.

"I'll come all right when I'm wanted; but you may just as well hear what he has got to say first; and, Anne, while you are listening, remember what I said to you about those precious hermit crabs, and you'll acknowledge that I was in the right in what I did."

"So you always are by your own account, Connor."

By this time Mr. Daly was near enough to the house for Anne to notice the attitude in which he sat his horse, and the general air of his figure.

"You had better shut the window, Peter," she said, "and wheel my sofa out of the recess, that the people may understand I am not to be interrupted. I shall not be able to think any more about the car to-day."

She felt sure that some deeper trouble was weighing on her cousin's mind than could be caused by any boyish misconduct of Connor's.

To be continued.

ON COAL AND COAL PLANTS.

When I remember how recently one of our most distinguished naturalists has delivered his opinions on the subject of coal,[1] I am somewhat appalled at my own temerity in risking comparisons by speaking upon the same subject. But, happily for me, science advances with rapid steps; and in even the brief interval which has elapsed since the delivery of Professor Huxley's magnificent address, the history of coal, and especially of coal-plants, has had much new light thrown upon it; consequently there is much to be said now, that could not have been said when that lecture was delivered. With that address within reach, it is not necessary to dwell at any great length upon the subject of coal. The time has gone by in which we are required to prove that it has had a vegetable origin. That which was, even within my own lifetime, a disputed proposition is now accepted as an established fact. Nearly every fragment of a fossil fern that we meet with, whether we exhume it from the coal shales of Lancashire, or from the oolitic ones of the Yorkshire coast, has its tissues converted into true coal, and that which has occurred in the case of individual plants could equally take place in masses of such plants. We have similar evidence showing the conversion of solid wood into coal. Nothing is more common than to find in the neighbourhood of Whitby the stems and branches of coniferous trees converted into jet, and jet is but a modified form of coal. We thus see that the soft and hard parts of plants are equally capable of being converted into that combustible mineral.

[1] Professor Huxley in his lecture at Bradford on the Formation of Coal; *Critiques and Addresses* (Macmillan & Co.), p. 92.

Long after these points were established, the mode in which the vegetable mass, subsequently converted into coal, was accumulated, continued to be a matter of serious debate. At an early period, Professor Brongniart suggested the probability that coal had originated in vast peat-bogs; but this conclusion was rejected by most of the English geologists, who adopted what was termed the drift theory, which regarded coal as resulting from masses of drifted trees, and other forms of vegetation, brought down the large rivers. It was supposed that these materials accumulated in estuaries and limited oceanic areas, where, after becoming water-logged, they sank to the bottom in sufficiently large masses to produce continuous beds of coal. Grave suspicion existed in the minds of several observers that this explanation did not cover all the known facts. The elder Brongniart had long ago called attention to the upright trees standing perpendicularly to the strata in the quarries of St. Etienne in France. Similar examples occurred in the north-eastern parts of our own island, and a bed of Equisetums, or horsetails, at Haiburn, on the Yorkshire coast, suggested to many observers the probability that some—if not all—of these erect plants must have grown in the positions in which they were found. Two observations virtually settled the question. One was the discovery of Mr., now Sir William Logan, that each bed of coal invariably rested upon a bed of fire-clay, which was full of the roots and rootlets of large trees, such roots being known as Stigmariæ. Such conditions suggested the probability that the fire-clay was once a fertile soil in which the trees to which the roots belonged had grown. The second was the discovery

of some gigantic trees exposed to view on cutting through the coal-measures at Dixon Fold, when constructing the railway between Manchester and Bolton. These trees belonged to the group known as Sigillariæ. The stems, some of which were twelve feet in circumference, stood vertically upon a bed of coal, whilst their huge roots plunged into the coal to reach the fire-clay underlying it. The obvious truth demonstrated by these examples could not fail to be rightly interpreted by two such experienced observers as Mr. Binney and the late J. E. Bowman, who at once adopted the theory that the plants which produced the coal must have grown on the spots where the coal is now found. Similar discoveries being made in various other coal-fields, especially in those of New Brunswick, the drift theory was rapidly supplanted by that of Mr. Bowman. The late Dr. Buckland announced his conversion to it at the meeting of the British Association, held at Manchester in 1842; and at the present time this theory finds an almost universal acceptance amongst geologists. This theory, though not exactly that of Brongniart, has its dominant feature in common with the conclusion arrived at by the learned French Professor, viz., that most of—if not all—the coal-plants grew on the areas on which we now find them. Coal, then, according to the modern hypothesis, is merely a transmuted vegetable soil which accumulated, not under water, but under the trees composing primæval forests. These forests stood on areas which were subjected to repeated changes of level in relation to that of the ocean. It must be understood that though the ground beneath us is popularly regarded as the type of everything steady and immoveable, this earth of ours is far from deserving the character for stability with which it is thus fondly credited; absolute rest is all but unknown to it. It happens that even at the present day there are certain regions, such as those subject to volcanic disturbances, whose tendencies are always to move upwards, like the more aspiring of our youths, while there are others, such as the coral regions, which are steadily sinking, like those less fortunate youths who have failed in the voyage of life. So it was in the olden time. The coal-beds appear to have accumulated on the latter class of areas—areas of depression—geographical regions in which the earth had a tendency to sink below the level of the ocean. Mud and silt had collected upon such areas until the deposits thus formed reached the surface-level of the water; and then came what appears to have been necessary to the growth of the coal-plants, namely, a bed of peculiar grey mud. We do not know why that mud came there, or whence it was derived. That it was very different from the ordinary deposits, the sandstones and shales, which accumulated in the carboniferous ocean, is shown by the physical properties which it still possesses, and which they do not possess—properties which fit it for the purpose to which it is now devoted, of being manufactured into fire-bricks, whence its common name of fire-clay. That this grey mud was the soil preferred by the great majority of the plants constituting the carboniferous forests is as obvious as that the oak woods of Herefordshire and the sunny south will not flourish upon the cold soils of the Lancashire uplands. Minute spores, representing the seeds of the plants which afterwards became coal, were floated to this mud by wind and water; and finding there a suitable soil, they germinated, struck root, and soon converted the swampy area into a magnificent forest. As the trees grew they shed successive showers of their microscopic spores, which often fell in such vast quantities as to constitute an important contribution to the accumulating vegetable soil; but along with them there fell other and more bulky objects, such as might be expected to accumulate under a semi-tropical forest. The dead leaves, broken branches, and prostrated stems, alike contributed a share to the decaying vegetable mass. In the tropical regions of the present day such accumulations become rapidly decomposed, and pass

away in gaseous forms; but such does not appear to have been the case in the carboniferous age—at least, not in the same degree. Even in Lancashire, notwithstanding all the influences tending to diminish the bulk of the vegetable mass—such as atmospheric decomposition—chemical changes occurring during the later processes of mineralization, and the pressure of superimposed rocks prolonged throughout all subsequent ages, we have coal-seams six and seven feet in thickness, whilst they occur in America, as for example in the oolitic coal-field on the James River, with the surprising thickness of between thirty and forty feet. Such accumulations of vegetable soil as these thicknesses of solid coal represent, almost exceed comprehension, and must indicate enormous periods of undisturbed forest-life. But at length a change came over the sylvan scene; the land sank—whether suddenly or slowly we have no means of saying. The numbers of dead fishes found on the roofs and upper portions of some coals seem to indicate a sudden rush of pure water over the land, followed by the quick destruction of the fishes, poisoned by the bituminous vegetable mud in which they found themselves entangled. In other cases the roof of clean blue shale, devoid of all appearance of either animal or vegetable remains, and resting immediately upon a defined surface of pure coal, is suggestive of a slower submergence, allowing time for the destruction and obliteration of all traces of growing vegetation upon its surface. The extent and duration of the submerged stage has varied, as also has, in all probability, the kind of water under which it sank. Whether the coal-measures are marine or freshwater deposits is still an open question, the answer to which depends partly upon the nature of certain bivalve shells (Anthracosiæ) found in connection with many of the coals. It is allowed by the advocates of the marine hypothesis, that the ganoid fishes so common amongst the carboniferous beds are as likely to be freshwater animals as marine ones—the only living ganoids with which we are acquainted being found in rivers and not in the sea; but the weight of this argument is materially reduced by the fact that in these palæozoic ages *all* the known fishes were either ganoids or placoids; and no one doubts for a moment that the great mass, even of the former, must have been marine, otherwise we obtain the *reductio ad absurdum* that there were no fishes in many of the ancient seas. But there remains a yet more conclusive argument in favour of the marine hypothesis. Many of the remains of fishes found both in the lowermost and in the uppermost coal-beds are those of placoids—ancient sharks, often of large size—and of many species. These fishes, which are quite as abundant in the carboniferous rocks as are the ganoids, were certainly marine animals, and indicate in an irrefragable manner the marine submergence of some at least of the coal-seams. But the probabilities of the case suggest the conclusion that the nature of the water would vary at different localities. We frequently meet with long narrow areas of sandstone ploughing their way through coal-seams which continue their uniform course right and left of these interruptions. We may conclude, with great probability, that such sudden interruptions to the continuity of the vegetable soil represent ancient creeks or estuaries which ran in amongst the forests, and which, doubtless, received their drainage in the shape of brooks and rivers. In such cases, submergence, if not too rapid, would cause the vegetable soil to be overflowed by freshwater—at least, over limited areas—but, in other instances, the numerous remains of sharks imbedded in the coal tell of the unmistakeable proximity of the sea.

The ultimate physical effects of these two agencies would be the same. Successive layers of sand and mud were deposited until the accumulations once more reached the surface, and the indispensable fire-clay again made its appearance. Then as now, nature demanded special preparations for each department of her arboricultural work.

"Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis."

The right conditions being provided, wind and water once more strewed the new-born soil with spores; a fresh springtime dawned upon the scene, clothing it with verdure; the young plants became matured trees; spiders and terrestrial shells crawled up their trunks; dragon-flies played amongst their branches, and strange reptiles—half-frogs, half-newts — crawled and swam in the neighbouring swamps. The cycle of events was once more completed, but only to share the fate of that which had preceded it. The changes upon which I have dwelt were repeated again and again, until the combined results of their recurrence through a vast epoch was the accumulation of that pile of deposits to which we apply the title of "Carboniferous," a pile which varies in thickness in different localities from three or four to eight or ten thousand feet.

The condition in which the plant-remains were preserved in these deposits varies greatly. In most instances we find the leaves and young branches imbedded in the coal shales, and themselves converted into the blackest coal. In other cases we find huge stems that have once been several feet in diameter, so flattened that their two sides, only represented by thin films of coal, are barely an inch apart. In other cases we see these stems standing erect upon the coal, plunging their vast roots through the vegetable mass into the underlying fire-clay; but a nearer examination of these upright stems reveals only a very thin outer cylinder of carbonaceous matter, filled, not with vegetable structures, but with a mass of inorganic clay or sandstone. A common explanation accounts for both the last-named conditions. Most of these plants had a pith surrounded by a woody axis, enclosed in its turn by a thick bark. All these structures were composed of fragile and easily-decomposed elements, save the outermost part of the bark. This latter consisted of a thin, but very tough, barous layer, which resisted decay better than the other tissue of the stem. In the prostrated fragments these thin cylinders of bark, deprived of all internal support, soon became compressed in the way described. The vertical stems underwent a different fate. Resisting decay longer than their prostrated neighbours, their bases became imbedded in the accumulating layers of sand and mud which adhered closely to their rough exteriors. They thus became firmly fixed in a cylindrical mould, and retained their rounded form, even when all their inner structures rotted away and were floated out by the invading waters. The thin hollow cylinder of fibrous bark now became quickly filled with such inorganic, or even organic, materials as those waters carried along with them. Mud and sand, fragments of other plants, shells, and even the bones of reptiles have been found in the interior of these upright trees, clearly testifying to the correctness of the above explanation of the conditions under which they are found.

Whilst these general truths have now met with almost universal acceptance, there are some secondary points noticed both in Professor Huxley's lecture, and in the writings of other observers, which require further notice. In that lecture my distinguished friend very properly laid stress upon the occurrence of certain minute bodies, of which traces were to be found in most coals, and which, in many examples of that mineral, existed in the greatest abundance. These minute bodies are shaped like old Roman coins, or like very small lentil-seeds. Closer examination showed them to be tiny bags, emptied of their contents and flattened by the same pressure which had compressed the larger tree-stems. These disks were first figured both in their vertical and horizontal sections by Witham of Lartington, in 1833,[1] but he was altogether at sea as to their real nature. They were subsequently noticed by Professor Morris, who first connected them with the re-

[1] The internal structure of the fossil vegetables found in the carboniferous and oolitic deposits of Great Britain, described and illustrated by Henry J. M. Witham of Lartington, Tab. 11, Figs. 4 and 5.

productive organs of the Lycopodiaceous plants. Dr. Dawson of Montreal and Dr. Balfour of Edinburgh also examined these objects, and they were finally brought prominently forward in Professor Huxley's Bradford Lecture.

Two questions arise here, to both of which I am compelled to give a different answer to those given by Professor Huxley. First, what are these bodies? and second, what are their true relations to the mass of the coal in which they are imbedded? Professor Huxley, following his predecessors, Morris, Balfour, and Dawson, designates the larger of these objects *Sporangia*, or spore-cases, and the very much smaller ones associated with them, spores, and concludes that these constituents of coal are the spore-cases associated with myriads of minute spores (the latter being often found, according to Huxley, in their normal position in the interior of the former) belonging to primæval, arborescent clubmosses. And reference is farther made to a genus of plants (*Flemingites*) established by Mr. Carruthers, which was supposed by that observer to possess similar sporangia. Much as I hesitate at differing from such eminent observers, I am compelled to do so in the present instance. However careful interpreters of nature may be, mistakes are for a time inevitable. They only become discreditable when adhered to in the face of demonstrative evidence. We are like men navigating the channel in foggy weather; very apt both to go the wrong way, and to come into collision with our fellow-navigators. But no harm results from either tendency, provided, on the one hand, we are willing to put up our helm in time, and on the other, hang over our ship's sides the fenders of good nature and mutual trustfulness.

I believe that these objects are all spores, and that no spore-cases, or sporangia, as they are technically termed, occur amongst them. If I take a ripe fruiting stem of a living clubmoss, or of a horsetail, and shake it over a sheet of paper, I shake out of it a quantity of fine dust, which is a mass of the spores of the plant—but the spore-cases, though ruptured to liberate their contained spores, remain behind, attached to their parent stems. In a word, the spores are *deciduous*, but the sporangia are not. Hence such wholesale showers of sporangia as Professor Huxley's hypothesis supposes would be an unknown phenomenon. An examination of these objects further sustains my view of them. Professor Huxley very correctly concludes that they fell from gigantic clubmosses; now the cones of these huge Lycopods, with which we are familiar under the name of Lepidostrobi, are of large size, and their sporangia are proportionately large. We find these Lepidostrobi in great numbers, and two facts almost invariably present themselves when we do so— First, the large sporangia are retained in their proper position in each cone, not being deciduous; but secondly, they are almost always collapsed, torn and empty, their contained spores having fallen to the ground, and it is these fallen spores which, in my opinion, constitute the objects to which Professor Huxley has again directed our attention. Their size and shape alike confirm this conclusion. As is well known, many of the recent Lycopods have two classes of these spores—large ones termed "macrospores," and small ones termed "microspores." Save in some ill-understood exceptional cases, the former objects, directly or indirectly, fulfil the functions performed by the pistil of a flowering plant, whilst the latter do the work of its stamens. The following table gives the approximate diameters, in fractional parts of an inch, of a series of spores of some recent cryptogamic plants, as well as such of the fossil ones met with in the coal-measures as alone appeared likely to have contributed similar elements to the formation of coal:—

Recent Forms.

Equisetum arvense	$\frac{1}{850}$
Lycopodium Selago, microspores . . .	$\frac{1}{680}$
Selaginella Selaginoides, microspores . .	$\frac{1}{400}$
,, ,, macrospores . .	$\frac{1}{30}$
,, Wallichii, microspores . . .	$\frac{1}{850}$
Isoetes lacustris, macrospores	$\frac{1}{13}$
,, ,, microspores	$\frac{1}{680}$
Pilularia globulifera, macrospores . . .	$\frac{1}{21}$
,, ,, microspores . . .	$\frac{1}{480}$

Fossil Forms.

Macrospores from coal when flattened by pressure. Sporangia of authors	$\frac{1}{15}$ to $\frac{1}{25}$
Macrospores uncompressed from a fire-clay underlying a coal seam .	$\frac{1}{40}$ to $\frac{1}{77}$
Macrospores from a Lepidodendroid cone from Burntisland	$\frac{1}{30}$ to $\frac{1}{40}$
Microspores from the same—	
Single spores	$\frac{1}{1400}$
Clusters of three or four . . .	$\frac{1}{850}$
Microspores from a cone (Triplosporites), described by the late Robert Brown	$\frac{1}{450}$
Macrospores from a Triplosporites, described by M. Brongniart . .	$\frac{1}{40}$
Macrospores from Lepidostrobus Levidensis (Binney)	$\frac{1}{20}$
Microspores of Calamostachys Binneyana, probably a Lycopodiaceous fruit	$\frac{1}{400}$
Microspores of Calamites . . .	$\frac{1}{250}$ to $\frac{1}{320}$
Asterophyllites (Volkmannia Dawsoni), probably Lycopodiaceous .	$\frac{1}{28}$

We learn from the above figures that the objects dwelt upon by Professor Huxley and previous authors find their parallels, so far as size is concerned, amongst the macrospores of recent and fossil Lycopodiaceous plants, and that such is their nature I have no doubt whatever. In the first place, the vast myriads of these objects which occur in some coals show that they must have been deciduous objects—objects which, when ripe, fell from their parent tree without the intervention of any other force than that derived from their own weight. But we know no recent Lycopods in which the *sporangia*, or spore-cases, are thus deciduous. These sporangia burst and liberate their contained spores, whether large or small, but the sporangia remain adherent to the fruit-axis. They shrivel up and decay, but never become detached. On turning to the objects themselves, we find structural facts sustaining the same conclusion. The sporangia of living cryptogams have invariably a very strongly marked cellular structure, and we find this structure repeated in the sporangia of all fossil cryptogams, whether Equisetaceous or Lycopodiaceous. But the outer walls of the macrospores are homogeneous and structureless, and the objects found in the coal are structureless also. The exterior surfaces of the recent macrospores are often tuberculated and variously sculptured. The macrospores from the Better-Bed coal of Bradford, specially noticed by Professor Huxley, have their surfaces tuberculated, giving them the appearance of an elastic bag tightly contracted upon a number of contained smaller objects. I presume it is this appearance which has suggested the idea that the microspores of the Better-Bed coal contained spores. But these tubercles are wholly superficial and not internal. Again Dr. Huxley has called attention to three elevated lines which radiate from a central point on one side of each of these objects. These ridges he regards as "the expression of three clefts which penetrate one wall of the bag." Similar marks are present in most cryptogamic spores, whether large or small, and do not represent clefts, but the boundary lines of the flat surfaces of an obtuse three-sided pyramid. These spores almost always develop in clusters of three, or more generally four, in the interior of a mother-cell. Consequently each spore, when detached from those which combined with it to form a rounded cluster, resembles an obtuse pyramid, with three flat sides and a convex base. The flat sides are the results of the mutual compression of the spores constituting each cognate cluster; and the radiating lines, which look like clefts—especially when the spores are flattened by pressure—are but the ridges bounding those faces. The angle at which those ridges converge was directed towards the centre of each perfect cluster, and was the only point at which all its four spores came into mutual contact. This arrangement will be readily understood if we divide a round apple or turnip into four equal three-sided pyramids, by first cutting out one such wedge with its apex directed to the centre of the sphere, and then dividing the remainder into three equal parts, intersecting it along the grooves corresponding with the angles of the detached pyramid; all the four portions will fit together in precisely the same way as do the four spores

in the interior of the mother-cell, of which they once constituted the protoplasm.

The second question asked,—viz., What are the relations subsisting between the spores and the coal in which they are imbedded?—is as scientifically important as the preceding one. On examining a thin section made vertically through a favourable piece of coal, we see in it numerous examples of these little compressed macrospores, of a reddish colour and translucent aspect, imbedded in layers of a more opaque and black substance. In the latter we further see innumerable points of very minute size, which also exhibit a similar translucency, and which are in all probability the remains of microspores. But associated with these is a third element. On taking an ordinary piece of coal into the hand, it will generally exhibit at least two bright shining surfaces, which can be touched without much defilement. These smooth sides will further be observed to be marked by numerous parallel lines. A blow with a hammer applied to one of these sides will readily cause the coal to break in the plane of one or more of the parallel lines; and the surfaces thus exposed will generally be seen to be composed of "mineral charcoal;" that is of small fragments of vegetable tissues more or less disorganized, but the organized nature of which can readily be seen with the help of an average pocket lens. It will also be observed that this is the part of the coal which "grimes" the fingers of those who handle it. We thus have in coal three distinct elements: mineral charcoal, spores of various sizes, and black coally matter. Professor Huxley and myself are agreed respecting the nature of the mineral charcoal; but we differ as to the origin of the other, or third portion of the coal. He believes it to be the result of a carbonization of the spores; thus assigning to these minute objects the principal part in the production of coal. On the other hand, this coally matter appears to me to have resulted from the disorganization of the mineral charcoal. We have already seen that not only did dead leaves and branches accumulate on and in the vegetable soil, but that all the portions of giant stems, except the outermost layer of the bark, exhibited a strong tendency to decay. Anyone who has watched the rotting of some dead tree, knows how its woody portion tends to separate into small square or cubic fragments; and it is similar fragments of ancient carboniferous vegetation that constitute the mineral charcoal. Hence we should expect *à priori* that a general accumulation of half-decayed vegetation would enter into the composition of all coals. Judging from what takes place around us, we might anticipate that the mixed vegetable mass would gradually be converted into a kind of humus, and that further chemical changes would finally convert this into the black part of the coal. The spores of cryptogamic plants being invested, like the seeds of flowering plants, with an outer covering intended to resist decay, would tend to remain undecomposed, though the germination of their contained protoplasm would often leave them torn and fragmentary.

Two methods of enquiry suggested themselves as necessary to test the two opinions. One was to see if those qualities which distinguish a good coal were associated with an abundance of spores; the other was to see how far coally matter could be detected in its transitional state from the condition of spores on the one hand, or of mineral charcoal on the other.

I soon found, after making an extensive investigation of nearly all the coals occurring in the celebrated Worsley collieries belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, that abundance of spores and the best quality of coal were not convertible terms. Some of the rich cannels had very few spores in them, though such as did exist were sufficiently conspicuous, whilst in other coals (of which that from the Bins mine was a notable instance) the coal was almost worthless, though the specimens examined contained an abundance of spores. But in addition to this, I

possess fragments of fire-clay crowded with macrospores, but exhibiting none of the properties of coal. Fragments of ironstone, equally full of spores, tell the same tale. Thus we appear to have good coal with few spores, and masses of spores which are not coal.

On making a series of preparations of coal, to test, if possible, the nature of the bodies from which the black coaly matter is derived, I soon found evidence of the conversion into it of the mineral charcoal. In no coal did I find this evidence more unmistakeable than in fragments of the Better-Bed coal of Bradford, which is of all others the most remarkable for the number, size, and beautiful preservation of the macrospores with which it abounds. Specimens of this coal, which a low magnifying power showed to be masses of mineral charcoal, were seen, when ground very thin and examined under a higher power, to be reduced to exactly the same mineral condition as the black coal, the origin of which is *sub judice.* Therefore, whilst Professor Huxley considers that—"Coal is composed of two constituents; firstly, mineral charcoal, and, secondly, coal proper"—including in the latter term the products of altered spores—I should say that coal is composed of two constituents: mineral charcoal in various degrees of disorganization, and spores. It is a fact of some interest, bearing on the above question, that the oolitic coal of Cloughton, on the north-east coast of Yorkshire, though a bituminous coal, contains no trace whatever of spores, and no wonder, because the oolitic strata in its vicinity contain none of the plants from which, as we shall shortly see, such spores must have been derived.

Within the last few years our knowledge of the plants constituting the forests and undergrowth of the carboniferous period, has undergone an important increase. The study of their external forms was for long far in advance of that of their internal organization. The latter branch of enquiry originated with Witham of Lartington, but for some years after his death it made little progress. A fragment of a Lepidodendron, obtained by the Rev. Vernon Harcourt, and a yet smaller one of a Favularia, described by M. Adolphe Brongniart, of Paris, with the addition of some pieces of stems supposed to belong to plants allied to the firs and pines, long constituted our only guides in this direction. But we are now reaping a rich harvest in this field. Carboniferous beds at Autun, in France, and similar ones discovered at Oldham, near Manchester (by Mr. Binney), at Halifax, at the Isle of Arran, and at Burntisland, in Fifeshire, have supplied us with rich materials for studying the vegetable sources of our coal-fields.

Such studies resolve themselves into the two groups already indicated, viz., those of external form, and those of internal organization. Unfortunately, these two enquiries do not always run parallel to each other. We have all seen the close of some great gathering, where the departing guests were hunting for their coats. There were human bodies and outward vestments which undoubtedly fitted one another; but the difficulty was to bring together the coat and its owner. So it is with these plants; we have got many inner bodies; and we are certain that they belong to some of the outward vestments that are strewed in such rich confusion throughout our coal shales. In many cases we have succeeded in uniting those that belonged to each other. In others, coats remain without bodies, and bodies without coats.

It will be impossible for me to dwell upon all the names that come before us in connection with this work, but in addition to those already mentioned, those of Cotta, Corda, Ettinghaussen, Geinitz, Germar, Binney, and Carruthers, stand prominent as leaders in the career of Phytological discovery.

The great truth demonstrated by these investigators was more or less indicated through inferential arguments; especially by Brongniart, who, from the study of outward forms, concluded that the plants of the coal-measures were referable to three or four great groups of cryptogamic

plants, and to one of conifera, or pines. Thus of the former we have representatives of the Equiseta, or horsetails; of the Lycopods, or clubmosses, and of the ferns, along with a number of other plants, whose relationships are yet as doubtful as those of a notorious individual now occupying a conspicuous position in our law courts.

The Equiseta, or horsetails, are represented by the Calamites which, more than any other class of fossil plants, have been literally misrepresented in the strangest manner. We found certain transversely-jointed and longitudinally-grooved fossils, often covered with a thin layer of coal, and from their reed-like aspect Schlotheim called them *Calamites.* Then some specimens were found in which this jointed axis was invested by a woody or vascular cylinder. These were separated from the rest by Brongniart and others, under the name of Calamodendra, and believed by them to constitute a distinct group, belonging to the tribe of pines or conifers. I think I am not presuming when I affirm that these points are now conclusively settled. The Calamite was a plant which, like the recent Equisetum, had originally a cellular pith separated from a cellular bark by a ring of small canals; at the outer margin of each canal there appeared a small cluster of vessels; the circle of canals and vessels representing a woody zone, separating the pith from the bark. In this state the plant is a true Calamite, and believed by Brongniart to be Equisetaceous. But as the plant grew, changes were wrought in its interior organization. Season after season saw additional vessels added to the exterior of the small clusters already attached to each canal, constituting collectively as many wedges of wood as there were canals. As further additions were made in the same centrifugal direction, the wedges increased in width as well as in depth; vertical layers of cells, or medullary rays, were now introduced into the wedges separating the vessels of each wedge into a number of similar thin vertical series, until at length, in some instances, this vascular cylinder attained to a thickness of at least two inches.

But side by side with these changes others were going on. The cellular pith became hollow, and was reduced at a very early stage to a very thin layer lining the central cavity. Hence, when mud and sand found their way into the interior of the pith-cavities, the little remaining pith did not prevent these inorganic elements from moulding themselves upon the inner margin of the woody wedges, and thus becoming longitudinally grooved; whilst, as the pith retained more or less of its primary thickness at each joint or node, it occasioned a transverse construction of the cast at this point. We thus see that the Calamites with which we first became acquainted, are mere casts of the interior of the living plant, and the coaly film with which such casts are often invested is but a threadbare remnant of the wood and bark which once constituted the true plant. But the bark also grew. I have a large specimen before me in which there is a thin cellular inner bark—what botanists call parenchyma—and an outer one nearly two inches thick, composed of narrow, oblong cells, almost indistinguishable from those constituting the bark of the Lepidodendron noticed below. In this specimen we have a plant with a pith and pith-cavity an inch in diameter. Two inches of a wood cylinder, and two more of a bark cylinder on each side, give us a total diameter of seven inches at least. But another pith-cast before me has a diameter of three inches. A *Calamites gigas* figured by Brongniart, had a pith-cast six inches in diameter; but most marvellous of all is a specimen which my colleague, Mr. Boyd-Dawkins, informs me he saw recently in the museum at Lyons, in which this cast was between two and three feet in diameter! If the wood and bark of these plants were proportionately thick, these specimens must have belonged to noble forest trees throwing the dwarf horsetails of our ditches and marshes into utter insignificance. They supported numerous whorls of delicate branches, which in turn were clothed with whorls

of small leaves, though many of the branches and leaves hitherto supposed to be those of Calamites belong to another and distinct group—that of the Asterophyllites. The same remark applies to the supposed fruits of Calamites. What I believe to be the true calamitean fruit is an altogether different structure to that commonly referred to these plants. It was a small spike so densely packed with spores and sporangia as to constitute a solid mass—very different from the lax structures terminating the stems of living horsetails.

If we had been privileged to gaze from some eminence upon a carboniferous forest, the plants which would chiefly have arrested our sight would have been the Lycopods, or ancient clubmosses. Visit the grassy moorlands of our more elevated hills, and you find living clubmosses creeping upon the ground; enter a New Zealand forest, and you discover them rising two or three feet into the air, but beyond this they never aspire at the present day; cut across one of their slender stems, which sadly lack some buttress to sustain them in an upright position, and you find in the centre of each either a single bundle or a cluster of bundles of vessels, scarcely so thick as an ordinary knitting-needle. This is their vascular axis—the only one that they possess; whilst the thickest of their stems, wood and bark together, rarely exceeds the diameter of a thick knitting-needle. How different their ancient representatives! We see in imagination a stem rising like

"The mast
Of some great ammiral,"

its base measuring ten or twelve feet round, its stem tapering upwards and ending in a vast cluster of ever-dividing branches densely clothed with slender or closely-fitting leaflets; whilst from the ends of longer or shorter twigs there hang innumerable cones sometimes a foot or more in length. Huge roots spread for many yards away from the central stem—the British oak itself not being more firmly planted in its native soil than were these ancient Lycopods in theirs. The bark covering their stems was sometimes impressed with the diamond-shaped scars of the Lepidodendron and the lozenges of the Favularia, at others sculptured with the vertical ridges and furrows of the Sigillaria, which, in this part of the world at least, was but a modified Lycopod.

It is easy to understand that the delicate organization of the living Lycopods was wholly unfitted to sustain trees which towered a hundred feet into the air. A structure suited to their wants, and differing widely from that of living plants, was given them—though it is not difficult to trace relations between the primæval and modern types of structure. In the youngest twig of a Lepidodendron there was a small central bundle composed of a mixture of vessels and cells. As the twig grew, the vessels formed themselves into a distinct cylinder, to the centre of which all the cells retreated to form a pith; whilst, external to the vascular ring, we can generally observe a bark consisting of three layers, all the elements of which exist in a rudimentary form in one or other of living Lycopods. Further growth is accompanied by an enlargement of the vascular cylinder, by a continued increase in the number of its component vessels, from which proceed outwards all the vascular bundles going off to the leaves. Of the structure of the roots at this stage we have no knowledge. But a new and more external growth now begins to form, whilst the old processes continue their action. The innermost layer of the bark becomes instrumental in developing layer after layer of vessels, arranged in lines radiating outwards from the existing vascular cylinder towards the bark. These layers obviously correspond with the woody zone of the Calamites, and have no existence in living Lycopods. With the formation of this exogenous growth commenced the development of those permanent roots with which we have so long been familiar under the name of Stigmariæ. The inner cylinder which communicated directly with the leaves did not extend into these roots, though the pith within it did do so. Hence the exogenous

layers were the only vascular channels through which the vessels of the rootlets could communicate with the subaerial stem. Thus the sap absorbed by the rootlets must have ascended by the exogenous layers, and then passed laterally into the vessels of the inner vascular cylinder, so as to reach the leaves. This exogenous axis became, as might be expected, of large size, though less so proportionately to the diameter of the entire stem, than in some other plants, in consequence of the great thickness of the outer bark. We thus have combined in one structure all the three apparently distinct types of organization hitherto known under the technical names of Lepidodendron, Diploxylon, and Stigmaria. Dr. Dawson has described a type of structure in some Canadian stems which differs from what I have described, but since I have found nothing exactly ike it in any of our European fossils, I can merely allude to it in this brief manner.

Most interesting of all are the fruits of the Lycopodiaceous fossils, because it is from them that have been derived the numerous spores which enter into the composition of coal. As in the living Lycopods, some species have borne cones containing two classes of spores, large and small, having, as already observed, different reproductive functions; others appear to have but one class—that of small ones, or microspores. On this point we yet require more light than we at present possess, notwithstanding what has been done in the investigation of Lepidostrobi by Dr. Hooker, Mr. Binney, and Mr. Carruthers. The English cones in which large spores or microspores have been discovered are very few in number. It is therefore difficult to understand whence the numbers of these objects contained in some of the more bituminous coals have been derived. At the same time, an observer who shakes a ripe fruit of a single horsetail over a sheet of paper, will learn how marvellous an amount of reproductive spores can be liberated from one small organism. Further research will most probably show that most of the common fossil cones which we call Lepidostrobi contained both classes of spores.

Closely allied to the Lycopods are the interesting leaved plants known as Asterophyllites and Sphenophylla, whose little leaflets are strung upon a slender twig in successive whorls. These plants have had much difficulty in finding a final, comfortable resting-place. Some of them have been believed to be aquatic plants. Some writers have regarded the whole as the branches and leaves of Calamites. Both these opinions are wide of the truth. The stems of these plants had an internal organization very distinct from that of all other stems. The youngest twig consists of a cellular mass with a curious triangular bundle of vessels running along its centre. Around this, successive layers of large vessels were added externally, until the triangular bundle was converted into a cylindrical rod. The exogenous growth then began anew; a ring of small vessels was now added, serving as a new point of departure for numerous successively added layers, until the twig became a tree. The fruit of these plants also is quite distinct from that of all other carboniferous plants. But the affinities of both fruits and stems are with the Lycopods rather than with any other of the carboniferous types.

Amongst the earliest carboniferous plants to attract attention were the ferns—as they are perhaps the most abundant products of the carboniferous shales. With the exception of a number of tree-ferns found in continental deposits, we have hitherto been unable to ascertain the inner organization of one of the many genera and species with the outer forms of which we are familiar. We are now in a better position. Numerous undoubted fern-structures have already been brought to light, both in British deposits and in the French ones of Autun, where Professor Renault is working so satisfactorily. But what is yet more important, in one or two instances we can go yet further. Many of these newly-discovered organisms are petioles, or leafstalks, which usually have a very different structure from that of their parent stems. One of these leafstalks (Zygopteris) my friend Professor Renault has

fortunately indentified with its stem, though not with its leaves. Another, to which I gave the name of Edraxylon, I have now connected with the leaves of a Pecopteris, and with one of those curious modifications of the genus in which the leafstalks are covered over with small warty projections, as is the case with some of the tree-ferns of the present day. Numerous other structures are known, but not yet identified with their outward forms.

It is remarkable how few of the carboniferous ferns have the spore-cases with which every fern-collector is familiar attached to their fronds, and the fact is the more inexplicable since in the little oolitic deposits of the Yorkshire coast so large a number of the specimens found have these masses of spores in their natural positions. I suspect that the carboniferous ferns must have been exposed to the action of water before they became finally imbedded in mud and sand. We have found a few isolated spore-cases of these plants in the Lancashire beds; but if spore-cases contribute to the formation of coal, we should have expected that fern sporangia—which are so easily identified, owing to the peculiarity of their form — would have been very abundant, and this is not the case. I have obtained one fern petiole from Lancashire which teaches an important lesson, to which I shall shortly refer. It is as yet without a name. I have also obtained evidence indicating that a remarkable plant from Burntisland, which I have described under the name of Heterangium Grievii, is a fern stem, a discovery which involves some important physiological conclusions. There remains for notice the important group of the conifers, or plants allied to the pines. We find in the coal-measures numerous fragments of hard wood, which appear to have been drifted, and which exhibit the internal structures of the Araucarias, or pines of the Southern hemisphere; but the trees to which these fragments belong do not appear to have grown along with the Lepidodendron and Calamites. We have found no trace of any foliage that we can identify with these stems and branches. The rich deposits near Oldham, from which we have drawn so many of our treasures, very rarely furnish these fragments, but they are more abundantly intermingled with the other plants in the Halifax storehouse. It is also a curious fact that in a thick sandstone deposit occurring at Peel, in Lancashire, we find a thin belt of nuts called Trigonocarpa, which Dr. Hooker believes to have been coniferous, and which in all probability were the fruits of our coniferous stems. These nuts have evidently been transported from some forest which overhung water whose currents first floated them to a distance, and then cast them upon a sandy shore—as we now see long bands of vegetable *débris* strewing our coasts, for miles, after days of storm and flood. Facts like these lead me to infer that the conifers of the coal-measures known to us by the name of Dadoxylon, probably grew on drier uplands than did the vast mass of the carboniferous plants, and consequently were less liable to submergence, their broken fragments and detached fruits only reaching the submerged areas in the shape of driftwood—as cocoa-nuts are sometimes known to be cast upon shores distant from those upon which the parent trees flourish.

Besides the plants to which I have directed attention, we have obtained several others of which we know the organization, but of the true affinities of which we are yet in doubt. It would not be interesting to dwell upon these forms. I have already said, of one of them, the Heterangium Grievii, which I have so named in honour of my friend, G. Grieve, Esq., the discoverer of the Burntisland beds, and which exhibits the most remarkable organization of any of our coal-measure plants—that I have much reason to believe that it will prove to be a fern. There are other plants of which we know the outward forms, but of which we have not yet ascertained the structure. These, likewise, need not detain us.

Some important conclusions bearing upon the distribution of plants in time grow out of the facts that have been

ascertained. There is no question that the great groups of Calamites, Lepidodendroid plants, ferns, and Asterophyllites, were cryptogamic plants, and there is much reason for believing that the Dadoxylons were gymnospermous exogens. Thus the latter belonged to that division of the flowering plants which is represented by the pines and firs. Various other plants have from time to time been included in the flowering list. Thus the curious plant called Antholithes was supposed to be a flowering plant, allied to the broomrapes, but that idea is now abandoned. Another plant which the German botanist Corda designated Palmacites carbonigerus was supposed to be a palm-like endogen. I have got this plant in various states of growth, from the smallest petiole up to thick stems, and have no hesitation whatever in declaring it to be a fern. With the exception of a single mysterious specimen from Scotland—the Pothocites Grantoni — about the affinities of which I entertain the gravest doubts, I conclude that the higher flowering dicotyledonous and monocotyledonous plants were wholly unrepresented during the carboniferous age, at least that such evidence as we now possess justifies no other conclusion. We have searched the carboniferous beds from Greenland to Australia, and they everywhere tell the same tale.

The physiological features of the plants to which I have referred lead to some important considerations. We have seen that the woody zones of the Calamites, the lepidodendroid and sigillarian plants, and the Asterophyllites, grew by additions made to their outer surfaces by the inner layer of the bark, which additions I venture to call exogenous, the more so since we thus obtain all the distinctions of parts which we recognize by the names of pith, wood, bark, medullary rays, woody wedges, &c., when speaking of exogenous trees. This is a condition of things wholly unknown amongst the living representatives of these plants. On the other hand, the further I carry my enquiries the more I am struck with the almost total absence of such growths amongst the ferns. The Heterangium already referred to exhibits a very feeble attempt at such a growth, which becomes important if, as I suspect, the plant ultimately proves to belong to a fern. But even in that case, the very feebleness of the effort makes the plant one of those striking exceptions which only prove the rule. The large tree-ferns of the present day, the only living cryptogams which attain to arborescent dimensions, exhibit the same indisposition to strengthen themselves by exogenous growths. This difference between the ferns and the other carboniferous plants must have a meaning. The former were endogenous and the latter were exogenous, whatever may be the significance that different botanists may attach to these facts.

There are peculiarities in those interrupted exogenous growths which appear to indicate that they were not dependent upon a regular recurrence of summer and winter, but rather of irregularities in the supply of moisture. Of the climate under which these carboniferous forests flourished I can say little, though much has been said by others. On the other hand, I can speak of the very distinct physiognomy which those primæval forests must have possessed. Besides the peculiarities of their forms, the carboniferous forests exhibited one unbroken hue of green. No meadows then sparkled with buttercups and daisies, nor were the hills gorgeous with the crimson and gold of mingled heath and furze. In these respects the ancient vegetation must have exhibited the aspects which Mr. Wallace informs us are now so characteristic of the tropical verdure of both the new and old worlds. The tints may have varied, but the motto of these true "forests primæval" must have been *semper virens*.

When we stand by the side of some shrivelled mummy we yearn to hear a voice from its silent lips, telling us who it once was, and what were the phases of its chequered life. Would that these vegetable relics of the past could do the same. Compared with their age the

mummy is not even a thing of yesterday: it is rather as the breath that issued from my lips with the last sentence to which I gave utterance; and yet we must not forget that each one of these ancient plants possessed an individuality and passed through all the conditions of a life as definite as our own. There was an exact moment in astronomical time when the spore which gave it birth fell from its parent stem, as there was a point in geographical space upon which that spore germinated, took root, and sprang up into a tree. It drew life and power from that sun which still quickens each plant into ceaseless vigour. Those stars which roll nightly over our heads shed their pale and gentle radiance upon the forest in which it grew; and when its living mission ceased, there was an hour in which its towering trunk was overwhelmed by some primæval tempest and prostrated to the ground. But even then its final work was not accomplished. It is true that a resistless decay mingled its tissues with the soil from which they sprang, but only to swell the bulk of a growing mass, destined in a remote age to become the chief source of England's wealth and power. But if, appealing to Nature, we ask her when these things were, echo only answers, When?

W. C. WILLIAMSON.

OWENS COLLEGE.

AFTER HEINE.

I've written couplets to my lady's eyes,
  Her foot I've sung in half a score romances,
And on her little hand, bewitching prize!
  I've lavished dozens of poetic fancies.

I've sung her little cheek, in verse apart,
  Her little mouth, what rhymes I've made upon it!
And if my lady had a little heart,
  Why, I would celebrate it in a sonnet.

TO AMELIA. (AFTER MR. FIELDING.)

I heard the ladies, with their candour strange,
  Proclaim thy beauty quite beyond compare,
If kind Dame Nature knew but how to change
  Thine eyes, thy mouth, thy figure, or thine hair.
I too, presumptuous! when thy countless charms
  Are thus decried, and blazoned thus to Fame,
Would add another to these vague alarms,
  And bid thee change, O heartless fair, thy name!

C. F.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V.

FRANKFORT (1837.)

MENDELSSOHN was married on the 23rd of March, the ceremony taking place in the French Reformed Church, to which his bride belonged. It seemed strange to hear anyone so thoroughly German harangued in French on this solemn occasion; but the simplicity of the service, and the wonderful fascination of the young couple, touched and impressed everyone. I had composed a marriage song for the reception of the newly-married pair at the grandparents' house, and for its performance had engaged the services of the ladies belonging to a small choral society which I had conducted every week during the past winter at the E.'s house. In spite of all the admiration and veneration of these young ladies for Mendelssohn, and though they knew we had leave, and that it was very pretty and laudable to show so great an artist such an attention, it was not without some embarrassment that the graceful band entered the strange house under my direction, and took up their position in battle array before the eyes of the astonished servants, to await the expected arrival. But Mendelssohn and his charming bride were so touched and pleased, and the numerous members of the family were, as might have been expected, so extremely amiable, that the fair singers soon completely forgot their doubtful situation, and thoroughly enjoyed being in the thick of the merry throng.

The young couple went first to spend some time at the charming town of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. A place more congenial to their poetic and artistic tastes could hardly have been found. It is a smiling little city, with clear streams running through the streets, glorious hills looking down on it all around, lovely environs with views over mountain and valley, river and plain; and besides all this, the homely, simple, South-German dialect and manners—a perfect place for a honeymoon. It will be remembered that Cécile had great talent for painting. A journal,[1] unique of its kind, which she and Felix kept together, and which I was allowed to see on their return, contains written matter and drawings by each in turn, landscapes, houses, little scenes in which they took part—in fact, hundreds of things done on the spur of the moment. During their absence I constantly heard news of their doings from the lively and communicative Madame Jeanrenaud. In the middle of May the happy pair returned to Frankfort. Felix writes in a letter to Devrient:—"I can only tell you that I am perfectly happy and in good spirits, and though I never should have thought it, not the least over-excited, but just as calm and settled as if it were all quite natural." In this tranquil happy frame I found him on his return. But when he showed me the 42nd Psalm, the musical result of his wedding tour, I was astonished—though only so long as I had seen nothing but the title. For the tender and longing pathos which pervades some parts of it is based on a foundation of perfect trust in God, and the subdued sentiment which for the most part characterises the work, may well harmonize with the blissful feelings of deep happiness which penetrated him at the time. The final chorus, the words of which do not belong to the Psalm, and which he com-

[1] Now in the possession of Mendelssohn's youngest daughter, Madame Wach, at Bonn.

posed afterwards at Leipsic, seems to me not entirely in keeping with the other movements.

However, I must at once protest against the possible misunderstanding of my being supposed to hold artistic creation in general to be the produce of the state of mind at the moment. Even in the most ordinary life the mood of the mind changes so constantly, that if one were to follow it, no artistic work of any unity would ever come into being—these matters are ruled by other and higher laws. But anything which was the result of such a wedding tour naturally leads one to make observations and draw comparisons, though I should hardly have expressed them if they had not forced themselves upon me at the time.

In the midst of the engagements and excitements which now engrossed the young pair, Felix composed his beautiful E minor quartet, the progress of which I watched with the keenest interest. I must not forget one of the last occasions on which I conducted the Cæcilia Society, the performance being in honour of the young couple; it consisted chiefly of selections from "St. Paul," though with pianoforte accompaniment only; and I remember Mendelssohn's especial delight with the fine rendering of some of the *chorales*, which I had made the chorus sing *a capella*.

It was now almost time for me to set out on my Italian journey. Mendelssohn, meanwhile, travelled on down the Rhine, but we hoped to see him again in a few days. Our hopes were, however, disappointed, and I soon received the following letter from him from Bingen:—

"BINGEN, 13*th July*, 1837.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—When you got into the carriage the other day at Homburg, and drove off with your ladies, I must have had a presentiment that we should not meet again for the present; I felt almost sure we should not. It is strange enough that it has really turned out so; I shall not return to Frankfort before my English journey, but in eight or ten days I go from here to Coblenz, and so on, slowly down the Rhine; and in September, when I get to Frankfort for half a day, you will already be far away in the mountains, perhaps across the Alps. Who knows where and when we may meet again? In any case, I hope, unchanged; we should have had so much to talk about before the long separation: but the chief thing is that we must have a happy meeting some time or other.

"I could not manage it differently, the journey here was rather a helter-skelter affair, and then I was quite prepared to find the inn as uncomfortable as the one in Homburg, and no lodgings to be had; in that case we should very soon have come back to Frankfort, and I should have betaken myself to the Hôtel de Russie. Contrary to our expectation we found the inn quite bearable, the view beautiful, and the neighbourhood and environs so splendid and varied, that after a few days I put off thinking about returning to Frankfort, and now have quite given it up, for I hope that my people will go on a little further with me. You really cannot think how this beautiful spot on the Rhine grows upon me, and how it attracts me, though I have often seen it in a superficial way. In five minutes, with a boat, I am at the 'Mäusethurm,' my favourite point, and then over at Rüdesheim; and the Rhine is so beautiful in the changeable weather, and even after the storm of yester day. Thank God, my dear Cécile is well and cheerful; if I tell you that I love her more every day, you won't believe me, but it is literally true. I have not worked much here, I mean not written much, but I have a new violin quartet, all but finished, in my head, and I think I shall finish my pianoforte Concerto next week. I have mostly followed your advice in the alterations in the E minor violin quartet, and they improve it very much; I played it over to myself the other day, on an abominable piano, and quite enjoyed it, much more than I should have imagined. And so one day passes like another, but all are happy. This letter is to remind you of our agreement that you should always write on the 15th of the month and I on the 1st. Do let us keep to this, dear Ferdinand, even if the letters contain only a few lines or words, the regular correspondence is so precious. Please, leave your E minor Symphony at the Souchays' for me when it comes from Paris, so that I may take it to Leipsic in September, I shall immensely enjoy having a good look at it and hearing it again properly. The Cæcilia Society wanted to have another musical evening in your especial

honour, and I had promised to conduct; but I had to give that up too. Did anything come of it after all? And do all the musical heads in Frankfort still show their teeth at one another? And does —— show you his stumps? It annoyed me more even than I said at the time, this stupid behaviour of the German musicians. But it is God's will, so let the devil take them. Even their daily life is a mere hell upon earth. And so farewell; I have got back at last into the angry style again. My address till the 1st of August is here, *poste restante;* from then till the 10th, Coblenz, *poste restante;* from then till the 20th, Düsseldorf, ditto; from then till the 20th of September, London, care of C. Klingemann, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, Pimlico; from the end of September again in Leipsic. Is not that very precise? And my pianoforte piece? Am I ever to get it? Do tell me, for I should so like something new and good to play, and I can hardly count on my concerto for that. And now farewell, dear friend. Write to me soon. Many many remembrances to your mother, and thank her for the love and kindness which she has so often shown me; think of me sometimes, and let us look forward to a happy meeting soon.

"Your Felix M. B."

I too at last set out on my journey, beginning by wandering through the Black Forest on foot, and spending some delightful days in Baden with my friend Ferdinand David, also just married, and his lively, refined, and interesting wife. Thence I went to the Tyrol, and late in the autumn to Italy, where I spent that winter, and where my mother, who could not bear to be separated from me, joined me as soon as the weather began to get pleasant. Mendelssohn's letters to me during that time, some of which follow here, give a far better picture of the highly gifted man, and the true friend, than my pen can possibly do.

"London, 1*st September*, 1837.

"Dear Ferdinand,—Here I sit—in the fog—very cross—without my wife—writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. It's nine days since I parted from Cécile at Düsseldorf; the first were quite bearable, though very wearisome; but now I have got into the whirl of London—great distances—too many people—my head crammed with business and accounts and money matters and arrangements—and it is becoming unbearable, and I wish I were sitting with Cécile, and that I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and that I could enjoy my life more than I do to-day. Damn it—you know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B. on the 22nd and be in Leipsic again on the 30th—in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time—and I used to like them so much. You seem to be having a splendid journey, and this letter will see finer country than I do, as it has to go to Innspruck. Do inquire at Innspruck if anybody knows anything about a Herr Christanell of Schwatz, who has written to me twice, and calls himself a great amateur of music, and about whom I should like to know more. And so you are seriously thinking about your Jeremiah, and all the while striding off to Italy to compose operas there for the season? You really are a mad 'old Drama.'

"It is pretty quiet here. Most people are away in the country or elsewhere. The Moscheles have been at Hamburg already some weeks, and I shall not see them; Thalberg is giving concerts at Manchester and other places; he has made an extraordinary sensation and is very much liked everywhere, and I hope still to meet him; Rosenhain is at Boulogne, and comes back soon; Benedict at Putney, *à la campagne;* Miss Clara Novello travelling from one Festival to another, and will probably only be in Italy next spring; till then she comes to Leipsic for our concerts (pray forgive me, I would willingly give her up to you, but—duty). I met Neukomm on the Rhine steamer, as polite and unapproachable as ever, and yet showing a friendly interest in me; he asked a great deal after you, &c., &c. Simrock promised to write directly, and put himself into communication with you about the manuscripts; I told him I did not know whether you had anything for him just at present, that it was more for the future; has he written? I have heard nothing from my people in Berlin for so long (more than five weeks) that I am beginning to be anxious—and that adds greatly to my melancholy. I

composed a great deal whilst we were on the Rhine, but I don't mean to do anything here but swear,—and long for my Cécile. What's the good of all the double counterpoint in the world when she is not with me? I must leave off my complaints and my letter, or you will be laughing at me at Innspruck in the sunshine. Address to Leipsic again,—I wish I were there. It seems that Chopin came over here quite suddenly a fortnight ago, paid no visits and saw nobody, played very beautifully at Broadwood's one evening, and then took himself off again. They say he is still very ill and miserable. Cécile will have given my remembrances to your people herself. So farewell, dear 'Drama,' and forgive this horridly stupid letter, it is exactly what I am myself.

"Your Felix M. B.

"The chief thing I leave for the P.S., just as all girls do. Am I ever to get your E minor Symphony? Do send it to me! You have cheated me out of my concert piece. Get me the E minor Symphony, the Leipzigers must hear it—and like it."

"Leipsic, 10*th December*, 1837.

"My dear Ferdinand,—I thank you with all my heart for having written to me in November, in spite of my last month's irregularity; I really could hardly have believed it. The arranging of my new house, moving into it, with many concerts and a deal of business—in short, all the impediments, whatever they may be, which a regular Philistine, like I, can only enumerate to a smart and lively Italian like you—my installation as master of the house, tenant, musical director of the Subscription concerts—all this prevented me from doing my regular correspondence last month. But just because of that I wanted to beg you, and I do beg you to-day most earnestly, that in spite of all the inconceivable difference of our position and surroundings, we should stick fast to our promise of monthly letters; I feel that it might be doubly interesting and good for us both to hear about each other, now that we have become so desperately divided, and yet just for that reason all the nearer to each other. At least I find that whenever I think of Milan and Liszt and Rossini, it gives me a curious feeling to remember that you are in the midst of it all; and with you in the plains of Lombardy it is perhaps the same when you think of me and Leipsic. But next time you must write me a long detailed letter, full of particulars, you can't imagine how they interest me; you must tell me where you live, what you are writing, and everything that you can about Liszt and Pixis and Rossini, about the white dome, about the Corso—I do so love that enchanting country, and it's a double pleasure to hear from you from it—you really mustn't use half-sheets there. Above all, tell me if you enjoy it and revel in it as thoroughly as I did? Mind you do, and mind you drink in the air with as much ecstasy, and idle away the days as systematically as I did—but why should I say all this, you will do it anyhow. Only please write me a great deal about it.

"You want to know whether I am satisfied here? Just tell me yourself if I ought not to be satisfied, living here with Cécile in a nice, new, comfortable house, with an open view over gardens and fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful as I have never felt since I left my parents' house, and able to command good things, and good-will on all sides? I am decidedly of opinion, either this place or none at all. I felt that very strongly after the reports about ——'s place in ——; no ten horses and no ten thousand thalers could take me there, to a little court, which for that very reason is more pretentious than the great ones, with the utter isolation of petty musical doings, and the obligation of being there the whole year managing the theatre and the opera, instead of having my six months free. However there are also many days when I think *no* post would be the best of all. Two months of such constant conducting takes more out of me than two years of composing all day long; in the winter I hardly get to it at all here. At the end of the greatest turmoil if I ask myself what I have actually been doing, after all it is hardly worth speaking of, at least it does not interest me particularly whether or not all the recognized good things are given one time more or better. I am only interested now in the new things, and of these there are few enough. I often think I should like to retire completely, never conduct any more, and only write; but then again there is a certain charm in an organized musical system like this, and in having the direction of it. But what will you care about this in Milan? Still I must tell you, if you ask me how I like being here. I felt the same thing at Birmingham; I have never before made such decided *effect* with my music as there, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone, and yet there is something about it, what shall I call it,

something flighty and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies, on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything, and in that no doubt we agree, but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better. Just fancy also that I had to go straight from the organ loft into the mail coach, and drive for six days and five nights on end till I got to Frankfort, then on again from there the next day, arriving here only four hours before the beginning of the first concert. Well then, since that we have given eight concerts, such as you know, and the 'Messiah' in the church. Our star this winter is Clara Novello, who has come over for six concerts, and has really delighted the whole public. When I listen to that healthy little person, with her pure clear voice, and her animated singing, I often think that I have actually stolen her away from you in Italy, for she was going straight there, and now will not go till the spring. But by persuading her to come here I was able to do our cause the greatest service, for this time it is she alone who puts life and spirit into it, and as I said before, the public are wild about her. The air from 'Titus' with *corno di bassetto*, the Polacca from Bellini's 'Puritani,' and an English Aria of Handel's, have driven the public quite frantic, and they swear that without Clara Novello there is no salvation. Her whole family are here with her, and are very pleasant people. You are often and much thought of. The finest of the new things was Beethoven's 'Glorreicher Augenblick,' a long Cantata (three-quarters of an hour, choruses, solos, etc.) in honour of the three monarchs who met at the Vienna Congress; there are splendid things in it, amongst others a Cavatina,—a prayer, quite in Beethoven's grand style, but with wretchedly stupid words, where 'heller Glanz' is made to rhyme with 'Kaiser Franz,' followed by a great flourish of trumpets, and now Haslinger has actually put other words to it, and calls it 'The praise of Music,' and these are even more wretched, for 'poesy' is made to rhyme with 'noble harmony,' and the flourish of trumpets comes in—still more stupidly. And so we spend our days in Germany. David played my E minor quartet in public the other day, and is to repeat it to-day 'by special desire;' I am curious to know how I shall like it; I thought it much prettier last time than I did at first, but still I do not care much about it. I have begun a new one which is almost finished, and which is better. I have also done a few new songs, some of which would probably please you, but my pianoforte concerto I think you would challenge. It's your own fault, why haven't you sent me your promised piece? You perhaps don't know that Ricordi, the music-seller, often sends parcels here to Wilhelm Härtel. So you might put it in some day. There's a delicate reminder! I have had to get the score of your E minor Symphony written out from the parts; the score that came with it (in your own hand) had an almost totally different first movement, the *Andante Allegretto* in B flat instead of C, and the two last movements quite different,—in short I did not know what to do, and only yesterday had the pleasure of receiving the old well-known score from the copyist and playing it through at once. I have put it down for one of the January concerts, and it will form the second part by itself. The two middle movements are quite superb. Now I must stop. Give Liszt many remembrances from me, and tell him how often and with what pleasure I think of him. Remember me to Rossini, if he likes being remembered by me. And above all, keep fond of me yourself.

"Your Felix."

"Leipsic, 20*th January*, 1838.

"You Milanese 'Drama,' you begin your letter so contemptuously, and look down so upon my reminder about punctuality, that I had almost resolved, first to be very punctual myself, and secondly not to remind you any more. But as you may see from the date that I have not kept the first resolution, I also cannot answer for my keeping the second and slipping a reminder into this letter now and then—you may attend to them or despise them, as you like; I am past improvement, as you see (I mean, "incorrigible"). But joking apart, I should have written to you at the New Year, and thanked you for your dear

good wishes, and given you mine, but I was prevented in the most tiresome way by an indisposition or illness which attacked me in the last week of the year and unhappily has not yet subsided. This has put me into such bad spirits, and at times made me so desperate, that even to-day I only write because I see that it is no use waiting till I am better. I am suffering, as I did four years ago, from complete deafness of one ear, with occasional pains in the head and neck, &c.; the weakness in the ear keeps on without any interruption, and as I had to conduct and to play in spite of it (I have been keeping my room for a fortnight) you may imagine my agony, not being able properly to hear either the orchestra, or my own playing on the piano. Last time it passed off after six weeks, and God grant that it may do the same this time; but though I summon up all my courage, I cannot quite help being anxious, as, till now, in spite of all remedies, there is no change, and often I do not even hear when people are speaking in the room. Besides this there is another, still greater anxiety, from which I hope every day to be released, and which does not leave me for a moment. My mother-in-law has been here for a fortnight, you know for what reason. When you see your whole happiness, your whole existence, depending upon one inevitable moment, it gives you a peculiar sensation. Perhaps my health will be better when the weather improves, I hardly remember such a winter; for a whole fortnight we have had from 14 to 22 degrees of cold, yesterday at last it was milder, but we had a snowstorm, which is still going on and has almost blocked up the streets. How is it with you in Milan?

"A thousand thanks for the details in your last letter, they interest me more than you can imagine, living as you do in the very midst of so much that sounds quite fabulous here. You must tell me a great deal about it all whenever you write; tell me about your Psalm, and how they sang it, and whether you have already begun the opera, and what *genre* you have chosen, and about Pixis' *début*—in short, all about what you are doing and what you like. Here everything goes on in the usual quiet musical way. We have one subscription concert every week; and you pretty well know what we do there. For the New Year, when the concert always opens with sacred music, we performed my psalm 'As pants the hart.' I have written a new and very elaborate chorus as a *finale* to it, and the whole psalm pleased me a good deal, because it is one of the few things of my own which I am as fond of now as when I was writing it. A symphony by Täglichsbeck, which was very much praised in Paris, and played at the Conservatoire, made very little impression here, and seemed to me nothing particular. Henselt the pianist was here shortly before the New Year, and certainly plays exquisitely; there is no question about his belonging to the first rank, but it is still uncertain whether he will be able sufficiently to master his German anxiety and conscientiousness, that is to say, his weak nerves, so as to make himself generally known, and play in London or Paris. He practises the whole day till he and his fingers are so done up that in the evening if he has to give a concert he is quite tired and exhausted, and then, compared to other times, plays mechanically and imperfectly. His great specialty is playing wide-spread chords. He keeps on all day stretching his fingers, and amongst other things does the following, *prestissimo* :—

He has also written charming Studies, which form a great feature at his concerts. He is now gone to Russia. We played your Overture in E at his concert; it went well, and we enjoyed it much. The Fernando Overture will come next; but your mother did not send me the corrected score, only the parts, which I did not want, because we have them here. I got nothing but the score of the E minor Symphony, which you said was to be burned, but with your leave or without it I shall not do so. It is strange that again I do not take to the last movement, whilst the second and third movements please me more than they did before. The symphony is fixed for one of the February concerts. A symphony by Bürgmüller (from Düsseldorf) was very much liked the other day. Yesterday Schleinitz brought me your G minor song (in the 'Europa'), sang it to me, and made me guess whose it was; to my great annoyance I couldn't, and was vexed with myself afterwards, for I ought to have known it by the beginning, and by the close in G minor in the middle. In the way of new things I have almost finished the violin quartet, and also a sonata for piano and cello, and the day before yesterday sent

Breitkopf and Härtel six four-part songs for mixed voices, small things for singing in the open air, or at parties. The Novello, who has made *la pluie* and *le beau temps* here, and who at her farewell concert was smothered with poems and flowers, and endlessly applauded and shouted at, is gone to Berlin to sing there; she passes through here again, and will perhaps give us two more Arias, which Leipsic has begged for on its knees, and is to be in Italy by the spring. In what part, I fancy she knows at present as little as I do. She has given the concerts a splendid impetus this winter, and even if it is difficult to replace her, the good effect will last for a time. But what do you say to Ries's sudden death? It was a great blow to me and gave me a strange feeling, just because his manner and way of going on had displeased me—but this news is such an utter contrast to all that as to make me completely forget everything else for the moment. The Cæcilia Society certainly seems strangely fated. I have no idea who could or would undertake it now. Only a week ago Ries was suffering merely from gout and jaundice;—and in two days he is suddenly dead.—If you were in Germany now I should say you ought to go to Weimar in Hummel's place; there must be much that is nice about it; perhaps it will remain vacant till you come back some day. You would like Weimar very much. Above all, if you would only come back, there is no want of places, I see that plainly now, it is only the men that are wanting—it's my old story over again. And you say that I am long past all that now. And I hope that it is still *before you.*"

"Leipsic, 14*th April*, 1838.

"Dear Ferdinand,—You will be angry with me for my long silence; again I can do nothing but beg pardon, and hope that you will transform your wrath into gentleness when you see my well-known fist. A great deal has happened between this and the last letter, and much which prevented me from writing. No doubt you have heard through your mother that Cécile presented me with a son on the 7th of February; but perhaps you don't yet know that towards the end of the month she suddenly became dreadfully ill and for four days and four nights had to struggle with a terrible fever and all kinds of other evils. Then she recovered, thank God, quicker than could have been expected, though slowly enough, and it is only quite lately that all traces of illness have disappeared, and that she is again as cheerful and looks as well and fresh as you recollect her. What I went through at that time, I could not tell you in any letter, nor indeed in words; but you will be able to imagine it to yourself, dear Ferdinand. And now, that all the anxiety is over, and my wife and child are well, I feel so happy, and yet not a bit 'philisterhaft;' you may laugh as much as you like, I don't care, it is too lovely and delightful to see a wee little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs to her whenever she comes into the room; when he is lying at her breast and they both look so happy—I don't know what to do with myself for joy. After that I could decline *mensa*, or do finger exercises with anybody for as long as ever they liked, and gladly allow you to laugh at me. In a few days we go to Berlin, so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister and the whole family; Paul and his wife were here last month, and stood godfather and godmother to the little one at his christening. The little man is called Carl Wolfgang Paul. In Berlin I shall see how my wife gets on at our house; if it's all right, I shall go alone to the musical festival at Cologne in four weeks, and come back directly afterwards to Berlin, so as to spend the summer quietly there or here and work. If not, Cécile will go with me to Cologne; but as my mother and sisters would not at all like that, I think she will probably stay with them, and perhaps go to the Rhine with me next year. These are my plans for the present. And you? If I were you I should certainly have trudged off to Rome yesterday for Good Friday and Palm Sunday, and I keep thinking that it is still possible you may have done so. On Palm Sunday I always think of the papal chapel and the golden palm branches; in the way of ceremony and grandeur it is the most solemn and splendid thing that I ever saw, and I should like you to see it and think so too. You do tell me capital things about Milan and your life there; how funny that you should find your Paris circle there again—Liszt, Nourrit, Pixis, &c. But it must all be intensely interesting, and I already look forward to the account you are to give me at Leipsic some day of all the 'circumstances.' You will have enough to tell. And indeed you have hit off a horribly truthful picture of the blissful happiness of a Hofcapellmeister at ——, and the blissful patience of the German public. I have had some

terrible glimpses into that during the course of this winter, for instance, in the case of the post at ——, for which they wanted to get me (probably because a couple of newspaper correspondents had said so) and where they have again been using the most beautiful artifices to make me *apply* for it, because they did not like to speak straightforwardly and properly to a musician; however they were obliged to at last, and in return I had the pleasure of most politely refusing it, and so I see once more how right you were with your dismal description. And yet there is a certain something in this Germany of ours—I hardly know what, but it attracts me so much, and I should like to convince you. It is my old story over again, which you have already heard two hundred times, and which you have disputed four hundred times. Certainly the state of the theatre, such as you describe it in Italy, is better and has more life in it than ours, but you should help us to bring about an improvement. —— and his followers will never do it, they only drive the cart deeper into the mire, and will disappear without leaving a trace.

"But to turn to something better. Could you and would you send me a copy of your Psalm? and also any other new thing that you may have, and give the whole parcel to Ricordi who often sends things here to W. Härtel? That would be splendid of you, and I beg you many many times to do it. I also have been rather busy this winter. David played a new violin Quartet of mine in E flat, in public the other day at the last of his Soirées, and I think you would find real progress in it; I have begun a third; I have also finished a concert piece for piano and orchestra (a sort of Serenade and Rondo, for of course I shall never get yours), a new Psalm (the 95th),—I suppose I have already written to you about my having added four numbers to the 42nd—and then there's a set of four-part songs for open-air singing, and various other little creatures that would so much like you to clip and brush them a little if you were here. *Apropos*, isn't this rich? They have been giving a first performance of my 'St. Paul' at Dresden, with all sorts of wonderful preparations, and ten days before, R. writes me a formal letter, saying that they wished to shorten the first part a little, and he should therefore cut out the chorus 'Rise up, arise,' with the chorale 'Sleepers wake,' as those numbers did not appear to him to be necessary for the action. I was stupid enough to be frightfully put out for a whole day at this piece of presumption, but you too will think it rich.

Clara Novello will really soon be in Italy now. I hear that she is at Munich, and will go on from there direct. She went from here to Berlin, where she had such incredible success, that I am afraid it made her a little over-confident, for at Dresden and Vienna, where she went directly afterwards, she is said to have made very little sensation. In Berlin, on the other hand, she gave two concerts, sang twice for the poor, four times at the theatre, twice at court, and how can I tell where besides? Mind you pay her every possible attention, if she flutters into your arms.

And now I must close, though I still have quantities of things to say. More next time. My wife sends you many best remembrances. She is busy about the journey. Please write to me to Berlin (Leipziger Strasse No. 3), then you shall have Berlin news in exchange for Milan news (by which I should lose a good many yards.) But goodbye, dear Ferdinand, be happy, and always fond of your "F. M."

"Berlin, *the* 15*th of July*, 1838.

"Dear Ferdinand,—As all manner of creatures were created by God, to wander about the earth, bad correspondents among the number, don't be too angry with me for having got this nature. I have times when the ink will not flow, and if I could get answers (for instance from you) without first writing myself, I really should quite forget how to write. You may perceive, first from my long silence and from my present stiff writing, that this is one of those times. But as I said before, it is for the sake of the answer. I hope you will discover some quite new way of abusing me for the beginning of your letter, because then I am sure to get it soon. And besides, you will have to answer as a man of business, for I am writing on business, to ask about the Overture which you promised us for the concerts. What has become of it? I hope we shall get it, and then we can at once put it down for the beginning of the concerts (end of September). Don't retort that I have not sent you my things by Härtel's, as you begged; you know that since then, I came here, and have been leading rather a disturbed life, and besides, what can you want with them now? I would rather play them all to you *en gros* when at last you come back to the 'Vaterland.' But with you it is different; because yours would be a help to me in my

performances, and would give us pleasure, and you have promised it me, and I shall keep you to your word. It is to be hoped the overture is finished, and it is also to be hoped that you will send it. I feel more eager about it than I have about any piece of music for a long time, just as I do about your Italian life and doings altogether. I fancy you now sitting by the lake of Como with your mother; it must be a delicious kind of life. And I suppose you also go lounging about with Liszt, and paying court to the Novello, who, I hear, is in Milan, taking lessons; is she still your particular favourite? What do you say to her singing, and to her looks? I have now been here in my old home since May. It gives me a peculiar sensation, so much in it is changed, so much in my own self is changed, and yet there is a sort of comfortable homelike feeling in it as if I had never left it. Then my family is so secluded and isolated here that one really knows very little of Berlin, and hardly comes into contact with anybody but the people in the house. This has its good side, as well as its disadvantages; and looking around me now as a stranger and free from prejudices, I certainly feel glad that I did not stay, however much I may regret it on account of my family; but the climate and the air here are unfruitful and good for nothing. For study and work and isolation Berlin is just the place, but hardly at all for enjoyment. Everything in my former life has now for the first time become quite clear to me, and I see plainly how all my hostilities with the people and my bad position were brought about of necessity; and this has made these months especially interesting to me. We are quite pleased with each other now, and on the whole I like Berlin very much, because now that I have got rid of the wretched business altogether, I can enjoy what is good in the place without embittering it to myself. The first evening after my arrival we went to the theatre to hear Gluck's 'Armida;' I have hardly ever, if ever, enjoyed anything so much at the opera. That great mass of thoroughly-trained musicians and singers, ably conducted by Spontini, the splendid house, full to suffocation, the good *mise-en-scène*, and with all that the wonderful music, made such an impression on me that I was obliged to say to myself that there was nothing to be done with small towns and small means and small circles, and that it was quite another thing here. But how often since have I had to retract that. The very day after, they gave a so-called Memorial Festival for Beethoven, and played his A major Symphony so atrociously, that I soon had to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means; the coarseness and effrontery of the playing were such as I have never heard anywhere, and such as I can only explain to myself by the whole nature of the Prussian official, which is about as well suited for music as a strait-waistcoat is for a man. And even then it is an unconscious strait-waistcoat. Well, since then I have heard a good deal in the way of quartets and symphonies, and playing and singing in private circles, and have altogether begged pardon of my little town. At most places here music is carried on with the same mediocrity and carelessness and assumption as ever, which quite sufficiently explains my old wrath, and the very imperfect means I had of managing things. It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life, so that though one may enjoy individual appearances well enough, one cannot become better acquainted with anybody. The Gluck operas may be reckoned amongst such enjoyable appearances. Is it not strange that they always draw a full house, and that the public applauds and is enchanted and calls the singers back? And that it is about the only place in the world where such a thing is possible? And that the next evening the 'Postillon' draws just as full a house? And that in Bavaria it is forbidden to have any music in any Catholic or Protestant church, because it desecrates the church? And that *chorales* are becoming *obbligato* at the theatres? Confound it all.——However the chief thing is to get as much novelty as possible, and that there should be plenty of good and beautiful things in the world; that is why I am so eager about your Overture and your Opera. You will have heard that I was at Cologne for the festival. It all went well; the organ was splendidly effective in Handel and still more so in Bach—(it was some newly-discovered music of his, which you don't yet know, with a grand double chorus). But even that, to my feeling at least, was wanting in the interest that one feels for something new and untried; I like so much when there is that kind of uncertainty which leaves room for me and the public to have an opinion; in Beethoven and Handel and Bach one knows beforehand what it will be, and must always be, and a great deal more besides. You are quite right in saying that it is better in Italy, where people have new

music every year, and must also have a new opinion every year,—if only the music and the opinions were a little bit better. At this you snort and say: what is 'better'? Well, if you want to know, something more to my taste. But really Germany seems to be possessed with the devil; Guhr has just been giving two tremendously brilliant performances of the 'Creation'; all the newspapers are talking about the passage 'Let there be light,' where Guhr placed the bands of some Austrian and Prussian regiments in the church, and made them blow their loudest. And the Cæcilia Society is conducted by V., who as far as I know is the best that they can get; and S. is making speeches in Mozart's honour, and all that is also not to my taste. Perhaps after all my taste is perverted—the possibility of it occasionally dawns upon me—but I must make the best of it, though I certainly have about as much difficulty in swallowing most of these things, as the stork had with the porridge in the shallow dish. The stork reminds me of my boy who is stout and fat and merry, and takes after his mother both in looks and disposition, which is an inexpressible delight to me, because it is the best thing he can do. Cécile is well and blooming and sends you many greetings.

"But I have not told you anything about what I have been writing, I mean what music: two Rondos for Piano, one with and one without orchestra, two Sonatas, one with violin, the other with Cello, one Psalm, and just now I am at a third violin Quartet, and have a Symphony in my head, which will soon be launched. In B flat. And you? Do you mean to send the overture? A thousand affectionate greetings to your mother. Enjoy your life in that heavenly country and think nicely of me.

"Your F.M.B."

"Berlin, 17*th August*, 1838.

"Dear Ferdinand,—Your yesterday's letter delighted me so much, that I do not like to lose any time in telling you so. It is the nicest of all that I have ever had from you, and I read it again and again, always with new delight at the happy and tranquil mood which it reflected, at each separate good and loving thing in it, at the beginning and the middle and the end. I am so glad that such happiness should fall to your share, and I wish you joy of it with all my heart, or rather I enjoy it with you, for I see from your letter how well you know how to enjoy it. It must indeed be delightful there at Bellagio with your mother; and it is because you seem so penetrated by this happy feeling, that your letter gave me so much pleasure, for, I confess, I had hardly expected it. What you tell me about the new oratorio is also not so bad, and I can see from all this that you are just now living exactly the sort of life that I always wished you to live, and about which I was always holding forth to you—it's all the same *where*—may Heaven keep it so for you always, and may you always think of me as affectionately as you do in this letter. The Babylonians certainly had valve trumpets (in fact all Babylon was a kind of valve trumpet), such luxurious, arrogant Orientals would hardly be satisfied with mere trumpets in C. But please don't call them *trompettes à piston* in your score, I have such a hatred for the word *piston*—you see I am a regular doctor of philosophy. Well, and when the oratorio is finished, are we to hear it in Germany? Now, that will really be a word in season. Only mind you do it somewhere within my reach, so that I also may have my share in it, I mean in the first performance; you should do it in Leipsic, that would be splendid, and all the singing and playing faculties of the place should be on their mettle for your service. Do get it done soon, and tell me a great deal about it, so that I may at least have a foretaste of it meanwhile.

"I agree with every word you say about the Novello, and also about Liszt. I am very sorry that we are not to have the overture, but of course I can understand that you don't want any of it to be played before the first performance. And will that be next winter? And is the whole oratorio actually sketched out in four parts? That's really industrious. In this way you at once give me an example for the ten operas and ten oratorios which you say I am to write in the next twenty years. I assure you, I feel the greatest desire and stimulus to follow your advice and example, if only there were one true poet to be found in the world, and he were my friend. It is too difficult to find all that at once. One would have to be driven to it. Germany is wanting in such people, and that is a great misfortune. Meantime as long as I don't find any, I shift for myself, and I suppose one will turn up at last. Your psalm with the instrumental accompaniment and your wedding-chorus I received here, haven't I thanked you for them yet? It seems to me as if I had, and if I am mistaken I must

tell you again how much pleasure you gave me with the latter, and what happy days are recalled by every note of the former. Your abridged Fernando Overture I received at Leipsic, and I think of giving it at the beginning of the Subscription Concerts; I shall write you all about it, and send it to you directly afterwards (at the beginning of November perhaps, if that is soon enough?) by Härtel and Ricordi. I shall add a couple of new things of my own; I wonder what sort of impression they will make upon you in Italy!

"My time at Berlin is almost over now, I think of going back to Leipsic in four days; they are going to do my 'St. Paul' there in the church, and the rehearsals begin next week. Our family life here has been so pleasant; yesterday evening, when I went over to tea and found them all assembled, I read them a good deal out of your letter, which gave them great pleasure, and they told me to give you many kind remembrances. We were together like that every evening, talking politics, arguing, and making music, and it was so nice and pleasant. We only had three invitations the whole time, and of music in public I heard little more than I was obliged; it is too bad, in spite of the best resources; I saw a performance of 'Oberon' last week which was beyond all conception—I believe the thing never once went together all through; at the Sing-Akademie they sang me a piece of my own, in such a way that I should have got seriously angry, if Cécile had not sat by me and kept on saying: 'dear husband, do calm yourself.' They also played me some quartets, and always bungled the very same passages that they had bungled ten years ago, and which had made me furious ten years ago—another proof of the immortality of the soul. My third violin quartet in D is finished; the first movement pleases me beyond measure, and I wish I could play it to you,—especially a *forte* passage at the end which you would be sure to like. I am also thinking of composing an opera of Planché's next year; I have already got two acts of the libretto, and like them well enough to begin to set to work. The subject is taken from English history in the Middle Ages, rather serious, with a siege and a famine,—I am eager to see the end of the libretto, which I expect next week. I also still hope to get words for an oratorio this year.—You see, that I was already going to follow your advice of my own accord, but, as I said before, the aid and invention of the poet is wanting, and that is the chief thing. Pianoforte pieces are not exactly the things which I write with the greatest pleasure, or even with real success, but I sometimes want a new thing to play, and then it also occasionally happens that something exactly suitable for the piano comes into my head, and even if there are no regular passages in it, why should I be afraid of writing it down? Then, a very important branch of pianoforte music which I am particularly fond of—Trios, Quartets and other things with accompaniment,—is quite forgotten now, and I greatly feel the want of something new in that line. I should like to do a little towards this. It was with this idea that I lately wrote the Sonata for violin, and the one for Cello, and I am thinking next of writing a couple of Trios. I have got a Symphony in B flat in hand now, and mean to get it finished soon. I only hope that we shall not have too many foreign *virtuosi* at Leipsic this winter, and that I shall not have too many honours to enjoy, which means, concerts to conduct. So Herr F. has gone all the way to Milan. Brr, he is enough to spoil the warm climate. Yes, you see, I have to digest such creatures, and am in Leipsic, instead of at Cadenabbia, where I once was, opposite your present lodging. When I am writing to you at the lake of Como, I feel the greatest longing to see that paradise again, and who knows what I may do in the next years! But you will first have to be here with your oratorio, which is best of all. Do you know that my sister Fanny will perhaps see you soon? She intends going to Italy with her husband and child, and only returning next year. When I know more definitely about her journey I will tell you, so that she may not miss you, as Franck did. Now goodbye, write to me soon to Leipsic, just such another splendid letter. Once more, thanks. Remember me to your mother. Farewell, farewell.

"Your Felix."

To be continued.

AN ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT IN GHENT.

PRUDENTIAL warnings against thriftlessness and waste have become so trite, and devices for encouraging the habit of saving are now so numerous and multiform, that a little diffidence may well be felt by a writer who ventures to address himself again to this well-worn subject. We have savings-banks, provident societies, benefit clubs, building societies, co-operative factories and shops, beside innumerable blanket, shoe, and clothing clubs. But the extent to which all or any of them actually influence the habits of the operative classes as a whole, is yet comparatively insignificant. The proportion of earnings withdrawn from immediate consumption and reserved as part of the capital of the future is still small; the number of workmen who habitually save is relatively smaller still; and the economic truisms about the sin of improvidence, and the duty of saving, are in practice so insufficiently recognized, that they constantly need fresh illustration and enforcement, from new points of view, and in new forms. One such new illustration is furnished by a remarkable experiment lately tried in connection with the Primary Schools of Ghent, with which I became acquainted during a recent visit to that city.

Ghent is a thriving town of about 121,000 souls, and contains a large operative class. It also contains a Free, (*i.e.* non-clerical) University, with about 500 students. The Primary Schools are said to be very efficient, and are under the supervision of a communal Council. This Council, though it sustains the schools and periodically inspects them, does not dispense with voluntary aid, and two important Societies —the *Société Callier*, and the *Cercle pour l'encouragement de l'instruction primaire*—co-operate with the Council, by the offer of prizes in the schools, and by various forms of stimulus and help to the teachers. Some seven years ago it occurred to M. Laurent, the Professor of Civil Law in the University, that much might be done through the agency of the Primary Schools to familiarize the people while young with habits of economy and forethought. Accordingly he called the teachers of the Ghent Public Schools together, explained to them his plans, and having inspired them with some of his own enthusiasm on the subject, proceeded, with their full concurrence, to visit the schools one by one, in order to give simple economic lessons to the children. He went from class to class, and from scholar to scholar, enforcing and illustrating the advantages of saving, and showing how it might be practised. A plan was devised by which the teacher of each class undertook to receive the little savings of the children from day to day, even a single centime at a time. As soon as the deposits of a pupil amount to one franc, he receives a *livret d'épargne* or savings-bank book, and a deposit account is opened in his name with the State Savings-Bank, which gives interest at the rate of 3 per cent. Each school also opens with the savings-bank its own separate account, in which all the smaller deposits are placed from day to day, the pupil's deposit being transferred under an arrangement with the bank into his own name as often as it amounts to a franc. Simple books and cards of account are provided by the administration of the bank, and the children receive duplicates, folded in a strong cover, to be carried home from time to time for the information of their

parents; but generally to be preserved at the school. The signature of a parent or guardian is required whenever any deposit is withdrawn.

By these simple arrangements the opportunity of making little savings was brought closely within reach of every child in the Ghent schools, and the moral influences of gentle and kindly persuasion were brought to bear by Professor Laurent and the teachers with singular success. The response made by the children and their parents to his appeals has been marked during the last six years by an emphasis and a steady persistence which are well deserving of attention.

The Public Schools of the city fall into four classes. Those most numerously attended are the Free Primary Schools, maintained in great part at the expense of the communal Council. In these there are 4,315 boys and 3,674 girls, or 7,989 in all. Then there are the *Écoles payantes*, Primary Schools of the same educational character, but not gratuitous, designed for children of a higher social rank. In these there are 1,079 scholars. In the *Écoles Gardiennes*, or Free Infant Schools, there are 3,039 children; and in the Adult Schools, which are held in the evening or on the Sunday, there are 3,285 men and women under regular instruction. Out of this total of 15,392 pupils, no less than 13,032 are this year in possession of accounts in the savings-bank. The uniformity and steadiness with which the system has taken root in the schools may be estimated from these figures.

I.—Number of Depositors.

	In 1867.	In 1869.	In 1871.	In 1873.	Number of Pupils in 1873.
Free Primary Schools	4,182	6,995	7,229	7,583	7,989
Paying Schools	491	666	628	640	1,079
Infant Schools		1,075	1,572	1,920	3,039
Adult Schools	628	1,801	2,724	2,889	3,285
	5,301	10,537	12,153	13,032	15,392

II.—Sums Deposited.

	1867.	1869.	1871.	1873.	
	Fr.	Fr.	Fr.	Fr.	£
Free Primary Schools	23,014	55,685	172,643	274,602 or	10,984
Paying Schools	3,666	13,220	19,347	22,687 or	907
Infant Schools		4,880	37,803	66,523 or	2,661
Adult Schools	5,227	22,513	68,203	99,252 or	3,970
	31,907	96,298	297,996	463,064 or	£18,522

Thus, the average sum now standing to the credit of each depositor is about thirty-five francs. It will be seen that, relatively to the numbers, the largest success has been attained in the schools of the first class, the scholars in the ordinary juvenile schools being necessarily more amenable to influences of this kind than those of the second class, older and more thoughtful than those of the third, and with habits of extravagance which, if acquired at all, are less confirmed than those of the fourth. The work has been done without Government authority or pressure of any kind, but simply through the energetic initiative of one earnest man, aided by the sympathy of the teachers and local managers. The reports show that there is also a steady growth in the interest with which the parents regard the experiment. At first, the act of economy was mainly that of the child, who was induced to put by the halfpence he would otherwise have spent in fruit or sweetmeats. But besides this, children are often entrusted by their parents with small sums expressly for the purpose of being added to the store. And the general result, that in a simple town of moderate size, upwards of 10,000 children have opened separate accounts in the savings-bank, and that nearly 15,000*l.* are deposited in their names, is one which is full of encouragement to the thoughtful philanthropists who devised the plan, and which has already produced a very marked effect on the social and moral life of the working classes in Ghent. The experiment has created great interest through-

out Belgium. In Antwerp, in Bruges, and in the rural districts, successful efforts have been made to secure the adoption of the same plan; and last year a new association for the special encouragement of saving has been formed, under distinguished auspices, with its head-quarters at Brussels, and designed to operate on all the communal and state schools of the country, in a systematic manner.

That country, like our own, abounds with voluntary associations for ameliorating the condition of the poor in various ways. Many of these societies seek to attain their object by means of rewards and scholarships, designed to encourage children to remain longer at school; others aim at the formation of workmen's clubs and societies for recreation, for historic readings and discussions, for simple theatrical exhibitions and fêtes, and for organized visits to famous factories, museums and monuments. But in all of them, the plan of explaining and recommending the use of the savings-bank, and bringing that institution close to the pupils in the school or the evening class, is now becoming recognized as one of the chief engines of usefulness. For example, there is an active society in Brussels, specially designed to improve the education of girls and young women; and this object is attained to a considerable extent by means of prizes to meritorious pupils, and to those governesses whose efforts to raise the standard of instruction have been most successful. But the prizes and bursaries thus distributed, always consist, in whole or in part, of a savings-bank book, inscribed with the pupil's name and crediting her with a small sum of money, which is not to be withdrawn till after a given time.[1]

It is surely unnecessary to dwell on the significance of these humble but useful efforts in their bearing on our own social and industrial life in England. Our operative classes are better paid than those of most other countries, but they are not richer; they do not, as a rule, economise their resources; and a very small proportion of them make any provision for the future. Increase of wages brings to the British workman shorter hours, fewer days' work in the week, more expensive, though not always more wholesome, food, a larger number of immediate gratifications; but it does not make him a wealthier man. It does not necessarily increase the stability of his social position or of his personal character. It is seldom realised or capitalised in the form of better house or furniture, or of clothes or books, a share in a building or co-operative society, an account with the savings-bank, or, indeed, in any of those permanent forms by which the dignity and comfort of his own life and that of his family might be enhanced. But until a man begins to care about some one of these things, he has no motive to put forth his best energies so as to become a first-rate workman; but every temptation to degenerate into an idler or a sensualist. The degree in which he cares about them forms, in fact, the measure of his prosperity and self-respect, and the surest guarantee for his future industry and happiness.[2] No doubt the comparative uncertainty of his position, and the habit of receiving his income in the form of weekly wages, cause him to live from hand to mouth, and render it difficult for him, even when wages are high, to see much good in laying by those wages for the future. If we look at the home of a clerk, a curate, or schoolmaster, with 150*l.* a year, we generally find, at least a year's income in some realised form—house, clothes, pictures,

[1] I have lately met with an instance in England of the adoption of this simple and sensible device. At the Parish School of St. Luke's, London, a small sum was in 1868 rescued from some obsolete charitable endowments, and converted, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Hare, into a fund for providing annually three prizes or exhibitions of 5*l.* each, tenable by the best scholars on condition of their remaining a year longer at school. These prizes are not given at once to the boys, but are invested in their names in the savings-bank until they leave the school.

[2] See the remarkable chapter in J. S. Mill's "Political Economy," on the future of the labouring classes.

a library, and a small life-assurance. But if we visit the home of an artisan or a collier, earning the same income in the form of 3*l.* a week, we often find that his entire possessions, if capitalised, would not be equal in value to a month's wages. This evil might, in some degree, be mitigated, if in any department of our industrial system it were found practicable to substitute monthly for weekly savings and payments. But this is obviously impossible in a large number of cases, and we cannot wait for it. Economy and thrift may be more difficult, but they are also more necessary, when the horizon of a man's resources, and of his expenditure, is narrowed by the inevitable circumstances of his life. And a man is enriched and ennobled in just the proportion in which this horizon is enlarged, and in which he learns to see the actions and the sacrifices of to-day in their relation to to-morrow. Dr. Johnson's famous sentence, "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us n the dignity of thinking beings," expresses with characteristic solemnity an indisputable truth. But the difficulty is to convert a truism like this into a practical maxim for the conduct of life.

It is not always easy for employers, even when they see the need of frugality and temperance most clearly, to take measures for urging the duty upon their workmen. Such efforts are almost sure to be misunderstood by many, and to be regarded—not unnaturally—as dictated by a selfish desire to keep down wages. At Ghent, an association of masters, anxious to improve the material prosperity of their workmen, engaged to take charge of their savings, to invest them in the bank, and to add 2 per cent to the interest, so as to yield the depositor 5 instead of 3 per cent. But the experiment did not long succeed, and the deposits were quickly withdrawn. At Mulhouse, in 1860, a society for the encouragement of saving was formed, and special advantages, in the way of a large bonus and otherwise, were offered to all who would forego 3 per cent. of their wages for the purpose of a provident fund. But only sixteen out of a body of 7,000 workmen were found, ten years after, to be availing themselves of the plan. In both these cases suspicion and distrust appear to have been aroused, the motives of the employers were misinterpreted, and their efforts were ineffectual. Nor is much more to be hoped from any direct influence on the part of the churches, than from that of employers as a class. Individual clergymen interest themselves here and there in blanket or coal clubs; but, as a rule, such efforts are more often designed to attach the poor to the church than to encourage self-respect or independence for its own sake. The inculcation of a general habit of saving as a substantial part of practical morality is, for some unexplained reason, not generally considered by ministers of religion as within their province. It is, after all, in the schools that the work can be most effectually done. School managers and teachers have opportunities of bringing the matter constantly before the attention of the children, and can readily furnish to them simple facilities for carrying out the lessons of economy which are learned in the class. Moreover, their disinterestedness is unquestionable, and they are less likely than any other persons who are brought into frequent contact with the poor to be suspected of selfish motives. Much may be done by judicious lessons, by the use of wise and simple text-books like Mr. William Ellis's "Outlines of Social Economy," and Archbishop Whately's "Easy Lessons on Money Matters,"[1] to illustrate the need of economy and the increased power of usefulness and of enjoyment which it gives to those who

[1] Prof. W. B. Hodgson of Edinburgh, whose efforts in that city and elsewhere to render the principles of economic science interesting and intelligible to young people, have been remarkably successful, has translated, under the title of "What is Seen and what is Not Seen," one of the most telling of Frederic Bastiat's brochures on the commoner economic fallacies current among the poor.

have learned it. But it must not be forgotten that thrift is an act—a habit; to be learned like other habits, not mainly by teaching or lecturing, but by actual practice. All experience shows that it is hard to learn it for the first time in adult life, but if it be acquired early in youth it will probably never be lost. And there is as much room for its exercise in the life of a little child at school, as in that of a grown man who is earning wages. To him as well as to his elders there are temptations to waste that might be resisted; there are daily opportunities for little acts of forethought and self-restraint which ought to be embraced. It may seem a trifle to speak of the halfpence which little children spend on sweetmeats and unwholesome fruit. But economy is essentially a matter of trifles and even of petty details. Relatively to his resources and to his wants, these are the items which make up the extravagance of a child. The little one who is encouraged often to deny himself some immediate gratification, and to prefer to it some future permanent advantage, who has once experienced the delight of seeing the interest begin to accrue on his little savings, and has seen the temporary trouble of the family at a death or an illness relieved by a draft upon his store, has learned a lesson in self-sacrifice which will abide with him for life. Sacrifice, self-conquest, the refusal to *want* that which we do not *need*, the deliberate preference of permanent to merely ephemeral good—are not these the qualities which lie at the base of moral perfection, and of a temperate, useful, and noble life?

It may seem like special pleading to identify these high qualities too closely with so worldly a matter as the management of money. Yet in truth there is no one problem or duty of life that calls into exercise so many moral attributes, or connects itself in so many subtle ways with the growth of the whole character, as the management of money. He who said that "a right habit of getting, of saving, and of spending money, argued a perfect man," was scarcely guilty of exaggeration. From the very beginning of responsible life, the inclination to spend the whole of what we receive becomes a potent temptation to spend or to enjoy a little more than we possess. And the records of our law courts and police courts show that impecuniosity and extravagance are the parents not merely of much of the crime in the world, but of shiftiness, of evasion, of falsehood, and of the sins which enfeeble and degrade men most. The best remedy for this evil is to train children very early in the habit of distinguishing between real and unreal wants. "Les besoins factices," of which M. Laurent[1] speaks, "qui sont la plaie et la malédiction de la richesse," are not unknown among the poor. Everyone who can refuse to satisfy one of these, however slight, or who puts aside any portion, however humble, of the resources of to-day to make part of his supply for future use or enjoyment, is in a sense a capitalist. And in this sense not only every man, but every little child who has the command of a single luxury, should be encouraged to become a capitalist.

It may be said that it is cruel and unwise to interfere with the joyousness of childhood by prematurely burdening the mind with thoughts of the future. But I do not believe that this objection, however natural on a first view, would long be seriously maintained by any careful thinker. The penurious spirit—the calculating, hard, and grasping habit of mind—has doubtless its dangers. But it is not the fault to which Englishmen are very prone, nor against which it is needful to take any elaborate precautions. The tendencies of our modern life are all in the opposite direction; our dangers are of another kind. And, in truth, we are not encouraging

[1] See the remarkable pamphlets entitled, "Conférence sur l' Épargne," and "La Caisse d'Épargne dans les Écoles Communales de Gand," published at Brussels, of which the former bears M. Laurent's name, and both exhibit with great clearness the kind of argument and influence by which the singular success of the Savings-bank experiment has been attained in Belgium.

a hurtful egoism, and suppressing generous instincts, when we invite little children to set aside the pence with which they would otherwise buy an apple or a cake. To spend money on a gratification for the moment, is in no sense more generous or unselfish than to reserve it for a future one. Both are self-regarding actions; but the one has elements of sacrifice and of wisdom in it, the other is an act of mere careless and shortsighted indulgence. I will not weaken by translation the vigorous sentences in which M. Laurent's allocution to the schoolmasters and mistresses deals with this class of objection.

"On croit," he says, "que les enfants sont généreux, tandis qu'ils sont personnels, disons le mot, égoïstes. Voyez cet enfant: ses parents, quoique fort pauvres, lui donnent deux centimes le dimanche pour ses menus plaisirs : il court s'acheter une friandise quelconque: songe-t-il à en faire part à ses parents? Songe-t-il à en faire part à ses camarades? Il se hâte de manger sa pomme, et ne pense pas même que ses parents se sont refusés une pomme pour que lui en ait une. Ce que l'on appele les menus plaisirs sont un apprentissage d'égoïsme. Dire à l'enfant qu'il doit épargner ces quelques centimes, ce n'est donc pas lui donner une leçon d'égoïsme, c'est au contraire lui apprendre à se priver d'une fantaisie; et s'imposer une privation, n'est-ce pas le commencement du sacrifice, de l'abnégation, du dévouement?"

I desire to commend the simple and judicious experiment now being tried with such signal success in Belgium by Professor Laurent and his friends, to the consideration and imitation of benevolent persons in England, and especially to members of School Boards and to school managers. Much has already been done in this direction. The clothing clubs, shoe clubs, Christmas clubs, and other devices to which the squire's or clergyman's wife in so many villages devotes so much thought and kindness, though open to the objection I have already hinted at, are all very useful in their way. But they labour under one great defect. They encourage economy only for a specific object, and for a definite time. At a certain period of the year the accounts are adjusted, payments are made, and the transaction is at an end. Moreover, all those persons who for any reason have no need of the particular objects for which the club is formed, are not encouraged to save at all. What is needed is the regular habit of economy, rather for its own sake, and in view of *any* of the ordinary emergencies of life, than for the sake of some one specific emergency. And to this end it is necessary that saving should not be an exceptional act, or one adapted for some special purpose only, but that facilities for its daily practice as a part of the regular discipline of life should be brought within reach of children.

It may be said that the Post-office savings-banks, which are daily increasing in number, bring the opportunity for making savings very near to the doors of the poor. And there is much in the history and statistics of the Post-office banks to encourage hope of their still more beneficent operation. The last report of the Postmaster-General shows that—in 1862 there were 1,732,555 depositors in the old savings-banks; in 1865 the number in the old and the Post-office banks combined had risen to 2,078,346, while in 1872 there were 2,867,595 depositors, or 1 in 9 of the population, with an average amount of 13*l.* to the credit of each. This is lower than in Massachusetts, where the depositors amount to one-fifth of the population, but higher than in Switzerland, where the proportion is 1 in 12, or in Ireland, where it is 1 in 50. But the full development of the Post-office savings-bank system is hindered by several causes. There are many villages in which no bank has yet been established. The rule which limits each deposit to a minimum of a shilling, practically forbids the smaller economies; and the fact that banks are closed in the evenings, especially on the Saturday evening, when wages

are received, acts unfavourably on the timid and irresolute. All these points were recently brought before the notice of the late Postmaster-General. They are matters of administrative detail, in which philanthropic impulse must needs be controlled by considerations of economy and of the efficiency of the public service. But they seldom had a better chance of being favourably regarded than at the accession to office of Mr. Lyon Playfair, who not only brought to his post the highest promise of zeal and administrative capacity, but had also been long and honourably distinguished by his insight into social problems and by the earnestness with which he helped to solve them. It may be hoped that his successor, whose sympathy with the best aspirations of the labouring class is probably not less genuine, though it has been manifested in very different ways, will not in his turn forget that the great department over which he presides is something more than a source of revenue and an instrument of public convenience; but may be made by wise administration a potent moral teacher, and an aid in the formation of provident habits.

Meanwhile it must be remembered that the Post-office banks themselves, however numerous, can never be brought close enough to the children while the habits of their life are yet in process of formation. Nor is it possible that the banks themselves should ever receive sums so small as those by means of which the habit must be first formed. That great results can be accomplished with the aid of the teachers, even with the resources at the command of the scholars in Primary Schools, is manifest from the fact that upwards of 10,000 children in a single town, where the average wages of the parents are below those of most towns in England, have saved sums amounting to nearly 30*s*. each. It is probable that very little, if any of this money would have found its way to the bank, but for the agency of the school. The work is not one which can fitly depend on the action of state officials, but rather on the spontaneous efforts of governors and teachers, of the members of school boards, the committees of management affiliated to them, and other influential private persons. Even when our machinery for public instruction is completely organized, there will, it may be hoped, always be room for the exercise of that personal zeal and that affectionate interest in the welfare of the scholars which have so long honourably characterized the voluntary system. And for the exercise of such independent exertions here is one field in which the harvest truly may be great. As the Education Act of 1870 becomes daily more operative in increasing the number of children under instruction, in prolonging their school attendance and in developing their intelligence, it will render in just this proportion a larger number of scholars amenable to such simple reasonings and influences as have proved so efficacious in Ghent. And those who will take the trouble to associate themselves with the teachers, in bringing the savings-bank into the school, and making the simple arrangements by which the business part of the matter may be done smoothly and in proper order, may fulfil a most useful function. They will aid the work of national education in an effectual way, not only by thus giving practical and experimental lessons in economic science to the scholars, but also by enlarging their imagination and increasing their power of self-control. The plan of utilizing the elementary schools for this purpose has, at present been little tried in England. It is not a panacea. If adopted ever so earnestly and successfully, it will leave much improvidence unremedied. But it may, with the Divine blessing, prove one instrument among many for ameliorating the material condition of the poor, and for elevating the whole of their social and moral life.

J. G. Fitch.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEGREE TIME—COACHING—THE GOAL AT LAST—THE FETTERED BIRD—DIFFICULTIES—A NEW PAVEMENT—ADDITION—PROFESSION—A CHANGE—NEW LIGHTS—A SUMMONS—AT HOME—AN INTERVIEW—SENTENCE—CLOSED FOR EVER—HOMELESS—A FAINT—I ARRIVE AT MY OLD STARTING POINT.

THE time at length came when a Bachelor's degree was to crown the tower of my academical career.

The "good old coaching days" were revived, and teams of men who, till their last term, had scarcely (save for their little-go) opened a book, were now harnessed, made to step well together, rendered accustomed to the main road, and were finally trotted through the examination papers at an easy pace—arriving at their journey's end without exhibiting the slightest signs of distress. We, of this set, proposed to go in for a pass; honours were out of the question, and a pass we most of us obtained. The moment of reading out the list in the Senate House was an anxious one for many, and the successful undergraduate did not often stop to hear any other name after he was certain of his own being on the list.

The coaches, too, were nervous, and, outside the Senate House, awaited the return of their men. Congratulations were flying about in all directions, and the plucked ones were trying to dissimulate their chagrin as best they could. Some of the latter at once sought their coaches, and pointed out to them the exact spot on the papers where they knew they had come to grief. A few protested their inability to understand why they had failed, and some energetic spirits called on the examiners individually in order to ascertain in what subject they had fallen short of the minimum.

Here two or three men were to be seen old in intellectual feebleness, who had been plucked for the fourth time and were contented with the result, looking forward to the time when their degree would have, by University law, to be conferred upon them, gratis, as qualified "ten-year men."

Perhaps by that time they would have married and settled at Cowbridge, a family would have sprung up about them, and they would realize the old university story of the paterfamilias going up to college late in life, perpetually failing in his examinations, and being welcomed on each new occasion, at his garden gate, by the children rushing out to him and shouting "Hallo! Pa! plucked again?" Then running into the house they would cry, "I say Ma, here's Pa plucked again!"

This ordeal over, nothing now remained for me but to go through the solemn ceremony of receiving my degree at the hands of the Vice-Chancellor, before whom the undergraduate kneels, and places his hands, clasped in an attitude of prayer, between the palms of the Vice-Chancellor, who whispers in his ear something in Latin, and gives him his blessing—*in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritûs Sancti. Amen.* Then the newly-created Bachelor rises, proudly, as though he had been knighted on the field of battle, with the insignia of his degree over his shoulders, a white tie about his neck, and the strings of his baccalaureate gown fluttering in the draughts of the Senate House.

How the blushing youth is welcomed by his father, who, from the crowd around, grasps him by the hand; by

his mother, who well-nigh sheds tears of joy over the first distinction won by her gallant son, whom she then and there considers as far greater than any-one else in the University, the Vice-Chancellor himself not excepted. Then, the fond sisters, who will cling to his arms all day, and never be tired of being lionized. Ah! happy hours! happy men! wistfully eyed by me, who indeed took my degree, though not at the appointed time, but later on, quietly, and without any excitement; only to retire afterwards to my rooms, throw my new robes on one chair, seat myself in another, and wonder if that day there was anyone much more unhappy than myself.

At this point my life of carelessness, of unconscious prodigality was to end, for once and for ever.

I had lived, never wisely, always too well.

Tradesmen had trusted me, that is, they had fastened a line round my leg which they had from time to time lengthened out so that I could hop about in apparent freedom, forgetful of the tie that bound me to them. They never would let me pay them. My father's city reputation had, doubtless, suggested this line of conduct to them; and perhaps the decline of that reputation, or some vague rumours from Cornhill, had decided them to come upon me suddenly, and press for a settlement, when it was impossible to refuse without sacrificing my degree.

There was nothing for it but to collect all my bills and present them at home. I shall never forget the feeling of utter hopeless dismay that came over me on arriving at the sum total.

In for a penny in for a pound; and it now occurred to me to send for Broad's bill for the last three years.

In fact I collected them round, with all the straightforward determination of setting my house in order, or, rather, of having it set in order for me; and further, I resolved to sacrifice two-thirds of my allowance for the next any number of years in order to make up for my past folly.

I began laying down a splendid pavement of good intentions, and wrote a penitential letter to my father announcing my plan for the future if he would only free me in the present.

To this I received an answer from Mr. Cavander, to the effect that my father was very unwell, and unable to attend to business matters, but that my affairs should be at once placed under consideration.

I should have mentioned before this that Lady Colvin had been blessed with a second child within two years of the appearance of her firstborn. This had as before furnished me with an additional reason for not visiting Langoran House, where I found myself quite *de trop*.

In a state of great suspense I remained at college, having nothing to do except to commence the practice of economy. Other men of my own standing were studying for their "Voluntary Examination" for the Church, and attending the lectures of some Theological Professor.

It suddenly occurred to me that my choice must now be made of a definite line in life.

My intimate college friends had gone down, and the few whom I knew remaining "up" were engaged as I have said above.

Those belonging to the former category had already been keeping their terms at one of the Inns of Court, and were commencing legal studies, or had set themselves to whatever serious occupation might be required of them as scions of old county families, or as successors to their father's business.

It seemed to me at this time that I was isolated; left, as it were, high and dry, by the tide of pleasure receding on all sides.

The last day of a happy, pleasant University career is the end of the first volume of life. The merry company breaks up and departs this way and that, some never to meet again this side the grave. New faces appear, new customs and manners come into vogue which the solitary man left behind by his com-

panions pretends to despise because he is unable to associate himself with them. University life is of so short a duration, that Time marches at the double, and in a few weeks a new generation has arisen, not one that "does not know Joseph," but that does know him, and considers him a fogey.

For lack of aught better to do, and because my thoughts seemed, as I have already indicated, to have taken a more serious turn, I considered that my time could not be better employed than in attending the Divinity lectures. Certainly they dealt with a subject which had not often attracted my attention, and on which I had seldom heard any one speak except Austin, and with him Alice in the old Ringhurst days.

I was really a sort of prisoner for debt at the University, and for the first time I began to awake to the fact that money was an object, and that, except a small sum of which I was at present possessed, I had not, unless my father were well disposed towards me—and this I could not expect—much of a prospect for some time to come. I had no reason to suppose that all would not end as well as it had begun; but my father's continued silence was ominous.

So about this time I took to attending these Divinity lectures, and by way of parallel reading, I commenced studying Paley's Evidences, which I had only crammed up for little-go years before, and the History of the Reformation.

This new course of reading so highly delighted me, and I put myself at it with so much zest and vigour, that had I only been brought up to turning my Colvin impulsiveness in the direction of classics or mathematics, I would have engaged to have been well placed in the Tripos, or high up among the Wranglers.

English literature, from the time when Austin had started me with Scott's novels, had always possessed the greatest, indeed the only, charm for me at once as a study, and as a recreation. Holyshade training had introduced Homer to me as a wandering old heathen who had written hundreds and hundreds of lines which we boys had to try and learn by heart, or to write out as pœnas. Who, thus taught, could love Homer? There have been brilliant exceptions; but I am speaking of the rule. And in proof, what is the cry now-a-days? Why, that Greek is of no use, save to divines, and that modern education should be only utilitarian. An examination question of the future may be, "Who was Homer?" and the answer will probably be rendered, "Sir, he was an author who wrote in a language called Greek, which is now happily and deservedly obsolete."

At length came a summons from my father. He wished to see me. I was to come up to town immediately—there was nothing more.

It was a dull, leaden morning in March when I presented myself at Langoran House.

Our old servant, Plemdale, opened the door respectfully, but sadly, and ushered me into the dining-room. He was as unlike himself as possible.

I stood there, and gazed around. I knew it all so well, yet I was a stranger, or, at best, an unwelcome guest in my own home.

I wondered what my father would say; how he would receive me: if I should, at least, see him alone—this was my great desire—and be able to say more for myself to prove that my own affection for him had never diminished, but had rather been increased and strengthened by our separation, which had dated from the night I had sat next my Aunt Clym, at that table, in that very dining-room, where I was now standing, and learnt from her the secret which he had feared to tell me.

I was ready to own myself a prodigal, but I also fully expected him to perform his part of the prodigal's father. I had erred in ignorance, and, though I did not intend to utter one word of reproach, which would have been unbefitting our relative positions and the occasion, yet I vaguely expected him to own that he himself had not been entirely free from blame.

Finally my bent was turned towards the Church, and this, too, it seemed to

me, would show my inclination for reform. I would tell him how I had begun to study, and how seriously I was meditating on the choice of a profession. I would tell him how I was now awaking to responsibility; and then it suddenly occurred to me, would it not be a favourable opportunity to consult him about Clara Wenslow, and to ask him what step I ought to take in the matter? In short, he should be at once and immediately my confidant, should be to me the father I had always pictured to myself—my best guide, my best friend, my constant companion—and for his sake I would accommodate myself to the circumstances of his family life, and remain at peace with my stepmother. Such was the ideal I was drawing for myself of the lion reclining by the side of the lamb, when Plemdale opened the door, and requested me to follow him into the study.

This room I have mentioned before, small and gloomy. The day was dark, the blinds were drawn, and shaded candles partially illumined the apartment. There was a small fire in the grate; on the table were two ledgerlike-looking books, and a collection of my letters, which I at once recognized. My father was in an easy-chair placed between the fireplace and the table.

As I entered, Mr. Cavander was leaning with his elbow on the mantlepiece and his cheek on his hand, evidently in deep thought, while the rustle of a dress on the stairs behind me caused me to turn, and I saw that Lady Colvin had but just quitted the study.

I was glad of this. But her brother was there, and all my old antagonistic feeling, intensified by recent events, rose up against him, and from that minute I thought less of conciliating my father than of ousting *him* from his usurped position.

I was advancing to shake my father's hand, when Cavander at once stopped me.

"We will not," he said harshly, "put you on false ground at the outset. Your father, who is too ill and weak to speak much to you himself, has deputed me to deliver his decision in this painful matter."

I looked towards my father, who merely inclined his head towards the fireplace. He seemed weak and feeble, and his hair was fast becoming grey.

Unprepared for such a scene as this, I hesitated. Then I spoke, anticipating Mr. Cavander.

"I have come, by my father's wish, to see him, and him alone."

Mr. Cavander nodded to my father, as much as to imply, "There! I told you so! I thought he'd begin in this way! Just his obstinacy."

I continued.

"I have come to own myself very sorry for my expenses, for my extravagance. I assure you," I said, addressing my father, "I had not the smallest idea of their extent. I feel that I have wasted my time, but I have already begun to try and repair the past, and for the future——"

"The future will speak for itself, as the past does now," said Cavander, interrupting me, and facing round so as to fix me with his eyes.

I confronted him fearlessly.

"Had you shown yourself," he went on, "a credit to your name—had you even proved yourself anxious to be a companion to your father, a dutiful son, one to whom he could entrust his business when he had earned his repose—then what I have to say now would have been left unsaid. There was an old agreement between Sir John and myself on this matter, an agreement by which, in justice to others, neither your father nor myself can any longer be bound. Had your conduct been all that could have been desired, our task would have been rendered more painful and more difficult; but your own acts of extravagance, your own course of life which you have chosen for yourself, and which have separated you so entirely from all family ties, have given us an opportunity of which, as I have just said, in mere justice to others, your father feels bound to avail himself. I believe I have not said one word too much?" he added, addressing Sir John, who had

been nervously interlacing his fingers, and looking at the fire.

"No, no, not a word," my father replied, with more decision of manner than I had expected from him. It occurred to me afterwards that he had been given his rôle, and had played it out from previous instruction. "He has been very ungrateful for all I've done for him. Most ungrateful."

"I have not been ungrateful," I returned, scarcely knowing how to defend myself against so general a charge, "unless extravagance, which I own, and am sorry for——"

But Cavander cut me short.

"Your extravagance is only part and parcel of the return you've made for all Sir John's kindness. When have you ever done anything to please him? When have you ever put yourself out of the way to do what he has wished? How have you spent your time up till now? And might not every penny expended upon your education have been just as well thrown into the gutter? You profess to be sorry now: it is time you were. You will be put to the proof. Up to this time you have been most generously dealt with by an indulgent father, and have been treated as though you had claims upon him which it will now be my duty to tell you you have never possessed."

"A son has some claim on his father, at all events up to a certain age," I said, earnestly wishing to make them understand how eager I was for an opportunity of retrieving the past.

"A legitimate son," answered Mr. Cavander slowly, and emphasizing every word, "has a legitimate claim. An illegitimate son has but a natural claim."

"I do not understand?"

"I think you do," returned Cavander, calmly, "for you have been to Clun Stretton and have seen the register in the church."

My breath came with difficulty, and my throat was suddenly dry and parched. My father's face was averted from me, as he leant back in his chair.

"You saw the date," Mr. Cavander went on.

He need not have said one word more. I knew it all now.

"Under the impression that Sarah Wingrove, Mrs. Colvin, during the lifetime of your grandfather, had died in Australia, Sir John married into the Pritchard family. You were, fortunately, present at the death of this very Sarah Wingrove, the real Lady Colvin, at St. Winifrid's Hospital. Your father has been legally married only twice, once to Sarah Wingrove, and to my sister. You can now understand the precise nature of your claim on Sir John."

I was stupefied. I had no answer. I was dazed. I could make no appeal.

"I had kept this as a family secret with which from the first I had been intrusted, till, in justice to others, to the children of the present Lady Colvin, your father considered that you should no longer be kept in ignorance of your real position. You know what that position is now. Apart from what it is by the illegitimacy of your birth, you would have, had you indeed been Sir John's heir, estranged yourself from him by your heartless and ungrateful conduct. Sir John wishes me to inform you that your debts will be discharged, that he will make you a certain small allowance which will enable you to start in the world, where it is to be hoped your education will prove of some service to you; and when you shall have made a name for yourself—for remember you do not bear that of Colvin now save by your father's permission—then you may return to this house, but—*not till then!*"

I stood silent. Should I leave the room, and the house at once? Should I appeal to my father? What should I do?

Strange as it may seem to the reader of this, who would have expected a "scene," I, for my part, never felt less inclined to make one than at this moment.

A knock-down blow stuns for the time, and the victim cannot do much

when prostrate and senseless. Such a blow had I received; and I could neither do anything nor say one word. I *had* seen the register; how Mr. Cavander had learnt the fact I did not care to inquire. I had been present at Sarah Wingrove's death. To announce my illegitimacy now, after so many years of silence, appeared to me to be cruel, yet I could not but admit his plea of justice to the others, and I had already testified against myself by owning my sorrow for my past, and my honest determination for good in the future.

I was no hand at duplicity; I was incapable of suspecting a plot. I could not imagine that my father would have allowed Mr. Cavander to speak for him, and to warn me from the door, had he not believed himself and his adviser actuated by only the strictest sense of the requirements of truth and justice.

Presently, however, my father broke the silence—

"I must think of others now; I have thought too much of you, without any return. You have always been disobedient and ungrateful."

Again I had nothing to say. I could not ask for special instances of my disobedience and ingratitude. All I could find to say, and that, with the greatest difficulty, was—

"I have never intended to be either disobedient, or ungrateful."

"Never intended," repeated my father irritably; "but you *have* been. It isn't what you intended; it's what you've done."

He had been primed up to this point; he had learnt his lesson; and anything I could have said, would, I saw, have been useless.

The enemy was in the possession of the capital; nothing was left for me but flight.

"You need not stay any longer. One of our clerks will settle these bills at Cowbridge, and you will receive a hundred pounds a year in quarterly payments. You can go."

At that instant the name of Alice Comberwood flashed across me. An uncontrollable impulse forced from me the question—

"Mr. Cavander, where is Alice Comberwood?"

For one second the shot staggered him. I saw and noticed it. But, ere I had time to take advantage of the effect I had produced, he had perfectly recovered his composure, and replied,

"Do you mean Lady Frederick Sladen? You will find Sir Frederick's address in the Court Guide."

So saying, he rang the bell, as an intimation that the interview was at an end.

My father's face was turned away from me, as I said, huskily, and tremblingly,

"Good-bye."

I heard him reply, shortly—

"Good-bye."

Then I passed out into the hall, closing the study door. What it had cost my father to dismiss me thus, I could imagine. Thank Heaven, I entertained no angry feeling against him, either at that moment, or at any other time since. I pitied him more than I pitied myself; I forgave him as I could not forgive myself, for I began to magnify my carelessness and selfishness into unexampled crimes.

I should have fairly broken down, so miserable was I, had not my pride come to the rescue, on seeing Plemdale, who, waiting at the hall door, eyed me curiously.

It was, perhaps, could I have seen myself in a glass, but a lame attempt at carrying it off, jauntily, with a smile, but I managed its counterfeit to the best of my ability.

"My father does not seem well," I said, to Plemdale, as though my visit had been one of the most ordinary duty.

"No, Mr. Cecil," replied Plemdale, "Sir John is far from well. And he hardly moves out at all now, sir."

The thought that occurred to me then was, does Plemdale know all about it, and if so, what does he think of *me?* And, strange to say, it seemed more important to me at that moment to have Plemdale's good opinion than anything

else in the world. I can understand the impulse which causes the prisoner to take the gaoler, or the policeman who captures him, into his confidence, and I can realize his anxiety to secure at least one person who will listen to his own explanation of what appears to others, his inexcusable crime.

On the other hand, I wished to ignore Plemdale altogether. True he was an old servant; but what had he to do with my affairs.

Thus, at the door we both hesitated; he, as though expecting me to speak, and I as uncertain whether to speak or not.

The hesitation passed, and, turning on my heel, I said—

"Good-bye, Plemdale."

"Good-bye, sir," he returned.

Then the door was closed against me for ever.

It had begun to drizzle as I walked along, trying to fix myself to some immediate and definite line of action.

The familiar streets, the well-known thoroughfares, seemed now all different. It appeared as though I were seeing them in some contradictory dream, where I both recognized and was unable to recognize objects at one and the same time.

The names over the shops struck me, especially one "Dumper" over a baker's, and I had a sort of vague idea that now or never the man Dumper was the man to help me. But I gave up Dumper, and wandered on in a state of indecision, until I had left Dumper's a long way behind. Then I was attracted by a name which seemed to have got itself out of the alphabet in a regular tangle of letters; it was "Migligen." Migligen was a dealer in old China and second-hand umbrellas, and at Migligen's private door, on the knocker, was a large card, stating that the upper part of Migligen's was to be let out in apartments to single gentlemen.

This caused me to halt, and to remind myself that after that term, when my lodgings at Cowbridge would have to be given up I should be houseless and homeless.

Besides, except to pack up and remove my moveables, I had no object in returning to the University.

There were no friends there of whom I could make confidants. So I hurried on, debating within myself on my next step. And, in another second, I had decided on seeking Austin Comberwood, wherever he might be.

I could talk it all over with him before seeing Uncle Herbert. Yes, this is what I would do, and at once —at once.

This active decision seemed to startle me as much as my bringing my stick sharply down on the pavement startled a small child, who had just crossed the road with a small can of milk.

All of a sudden I began to shiver, then the next moment to be flushed with a heat which left me colder than before. In five minutes I felt very ill, and all I could think of at the moment was, that to see Austin then and there was an absolute necessity.

I felt faint, and lifted my hat to cool my forehead. Then there arose in my ears a sound like the rushing of water, and I became unconscious.

* * * * *

That the world is but a small place after all has been remarked before now, but never was there occasion for me to be so strongly impressed by the fact as when on awaking I found myself in a small but most comfortable room: a kettle singing on the hob, medicines on a table near the bed, a stout elderly matron dozing in an arm-chair, while, bending over some work, was Julie.

My exclamation of surprise aroused them both. The other was Nurse Davis.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STARTING-POINT ONCE MORE—OLD FRIENDS—WELL NURSED—NEWS ABOUT JULIE—MRS. DAVIS'S OPINION—CHOICE —UNSETTLEMENT—AUSTIN'S EXAMPLE —CLARA, A DIFFICULTY—THE INVITATION I REQUIRED—SECRESY—FORTHCOMING EVIDENCE — FIRST ECONOMY —FAREWELLS—A NEW TURN IN LIFE —ST. BEDE'S, NEAR BULFORD—THE

COLLEGE—ITS OBJECT—I AM HOSPITABLY RECEIVED—AND ENTERTAINED——DR. PODDELEY.

AND where was I?

"Why, my dear," said Nurse Davis, "you've come back to the point where you first began life. This is my apartment over Gander's dairy, where you were born. Polly Gander's married, and the name's Verney, for Polly Gander married Charles Edmund, who's quite a gentleman now, and doing very well indeed, being head something at the railway, and so as I took always a great fancy to this place, they made a home of it for me when I come to town, to stay and see the gaieties of London."

And so here I was, beginning life again, and from the same starting-point.

Charles Edmund, a tall handsome young man, with very little of the awkward lad about him now, had worked hard and had been steadily promoted. He was, for his station in life, already more than comfortably off, and buxom Polly Gander, who was exactly his own age, had come in for something at her mother's decease. Charles Edmund was now occupied with some mechanical invention which, adapted to railway requirements, would, Nurse Davis told me, make his fortune, and perhaps do more than that.

"Why," said Nurse Davis, "he may have a title afore he dies. Who knows? More unlikely things than that have happened before now."

This set me a thinking. Should I confide in them or not. Should I tell them how it had come about, that it was far more probable that Charles Edmund should win a new title, than that I should gain, what, till now, I had been brought up to look upon as my right.

Nurse Davis had sent to Langoran House, intimating that I was ill, and giving the address. But no answer had been received.

Julie was the tenderest of nurses, and when they would allow me to talk, I gradually fell into confidences.

On the fourth morning of my being there, Julie told me that Mrs. Burdon begged to be remembered to me, and this puzzled me. Then Julie said that that very morning she had heard from Mrs. Burdon, but that as I had my secrets from her (Julie), she would have her's from me.

And so it oozed out, and I told them all.

Then Nurse Davis said, quietly, but firmly :—

"That Cavander's a liar, and, please God I live, I'll prove him one. But, name or no name, legitimate, or not legitimate, you're the son of your dear mother, whom I loved as though she'd been my own daughter, and you as my child too, left to my care by her, and whatever you are, or may be, you'll never want for a home, as long as I've one to offer you."

"Thanks, dear nurse. And Julie?" I said, turning to her.

She put her hand in mine.

"We were brought up together, and in spite of our different positions I have always thought of you as a brother. Besides," she added, cheerfully, "*now* your friends are mine. For I've retired from the stage, and am a lady at large."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," she answered, merrily, "I'm a sort of adopted child. Would you have any objection to my being the daughter of Mrs Burdon?"

It appeared that Mrs. Bob had taken a great fancy to little Julie, and, tired of a change of faces in her young lady companions, who had all turned out more or less flirty or flighty, Mrs. Bob, after carefully studying Julie's character during a two-month's stay (when Julie had conceived a strong attachment for her), had made Julie such an offer, that even her own family would not stand in the way of her accepting it, and Julie, whose physique was unequal to the exigencies of the stage as a profession, willingly consented to Mrs. Burdon's proposition.

She was now "on leave," and permitted to remain with her aunt during the early portion of my convalescence.

As to my own affairs, it was arranged that for a time nothing should be done

or said until I had consulted my friend Austin, from whom I had lately received a letter addressed to me at Cowbridge, and brought thence to Gander's by Charles Edmund, who had kindly undertaken the removal of my goods and chattels, and the disposition of such furniture as would bring in a trifle, and for which I had, of course, no present use.

There was, too, something in my mind, at this very unsettled time, about being a clergyman. This came out of the quasi-serious turn I had taken during my last term, and the line of study I had resorted to after my degree. Austin's example (he was at St. Bede's Theological College, near Bulford) had some weight with me: and there was still one remaining difficulty which I dared not mention to anyone except to Austin; this was how I stood with regard to Clara Wenslow.

In fact, this last consideration was perhaps of all others what troubled me most. I felt myself bound to tell *her* the truth; and then supposing she said, "What matters a name; pursue your profession," at the Church or Bar, "and I will marry you"—for it had reached this climax in my own imagination—what was I to do?

Uncle Herbert had warned me against this entanglement, but entangled I was, and indeed, in the very batch of letters which contained the one already mentioned from Austin, was one from Clara, pressing me to tell my family of our attachment, as she had already informed her mother and grandfather, and that they said it ought not any longer to be concealed from Sir John.

Here it was evident I could not take either Nurse Davis, or Julie, into my confidence. Thus it came about that I ultimately carried out my first intention of consulting Austin.

"Dear Cecil," he wrote in reply to me, "your letter shows me you are in great trouble. Come to me. I have obtained leave from the Principal here to receive you as my guest at the College, and a spare room is at your service. It is a very quiet studious life, suiting me exactly, and if, as you hint, you too are thinking of what is, wrongly, called 'going into the Church,' then you could not do better than take advantage of a course of study at St. Bede's. But in whatever way I can be of use to you, you have only to name it, and I put myself at your disposition to the best of my power. But first come up here, and tell me your trouble. Expecting to see you within the next two days, I am, your always devoted friend, AUSTIN COMBERWOOD."

This determined my movements.

Julie returned to Mrs. Burdon, and Nurse Davis remained in town, both under promise of secresy as to my affairs, until I should give them permission to speak.

Nurse Davis hinted, more than once, that she was sure she could be of use in this matter, or if not that her brother-in-law could, though she wouldn't have him brought into it, till he was absolutely wanted. At present, unfortunately, my faithful old nurse was only a witness to the death of Sarah Wingrove in the hospital, and she had, she said, reason to remember a name like that long before, "though," she added mysteriously, but disappointingly, "that wouldn't prove much, not even if it was the same."

As she was not inclined to explain this oracular utterance, I contented myself with agreeing with her, that when we *did* take steps, they should be decisive ones. Then I set off for St. Bede's Theological College, near Bulford.

So from Gander's Dairy I sallied forth with a firm determination to fight my own way onwards in the world. And, as I journeyed down to Bulford, I looked back upon my time, considering what I had done with it up till then, and resolved that henceforth, come what might, nameless or with a name, wronged or righted, I would use my best endeavours to make up for the time lost in the days of my ignorance.

I now debated with myself as to the propriety of travelling first, or second, class. I considered the difference of price, and went second.

I think this was the first occasion of my practising economy.

Henceforth, farewell to Broad's, and to all my old expensive habits. Whether Cavander's story were true or not—and, in spite of nurse Davis' mysterious hint, its truth was forced upon me by my father's sanction—I, pecuniarily, should be in no better position. I thanked Heaven for my health and for the true friends I possessed; and at the end of my journey, Austin was on the platform, ready to grasp me warmly by the hand.

We deferred our confidential talk till the evening, when we should be alone in his room; and so, neither of his sorrows, nor of mine, did we say one word, as we drove along towards St. Bede's.

He described the College, and its object to me. It was founded by the Bishop of Bulford, for the benefit of those, who, not having been at a university, wished for a thorough theological training before ordination; and also for those, who, having taken their degree, required something more satisfactory than the University Divinity lectures, as the preparation for a life so different from what they had hitherto led.

"This place," said Austin, "makes, you see, a break between the university life of an undergraduate, and the profession of the ministry of the Church. For myself, I don't understand how a man, ordinarily speaking, who has been either merely enjoying himself at the University, or reading only classics, or mathematics, is qualified to pass at once into the Diaconate, and then into the Priesthood of the Church."

I noticed his use of the word Priest. Except in the few Divinity lectures I had attended, I had never heard this term applied to the clergy of the English Church. I had always thought (but I admit my ignorance of such matters then) that Priest meant a Catholic Priest.

My ideas were to be considerably enlarged on all theological subjects during my brief stay at St. Bede's.

A Gothic college, with its grounds and chapel, far away from the gentle hum of even the neighbouring University-town of Bulford, was the very picture of an ecclesiastical seminary, and the place, above all others, to which one in need of rest and quiet meditation, would wish to retire. The building seemed to repose in a sort of monastic atmosphere. It only wanted antiquity to perfect its charms, for, despite its close imitation of the architectural style of the old Catholic days, St. Bede's was but a modern invention of the last quarter of a century, I mean at the time I first knew it.

It was erected to show of what the English Church was capable, when her teaching, in all its fulness, could be thoroughly and boldly proclaimed. The object of its energetic founder was to prove to hesitating Churchmen, that it was not Rome alone that had a system of training her clergy. Moreover it was intended to exhibit within the collegiate walls, a ritual which, though distinctly Anglican, should be as impressive, solemn, and as attractive to certain minds, as that of the Church of Rome. It was furthermore intended to declare, in the teaching and practice of St. Bede's, that it was not the Roman Church only that held the full sacramental doctrine, but that the English branch of the Catholic Church possessed all this, and more, wherever it could bear fruit uninjured by the presence of sectarian plants. The atmosphere of Bulford was supposed to be peculiarly congenial to her healthy existence.

This theory had attracted the thoughtful Austin, who, with a natural bias towards the ministry, had determined not to enter it blindfolded, but, at any sacrifice, to follow the truth, wherever its light should lead him.

As far as my own affairs were concerned, Austin's advice was, that the best thing I could do would be to draw out the case on paper, and place it in the hands of a solicitor.

"Why not your father?" I suggested.

To this he replied, after some hesitation, that there were objections to such a course. However, on this we would decide in a few days; but the first thing I was bound to do was to write to Miss Wenslow and her mother, stating plainly

and fully my altered prospects, and releasing her from any engagement she might suppose herself to have contracted in my regard.

As no answer to this was likely to arrive for at least three or four days, if not more, on account of her frequent change of residence, I was at liberty to enjoy my time of convalescence at the College, and, if I liked, to fall in with its style of living, and its course of studies.

"I must introduce you to our Principal," said Austin, "as a matter of courtesy."

Dr. Poddeley lived with his wife and family, in a house standing in St. Bede's grounds, but apart from the College.

We found him in his study. He was a short, round, bald-headed man, in an archdeacon's dress, looking as though he only wanted one touch more to make him into a bishop.

He rose politely on our being announced, and received us most cordially.

He had not, I found out from our conversation, always been a clergyman, but had commenced life as a doctor, and had tried his fortune in youth in the Colonies.

"However,"—said Dr. Poddeley smiling, and stretching himself before his fire—"the Colonies did not agree with me, and it being a case of 'Physician, heal thyself,' I was forced to return to England. Like our friend here," alluding to Austin, "I felt a powerful *attrait* towards the Church, and took a similar course to that which he is now pursuing. No man should undertake such a step without a due sense of his responsibility."

Here the Principal yawned, and a nurse entering to make some inquiry respecting one of the children, we rose to depart.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A HALT AT ST. BEDE'S—LETTER UNANSWERED—AUSTIN'S DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES—NEW WORLD TO ME—VICE-PRINCIPAL GLYDON—A SKETCH—THE REPLY AT LAST—THE NEXT STEP—DR. PODDELEY AT HOME—A MEMORABLE CONVERSATION—MORE THAN A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

There are breathing points in the journey through life, when we can consider and reconsider.

Thus at St. Bede's I halted to take counsel with myself and with my best friend, Austin Comberwood.

After carefully penning a letter to Clara Wenslow, wherein it was difficult not to express the secret wish (which I had not even dared reveal to Austin), that she should reject me, and leave me free, my final decision was to do nothing hastily, to obey no first impulse until I had well weighed and deliberated upon the consequences, to disengage my thoughts as far as possible from my immediate difficulties, and occupy my time with profitable study.

A new world could not have presented more novelty to me than did the life at St. Bede's Theological College.

My bent had been latterly in the direction of the Church, and Austin's example seemed to me a beacon light in my unsettled state.

"I am puzzled here," said Austin, speaking in frank confidence to me. "I own I am puzzled. Yet what perplexes *me*, seems to others to be as clear as daylight. I must believe everything, or nothing. I am speaking for myself alone, and I am forced to do so, for I find that I am alone in my opinion. The other men here, seem to belong already to the High Church party, either as a matter of æstheticism, or as the more gentlemanly side, or as coming of Tory families, or as being proud of enlisting under the banner of such as Andrewes, Laud, Ken, Bull, Sherlock, Wilson, the Non-Jurors, and, finally, John Henry Newman."

It was almost all new to me. I was contented to listen. So apt a disciple could pick up, from such a master, more in one evening's discourse, than ordinary students could learn from a dry and learned lecturer in a course of six weeks.

Besides, though comparatively ignorant of such matters, I seemed, to my own astonishment, to grasp his meaning intuitively, to master at once the first principles, and, in some instances, to jump boldly from premiss to the conclusion, which he indeed foresaw, but whereat he refused to arrive, except by logical sequence.

"There are," he said, "some shallow pates here who are dazzled by great names, and overwhelmed by their auctoritas, I mean, by the weight of character of a single leader."

He conversed with me as though I were his equal, as though he remembered only our room at Old Carter's, and his hundred and one nights of Sir Walter Scott.

"I am dissatisfied with what are called the Anglo-Catholic school of Divines, or rather they satisfy me as far as they go; but, like Paley's evidences for Christianity itself, they do not go far enough. They are fettered, as partisans of a system, in which the accident of birth has placed them. One and all are constantly shaping their theories to fit these facts. You have seen, in these few days, enough of our Principal, to know that he is simply a comfortable Church of England clergyman, of what is called 'high,' but not extreme opinions, and he has been placed here by the Bishop——"

"The Bishop of Bulford?" I asked.

"By the Bishop of Bulford," he went on, "who, knowing exactly how to trim his ship, has placed worthy Dr. Poddeley at the head of affairs here, to act as something more than a counterweight to our Vice-Principal, for whom the Bishop shows a marked regard, and of whom he is rather afraid. It was better to place such a man as Mr. Glyde, our Vice-Principal, in a responsible post, with plenty of congenial occupation, and the prospect of certain preferment, than to allow him to nurse his doubts, and feed his disaffection in the solitude of some country parsonage. In such a position Mr. Glyde would be a disciple, *here* he is a teacher, and no one knows better than the Bishop, that the leader of a school of thought, is the last person to be converted."

"Converted?"

"Yes, I use it in a general sense. Privates may desert to the enemy, and their defection is a matter of small importance; but with the Colonel it is another matter—you may be sure *he* would rather die than yield; and, putting the question of heroism entirely aside, were a captain of a vessel asked whether he would not prefer going down, with his sinking ship, to being saved with a remnant, he would undoubtedly choose certain death, rather than risk the barest chance of dishonour."

"Do you mean, then, that most leaders of thought are dishonest?"

Austin sighed.

"I am afraid," he said, "that, at all events, they are in great danger of becoming mere special pleaders. They seem to me to lose their sense of, if one may so call it, fair-play, and if they deceive others, it is only the consequence of their having first of all deceived themselves. To *myself*, I am conscious of an honest purpose, at least so it appears to *me*, and as yet I have no ground for supposing I am mistaken; on the contrary, as I have no theory to support, and am very far from being a Master in Israel, I only profess myself a disciple, an inquirer after Truth in Religion, and only so far a sceptic, that I will deliver over my intellect captive to no *man*, to no teacher who is unable to convince my reason of the existence of a supernatural claim to my obedience."

This remark struck me forcibly at the time, for I was ready to follow Austin as my guide.

"But my dear Austin," I said, "a person uninstructed in such matters—in any matter, in fact—and as far as religious opinion is concerned, I may fairly instance myself and my own bringing up—must he not learn from a teacher?"

"True. A child is under instruction, and grows up with the bias, specially in religion, of his education. But there comes a time when he is bound to use his own reason, and in such matters he

must act for himself, for he is *in foro conscientiæ*, and is responsible to no human being. I cannot understand sectarianism in Christianity, in the face of such a dictum as 'Call no *man* your master.' What do all these terms Irvingite, Puseyite, Wesleyan, and so forth, mean, if not that those who choose so to style themselves have called that man their master, whose opinions they profess, and on whose authority they rely ?"

"And Protestant and Papist ?" I suggested.

"No, Protestant is the generic term under which come the hundred specific variations. It merely signifies the existence of a multitude of sects whose only common bond is a protestation against Popery. A Papist signifies a follower of the Pope, it is true, but the Pope, as I apprehend their theory, has no followers in the same sense that Wesley, or Irving, or Pusey has. The Pope's private opinion is entitled to just so much weight on a theological point as the *obiter dicta* of a Lord Chancellor on a point of law. When the Pope does speak, officially, his utterances are not his, but are taken to be the Divine explanation of some particular portion of a Divinely-given revelation. Granting the Catholic premiss, the system is perfectly logical, the reasoning consistent throughout. For Protestantism, as a whole, it is Hamlet without Hamlet. It is not a system in any way. Its basis is the assertion of the right of Free Inquiry, and though it asserts such a right, it does not impose it on individuals as a duty. This is a matter for every man's conscience. I find myself placed as a member of the English Church, an institution which the majority agree in calling decidedly Protestant, while a small minority among its members call it Catholic, or rather Anglo-Catholic. Now, before I take office in such a community, it seems to me necessary to inquire what it really is. The school calling itself Anglo-Catholic—of whose views our Vice-Principal is an exponent—seems to me to have something to say for itself well worthy the attention of an inquirer. It claims for the English Church an authority equal to that which the Roman Church claims for itself. Of course it cannot pretend to more than Rome. All I am concerned to ascertain now is, can it substantiate these claims ? if not, then I must look elsewhere for that Divine authority which alone can compel my allegiance. Should I fail to find it, should I be forced to the conclusion that no revelation has ever been given to man, and that on this side of the grave the soul's ignorance is its happiness, and the greatest scepticism its highest form of worshipping the Unknown Creator, then so, honestly, will I be prepared to live out my time here, doing my share of the world's work, whatever it may be."

Here Austin paused. Then, folding his hands, he walked slowly along the gravel path in front of the College, his head bent down, his eyes on the ground, absorbed in thought.

At this instant the Vice-Principal, Mr. D'Oyley Glyde, came from the College door towards us. Sallow complexioned, his black hair cropped short, and closely shaven face, in his long cassock, and white band round his throat in imitation of—what I subsequently ascertained to be—a Roman collar, Mr. D'Oyley Glyde was, to my mind, at that time, the very picture of a wily Italian priest.

I could understand his being, should the opportunity arise, accused of Popish plots, mentioned with suspicion as being a Romanist in disguise, a Jesuit in the English Church, and as being the object of any other absurd charge brought by the extreme party of one school, against the extreme party of another co-existing under the same liberal establishment.

The Vice-Principal struck me as a man who was holding himself in, who was constantly struggling to achieve a victory, to restrain a hasty temper, and to repress giving expression to an almost overpowering sense of the ludicrous. This gave him an air of artificiality

which at once inspired me with distrust.

His bright sparkling eyes were the lamps to his words.

By their light those who cared might read his meaning. He liked Austin because Austin thoroughly appreciated him; but at the same time he must have envied his pupil that entire liberty which he himself was gradually giving up. He admired Dr. Trimmer, Bishop of Bulford, but deplored the necessity of the times which forced Dr. Trimmer to blow hot and cold as occasion required; though Mr. Glyde consoled himself, that even in these tactics "the dear Bishop" (as the Vice-Principal invariably called him) was eminently apostolic, for was he not perpetually being, or trying to be, "all things to all men"?

"The dear Bishop," said Mr. Glyde to us, his eyes showing us, in spite of himself, exactly what he thought of his idolised prelate, "is coming here to-morrow. He will preach in the parish church. After the sermon there will be a celebration."

I had only lately learnt the meaning of this term. At Cowbridge we were aware of there being certain Communion Sundays in the year, but we none of us knew much about it. Tudor College Chapel had only been a school for irreverence and negligence. I well remember that one part of the Chapel nearest the Communion rails was known as "Iniquity Corner." I had also known young men, devoutly inclined, who, having been present at one Communion Service in the College Chapel, had shrunk with horror from ever attending another during their term of residence. Till now the clergyman to whose duty this portion of the service had fallen I had always heard spoken of as the one "who read the Communion Service." At St. Bede's I found he was called "the celebrant."

One of the students, a delicate-looking young man, came up to Mr. Glyde.

"You want to speak to me?" asked the Vice-Principal, smiling encouragingly.

The student, whose name was Vincent, and who had been my senior by some years at Tudor College, replied "Yes, Vice-Principal."

"Well," said Mr. Glyde, softly, with his head inclined on one side, and intensifying his usually insinuating smile; "what is the difficulty?"

"This is the difficulty," answered Vincent, who was evidently much troubled: "the Bishop has said that none of us are to stay in church unless we communicate. Now, what with the confirmation and the sermon and the full choral service the celebration won't be till past one. I don't think I can fast till then; and if I go to early communion, at seven, in our chapel I shall have to walk out when the Bishop celebrates at one o'clock, and I can't do this. I've been talking it over with several of the others, and we all agree that to leave the church at that moment, would be entirely contrary to our principles; while to break our fast, before communicating, would be against the practice of the Primitive Church."

The Vice-Principal's smile had gradually disappeared, and his eyes sought the ground for a few seconds; then resuming his habitually caressing manner, he placed his left hand affectionately on Vincent's shoulder, and eyed him, inquiringly, while replying to the question implied in his statement.

"My dear Vincent, you come to me to ask me for advice. What shall you do? Well, I own it is a painful case. Our dear Bishop is peculiar on some points, and I regret his decision in this instance; a decision, however, to which we, who are immediately under his authority, must bow. The ordinance of fasting before communicating, is, probably, of apostolic origin, but, like all other matters of mere discipline, it admits of modification, and, within cer tain limits, of relaxation."

"Then to break one's fast is permissible in order to avoid so great a scandal as the fact of so many students going out of church, at such a time, would be in the eyes of all the people?"

The Vice-Principal smiled, and patted Vincent on the shoulder.

"Quite so," answered Mr. Glyde,

"quite so. You can be present at the Principal's celebration in chapel in the morning, and can defer communicating till after matins."

"What will *you* do, Vice-Principal?" asked Vincent, boldly coming to the point.

Austin was carefully watching Mr. Glyde's countenance.

"For myself," replied the Vice, in his softest and sweetest manner, "I. shall merely take a cup of tea, and a small piece of bread. Nothing more."

"Then one *may* do that?" asked Vincent, evidently somewhat astonished.

"Oh surely, surely," responded Mr. Glyde, smiling. "In doctrine, we must be firm and stedfast; in matters, which are purely of discipline, we are not bound by a hard and fast line."

"But," observed Austin, quietly, "where discipline is a logical and necessary consequence of a fundamental doctrine, surely relaxation is in the highest degree dangerous to the doctrine itself."

"Quite so, quite so," replied Mr. Glyde, his manner becoming more and more insinuating, "but I have already qualified the relaxation by putting it 'within certain limits.' In this special instance we are bound by our obedience to the Bishop's wish, and by our charity for our weaker brethren."

Austin slightly shrugged his shoulders, a movement which I saw did not escape Mr. Glyde's observation, though he addressed himself, markedly, to Vincent, who gradually became reassured by the Vice-Principal's tone of conviction.

"You recollect those cases, my dear Vincent," Mr. Glyde went on, "in the Primitive Church, to which I alluded in our last Greek Testament Lecture, when, during a severe persecution, the communicants, of both sexes, were allowed to take away the consecrated bread to their houses, so that, though unable to unite in the assembling of themselves together, they might not be deprived of their spiritual food. These were very important exceptions to the general rule, and only permitted under the unprecedented pressure."

"Then," remarked Austin, "these people communicated in one kind only, and, therefore, according to the Church of England, their communion would have been such a mutilation of a sacrament as she charges the Church of Rome with. And a mutilation of a sacrament is a sacrilege. Therefore, these holy martyrs and confessors, suffering for their religion, were, according to Anglican teaching, as I understand it, guilty of sacrilegious communion."

"My dear Comberwood, may I ask where the Church has spoken, as you say she has, on this grave matter?"

Vincent took upon himself to reply.

"I have something of the sort down in my notes of the Principal's Article Lecture yesterday."

Mr. Glyde sighed, and smiled.

"You must have misapprehended the Principal's meaning. It is true that in the heat of argument some of our older controversialists have brought the charge of mutilation against our erring sister, founded upon a misconception of the Catholic doctrine in its entirety; but this line has been given up by moderns, who are also inclined to take a more just and a wider view of the sense of the Thirtieth Article than has been hitherto adopted. When the Church, in that Article, uses the word 'ought,' it is, evidently, a very different thing from the positive *command* which would have been forced upon us by the use of the imperative '*must.*' By the way, my dear Vincent, you were asking me the other morning what the Roman theologian Perrone said on the question of Anglican 'orders.' If you will come into my study I will show you his own words. He is in favour of their validity."

So saying, the Vice-Principal took Vincent's arm, and walked him into the college.

"Now," said Austin, "you will notice the result of this. Vincent will return flattered by the Vice-Principal's interest in him personally, and full of the statement that Perrone, the great Roman theologian, is entirely in favour of the validity of Anglican orders. His assertion will not lose by repetition, he will innoculate his inquiring friends with the same notion, and, if unchecked by

some counter-statement, coming from at least equal authority, he will gradually come to believe that Anglicans have all that a Divine system can possibly possess, and are only separated from the other parts of the same whole by ministerial differences of opinion."

"And the authority they have gone to consult?"

"Perrone, an excellent one, true, but the note to which the Vice-Principal alludes will not bear the gloss the latter puts on it. Vincent will glance at it hastily, will accept Mr. Glyde's reading of it, will feel himself highly complimented in being considered, at all, by so eminent a scholar as our Vice-Principal, and, by thus unconsciously shifting his responsibility, he will have taken one step more towards making himself a mere theological partisan, instead of an honest inquirer after truth."

"But you do not think that Mr. Glyde is purposely deceiving or misleading Vincent?"

"No I do not think he is. But he is trying different remedies on different minds. What will not suffice to convince Mr. Glyde himself may satisfy the doubts, and remove the difficulties, not only of Vincent, but of many others. This will re-act on Mr. Glyde himself, until he will, so to speak, arrive at believing in himself on the testimony of others. He is weakest when defending his own position, and strongest when attacking anti-christian philosophy, or professed infidelity. But, as it seems to me at present, for members of the English Church scarcely three hundred years old, to style themselves 'Catholics,' in order to identify themselves with the members of the ancient Roman Church, is as though some modern cockney Smith or Brown, lately titled on account of his money, were to claim blood-relationship with the Howards."

Such conversation as this occupied us during our walks, for we had tacitly decided upon not referring to my immediate difficulties until I should receive a reply to my letter.

After a week the expected answer arrived. It was from Mrs Wenslow. She refused to allow Clara to write herself; she upbraided me for trifling with her daughter's affections, and, with scant courtesy, wished it to be clearly understood, that any engagement I might have looked upon as existing between her daughter and myself, was now at an end. She had made inquiries, she candidly added, which entirely corroborated my own statement, and had received additional information, not at all favourable to my moral character. Her informant had, clearly, been Mr. Cavander himself.

Clara Wenslow *did* write, but it was only to reiterate her mother's sentiments, and to weep for herself, "as a blighted flower struck by the withering blast."

Here ended the Clara Wenslow chapter, and thereupon I was sincerely congratulated by Austin Comberwood. Uncle Herbert had not been far wrong in his estimate of this young lady's character, and I do not wonder at thorough Mrs. Burdon having given her up.

"Now that that obstacle is out of the road," said Austin, "your next best step will be to put the whole matter into the hands of a good solicitor. He will employ means to discover where the fraud is, if any exists, and of this, taking into consideration Mr. Cavander's long reticence, and the circumstances under which he at length breaks silence, there can scarcely be a doubt, and thus you will be able not only to right your own position, but you will release your father from a burden of which, you may depend upon it, he would most gladly be rid. I will write to a friend in town, and inquire, without stating names, who would be the best man to employ in such a case."

Austin at once wrote to his friend, and we were to receive his answer the following night.

There was a late post which arrived at about eight o'clock, and, while we were walking up and down discussing probabilities, Dr. Poddeley, happening to pass us on his way towards his residence, courteously invited us both within.

We could not refuse, and were soon seated in Dr. Poddeley's drawing-room, drinking tea poured out by Mrs. Poddeley.

The conversation, as a matter of course, began with the weather, and questions concerning the children's health, and so forth; then Mrs. Poddeley, who had lately been fitting up a magnificent medicine chest, under the professional assistance of her husband—once Doctor of Medicine, now Doctor of Divinity—discoursed learnedly on the complaints of the villagers, and extolled the office of the English parson's wife, whose duty, she observed, was to know something of doctoring.

"But Mrs. Poddeley," said Austin, "it is not every lady who has the good fortune to have the advantage of such excellent instruction."

"I had a natural taste for it, I think; I fancy I was always fond of medicines," said Mrs. Poddeley.

"Not of taking them, my dear," observed Dr. Poddeley, adding, with a ponderous sort of playfulness, "unless you took them to other people."

And so we fell to talking about doctoring generally, and his experience in particular, and why he gave it up, and as to where and when he practised.

"I took it into my head," said Dr. Poddeley, making two acute angles of his elbows on the arm-chair by bringing his hands together, in a sort of prayerful attitude, on a level with his chin, while he slowly moved his right leg crossed easily over his left knee, and looked occasionally towards us, but mostly towards the fire; "I took it into my head, in commencing professional life, to try Australia. Everyone told me I should make my fortune there, or rather, that there was some chance of doing so *there* and none whatever *here*. I went, and tried. *Veni, vidi,* but I can't add *vici*. On the contrary. Melbourne itself was then only a rising place—a city of the future; and while the city would be growing the Doctor would be starving. I wasn't the only one doomed to disappointment; however, it was not to be my vocation in life, and I am grateful for the use, which so much knowledge of life as I was then able to pick up, has been to me."

"It is a rare thing for the same man to be at once physician of souls and bodies," remarked Austin.

"Now-a-days it is so; but formerly monasteries were excellent dispensaries, and Brother So-and-so was chemist, druggist, herbalist, and doctor. The Jesuits, too, at a later date, were proficients in the healing art, and their missioners were in many instances bound to make themselves acquainted with the science of medicine. We have the 'Jesuits' bark' handed down to us now. Many a time," continued Dr. Poddeley, reflectively, "would the combination of the two offices have been singularly serviceable to me. I remember—indeed I shall never forget it—being called to the bedside of a dying woman, connected, as I understood, with a company of strolling players, who had come out for the same reasons that had induced most of us to leave England. The poor woman was sensible, but powerless to express her meaning by words or signs. She had lived, I could see, a careless, dissipated life, and at the supreme moment it was the clergyman who was wanted more than the physician. She lay dying in the house of her married sister, who, with her husband, was away from home at the time. Only two of her theatrical companions were with her—a good, sensible young woman who nursed her tenderly, and a pompous person, whose distraction, under any other circumstances, would have been really most diverting. He it was who had fetched me, and on my arrival I administered restoratives, and despatched him for a clergyman. I whispered to the poor woman, now rapidly sinking, such consolatory words as I could think of; a light of sudden intelligence beamed in her eyes, and she stretched her hands with unexpected energy towards the door. It opened, and our messenger had returned with a Catholic priest. He was a foreigner. I shall never forget that moment. By instinct I yielded my place to him, and as he knelt by her pillow he placed in her hands, a small crucifix which he gently moved

towards her lips. Then, being unable to speak English, he said, clearly and distinctly, the '*Confiteor*' of the Romish Church, which the poor woman evidently recognized as familiar to her, and, we could tell by her eyes, that she followed it sentence by sentence. Then the priest pronounced the absolution in Latin, and as for the last time she bowed her head as if doing grateful homage to the well-known words, a calm, contented smile lighted up her pallid face, and, as the priest made the sign of the cross over her the stertorous breathing was suddenly checked, and with a long-drawn sigh of weariness of the world, she passed away to her eternal rest. Then we knelt and prayed. The sudden slamming of the door caused us all to raise our heads, and to our astonishment—and for a second, to my horror—there, dressed in tawdry finery, stood before us the living image of the dead woman."

"Who was it?" we asked.

"Her twin sister, so like in face to the one lying dead before us, that at first we could scarcely credit the evidence of our senses. The awful lesson of that evening was lost on that unhappy woman, who, however, had been, I was informed, more sinned against than sinning. Her husband had married her for such money as she had possessed, and had recently deserted her."

"Did you ever see her again?" I asked.

"Once only, on registering the death. The priest, too, had left; indeed, his presence there at all was almost miraculous, as he was a French missioner who was sailing for England the very next morning. The dead woman had been but a lax Catholic, I was given to understand, by her theatrical friends, and in fact had not practised her religion for years. The following week I myself quitted Melbourne, but I date from that evening the first, as it were, setting of my resolution to forsake the calling of a physician for that of a clergyman."

There was a pause of a minute or so, and then Austin broke the silence.

"I almost wonder, Dr. Poddeley, that your experience on that evening did not lead you towards becoming a Catholic priest."

"It did at first," replied Dr. Poddeley, with a satisfied air, "as I confess I was so taken with the idea of the system which rendered a French priest to be useful to the poor wretched, dying Englishwoman, without understanding the language. But that system, fascinating as it is, will not, you will find out when you have studied it as I have, bear investigation. The Church of England has a great future before her, not for this country alone, but for the world at large."

"Then these actors, her friends, knew she was a Catholic?" I asked.

"Yes, as I have said, they had some vague ideas on the subject, and Verney——"

"Verney!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that was his name; he thought the clergyman of one creed just as good as another in such an emergency, and was not aware until afterwards what a real service he had rendered the unhappy woman."

What Nurse Davis had hinted at now impelled me to the next question. Could it be possible that I was indeed on the very track of which I was in search?

"Can you, Dr. Poddeley," I asked, trembling with excitement, "remember the other names?"

"Aye, well enough; the woman who died was Sarah Wingrove, her sister's name was Susan, but at this moment I cannot exactly recall the married name of the latter."

I had started from my chair so energetically that Mrs. Poddeley screamed.

"You may thank Heaven for this," said Austin; "it comes most opportunely."

Then he told my story to Dr. Poddeley, who forthwith begged me to make what use I chose of the information.

To be continued.

THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

PART II.

Some writers have affirmed that Aldo Manuzio first invented the Greek types. This, however, Rénouard declares to be only so far true that up to the time of Aldo, whenever a Greek passage occurred in a book, it was left blank to be filled up with the pen, because few of the printing establishments were furnished with Greek types. But Greek books, many of them of importance, were known to be printed before that time, such as the Grammar of Lascaris at Milan in 1476, a Homer at Florence in 1488, and others besides. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that Aldo was the first to introduce a great improvement in the existing Greek types, which were badly shaped and rudely cut, whereas he had new ones formed after the pattern of the best manuscripts. Moreover, Greek books, which had been printed slowly and at rare intervals, now issued from the great Venetian Press with astonishing speed. When Aldo had amply furnished himself with Greek and Latin types,[1] his next step was to adopt a peculiar device whereby his books might be distinguished all over the world. He chose with singular sagacity the mark of the Dolphin and Anchor well known to all, and which, adopted by English printers[2] and publishers, is still employed to adorn many of the choicest editions of our books.

The Dolphin was chosen because of the speed with which the fish is said almost to leap through the waves, while the Anchor, on the contrary, represents stability and repose. By these emblems Aldo meant to imply that, in order to labour to any purpose, the scheme of work must be carefully and maturely weighed, and then be executed with rapidity.[1] It is said that two Emperors, Titus and Domitian, made use of the same emblem, and that Aldo was presented by a member of his Academy (Il Bembo), with a silver medal of the time of Titus, bearing the stamp of the Dolphin and Anchor. Although he had for some time entertained the idea of employing this device, it was only used for the first time in 1502, for a small 8vo Dante, and all the books which subsequently issued from his press bear this celebrated emblem. As might have been expected, there were many counterfeit dolphins and anchors employed by printers, who, disregarding the monopolies granted to Aldo, sought by the aid of this stamp, and by imitating his types, to pass off their books as productions of the celebrated Aldine Press. Among these were the Giunti of Florence, of whom Francesco d'Asola, a partner and relation of Aldo, bitterly complains in his Preface to the Titus Livius of 1518. He discovered their fraud by the fact of the dolphin's mouth being turned to the left, and not to the right, as in the Aldine stamp. Theodoric Martens, a Belgian printer, who

[1] A contemporary writer affirms that Aldo had silver types cast for his favourite editions. Another declares that the Pope promised Paolo Manuzio a set of types in the same precious metal, "argentei typi;" but Rénouard casts doubt upon this, declaring that the expense of casting types in silver would have been too great. Nor would they have been sufficiently durable. On the same account, he refuses to believe that silver types were employed to print a Bible at Cambridge, by Field, in 1656.—*Ann. des Alde*, iii. 85.

[2] As, for example, William Pickering, of London, with the inscription "Aldi Discip. Anglvs." His edition of the British Poets is in the small 8vo. form which Aldo had invented. The mark which he adopted for his books was the later and more finished impression of the Dolphin and Anchor, struck in the time of Paolo Manuzio, and technically termed "L'Ancore grassa." The original stamp of the Aldine Press, as employed by the great Aldo, appears in the books of Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering, the present publisher.

[1] *Annales des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 97.

died at Alost in 1534, stamped his editions with a double anchor; to which Erasmus, many of whose works he printed, makes allusion in his epitaph upon the printer :—

> "Here I lie, Theodoric of Alost.
>
> . . . .
>
> The sacred anchor remains, emblem dearest to my youth.
> Be Thou, O Christ, I pray, my sacred anchor now."[1]

The dolphin and anchor were indeed more or less imitated by many printers of this century at Paris, Basle, Cologne, Rome, Parma, &c. &c. John Crespin, of Geneva, placed them at the foot of a Greek Testament, with the initials J. C. and the following lines :—

> "Les agités en mer, Christ, seule anchre sacrée
> Asseure, et en tout temps seule sauve et recrée."

These printers, for the most part, adopted the device after the death of Aldo, but during his lifetime he suffered most annoyance from the printers at Lyons, who imitated his editions without scruple, and even copied his prefaces.

These frequent piracies at last compelled Manuzio to draw up a formal remonstrance, in which he pointed out the typographical errors and general incorrectness of the fraudulent editions. But even this the Lyonese printers turned to account, for they quickly extracted the erroneous sheets, which they replaced with new ones, corrected according to Aldo's remonstrance, and thus their fraud was doubly secured.

It is now time to speak of the Academy, the "Aldi Neacademia," formed by Aldo in Venice for the especial purpose of presiding over the editions of the classics, and ensuring their excellence and correctness. All the learned men of Italy of that time esteemed it an honour to belong to this Academy.[2]

The name of Erasmus is also enrolled among the list of members. His "Adagia," as has been already stated, were printed at the Aldine Press, and Aldo announces, in the preface, that he had purposely delayed the printing of many classical editions in order to publish immediately this most excellent work. Erasmus, on the other hand, observes, in the same book, that "If some tutelary deity had promoted the views of Aldo, the learned would shortly have been in possession not only of all the Greek and Latin authors, but even of the Hebrew and Chaldee, insomuch that nothing could have been wanting in this respect to their wishes."[1]

It is sad, however, to relate that this friendship between Aldo and Erasmus, which had been founded on mutual esteem, did not last. It was even exchanged for a dislike almost approaching to hatred, and difficult to account for. Whereas it had been the pride of Erasmus to assist in the correction of the great Venetian Press, he afterwards indignantly disclaimed having undertaken the correction of any but his own works, and is careful to explain that he never received from Aldo the wages of a corrector of the press. Some affirm that the Italian manner of living appeared to Erasmus frugal and parsimonious when compared with the good cheer of Germany or of his native country, and that he left Venice on that account. But a more probable solution would seem to be that as his opinions inclined towards those of Luther and his party, they became distasteful to Aldo, who had every reason to attach himself to the cause of the Popes, to whom he owed three successive monopolies. It is certain that, after the quarrel, whenever Aldo or his successors printed a book for Erasmus, they inserted the contemptuous designation of "Transalpinus quidam homo" in the title, instead of the name of the author, as if to signify his complete disgrace at the Court of Rome. Moreover, the Prince of Carpi, who had supplied the funds for establishing the

[1] "Hic Theodoricus jaceo prognatus Alosto
. . . .
Anchora sacra manet, notæ gratissima pubi
Christe, precor, nunc sis anchora sacra mihi."

[2] For a list of members see Rénouard, *Ann. des Alde*, vol. iii. pp. 36—38.

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. i. p. 168.

Aldine Press, was strongly opposed to the views of Erasmus, and even went so far as to refute them in a work of much erudition. When Luther first began to declare his opinions, the eyes of the world were fastened on Erasmus as one of the most learned men of the age, to see which side he would embrace. While the Lutherans, in spite of the protestations of Erasmus, declared that he held their opinion, he was an object of interest to two parties in the Church of Rome: the one headed by Leo X., Clement VIII., and Cardinal Sadoleto, who tried by praise and flattery to keep him within the pale of the faith and to induce him to lay down those opinions which led him to be suspected; and on the other hand, those who thought it their duty to protest openly against him, to point out his errors and mistakes, in order that others might not make shipwreck of their faith upon the same rocks which had wrought his ruin. Foremost among these was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi. Erasmus, to whom the character and learning of this Prince were well known, and who had besides seen him often in Venice, remonstrated with him for the harshness of his language, to which Alberto replied in a learned treatise, dated May 12, 1526, pointing out to Erasmus the dangerous nature of his opinions, so little removed from those of Luther, at the same time praising both his genius and learning.

Erasmus defended himself against this attack, and the controversy continued. Theology had always been the favourite study of the literary prince of Carpi, and he now undertook an elaborate work, singularly free from the scholasticism of the age, eloquent in style, and full of erudition, in which he examines and compares the works of Erasmus and of Luther. This work he printed at Paris, where he had taken refuge after the sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V. It was in the press when he died (1531), and was published in Paris that same year.[1]

These few fragments are all that can be collected of the history of a prince who has perhaps literally, the most right to be called a Prince Printer of Italy, his name appearing in conjunction with that of the first Venetian Printer on the title-page of each one of those splendid volumes of Venetian typography as they issued from his press. His tutor and friend, the great Manuzio, whom he had been the means of so largely benefiting, and who in return, had spent his whole life in executing the vast literary designs of the prince, had pre-deceased him by some years. Aldo died in 1515, at the age of 66, before he could accomplish his cherished project of printing a Bible in three languages,—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. One page only was executed of this great undertaking, but the beauty of the characters of all three languages, in each of which Aldo was an equally good scholar, is sufficient to show what a noble work the first Polyglot Bible would have been had he lived to execute his design.[1]

Aldo was by his own especial wish buried at Carpi, in the Church of San Paterniano.

But the reputation of the Aldine Press, which he had founded, was not destined to expire with him, nor was the patronage of the princes of Italy only exercised in Carpi.

Paolo Manuzio, the third son of Aldo il vecchio, and the only one who followed the profession which his father had rendered so famous, was but three years old at the death of Aldo. The work of the Aldine Press was not, however, suspended on that account, but, still bearing the name of its illustrious founder, was maintained by Andrea Torresano d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo il vecchio, with whom he had entered into partnership on marrying his daughter, and who had assisted him in his pecuniary difficulties. Andrea was himself an adept in the art of printing, and, some years previous to his entering into this part-

[1] "Alberti Pii Carporum Comitis Illustrissimi et Viri longe doctissimi præter præfationem et operis conclusionem, tres et Viginti libri in locos lucubrationum variarum D. Erasmi Roterodami quos censet ab eo recognoscendos et retractandos."—Tir. *Storia*, vii. 295.

[1] For fac-simile of page see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 44.

nership, had purchased the printing establishment of Nicholas Jenson, another Venetian printer of some reputation, which thus became incorporated into the Aldine Printing House. The operations of this great firm were thereby still further extended, and were carried on by Andrea d'Asola and his two sons, Francesco and Federigo, during the minority of Paolo Manuzio.

The books printed during this period are marked

"In ædibus Aldi et Andreæ soceri."

The stamp of the Press was preserved unchanged, with the addition of the peculiar mark of the Torresani—a tower with the letters A. T.—till the death of Andrea in 1529, when the establishment ceased to work for a few years.

It was re-opened in 1533, by the young Paolo Manuzio, who, although only twenty-one, inspired confidence both by his name and the diligence with which he had applied himself to his studies. In 1540 the partnership with his uncles, the Torresani, was dissolved. They went to Paris, where they set up, a few years later, a printing establishment, while Paolo, with the advice and assistance of his father's learned friends, conducted the Aldine firm at Venice. The books which now issued from this press bore either the inscription "Apud Aldi Filios" or "In ædibus Pauli Manutii." A new and more careful stamp of the dolphin and anchor was struck, which is termed by Italian booksellers "L'Ancora grassa," to distinguish it from that of Aldo il vecchio. In 1546 the stamp underwent a still greater change, the anchor having, to use an heraldic term, two cherubs for "supporters" on either side, and the words "Aldi Filii" substituted for the single name, which, divided in two, "Al-Dvs," was formerly placed on either side the anchor.[1]

In the year 1571, the Emperor Maximilian II. conferred upon Paolo a patent of nobility, with the right to add the Eagle of the Empire to his coat of arms, which was the same as the mark of his press. But Paolo died before he could make use of this new device, and the only books which bear it were printed after his death by his son.

Paolo Manuzio, being now sole proprietor of the firm, applied himself diligently to follow his father's footsteps, and gave himself up entirely to literary and typographical labours. The editions which he issued from his press were universally famed for their beauty and correctness, and for the erudition of their notes and prefaces. His edition of Cicero of 1540 was considered the best and most important of any classical author yet published.[1] The "Aldi Neacademia," which his father had founded, and which had existed but a few years, was replaced in Paolo's time by a great "Accademia Veneziana," also called "Della Fama,' from its emblem—a representation of Fame with the motto: "Io volo al ciel per riposarmi in Dio." It was founded in 1556 at the cost of Federigo Badoaro, a Venetian senator, and about a hundred of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Italy belonged to it, with Bernardo Tasso, father of the poet, as president. It was intended for the general encouragement of the arts and sciences, with the special objects of correcting the numerous mistakes of the old books on philosophy and theology, adding annotations and dissertations, and translating them into various languages. The printing was entrusted to the Aldine firm, and Paolo Manuzio was chosen as corrector of the press. He was, besides, appointed to fill the chair of eloquence in the Academy. In a short time many books were issued, which, for the beauty of their type, the quality of their paper, and the accuracy of their corrections, obtained a great reputation for this Academy. But, unhappily, the brilliant expectations to which this institution had given rise, were dashed to the ground by the bankruptcy of its founder, and the "Accademia della Fama" was as short-lived as the "Aldi Neacademia" had been. It strug-

[1] For these various forms, see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 98—101.

[1] Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 325.

gled on for a few months after this catastrophe, until its complete collapse, after an existence of but four years, and thirty years went by before another Venetian Academy could be established.

Still, the manner in which Paolo Manuzio, during his brief connection with this institution, had discharged his functions, won for him a great reputation, so that when after its collapse he travelled through Italy for the purpose of visiting the fine libraries which it was the pride and glory of the princes to collect, it was the endeavour of each and all to retain him in their principality. The Senate of Bologna offered him a large sum to carry on his printing in their city, and the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este tried in the same way to retain him in Ferrara, but the honour of an Aldine establishment was reserved for the Imperial city. In the year 1539, the Cardinal Marcello Cervini and Alessandro Farnese had formed the design of setting up a printing-press in Rome for the purpose of printing the manuscripts of the Vatican. Antonio Blado Asolano, the printer selected to execute the design, previous to going to Rome, went to Venice to implore the assistance of the Aldine Press in the preparation of types, paper, and other requisites for the undertaking. The Venetian firm gladly lent their powerful assistance, and beautiful editions of Greek and Latin authors soon issued from the Blado Press, of which the most remarkable was a Homer with the commentaries of Eustathius, published in 1542.

But it was the age of Luther, and the presses of the Holy See were required for other purposes than that ot reproducing ancient classical authors. Pius IV. therefore summoned no less a person than the great Venetian printer to establish a branch of the Aldine Press at Rome, for the purpose of printing the works of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers, in order to oppose some barrier to the flood of new opinions which was rapidly overspreading the world. At the cost of Pius IV., who, besides an annual salary of five hundred scudi, paid in advance the whole expense of the transfer of himself and family, Il Manuzio opened his printing-house in the Campidoglio, the very palace of the Roman people, and the books printed there bear the stamp of "Apud Paulum Manutium in ædibus Populi Romani, 1561."

It would seem as if so classical a residence and so important an employment must have fixed Paolo Manuzio for ever in Rome. But nevertheless, from various reasons (and no satisfactory one has yet been discovered), either because his gains were not in proportion to his labours, or because the climate was not suited to his health, after the lapse of nine years he left Rome and returned to Venice.

Yet he was never able, after his sojourn in Rome, to settle again. He went both to Genoa and Milan, and in 1573 once more to Rome, for the purpose of visiting a daughter whom he had left in a convent there. Gregory XIII. then occupied the papal chair, but like his predecessor, he knew too well the value of a man of so great a literary reputation as Paolo to let him escape out of his hands. Gregory offered him an annual stipend, with entire liberty to attend to his own pursuits, if he would once more conduct the Aldine Press at Rome. Paolo agreed, but his second sojourn in Rome was shorter even than the first; not, however, this time from any inconstancy on his part, but because death overtook him early in the following year (1574). Although Paolo Manuzio was inferior to his father, in that he only maintained what Aldo had created, he was equal to him as a printer and editor. Some writers say that his taste as a critic was not so faultless as that of Aldo il vecchio, but his works place him among the most polished writers, both in Latin and Italian, of his age. His most famous Latin treatises are the two upon the Roman Laws and Polity.[1] In his letters Manuzio carefully copied the style of Cicero, whose letters he also commented on. The literary men of his time even went so far as to say that

[1] "De Legibus Romanorum," and "De Civitate."—Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 523.

it was difficult to decide whether Manuzio owed most to Cicero or Cicero to Manuzio. But while Hallam places him among those writers of the latter part of the sixteenth century who were conspicuous for their purity of style, he blames him for too close an imitation of Cicero, which causes the reader soon to weary of his writings, however correct and polished they may be. Paolo Manuzio also wrote and published various small treatises in elegant and beautiful Italian. He made a careful study of Roman antiquities, and was the first to discover on an ancient marble the Roman Calendar, which he published in 1555, with an explanation, and a short treatise on the ancient manner of counting the days. Like all eminent men he had his detractors, such as Gabriello Barri, who accused him of being a plagiarist, but the accusation was entirely without foundation.[1]

At the same time Tiraboschi blames Paolo for his discontent, and for his repeated complaints of the indifference shown by the princes of his time to the progress of literature. The short sketch the life of Manuzio just given is sufficient to prove the injustice of these complaints, and Tiraboschi shows that at the time when they were made (1595) there was not a province in Italy without a prince whose pride and glory it was to cherish and protect literature and learning, and who has not left behind him the recollection of his munificent protection of science and art. But Manuzio was often hindered in his great labours by ill-health and weakness of eyes; and this may perhaps account for that peevish and querulous disposition which led him to find fault with the times in which he lived.

He left four children, but only one son—called Aldo, after his illustrious grandfather—was destined to maintain the family reputation.

Aldo "il giovane," so called to distinguish him from the founder of the family, seemed destined to fulfil the brilliant expectations suggested by his name, by publishing, at the age of eleven, a small collection of choice Latin and Italian authors, together with a treatise upon the two languages;[1] and this was followed, in three years' time, by a more learned and more considerable treatise upon Latin orthography.[2]

That his father must largely have assisted him in these two works can admit of little doubt; indeed, Rénouard[3] suggests that it was probably the work of Paolo himself, with some few contributions from his son, and that the father published the book in the name of Aldo in order to give him a brilliant start on his literary career.

His after reputation did not at any rate keep pace with so remarkable a beginning, and the success which he did achieve was due more to his name than to his individual efforts. He profited by his residence at Rome during his father's lifetime to augment his collection of ancient inscriptions, by studying the monuments themselves instead of the accounts of them in books. He was thus able considerably to improve his work on Latin orthography, of which he published a new edition in 1566. This work, the fruit of great research, is even now consulted by those who wish to write or reprint Latin books.[4]

Paolo Manuzio entrusted his son with the management of the Aldine Press at Venice, himself conducting the branch which he had transferred to Rome.

The Venetian Press, under the superintendence of Aldo il giovane, did not so much produce new works as reprints of those editions on which its reputation was already founded. From 1540 to 1575 it was chiefly occupied upon the works of Cicero; and the most celebrated work of Aldo il giovane was his commentary upon the works of this author, in ten volumes. Five of these it must, however, be stated, were the work of Paolo, and only the latter five were added by his son.

In 1572 the young Aldo married

[1] See Tiraboschi, vii. 211.

[1] Eleganze insieme con la copia della lingua Toscana e Romana, scelte da Aldo Manuzio, 1558.

[2] Orthographiæ Ratio ab Aldo Manuzio.

[3] *Ann. des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 176.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 178.

Francesca Lucrezia, a daughter of a branch of that same Giunti family of printers who had been the early rivals of the Aldine Press. His career at Venice does not seem to have been very distinguished, although, perhaps more as a tribute to his name than his merits, he was made Secretary to the Venetian Senate, and other marks of distinction were conferred upon him. Yet he was not loyal to a city which had honoured himself and his family, or to an institution which had immortalized his name. In the hope of greater gains and a more extended reputation, he accepted the post of Professor of Latin Eloquence at Bologna, in the room of the learned Sigonius; and he left Venice (1585) never to return, having previously made over the famous press which bore his name to Niccolo Manassi.

Aldo il giovane had a full share of that princely favour which his father and grandfather had enjoyed. His Life of Cosimo de' Medici procured him the favour of Francesco, his descendant, the then reigning duke, who placed him in the chair of *belles lettres* at Pisa, through which he became a member of the Florentine Academy. At the same time he was offered a similar position at Rome, vacant by the death of the famous Latin scholar Muretus. This he at first refused, but it was kept open in the hope that he would one day accept it, which at last he determined to do. Yielding to the entreaties of Pope Sixtus V., he transferred himself and his vast library—the result of the united labours of his father and grandfather—to Rome in the year 1588. He fulfilled the duties of the Professor's chair during the lifetime of this Pope, and at his death in 1590, his successor, Clement VIII., gave Aldo, in addition to this post of honour, the more lucrative position of superintendent of the Vatican Printing Press. This responsible office he only held during five years, dying—it is commonly supposed, of a surfeit—in 1597. Such was the unsatisfactory end of an unsatisfactory life, which by no means fulfilled the brilliant promise of its early years. Dazzled by the glory of a premature reputation, Aldo neglected the profession which his father and grandfather had raised to so much honour; and instead of being, like them, the first printer of his age, filled an inferior place among literary men. It would seem also that he possessed more learning than taste in employing his knowledge, and that, while gifted with a retentive memory, he was by no means in other respects a genius. His works are those of a learned man, well acquainted with his subjects, but written in a dry, repulsive style. One of those supposed to be the most interesting is the "Life of Castruccio Castracani," the usurper who became Lord of Lucca. The life of this singular individual had already been written by Macchiavelli in Italian, and by Tegrimi in Latin; but Aldo, dissatisfied with both these biographies, made a journey to Lucca for the purpose of consulting the public archives and family documents. With their assistance he published at Rome a new life of this extraordinary soldier of fortune, entitled, "Le Attioni di Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, Signore di Lucca." It is praised by De Thou, and a new edition was published at Pisa as lately as 1820.

Aldo il giovane left no surviving children, and with him the family became extinct; while the Press which will for ever bear their name, passed into other hands. He died, moreover, without a will, and the splendid library of 80,000 volumes, which it had taken three generations to collect, was divided among his creditors. Angelo Rocca wrote an epitaph upon the three Manuzii, in which, however, he shows an undue partiality for Aldo il giovane.[1]

The annals of the Aldine Family have been given the place of prominence in this paper, and pursued as closely as its brief limit will allow, because they illustrate not only the progress and perfecting of the typographical art in

1 "Aldus Manutius senior, moritura Latina
Græcaque restituit mortua ferme typis.
Paulus restituit calamo monumenta Quiritum
Utque alter Cicero scripta diserta dedit.
Aldus dum juvenis miratur avumque patremque
Filius atque nepos, est avus atque Pater."
Rénouard, *Ann. des Alde*, vol. iii. p. 208.

Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also the princely favour and patronage to which that art was in its infancy so much indebted. The circumstances also in which the Manuzii were placed, and the nature of their labours, give their history an interest which does not perhaps belong to that of any other printer. Nor are similar circumstances likely to occur again. Never again, as in the case of Aldo il vecchio, will it fall to the lot of any printer to exhume and rescue from destruction the ancient classics; nor will it again be the privilege of any prince to lend his countenance and supply the funds requisite for so arduous and so glorious a task.

"Reddo Diem" is the apt motto placed by Manni on the title-page of his life of Aldo Pio Manuzio, and it is not easy to determine whether the Venetian printer deserves most the gratitude of posterity for the light of knowledge which his discoveries shed upon the world, or for the preservation of that knowledge by an art which he brought to perfection and which seems to render a future dark era impossible. But although these two achievements may fairly give him the claim to be considered the chief printer of Italy, it must be admitted that in point of time others had preceded him. It is commonly supposed that the first Italian press was set up by two Germans, Sweinheim and Pannartz, in the monastery of Subiaco, then inhabited by German monks in the Roman Campagna. They first printed the works of Donatus, followed by those of Lactantius and the "De Civitate Dei" of St. Augustine.

From Subiaco the monastery was transferred to Rome, where it was under the patronage of the Popes, Paul II. and Sixtus V., who conferred the Episcopate of Aleria, in Corsica, on the corrector of their press, Giannandrea dei Bussi, a man of great learning, but at that time in the very depths of poverty. Another bishop, Giannantonio Campano, bishop of Terramo, corrected the proofs of a rival printing-house, that of Udalrico Gallo at Rome.[1]

[1] Tiraboschi, *Storia*, vi. 162, 166, 168.

Before the time of Aldo, Venice had her printing presses, one set up in 1469 by Giovanni da Spira and Vendelino his brother, another that of Niccolo Jenson, which, as has been already seen, was purchased by Andrea d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo.

In this same year books were also printed in Milan, which may boast of having printed the first Greek book, the Grammar of Lascaris, of Constantinople, in 1476, by Dionigi da Paravisino.

Florence was celebrated for the family of the Giunti, who attained a great reputation in their own city, and also established branches of their firm at Venice and Lyons. Luc Antonio Giunta and Filippo his brother were the first printers in this family, and like the Manuzii, of whom they were often the not very scrupulous rivals, they published a great number of editions of the classics. Of these, the most celebrated was an edition of Plutarch's Lives in Greek, first published in that language by Filippo Giunta; while Bernardo, his son, published the celebrated edition of Boccaccio's "Decamerone."[1] The Giunti maintained their printing reputation through several generations, and their rivalries with the Aldine firm were finally extinguished by the marriage of the grand-daughter of Luc-Antonio Giunta with the grandson of Aldo il vecchio, in 1572. The family did not become extinct till the middle of the next century.

The art of printing spread in Italy with surprising rapidity, not only in the large cities, among which it was soon the exception to find one without a press, but also in the smaller towns, and even villages. Books were printed in St. Orso, near Vincenza; Polliano, near Verona; Pieve di Sacco, Nonantola, and Scandiano, in the duchies of Modena and Reggio; so that it may fairly be said that if Italy did not invent the art, she did her utmost to propagate it with rapidity.

Moreover, the influence of printing was not confined to the field, however vast and fruitful, of classical learning. It also penetrated into the wide and

[1] Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 341.

comparatively untried area of Oriental literature, and the restoration of the Greek and Roman languages was speedily followed by the study of the Eastern tongues, which, although necessary to the better knowledge of the sacred writings, had been for a long time neglected. The first Hebrew book ever printed is supposed to have been the Pentateuch, printed at Bologna in 1482, prior even to those issued by the famous Hebrew press at Soncino, already alluded to, which was established in 1484. In the next century the Hebrew language was studied to a considerable extent for controversial purposes, on the one side by the German Protestants, and on the other by the champions of the Roman faith. It was the favourite language of the great Bellarmine, himself a considerable Hebrew scholar.

The Syriac and Chaldee, closely related to Hebrew, were studied for the same theological purposes, also the Arabic, by far the most fertile in books. The first Arabic press was set up at Fano by the Venetian Giorgio, at the cost of Pope Julius II. It was the first press with Oriental types established in Europe, and although no book was issued from it during the life-time of that Pope, one year after his death (in 1516) there appeared the first attempts at a polyglot Bible in a Psalter printed in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldee, of which a Dominican, Agostino Giustiniani, was the editor.[1]

This instance of good-will, which in the midst of his devouring ambition Pope Julius II. manifested to literature and art, would have been more highly esteemed, had not his immediate successor, Leo X., the worthy son of Il Magnifico, opened another Augustan age for literature and learning in Italy. And yet an eminent literary historian observes, "that although these times are generally distinguished as the age of Leo the Tenth, I cannot perceive why the Italians have agreed to restrict to the Court of this Pontiff that literary glory which was common to all Italy. It is not my intention to detract a single particle from the praises due to Leo X. for the services rendered by him to the cause of literature. I shall only remark that the greater part of the Italian princes of this period might with equal right pretend to the same honour; so that there is no particular reason for conferring on Leo the superiority over all the rest."[1] Still, the patronage of the Holy See, which was accorded to the earliest beginnings of printing in Italy, was exercised with a continual munificence worthy of especial consideration. The Popes lost no opportunity of protecting and furthering the progress of an art whose manifold importance to the Holy See became daily more apparent.

Leo X. has been blamed, and not without reason, for cultivating the classics to the neglect of sacred literature. The two opposite historians of the Council of Trent (Fra Paolo Sarpi, and Pallavicino) seem to agree upon this point.[2]

A further witness to the devotion of this Pope to classical study and literature, appears in his edition of the first five books of Tacitus, purchased for five hundred "scudi" from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, and printed and published at Rome in a new and costly edition at his own private expense, with the monopoly secured for ten years under pain of excommunication. The edition of Plato dedicated to him by Aldo Manuzio was also secured to the Venetian printer in a similar manner.

On the other hand, instances may be urged of the encouragement afforded by him to many learned men who devoted themselves to the study of the sacred writings. On being informed that Pagnini, a learned ecclesiastic then in Rome, had undertaken to translate the Bible from the original Hebrew, Leo requested to be allowed the inspection of this work. He also ordered that the whole should be transcribed at his own expense, and gave directions that it should be im-

[1] Ginguéné, vol. vii. p. 239.

[1] Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth* (from Andres, *Dell' origine d'ogni Letteratura*), i. 380.

[2] See their judgments—Sarpi, *Storia*, i. 11, 12; Pallavicino, *Conc. di Trento*, lib. i. cap. ii. p. 51.

mediately printed.[1] Tesco Ambrogio of Pavia, who is said to have understood no less than eighteen different languages, was employed by this Pope to translate the liturgy of the Eastern clergy from the Chaldee into Latin, and was also appointed by him to a chair at the University of Bologna, where he delivered instruction in the Syriac and Chaldee languages. Moreover, the great Cardinal Ximenes dedicated his Complutensian Polyglot Bible to Leo, as an acknowledgment of the encouragement which he had afforded to Oriental learning. Leo the Tenth died in 1582. It was during the brief Pontificate of his immediate successors, nine of whom filled the Papal chair in an interval of sixty-three years, that the Manuzii (Paolo and his son Aldo) were summoned to establish a branch of their printing press in Rome.

It was the glory of Sixtus V., elected Pope in 1585, to securely establish the Vatican printing press. This press was principally intended for early Christian literature, and the dedication to him of the works of Gregory the Great, by Pietro da Tossignano, sets forth that infinite praise is due to Sixtus V., both for the idea and the execution of so magnificent a scheme as the publication of the Holy Fathers of the Church, whereby a great and solid advantage is obtained for the Catholic Faith. The splendid editions of the Vulgate and of the Septuagint, and many other works of great value, were the fruit of this last scheme of Sixtus V.

After the death of Aldo il giovane, the regulation of this press, which had been placed under his charge by Clement VIII., and upon which forty thousand scudi had been already expended, was confided to Domenico Borso. This expense does not appear so extraordinary when it is remembered that this press was furnished not only with Greek and Latin, but also with Hebrew and other Oriental characters, with paper of great value, and every other requisite for the perfection of this art. Above all, the most learned men of the age were paid high salaries to supervise and correct the editions which issued from it.

[1] Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. ii. p. 401.

Many of the Cardinals imitated the example of the Popes. Even before Sixtus V. had conceived or executed his vast scheme, another, almost equally magnificent, had been carried into effect by Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. In 1580 he opened a printing press in Rome, with Oriental types, to be entirely devoted to the publication of books in Eastern languages, for the purpose of propagating the Roman faith among the people of the East, and bringing them into the fold of the Roman Church. Gregory XIII. placed under his care the two Patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch, and declared him also Protector of Ethiopia, thus committing the salvation of those far-off countries to his charge.

The Cardinal did not neglect his trust, but despatched learned and expert travellers throughout Syria, Persia, Ethiopia, and other Oriental provinces, in search of manuscripts, which they brought to Rome to be printed. First there issued from his Oriental press an Arabic and Chaldaic Grammar, the works of Avicenna and Euclid, then the four Gospels, first in Hebrew, and afterwards in a Latin version, of which 3,000 copies were printed. He had also intended to print the Bible in six of the principal Eastern languages, in order that these, joined to the four already printed, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, might make altogether a Bible in ten languages, the grammar and dictionary of each tongue also forming part of the work. But the simultaneous death of Pope Gregory XIII., and of his own brother Francesco de' Medici, whom he succeeded as Grand Duke of Tuscany, prevented the accomplishment of this design. His Oriental press, however, continued to work for many years. In fact, most of the books in Oriental types published at Rome in the beginning of the seventeenth century contain the imprint—"Ex Typographia Medicea linguarum externarum." These types were afterwards transported to Florence, and are still preserved in the Palazzo Vecchio.

Thus it may be said that both the Pontiffs and Cardinals of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries made use of their power no less than of their treasure in furthering the interests of science. Indeed, the dedications of the infinite number of books printed in this century, the letters of the learned men of the age, and all the various monuments of Papal magnificence which still exist in Rome, bear witness to this fact.

The two other princely houses which vied the nearest with Rome in munificence were those of Este and of the Medici. It would be difficult to decide which of these two carried off the palm in the opinions of contemporary writers. To Cosimo de' Medici Florence and all Tuscany, of which he was the Grand Duke, are indebted for the enthusiasm with which during his reign the arts were cultivated, and the perfection to which they were brought. The favour of this prince was also extended to printing, and at his own cost he sent for Arnaldo Arlenio, a German printer, established him in Florence, and associated him with Torrentino, whose beautiful editions date from 1548.

Torrentino's editions cease with the year 1563, and it is supposed that the wars in which Tuscany was then involved caused him and his associate to seek a more peaceful retreat in Mondovi, where the Duke Emmanuel Philibert is said to have entered into partnership with them. He at any rate assigned them a provision of twenty scudi a month for three years, a fact of which Arlenio reminds him in a petition for the maintenance of his partnership with the heirs of Il Torrentino, and the payment of the promised provision, which, by some mistake, they had as yet not received. The Duke acceded to their request in a decree issued at Turin, March 15, 1571.[1]

The Duke of Ferrara did not suffer himself to be eclipsed by the magnificent patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Alfonso II. d'Este also opened a printing press in Ferrara for the special purpose of printing works hitherto unedited, and manuscripts which he had acquired by diligent search.

So many famous printing-houses, established in every part of Italy, contributed to the general cultivation of literature. The multiplication of good copies of books rendered them accessible, not only to the princes themselves, but also to private individuals; while numberless new libraries were formed, and the famous old ones increased.

It would have been impossible in these few pages to do more than indicate how powerful was the assistance accorded by the princes to the art of printing during the first two centuries after its introduction into Italy. But enough has perhaps been said to prove that her potentates were fully aware of the great advantages to be derived from so wonderful an invention; more especially as it seemed to come as a reward for their incessant labours to promote the interests of literature, science, and art. Not only did the stores of classical learning thereby revealed to them repay their efforts, but the Pontiffs found also a return for their liberality in the spiritual weapons with which printing supplied them, out of the armoury of the early Fathers.

Such were some of the first effects produced in Italy by an art whose influence was scarcely less great over the other countries of Europe, although productive of different results. Printing reached its highest perfection shortly after its introduction into Italy. In point of rapidity of execution no doubt the quantity of printed matter issued in the present time is immeasurably greater. But, on the other hand, as to the quality of typography, there can be no comparison between the ephemeral productions of these days and those marvellous works, of which one alone would suffice to establish the reputation both of printer and editor.

The early Italian editions are not only sought for and prized on account of their rarity, but also on account of their unrivalled beauty, the excellent quality of their paper, the brilliancy of their type, the largeness of their margins, and the careful attention bestowed on every typographical detail. Nor then, as now, were some extravagantly-luxurious editions issued side by side

[1] Note to Tiraboschi, vii. 218.

with others of startling inferiority, with bad paper and worse ink. The great printers of those days—the Aldi of Italy, the Elzevirs of Leyden, the Estiennes of Paris—printed for the general benefit of all readers. It is true that their publications were often dearer than the common productions of some inferior contemporary printer, but then these great printing-houses issued no bad editions—all were good, carefully executed, correct, and in good taste. So much for the manual labour which belongs to the printer; but if we turn to the intellectual share of the work which fell to the lot of the editor, there is still more to excite our admiration in the sagacity and erudition displayed in selecting the works most fitted for publication, and in arranging for their issue in the best possible manner. Looking back on those early days of printing, on the reverence with which the new discovery was employed, and the grand end which it subserved, we experience a feeling of regret that familiarity with its use should have placed in unworthy hands, and diverted often to unworthy purposes, perhaps the greatest discovery man was ever permitted to make.

"It is a very striking circumstance," says Mr. Hallam, "that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible,[1] and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. . . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."

In Italy, also, as we have seen, printing was never employed except in the service of erudition, or, higher still, in that of Divine revelation.

[1] Commonly called the "Mazarin Bible," the edition being unknown until found about the middle of the last century in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris.—Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 153.

Thus contemplated, the art of printing seems raised above the ordinary level and bustle of common life, and surrounded by the same kind of dignified repose which especially belongs to the great libraries of Italy—those storehouses of accumulated science, the result of years of labour on the part of her learned men, and costly expenditure on the part of her princes.

There may have been many political and social evils connected with the division of Italy into a variety of States, each more or less despotically governed, but it must be owned that the emulation caused by that very fact stimulated a number of individual efforts whereby the treasuries of classical learning were secured to the world, literature and the arts were cherished and protected, and the graver sciences promoted in the same manner. The rise and rapid progress of typography in Italy may also be traced to the same source. Italy has long sighed for unity and liberty, and, within the last few years, both these wishes have been accomplished. Great things are also expected from a form of government which seems to realize the wishes of her greatest sons. No longer

"Son le terre d'Italia tutte piene di tiranni."

No longer does Rome

"Vedova, sola, e dì e notte chiama:
Cesare mio, perchè non m'accompagna?"[1]

Cæsar, in the person of a native monarch, sits firmly in the no longer empty saddle, and upon a free country now devolves the duty of cherishing the genius which may spring out of her inexhaustible soil; yet must she never forget the debt which she owes to those princes by whose fostering care the great art of printing was upholden during its early struggles for existence in Italy.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

[1] Purg. c. vi.

AN ELEPHANT KRAAL.

In the early part of 1870, the approaching visit of our sailor Prince caused intense excitement in the island of Ceylon. Coffee ceased for a time to be the engrossing subject of conversation, and a sincere desire was shown among all classes—both Europeans and natives—to give his Royal Highness a loyal reception. A considerable sum of money was voted by the local government for this purpose, and very charming were the decorations prepared by the natives, both at the pier where he was to land, and along the route from thence to the Government House. It is quite astonishing what taste the Cingalese display in these matters—with such materials as the leaves and branches of the cocoanut palm, interspersed with flowers and various tropical fruits, the mango, cocoanut, and pine-apple.

Perhaps the most striking sight of all was the immense crowd of natives—Cingalese, Tamils, and Moormen—in their bright and various-coloured dresses assembled to see him land. The native gentlemen, or chiefs, in rich and wonderful-looking garments, with their jewelled swords, also made a goodly show.

It is not my intention to describe the levees, balls, and receptions by which our gallant Prince was amused—or bored—but to pass on to the elephant kraals, which are, I believe, peculiar to Ceylon, and now but seldom witnessed even there. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his book on the island, has given an excellent description of one. Two kraals were got up for the Duke of Edinburgh, viz., at Kornegalle and Avishavella. The incidents of the latter I propose to describe, as they were in several respects different from that mentioned by Tennent, and such as to astonish the natives themselves.

Soon after the news of the Prince's visit arrived, the natives reported that there was a large herd of elephants near Avishavella. The locality having been found suitable, and a convenient distance from Colombo, the capital, preparations were made by enclosing the herd with a cordon of several hundred natives, so as to keep the animals from leaving the neighbourhood, and a kraal was constructed. This word, however derived, means simply an enclosure, and consists of a very strong stockade, or palisade, the posts forming it being trees of considerable dimensions. The jungle within and without is left undisturbed, so that nothing may be seen to excite the suspicion of the elephants.

For months did the patient natives watch this herd day and night, though not without some murmurs, as his Royal Highness's visit was delayed, and his actual arrival took place two months later than was at first expected. Great fears were expressed that the herd would break the cordon, or that the natives could no longer be detained from their crops, as the seed-time was rapidly approaching; but no such misfortune occurred.

The Duke of Edinburgh landed, at last, on a Wednesday; and it was arranged that, after a grand reception and ball on the Friday, his Royal Highness was to start about seven on Saturday morning, and drive to Avishavella with the Governor in a light four-in-hand drag. The distance being about thirty-four miles, relays of horses were laid for him; the last fourteen miles of the distance had been cut through the jungle, and was reported as barely passable for wheels. Temporary bungalows for the Duke, the Governor, and some of the principal officials, had been erected at a convenient distance from the kraal on an elevated spot; and another place was selected for the general public on the banks of a stream, at a more remote distance, so that they should not disturb the elephants, and a little town of leafy huts sprang up for the occasion. I think I can best give an idea of the proceedings by describing

my own adventures, and what I actually witnessed.

I had at first decided that, being an elderly gentleman of somewhat lazy habits, I should best consult my personal convenience by remaining quietly at home, and trusting to my young friends for a description of the scene; in fact, the difficulties to be overcome were somewhat formidable. In the first place, it was necessary to have a habitation constructed for self and horse on the spot, and to have everything required to eat and drink carried thither by coolies. Then, the locality was declared to be feverish, and a ride of thirty-four miles—(the greater part over a bad road) under a tropical sun—appeared somewhat unsuited to my aged bones.

An opportunity, however, presented itself of joining a very agreeable party, with the prospect of most of the trouble being taken off my hands. I therefore gladly changed my mind. The party, including myself, numbered ten, chiefly staff-officers, with a couple of Civil Service officials; two of the officers brought their wives—a very agreeable addition. One of the ladies was a very charming Frenchwoman, possessed of much *savoir vivre* and understanding in all matters relating to the *cuisine*. Her husband had been many years stationed in the island; and when they consented to undertake the management of the expedition and make all arrangements, everyone felt that matters could not be in better hands, as was soon proved when we heard that a temporary bungalow, capable of containing the whole party, had been constructed in close proximity to the one designed for the Duke.

We also heard, with satisfaction, that an army of coolies had been despatched, carrying on their heads a regiment of live fowls, cooked hams, rounds of beef, innumerable tins of preserved soups, vegetables, and other dainties; also vast stores of champagne, hock, sherry, claret, and a small iceberg from far-off Wenham Lake; and last, not least, thirty dozen of soda-water—a necessity where good drinking water might be difficult to obtain. Moreover, it is desirable to live well to ward off jungle-fever. We were all to make our own arrangements for reaching the scene of action, and for bringing our personal belongings. The younger and more active were to leave the ball at Government House soon after midnight, change their clothes, and ride or drive the thirty-four miles in the cool night air. Having, however, reason to think that nothing would be done on the first day, Saturday, I turned in and took my night's rest as usual. I had arranged with a gallant Colonel to be my travelling companion; and we despatched our horses at three in the morning, with orders to the horse-keepers to await us on the road, all being in charge of our head-boys (in Ceylon a personal servant is called "boy," whatever his age), also coolies carrying our jungle- or camp-beds, and portmanteaus. We had engaged places, days previously, in a coach to Hangewelle, about twenty miles from Colombo, and near the point where we were to strike into the jungle.

At Hangewelle there is a rest-house, as these bungalows are called. They are kept by the Government for the accommodation of travellers, and there is usually a native who is supposed to provide food. I hope, by the term "coach," my readers will not imagine one of those four-in-hand conveyances that used to be the pride of our English roads. Let him rather picture to himself a sort of four-wheeled dog-cart drawn by one horse, with a leather roof supported on iron rods to keep off the sun, and open at the sides—with six passengers besides the half-caste driver all in a very small space, and a couple of natives hanging on to the steps to help us out of difficulties.

We started at six in the evening; and in an hour it was quite dark. I shall say but little of the horrors of that journey with jibbing horses: suffice it to say that we were only once actually upset, and that we reached the rest-house at Hangewelle at half-past ten, having taken four hours and a half to accomplish twenty miles. Here we found our servants awaiting us with gloomy faces. It appeared that a rich native had

given the Duke a grand breakfast there when he passed through in the morning, and a parcel of young naval officers from the squadron had since arrived—having come up the river in a steam-launch—had eaten up every fragment of the feast, and now occupied every corner of the building in which it was possible to repose. Our servants were, however, equal to the occasion; they had put up our jungle-beds in a shed in the village—used during the day as a school-room for the infant niggers. It consisted of a roof supported on four pillars, with a clay floor, suggestive of snakes. We found our dressing things unpacked and our portmanteaus to sit on, but alas! nothing to eat. Our "boys," however, foraged out a few eggs; and these, beaten up in some brandy from our flasks, with a few lumps of sugar the canny colonel had in his pocket, formed our supper, followed by a cheroot. We then turned into bed, in sight of such of the natives as were still awake, carefully tucking in the mosquito curtains to keep off those ever-present plagues.

The following morning we succeeded in getting a drop of very black and nasty coffee from a native hut, and started at six, on the track recently cut through the jungle; and, though the distance was only fourteen miles, we did not arrive at our destination until half-past ten A.M. Oh, how hot it was for the last three hours! in spite of a large pith-hat, shaped like a coalheaver's, and a double umbrella; and so, also, thought my Arab, for he was white with foam, though I hardly took him out of a walk. The first indication of the end of our journey was a bungalow, where some jolly coffee-planters from the hills had established themselves a few days before. They are a wild and jovial race, when they meet together from their solitary life at the plantations. They had erected a triumphal arch of considerable dimensions across the road, and had employed their time so well, that the upper part was entirely composed of bottles—champagne and soda-water—*all empty*, and worked into various loyal devices and inscriptions.

On arriving at our own bungalow, we found our friends starting to attend Divine service, each with his servant behind him carrying—not his prayer-book—but his chair. It was performed by the Government chaplain in the Governor's bungalow. Our bungalow looked very nice; the central space was open back and front, contained a table of rough planks, and formed our *salle-à-manger*. On the left were two little rooms, like cabins on board ship, each holding the jungle-beds of three bachelors, and affording room for one to dress at a time; the cabins on the opposite side were occupied by the two married couples. The bungalow, outside, looked like a large rustic summer-house; it was formed of a framework of poles thatched with cajans—a sort of mat made from the leaves of the cocoa-nut palm. The sides were enclosed with gigantic Talipot leaves; the partitions of the sleeping-berths also Talipot leaves, carried up high enough to secure privacy. Our horses were stabled in a shed at some distance. There was a temporary kitchen at the back.

How glad we were to dress and breakfast, and then, sitting in the shady entrance of the bungalow, to gaze on the lovely forest scene. We were on the top of a hill, and could see the country for many miles around—a succession of rolling hills like the waves of the sea, but all covered with the virgin forest, with its luxuriant vegetation and various shades of colour. After Divine service there was a general move to see the "drive," that is to say, the final operation of forcing the elephants into the kraal, which had been so long delayed for the Duke to witness.

His Royal Highness took up his position on a lofty crag which stood up almost perpendicular several hundred feet above the entrance to the narrow valley across which was the kraal—an enclosure of perhaps 400 yards long by 300 yards wide, the longer faces running parallel to the direction of the valley, and about halfway up its steep sides; the shorter faces crossed the ravine, and in the one nearest our position there was a narrow entrance for the elephants.

From the extremities of this face were projecting arms of the palisade, forming a sort of funnel, down which it was the object to drive the elephants; but the whole thing was so concealed by the foliage, as to be difficult to make out.

We took our place in silence so as not to alarm the elephants, and soon the shouts of the natives from the distant hills were heard, and we could make out the smoke of the line of fires with which the herd was enclosed. Gradually the natives drew closer, the shouts sounded louder, and the firing of muskets redoubled and became regular file-firing. Now the distant foliage is agitated, large black objects are seen moving, and the great herd of elephants is heard crashing through the jungle down the opposite hill! Now their dark forms can be seen more clearly. How many? Ten—twenty—thirty—more! The smaller trees give way before them; they are approaching the funnel leading to the kraal. Suddenly the leaders stop, the whole turn round and charge wildly back on the gradually contracting cordon of natives; but they hold their ground with great pluck, and the elephants turn again when almost touching the spear-points. The yells, the firing from the natives, become deafening; again and again the elephants turn and charge with increasing determination. Mr. S., the Government Agent of the province, and director of the proceedings, quits the Duke's side, runs down the hill, and places himself in the centre of the line of natives, with a memorable white umbrella in his hand, which he opens and shuts in the faces of the desperate animals. The natives are inspired with fresh courage, the line gradually contracts, the elephants still view the opening of the kraal with suspicion; at last a big fellow enters and the others follow, the natives rush up and secure the bars, and their work is done. Thirty-one large elephants and three small ones have entered. We now proceed down to the kraal, and are fortunate enough to obtain admission to the Duke's stand. This was erected nearly in the centre, supported on stumps of trees cut down to a height of about twenty-five feet and left standing. It was T-shaped, the top or cross part forming a commodious bungalow, with open sides, and handsomely furnished with sofas, tables, chairs, &c.; the long part of the T being a sort of wide bridge, that formed the approach from the entrance through the palisade which ran along the steep slope of the ravine. This bridge was also roofed over, and enabled a large number of spectators to witness the operations from it. It must have resembled those ancient pile buildings lately found in the Swiss Lakes. The tame elephants, with their mahouts on their necks, and wearing a sort of harness, now defile past the Royal stand. It is too late in the day to commence noosing the wild elephants, and the tame ones are employed in clearing the jungle round the stand, so as to leave an open space to enable us to see the operations of the next day. It was a most curious and interesting thing to see these sagacious brutes using their great strength as directed by their mahouts. Their mode of operating was to press their heads against a good-sized tree, and as it bent towards the ground to place their foot upon it, levelling it flat; then, placing the proboscis under it as it lay horizontal, to lift it out of the way, sometimes with a jerk pitching it from them. In a short time they had made a clearance for a considerable distance round the stand, leaving only some of the larger trees standing.

It being now late in the afternoon, we were all glad to move towards our bungalows to seek dinner and repose. The natives kept watch and ward outside the kraal all night, repulsing every attempt on the part of the elephants to break out, by thrusting at them with spears between the posts, and by yells sufficient to alarm even stronger nerves than those of elephants.

The next morning, at 8·30, after an early breakfast we went down to the Royal stand. Operations commenced by the native hunters entering the kraal, and with loud shouts driving

the elephants towards the cleared space in front of the stand, where eight tame elephants were drawn up, with their mahouts carrying spears. Behind one of them sat Lord C.— a wild young midshipman, ready for any dangerous fun. The wild ones now appear, breaking their way through the jungle, the smaller trees going down before them like grass. With considerable generalship they take up a position on the steep slope of the ravine nearly opposite to us. An enormous tusker appears to take the lead of the herd—in Ceylon elephants with tusks are the exception—and this one, who was evidently an old warrior, had only one tusk, a part of that too being broken off.

Six of the tame elephants (nearly all tuskers) advance uphill to meet the wild ones, who had the advantage of the ground; behind are the noosers, each carrying a long rope, and the whole are supported by the beaters with their spears. The wild ones are visible to everyone, drawn up in line with their tusker commanding officer in front; he waits until his enemies are half-way up the slope, then his trunk goes straight up in the air; he trumpets shrilly, charges straight down at a sharp trot on the leading and strongest of the tame elephants, their tusks clash together, they struggle head to head, to the astonishment of all, as it is known to be very unusual for the wild elephants to attack the tame ones on these occasions. The old tusker gradually forces his antagonist downhill, in spite of the yells of the natives, who point at him with their spears; he then suddenly leaves him, and charges the second tame one as he toils up the ascent, catches him on the broad-side, and with one butt, knocks him right over, leaving the poor beast on his back, with his feet up in the air, the poor mahout having gone flying through space; the other tame elephants now retire in a panic, the wild herd slowly withdraw, and the grand old tusker, after taking a good look at his discomfited foes, stalks quietly off, covering the retreat of his companions.

The excitement among the spectators now rises to the highest pitch; the tame elephants are brought up, and with their united strength lift their fallen comrade on his legs. The natives once more commence to drive the wild herd, the tame ones again advance (Lord C. being judiciously recalled by order of the Duke), they meet again in a place where the trees prevent us from seeing the rencontre, and the result is, another tame elephant knocked right over by the undaunted old tusker. Things now have come nearly to a standstill; a regular state of funk has been established amongst the tame elephants and their mahouts, who cannot be induced again to approach the herd. For some time it seemed as if nothing could be done. The wild ones make repeated charges, and the natives show considerable courage in standing their ground, and driving them back with spears and shouts. It was curious to see how the elephants always avoided to pass under our stand, invariably going round it; had their sagacity been a degree or two greater, how easily they might have turned the tables on us, as they could without much difficulty have broken down the trees which supported the Royal stand, when the whole thing would have collapsed, and the occupants would have been thrown into the arena at their mercy. An elephant was secured by one of the hunters getting into a tree, and, dropping a noose on the ground, by jerking it up captured the elephant, who in passing had literally put his foot into it.

After a consultation amongst the native head-men, it was decided that nothing more could be done until the tusker was shot. It appeared now that he was a well-known "rogue" elephant who had killed a number of men in his time; that the natives knew of his being in the neighbourhood, and had endeavoured to drive him off, and thought that they had succeeded; but that he entered the kraal with the others at the last moment, in spite of all efforts to prevent him. After considerable difficulty a gun was procured—an old fowling-piece, I believe—and Lieut. L., R.A., who had some experience in elephant-

shooting in the jungle, volunteered to try his hand.

The herd had by this time drawn themselves up in line, within about a hundred yards of the stand, the old tusker standing in front of them like a squadron leader. L. advanced quietly to within about twenty yards of him, supported by the native beaters, who fringed the edge of the jungle, about the same distance to his rear.

L. drops on one knee; we hold our breath while he takes his aim; but oh, horror! snap goes the cap, the tusker's trunk goes up, and he trots forward; it seems all up with his tiny antagonist, when the natives rush forward with yells from the jungle; he hesitates, and slowly falls back. L. now fires, and this time the huge beast drops on his knees; a roar of applause goes up from the crowd outside the kraal; but the old tusker gathers himself up, none the worse, leads on a gallant charge, and *sauve qui peut* is the order of the day. Mr. S., the hero of the white umbrella, now takes the gun, and apparently succeeds in placing two bullets in his head, but the brave beast seems none the worse. While thus being made a target of, he has advanced nearer to the stand, when the unexpected report of a shot from the high ground outside the kraal is heard. The tusker is seen to stagger; he has been struck behind the ear. The gallant old Rogue has got his death wound at last; he sinks quietly down, and falls dead; and lucky it was that this bullet fired by some reckless native had thus found its billet—otherwise, from the direction in which it came, it must have gone into the Royal stand!

The old tusker being dead, the tame elephants at once recovered their courage, and the work of noosing the others went on easily. The process is simple enough. Two tame ones follow the herd, until they can separate one from it; a couple of natives, skilful as noosers, are behind, and supported again by the native beaters in the rear, the noosers under cover of, and protected by the tame elephants (who will quickly interpose themselves when necessary for their protection), get close up in rear of a wild one, and slip the noosed rope under his hind foot. The other end is then made fast to the collars of the tame beasts, who walk away with him to the rear, while he is resisting with all his efforts, and screaming like an enormous pig. A couple more tame elephants are now brought up, who get on each side of him, and butt and hustle him along as he struggles and tries to throw himself down. The rope is at last got round a tree, and he is hauled up to it, the tame ones continuing to butt and bully him, so as to prevent him from turning round, while the natives, with additional ropes, lash both hind legs to the tree; and then he is left to bellow and struggle, and be starved into tameness. In this way we saw six wild ones tied, and as it was now getting late, all followed the Duke's example and retired to dinner, well pleased with the results of the kraal and the strange incidents of the day.

The Duke and the great bulk of the visitors started at daybreak the next morning. As, however, I had made my arrangements not to leave till the afternoon, I went down after breakfast to see the remaining elephants secured.

The stand was occupied by only about a dozen Europeans and some native head-men. To understand what occurred it will be necessary to explain, that between the entrance through the side of the kraal and the commencement of the bridge that led to the stand, there was a space of five or six feet of ground, from which it was possible to go down into the kraal, but the ascent was so steep that it was not anticipated that anything could come up. While we were lounging about the stand, an elephant was suddenly heard trumpeting on the slope, and fiercely charging the natives who were endeavouring to drive him towards the noosers. Some one had just remarked how very awkward it would be if that fellow were to get up the side of the ravine, and come in amongst us, when there arose a roar, followed by a rush and a general skurry among the natives standing at the entrance, and when I

looked round, there was an elephant standing on the space between the bridge and the palisade. He was evidently mad with fear, his trunk was up, and he trumpeted loudly. Just on this spot, an unfortunate photographer had erected his camera. The artist fled wildly up the bridge; the elephant looked for a moment at the apparatus, and then gave it a kick which sent it clattering from rock to rock down the side of the ravine; he then faced to his left, and placed his fore feet on the bridge.

> " Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,"

or rather the timid rushed back, bent on throwing themselves over, and the brave yelled while standing their ground, and waving umbrellas. I know for myself I had one eye on a tree which grew a few feet off, and was calculating the probability of an elderly gentleman succeeding in a monkey-like jump into it; but the elephant, after gazing steadily at us for a few moments, and probably thinking wisely that his weight would be too much for the bridge, turned again and ran down the side of the ravine, on the opposite side of the bridge to that on which he came up.

In the afternoon, when the sun began to get low, the Colonel and myself started on our return journey. Long before we got to the end of the track through the jungle, we were in absolute darkness, my Arab stumbling so often over the bad road that I was right glad when we made out the rest-house at Hangewelle. This time it was absolutely empty, save an old coolie, who said the rest-house keeper was away, and there was nothing to eat; but my sharp Malay boy, Ahmet, got sight of an ancient fowl stalking through the compound. He was soon knocked over, and immediate steps taken to curry him. A few eggs were procured from the native huts, when sounds of approaching travellers were heard. They turned out to be three officers of the gallant "Perthshires," coming back from the kraal followed by a string of coolies, carrying back supplies.

These hospitable youths easily persuaded us to join them. In a short time, preserved venison soup, *pâté de foie gras,* our curry, and their claret and sherry, afforded a luxurious repast, to which we did ample justice.

As we have been talking of curry and the hospitable "Perthshires," I will relate an anecdote which refers to both.

The coffee-planters in the Hill Country are the most hospitable of men. In travelling through the coffee districts, it is usual to ride up to a bungalow and demand hospitality for man and horse, which is always gladly afforded. On one occasion it happened that so many travellers had called in succession on the same day at the bungalow of a certain planter, that his stores began to run short—not an unlikely occurrence at an isolated station, where all supplies have to be brought for miles on the heads of coolies. Late in the afternoon two officers were seen approaching; our planter was in despair. He called out, "Boy, try get something to eat for officer-gentlemen." After some delay an excellent curry came on the table, and the bitter beer not being exhausted, the two officers enjoyed their tiffin very much, and went on their way rejoicing.

A couple of days afterwards the planter missed his cat, and the following colloquy ensued :—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, Master; other day nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat!"

One more incident of the Duke's visit I must relate.

H.R.H. honoured a gallant regiment at Colombo by dining at their mess. Our garrison Chaplain was called on to say grace before dinner. The reverend gentleman, anxious to acquit himself in a manner worthy of the occasion, and yet disliking delay when his food was ready, delivered himself in a sonorous voice as follows:—"God save the Queen and bless the dinner—white soup, Boy," all in the same breath. Many and anxious were the inquiries among the astonished subalterns as we sat down,—if that was the usual form at Windsor Castle?

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1874.

JUDICIAL POLICY.

The nation are justly proud of their judges. The bench is the best and soundest of English institutions. Thirty persons constitute the whole of the superior courts, and transact with pre-eminent success all the important legal business of the country. Complaints may be heard of the machinery by which justice is administered, but these complaints resolve themselves into the allegation that the courts have not time to get through all the affairs which ought to come before them. These complaints are therefore a testimony to the high character of the judges. What every suitor wants is that his particular case should be tried by a judge of the superior courts. It is common enough for the judge to insist upon a case being referred, but every suitor wishes to leave his case to the decision of the Court. No one in fact dreams of complaining that the judges are incompetent, for such a complaint would be obviously unreasonable. The bench are as a body the picked men of the legal profession. The bar itself may need reform, but the judges represent the very best side of the bar. Our judicial institutions are, that is to say, so arranged as to ensure that the best legal talent of the country shall be available for judicial duties; and more than this could not be achieved by any conceivable arrangement. The character again of the bench is no less remarkable than their talent. They possess the virtues of incorruptibility, of impartiality, and of high-minded integrity, in such perfection that to compliment a magistrate on the possession of these merits would be either an insult or an absurdity. The result of this high character has been to inspire a feeling of unlimited popular confidence. When the House of Commons wished to render effective the laws against bribery, no better course suggested itself than to transfer to the judges the delicate functions exercised by election committees. The bench attempted, on grounds to which the public never did full justice, to decline a difficult and invidious task; but the nation thrust on the highest magistrates powers and responsibilities which they would gladly and perhaps wisely have declined. Nor is English respect for the judges due to national vanity. On such a subject no testimony can be of greater worth than the remarks of Americans. They are not prone to overrate English institutions, and they closely study and fully understand the working of a system of law which in its essential features is the same as their own. Whatever defects they find in English institutions, they are unanimous in their eulogies of the English bench.

"Whatever," writes one of the most respectable American journalists, "may be the complainings of the English newspapers and the chronic discontent of the English people and the ridicule thrown on the law by humorists and novelists, it must be evident to any rational mind that administering justice

according to a rational and uniform standard is an immense task, and that the facts we have enumerated constitute an immense result. An active manufacturing and commercial community, whose daily transactions run through every form of human device and extend to every quarter of the habitable and uninhabitable globe, which is moreover embarrassed by greater accumulations of wealth than any other community in the world, is necessarily one that abounds in all the causes of litigation. These new and intimate and complex transactions of men, involving mutual dependence and trust, and aiming always at the acquisition of wealth, must lead to novel conditions and unforeseen occurrences, and may be said to breed disputes: when therefore such a people can reduce the judges of their superior courts to less than one for every million of inhabitants, and find that all of their litigious business is disposed of without accumulation, they demonstrate beyond all reasonable doubt that, notwithstanding a few exceptional cases, the mass of their disputes is disposed of in advance of legal proceedings, and the remainder with such certainty and rapidity that men cannot resort to the law as a mere speculation in which something may turn up to their advantage, and delinquent debtors cannot invoke its aid as a roundabout form of injunction which by the ultimate payment of costs will grant them several years of dishonest delay. Such a result is certainly a very great achievement of human intelligence, and may be said to be the direct fruit of intelligent perseverance which has been content to learn by experience and to improve and perfect without resorting to the revolutionary remedy of hasty destruction."[1]

Take again this extract from the speech of Senator Carpenter, who is manifestly no enthusiastic friend of Great Britain:—

"I am no admirer of the British government, but with all her injustice, with her oppression of Ireland and the blood that stains her garments in India and in her other possessions, yet to her glory it must be said, that in no other nation on earth is the law after it is made so impartially applied to all classes of society as in England. Wealth and influence, even noble blood, give no immunity to crime in a British court. The rich and the poor, the nobleman and the peasant, a prince of the blood and a scavenger of London, stand on a perfect level at the bar of justice in a British court."

No one who reflects upon public affairs can fail to be aware of the benefits, indirect as well as direct, which flow from the high reputation of the bench. It alone makes a cumbrous mode of trial work well in practice. To it is in great part due the general reverence for law which it is of vital importance to preserve in a community becoming day by day more democratic, since, as anyone may perceive who studies the phenomena of American society, a disregard for law is the rock upon which popular governments are most likely to make shipwreck. But while everyone admits the virtues of the judiciary, and the immense benefit which these virtues confer upon the country, most persons are, from the very fact of their being accustomed to judicial excellence, inclined to look upon the merits of the bench as existing in virtue of some law of nature, and never think of inquiring whence these virtues spring, how they may possibly be impaired, and to what course of policy we ought to look for their preservation. Hence, curiously enough, persons who would consider with circumspection any proposal which altered the constitution of Parliament or the position of the clergy, never scan with attention measures which seriously affect the position of the judges. To this habit of mind must be attributed the noteworthy fact that, at the very time when the judges display by universal consent all the virtues appropriate to their office, when they are more popular than at any preceding period, when everyone admits the importance of maintaining a high-minded and incorruptible judiciary, there prevails an impression that both the work of the judges

[1] *Nation*, Aug. 14, 1873.

may be increased and their rewards be directly or indirectly diminished. Demands for shorter vacations, for more frequent circuits, for more expeditious decisions (most of them perfectly reasonable demands in themselves), are, it should always be remembered, demands that the courts should turn out more work. The outcry for diminished expenditure on the administration of justice is in many cases merely a demand that the payment of the courts—that is, of the persons who administer justice—should be diminished. This wish indeed has not been expressed in so many words. It may indeed well be doubted whether the people in general have any strong desire even for reasonable reductions in public expenditure. But it is certainly true that an idea prevails among politicians, that the law courts afford a field for the exercise of economy. At one moment criticism is directed against the pensions enjoyed by ex-Chancellors, though such pensions are often a very moderate compensation for the loss of large private business. At another time reports are current that a judgeship is left unfilled under the hopes of ultimately getting rid of the office. Now the salaries of judges' clerks are cut down, at another moment a great measure of judicial reform is risked in order to avoid an increase in the number of judges. It may indeed be said that the idea of economising by curtailing the sums expended on the administration of justice was peculiar to Mr. Gladstone's Government. But this is not so. The really noble zeal of that Ministry on behalf of public economy may probably in some cases have led them into the commission of errors. But the truth is, that the tendency to pay public services, and especially the services of magistrates, at a comparatively low rate, is, if we may judge by American experience, a characteristic of modern society. One circumstance is sufficient to show that the desire to economise in the cost to the nation of administering justice is not peculiar to any Ministry. The Committee appointed to investigate the Civil Services expenditure have, in their Second Report, made the following statement as a result of their inquiries:—

"On a review of the evidence, it appears to your Committee that a strong *primâ facie* case has been made out by the officers of the Treasury to the effect that both with respect to cost and to administrative regulation these establishments (*i.e.* establishments for the administration of justice) should undergo a searching investigation. Almost without exception they are considered by the Treasury to be unduly expensive, and it is clear to your Committee that the absence of any uniform principle in their regulation must produce mischievous results." [1]

This conclusion may in itself be sound. Every department of government ought from time to time to be the subject of searching investigation, and the public may well rejoice that a Commission has been appointed to carry out such an investigation more thoroughly than it could be carried out by a Committee. It is, again, extremely probable that complicated institutions need further regulation, and suffer from the absence of an uniform principle in their administration. Few persons are in a position to say how far the administration of justice may or may not be rendered more economical by means of particular reforms without any diminution in its efficiency. The time for criticising specific proposals will come when such proposals are made by the newly-appointed Commission. We have at present neither the means nor the desire to criticise reforms which may be suggested in consequence of further investigation. The importance of the resolution cited lies for our purpose rather in what it suggests than in what it states. Whether intentionally or not, it obviously encourages the idea that the sums expended by the nation on the administration of justice can be diminished. Whether this really be so or not does not depend at bottom on matters of minor detail. Economy in dealing with important institutions cannot be reduced to a mere matter of

[1] Second Report of the Select Committee on Civil Services Expenditure, p. 9.

pounds, shillings, and pence. It is not enough to consider whether you can lop off a seemingly large payment here, or cut down a clerk's salary there: you must consider whether, on the whole, more or less ought to be spent on the administration of justice. Our judicial system possesses some transcendent excellences. Popular feeling is no doubt right in the belief that it also requires improvement and further adaptation to the needs of the times. Economists are very probably right in the idea that improvements may be introduced into the mode in which the money spent in the administration of justice is expended. But a statesman has got but a little way when he has admitted that reforms are requisite and further economy is possible. His object ought to be to preserve the merits of the existing system whilst increasing its efficiency. Whether this aim is to be achieved by further saving or by increased expenditure (and the latter alternative is *à priori* quite as probable as the former) depends on considerations which can hardly be weighed by officers of the Treasury. They may easily determine that a judge's clerk is paid a larger sum than is necessary to remunerate the services which he renders, but to determine whether it is prudent to cut down the salaries of judges' clerks, you must make up your mind whether the judge is or is not himself too highly paid; for the clerk's salary is in fact simply part of the payment of the judge, and a part which he is bound to spend in a particular way, which, if it be agreeable to his own feelings, also confers some benefit on the public. In this, as in a thousand other instances, the reasonableness of a particular item of expense can be judged of only by reference to general principles of policy. The aim of such policy must clearly be to preserve the merits of the present system whilst adding to its efficiency and adapting it to the requirements of the times.

In order to determine the general character of such policy, three different questions require consideration.

First—What are the circumstances to which the merits of the judiciary are due?

Secondly—How are these circumstances affected by the present condition of society?

Lastly—What is the policy or course of action by which the merits of the bench may be preserved whilst the efficiency of our judicial system is increased?

To suggest rather than to supply the replies to these questions is the object of this article.

In order to simplify a complicated inquiry, we shall throughout refer, as far as possible, to the Common Law judges alone, and omit all reference to the Courts of Equity.

What are the causes to which the virtues of the English judiciary are due?

Several reasons combine to prevent this inquiry being often made by Englishmen. National vanity suggests the answer, that the merits of the bench result from the general virtues of the nation. This reply contains one slight element of truth. An utterly corrupted nation cannot produce an incorruptible magistracy, though it is possible, as seems to have been the case during some periods of the Roman Empire, that the surviving virtues of the state may take refuge in the courts of justice, and maintain there for a time a standard of integrity above the average level of national virtue. But though a corrupted state cannot long maintain uncorrupted law courts, inefficient and even corrupt judges may under certain circumstances exist among a people whose general morality is at least as high as that to which most European states have attained. This is a point upon which the recent history of the American Union is decisive, and unless it is understood, the true lesson to be drawn from American experience is certain to be lost. When Englishmen hear of the judicial scandals of New York, they assume naturally enough that the Great Republic is falling into a condition of general and hopeless decay. But the truth is, that the moral and intellectual fall of some of the judicial bodies in America is due to special causes, and not to the general

decline or corruption of the nation. The American people as a whole have, like other nations, their special defects, but they have also their special virtues; and an impartial observer might well maintain that the morality of America is on the whole higher than that of Europe. What is really noteworthy is that in several States the character of the judiciary has rapidly sunk far below the character of the nation, and, what is remarkable, far below the character of the bar. In combination with the spectacle of corruption at New York, which it should in fairness be noticed has received a great, and it may be hoped decisive, check within the last three years, must be observed the fact that the Federal Courts and the courts of several States, notably of Massachusetts, have maintained the high character of their judges. The theory, again, which attributes the excellence of the bench to the moral virtues of the people, is met by the difficulty that the pre-eminence in morality of the English public is a dubious hypothesis. It can hardly be said that freedom from corruption or hatred of official incapacity have ever been the marked traits of any Anglo-Saxon community. Neither law nor religion has put an end to an electoral venality which shocks the moral feelings of Frenchmen or of Germans, and the high character of our judges was formed during the period when members of Parliament accepted bribes, and flourishes in an age when members of Parliament think it no shame to give bribes which they would feel it a disgrace to accept. The reply again suggests itself that the virtues of the judges are directly due to the high character of the men promoted to the bench. But a little consideration shows that this answer does not in reality square with the facts of the case. Unscrupulous politicians and barristers whose private lives have not always been unblemished have been promoted to the judgment seat. The result has always been the same. The reckless politician and the shifty advocate has turned out a just and incorruptible judge. From whatever side the question be examined the conclusion will be found to follow, that the virtues of the English bench are the fruit of English institutions.

These institutions have conferred upon the judges great dignity and complete independence, but have at the same time set strict limits on their powers of arbitrary action. To this combination of high position and independence with limitation of power, which results from several causes traceable throughout English history, the peculiar merits of the bench are originally due. To see that this is so it is necessary to examine somewhat further these special traits of our judicial system.

What we have termed the dignity of the bench is itself the result of complex circumstances. The official dignity of the judges was secured originally by their being the direct representatives of the Crown, by their having always been in one form or another highly remunerated, and, it must be added, by their very limited number. Even now foreigners are struck with astonishment when they see thirty men perform the judicial business of the country. But the number of the judges, small as it now is, is greatly increased from what it was in earlier times. The Courts of Equity are themselves an excrescence upon the original system, and it may, speaking roughly, be said that down to comparatively modern times the twelve judges, the Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls, represented the judicial body of the country. But the official position of the judges has not been the main source of their dignity. Their high position has been a result of their connection with the bar and of the peculiar consideration which the legal profession has enjoyed for centuries. The judges, in fact, have always been not only highly remunerated royal officials, but the leaders of a profession which in England has always occupied an exceptionally high position. The absence of the distinction which in other countries separates magistrates and advocates into two distinct classes, has raised the standing both of the bar and of the magistracy.

The dignity of the bench has cast a reflected lustre on the bar, whilst the social position of barristers has ensured that judges chosen from the leaders of the bar should share the sentiments of the higher classes of society. What profession shall or shall not be considered a liberal pursuit is within certain limits a question of fashion. Custom or fashion has given the English bar the consideration due to a liberal pursuit. The close character of the profession (for until comparatively recent times the bar was practically a close profession); the separation between barristers and attorneys, which in former times was practically far wider than it is now; the importance which under a parliamentary constitution attaches to rhetorical power—have all tended to raise the social prestige of the bar and generally to make our politicians lawyers and our lawyers politicians. Till the earlier part of this century the game of statesmanship was open to few except the noble or the wealthy. The connection between the bar and statesmanship therefore involved originally, to a far greater degree than at present, the connection between the bar and the gentry. The judgeships indirectly, and the Chancellorship directly, have always been the prizes of political success. Add to this that the law has been the only career by which a man could raise himself and his family to the position of noblemen. Take all these circumstances, and others which might be enumerated, together, and it becomes easy to understand how the judges imbibed the principles and prejudices of an aristocracy. An aristocracy has endless vices. But amongst these is not generally to be counted a low estimate of personal and official dignity, or a tendency to yield to the grosser forms of corruption. In estimating the social position of the judges, it must be remembered that either from statesmanlike foresight or from a happy accident, our superior magistrates have been constantly surrounded by every kind of dignified association. Even now a greater amount of public honour is paid to a judge than to any other official. A Prime Minister is a far more powerful person than a judge of the Queen's Bench. But a judge of the Queen's Bench appears before the public when exercising his duties surrounded with an amount of honour which is not at any time paid to a Prime Minister. It is easy to overrate the effect of the trappings and ornaments of office. Modern opinion holds them cheap. But it is also easy to underestimate their influence, and no candid observer will, especially if his attention has been turned to the judicial system of America, be inclined to deny that elaborate forms and ceremonies may exercise considerable effect in preserving judicial dignity, and, with it, judicial virtue.

The dignity springing from high office or high social position is not of itself sufficient to ensure either capacity or integrity. The second and the main cause to which the success of our administration of justice must be attributed is the independence of the judges. Of this everyone is in a general way aware, but it may be suspected that few persons have realized how complete this independence has by degrees been rendered. Everyone knows that English judges have long had nothing to fear from the power of the Crown. What is of at least equal importance, but has excited less notice, is that a lawyer, from the moment he mounts the bench, has but little to hope from the favour of the Crown, of the Ministry, or of the public. A peculiarity of our system, which in other points of view is a defect, has increased the independence of the magistracy. There has until recently existed no gradation of judicial offices. A Baron of the Exchequer or Justice of the Common Pleas has in nine cases out of ten no reason to hope that he will rise above the exalted position which he has attained. On the other hand, there have been no judges of inferior courts who looked for promotion to the higher tribunals, and therefore were tempted to adjust their conduct to the wishes of those from whom promotion might proceed. Until 1845 it might be said with scarcely an exaggeration that no inferior judges

existed. The County Courts are a modern creation, they are as yet in no way affiliated (to use a convenient if not correct expression) to the superior courts, and no single County Court judge has as yet been promoted to the bench. The corruption of hope is quite as potent as the corruption of fear, and no one who has not reflected on the subject can estimate the extent to which the judicial character has been affected by the fact that there has at no time existed a body of magistrates on the constant look-out for promotion. A French novelist describes a singularly efficient judge as tracking out by his acuteness the ramifications of a complicated fraud. He thereby rendered a great public service, but offended certain persons high in power. A friend thereupon makes the following remark:—"You are, M. Camusot, such an excellent *juge d'instruction* that you never will be promoted higher." Balzac was not probably a profound lawyer, but he knew better than most men what were the motives likely to influence a judge on the look-out for promotion. Independence may be menaced by other influences than those of the Government. Goodwill towards friends, malevolence towards enemies, the desire for popularity, and so forth, may each consciously or unconsciously affect judicial impartiality. These influences are, however, reduced to a minimum when a magistrate is never called upon to administer justice amongst his friends and acquaintances. This has hitherto been the case as regards our judges. They have performed their duties either in London under the eyes of the whole bar, and practically exempt from all the influences of locality, or else on circuit, where the judge possesses, speaking generally, neither acquaintance nor neighbours. The localization of justice undoubtedly promotes the convenience of suitors, but the absence of local courts is also undoubtedly favourable to judicial independence.

To the causes which have fostered judicial virtues ought to be added the absence in a great measure both of the power and of the temptation to wander from the path of rectitude. No official has ever possessed so much dignity and so little power (if by "power" be understood the opportunity of acting according to his own discretion) as a Common Law judge. He may favour one suitor and spite another, but his friendship or hostility can have directly but little effect. Matters of fact are decided by the jury: if voluntarily or involuntarily he gives a wrong view of the law, he is subject to correction by other magistrates, who in many cases are not even his colleagues. The most marked feature of the common law has, further, been its rigid technicality. Everything throughout that system is regular; nothing is arbitrary. This rigidity and inflexibility entail great inconveniences to which the public are now fully alive, but the absence of discretion means the impossibility of indiscretion; and precise and narrow rules, which must now be relaxed, have at certain periods of history greatly conduced to the fair administration of justice. A judge's temptations have been, for a considerable period, at least as small as his power to do evil. A magistrate, highly paid, acting under the full glare of public observation, chosen from his fellows for his capacity and character, could scarcely be induced to risk the loss of general respect for any but some enormous bribe, and it has hitherto been difficult to conceive any power in the country capable of offering bribes in such a form and of such magnitude as to tempt the virtue of respectable magistrates.

The causes already enumerated have produced a tradition of judicial virtue, by which in its turn such virtue is preserved and strengthened. The power of tradition and association is one which it is singularly easy either to exaggerate or to under-estimate, for it is an influence which is vague and indefinable, but which, like many things which are indefinite, cannot safely be overlooked. Men constantly act under the idea of what is due or natural to their position. A judge of the Court of Queen's Bench must be peculiarly proof against the charm of what may be termed the

rhetoric of history, or else must be singularly deficient in all gifts of imagination, if he is not consciously or unconsciously swayed by the traditions of worth, of dignity, and of justice, handed down by the great men who have been his predecessors in that noble tribunal. Any man who is not callous to shame feels that his own disgrace, if he falls, is doubled by the virtues of the men who before him have held the office which suffers degradation in his person. Judges have constantly been raised in their own character by the character of the court to which they belong, and if it be thought that this assertion savours of rhetorical exaggeration, everyone will admit that originality in crime is as rare as in any other field of human activity. The first English judge who, for example, takes bribes, should such a case ever unfortunately arise, will be a man of original depravity and of a character as rare as it is vile. If, therefore, you examine carefully the course of our legal history, you will soon discover that the excellence of our superior courts has been due to a variety of circumstances, all tending in one direction. The judges have been the highly-paid eminent heads of a great, liberal, and almost aristocratic profession. They have been placed in a position of absolute independence. Their power to do evil has been singularly restricted, and they have for centuries been under the influence of traditions which would almost compel even an ill-disposed magistrate to pursue the path of judicial virtue.

How (to take up the second branch of our inquiry) are the circumstances to which the virtues of the bench were originally due, affected by the conditions of modern society?

Two different influences, the one general, the other special, have for the last forty or fifty years tended to alter the position of the judges. The general influence can hardly be described in more precise terms than the progress from an aristocratic to a democratic state of society; the special influence is to be found in the effects produced by the progress of law reform.

The progress towards democracy has affected the judges mainly through its effect on the condition of the bar, since, as already pointed out, the position of the judges has to a great extent depended upon the social status of the profession of which they are the leaders. The bar was, say a century ago, in reality a close profession. Like every other pursuit it has been (in compliance with the demands of obvious justice) gradually opened to the whole nation. It is becoming day by day more nearly a vast body of men scarcely connected together by any social ties, and belonging to different classes. The signs of the change are seen in different directions. The etiquette of the bar is breaking down. Old rules can scarcely be kept up. New rules cannot be enforced. This change, which it may be remarked has already gone to much greater length in the United States, cannot in itself be deplored. It means, however, that the bar is becoming much more of a business regulated by the ordinary maxims of trade, and much less of a gentlemanlike club or guild. Observe, again, that the connection between the bar and the universities is becoming a matter of tradition. So, further, is the close connection between the bar and statesmanship. Parliament is indeed crowded with lawyers, but there never was a time when the political influence of barristers was less considerable. We possess lawyers of high character and brilliant talents, but there is not at the present day a single lawyer whose political position can compare with that of Brougham or of Lyndhurst. This may be thought due to accidental and temporary circumstances. We greatly doubt whether this be so. The example of the United States is in this, as in so many other instances, most instructive. From the earliest times of the Union the influence of lawyers in politics has been marked. The American revolutionary movement was led and directed by lawyers, and American institutions are in the main the work of a body of lawyers. But the universal testimony of Americans bears witness to the fact that the influence of the

legal profession has been on the decline. This is not the result of the legal scandals, which after all are far rarer and of more recent origin than most Englishmen suppose. It is the result of the whole condition of society. An examination into the state of modern England leads to the expectation that a decline in the political influence of the bar will be a permanent phenomenon. It is hard to conceive that any lawyer will for a long time attain anything like the political influence exercised by the two Chancellors, who each of them all but led their party in 1832. It is almost equally hard to conceive that any man, whatever his talents, could in the present day accomplish such a career as that of Erskine's. A man of his extraordinary gifts would under any circumstances become the leading advocate of the day. But were Erskine himself to reappear, he would find it impossible to play the part which he performed with such splendid success at the end of the last century. The reason of this impossibility is worth notice. The field of Erskine's public triumphs was the province of political advocacy. During his lifetime great political trials were a matter of constant recurrence. Great political trials are now almost unknown. No doubt the bitterness of party contests may at any time revive, and the courts again become the arena in which the causes of rival factions are fought out. But even should this happen, forensic conflicts are unlikely to possess anything like the importance which belonged to them during the reign of the third and fourth Georges. When an unreformed Parliament failed to represent large masses of the people, the jury-box became a representative institution, and popular sentiment expressed itself through the voice of the jury, when it could find no utterance within the walls of the House of Commons. Hence, political trials were in truth party contests; the advocates who swayed the juries were in effect popular leaders appealing to the people against an oligarchy.

Throughout the reign of George III. the sentiment of the jury was perpetually opposed to the sentiment of the Ministry and of Parliament. The jury protected Wilkes; the jury saved from death Reformers who were denounced as Jacobins; the jury, under the guidance of Erskine, annihilated the doctrine of constructive treason, modified the law of libel, and vindicated the freedom of the press. Jurymen, in fact, were the democracy engaged in warfare with an aristocratic Parliament. Erskine, and men like Erskine, were popular leaders by whom this warfare was directed. But the necessary condition for such a contest is that the sentiment of the class who are called upon to give verdicts in the jury-box should not be fully represented in the House of Commons. Every principle, every prejudice, every crotchet, and every folly of the ordinary householder, finds its representative in the M.P. whom the votes of householders send up to Parliament. Erskine's political rôle is played out. The theatre in which he performed in reality no longer exists. We shall still have politicians who are lawyers, but it is very doubtful whether anyone now living will ever again see political leaders achieve their fame and carry out their policy in the law courts. It is of course a gain that the courts should cease to be the scenes of party strife, and become places for the transaction of sober business rather than for the display of ingenious rhetoric. But this alteration, beneficial as it is, involves a change in the character of the men by whom legal success is achieved, and makes the bar a less attractive career than heretofore to persons who aspire to the more brilliant prizes of public life. The same result follows —from a cause to which, from want of space, we cannot do more than allude—the immensely increased influence of attorneys on success at the bar. You may, in short, look at the matter from different sides, but from whatever point of view you examine it, you will find that the bar is tending to lose a certain aristocratic character, and is becoming more and more a business-like profession. This tendency must in the long run tell on the social status of the judges. Any diminution in the social

prestige of the bar must mean a certain diminution in the social prestige of men who have attained their position by their eminence as barristers.

If the position of a judge has been indirectly affected by changes in the position of the bar, it has also been indirectly affected by the growth of democratic sentiments. The outward stateliness of the judicial office is suffering a gradual diminution. For reasons which it is hard precisely to define, the pomp and display of office is distasteful to the spirit of the age. Sheriffs who shirk appearing before the judges in costume, and who grudge the expense of javelin-men, unconsciously represent the sentiment which attains its full growth in America, that the decorations, the trappings, and the ceremonies which once added an impressive lustre to the position of high dignitaries, are out of place. The sentiment is so universal that it probably is sound. But it is impossible to diminish the actual dignity of office without at once diminishing in some slight degree its attractiveness to certain classes of minds, and without lessening, though it may be very slightly, a certain salutary restraint imposed by the ceremonies of dignified etiquette. Closely connected with the modern distaste to ceremony is the feeling that a man who holds a public situation of dignity and emolument ought in return to do hard work for the public. This sentiment is in itself one of the most respectable traits of modern society, and its growth is gradually revolutionizing and reforming more than one of our national institutions. But this feeling, true as it is in itself, is apt to lead to the overtasking of all officials; for taxpayers are not to forget that though a man who receives public pay ought to give good work in return, yet hard and incessant work is frequently incompatible with the rendering of really good and efficient service. The routine labours of a judge, for example, have year by year been increased. The sitting in chambers, the more frequent circuits, the curtailment of vacations, each and all mean the increase of judicial labours. It is vain to suppose that the most eminent men of a profession in which large incomes can be gained will not feel that judicial offices lose a good deal of their attraction as the dignity of the office becomes somewhat lessened, whilst the ease which is supposed to accompany dignity vanishes altogether.

The general effect of democratic progress combines at this point with the special influence exerted by the improvements in the practical administration which are popularly known as law reform.

During the last forty years the machinery by which civil justice is administered has been the subject of constant though unsystematic improvements. These changes have, like most English reforms, borne a purely practical character. They have each been suggested by the requirements of the moment, and have each aimed not so much at carrying out any comprehensive scheme of amendment as at diminishing or getting rid of some admitted defect. These alterations, however, all exhibit certain common features. Every measure of judicial reform has either increased the number, localized the jurisdiction, or extended the discretion, or in other words the power, of judicial officers. Almost every measure has directly or indirectly tended to increase the authority of inferior magistrates.

Take, for example, the County Court Acts, which embody the most successful of modern judicial alterations. These Acts at once trebled the whole judicial staff of the country. They further created a body of magistrates with jurisdictions confined to limited localities. They gave these magistrates a quite novel kind of authority by freeing them from the restraints involved in the technicalities of pleading, and by practically giving them the powers hitherto exercised by the jury. Add to this, that the County Court Acts broke down, as far as County Courts were concerned, the distinction between barristers and attorneys. Take, again, the Common Law Procedure Acts, and the different statutes amending the rules of evidence. The provisions of these enactments are multifarious, but they in-

variably have this in common, that they extend the field of judicial discretion. The last crowning triumph of law reform is the Judicature Act. It bears all the characteristics of the class of measures to which it belongs. It does not directly, it is true, greatly increase the number of judges, but it almost undoubtedly involves such an increase at a not very distant day. It immensely increases the discretionary powers of every judge whom it affects. This it achieves directly, by making every court within its scope a Court of Equity; and indirectly, by breaking down the whole system of pleading in favour of some scheme which, whatever be its details, is certain to involve a far larger exercise of judicial discretion than is compatible with the rigid rules of the existing Common Law procedure. The Bill, again, in its provisions as to the issuing of writs, strikes a heavy blow at what may be called the centralized system which now exists, and goes a good way to localize the administration of the law. The common characteristics which are to be found in every measure of law reform arise from the fact that they each represent an immediate practical improvement. The increase in the number of judges, for example, confers an immediate and immense boon upon suitors. The foundation of local tribunals has exactly the same recommendation, and every increase in a judge's discretionary powers immensely facilitates the easy and rapid decision of cases. We may therefore safely anticipate that the path which law reformers have entered upon, they will from the necessity of circumstances pursue to the end. There will at any rate be a constant tendency to the multiplication of judges, the localization of jurisdictions, and the extension of judicial discretionary authority. The tendency is one too strong to resist, even were it advisable that the tendency should be resisted. But it is one thing to admit the tendency of events to take a certain course, and another to blind oneself to the evils which this tendency, even though on the whole beneficial, may involve. Thus much is at least clear. Anyone who considers the combined effect produced by the two influences we have noted—viz., the general revolution in some of the characteristics of modern society, and the special results to be anticipated from the effects of law reform—will admit that the whole judicial system of the country is by degrees being revolutionized and losing some of the features which were the original causes of its excellence. The alteration in the social character of the bar, on which we have already insisted, at any rate diminishes the force of one kind of guarantee for judicial excellence. The mere fact, again, that the judicial staff has increased and must be further increased, involves graver consequences than at first sight appear. The existence of every additional judge obviously enhances the difficulty of preserving the intellectual eminence of the bench. This increase will, however, it may be said, mainly have reference to inferior magistrates. This is true, but the necessity for multiplying inferior magistrates involves considerable difficulties. The multiplication of inferior courts detracts something from the dignity, and a good deal from the excellence, of our ancient judicial system. Unless the magistrates who preside are persons of pre-eminent ability, you are compelled to sacrifice the noble idea on which our judicial scheme was built up—that even the very smallest cases (*i.e.* the disputes of the very poor) ought to be decided by the highest class of judges. This, however, is not the end of the matter. In order to obtain inferior judges of any excellence, you must in some form or other give them high remuneration. There are County Court judges who would do honour to the Court of Queen's Bench, but no one will maintain that they are or can be under existing arrangements, as a body, men of first-rate legal reputation. Since it is practically impossible to pay an inferior official a sufficiently large salary to induce the leaders of the bar to accept a subordinate office, it becomes necessary, if inferior judgeships are to be properly filled, to open to inferior judges the prospects of promotion. By this course,

and by this course alone, will it be found possible to induce our ablest lawyers to become the judges of inferior courts. If, in short, the character of such courts is to be permanently kept at a high level, something like a gradation of judicial offices must be established, so that an able man may entertain reasonable hopes of rising step by step to the highest places in the magistracy. Some such arrangement will ultimately be made, but such an arrangement revolutionizes our legal system, by tending to establish a distinction between advocates and magistrates, and by directly introducing among the judges that hope of promotion the absence of which has been one of the causes to which they have owed their independence. Take, again, the localization of the courts. The convenience of a local court is patent: what is less obvious is that a magistrate who presides over a local court will find it difficult to keep up that absolute impartiality which is the finest trait of our superior tribunals, and will find it absolutely impossible to keep up that appearance of impartiality which is for some purposes as important as its reality. We have known an eminent judge on circuit suggest that a case had better be tried in the other court because the defendant was a gentleman of his acquaintance. The parties did not care to adopt the suggestion, from their absolute trust in his lordship's justice; but the judge of a local court must of necessity deal with causes which affect the interests of his acquaintance. He may be as just as Aristides, but his neighbours will sometimes distrust his justice. The extensive changes, again, which are known under the term of the fusion of Law and Equity, are necessary to carry out an immense reform. But they indubitably, by increasing a judge's discretionary authority, immensely increase his opportunity of wilful misconduct or of involuntary error. They, again, go some way to break through the traditions of the existing courts. American experience certainly shows that almost all the worst scandals of the New York courts originated in the exercise of equitable powers, and were facilitated by the general confusion caused by the introduction of the New York code, which is admired by those who have not practised under it, and, if we may trust American lawyers, receives little admiration from anyone else. Our judicial institutions have, in fact, reached a crisis in their history. The period is in every sense of the word critical, and has, like all seasons of change, its peculiar perils. What are the dangers to which the circumstances of the time tend, if we may judge either from general principles or from the experience of other countries, to expose the judiciary?

Of any tendency to corruption, or even to a lowering of the high standard of judicial integrity, it is unnecessary to say anything. A theorist must have almost lost his senses in indignation at the scandals of the New York bench (which, it must again and again be repeated, give a very unfair impression of the judicial bodies even of New York), who can believe that the integrity of our judges is exposed to any risk. Neither our present judges, nor any English judges whom anyone living is likely to see, will, we venture to assert, whatever be the circumstances of the time, depart from the long tradition of magisterial virtue.

A man must have a morbid imagination who can imagine certain kinds of scandal ever likely to disgrace our law courts. The suggestion, for example, that the Chief Justice of England might take a bribe, that Baron Bramwell might pervert justice to gratify a political party, that the Barons of the Exchequer might become the agents in iniquity of the North-Western Railway, and the Common Pleas set to work in the interest, say, of the Great Western Railway, to counteract the machinations of their brothers of the Exchequer, not only sounds, but is, a suggestion too absurd for serious discussion. It is equally impossible to picture to oneself a state of affairs in which a judge should, to use the slang of New York, "be owned" by the barrister who leads in his court. Yet, absurd and outrageous as are these suppositions (suggested though they are

by facts passing before our eyes across the Atlantic), it is worth while sometimes to remember that under special circumstances the decline of judicial virtue may be singularly rapid, and that Chancellor Kent or Justice Story would have found it as difficult to anticipate the reign of Barnard and Cardozo, as would Chief Justice Cockburn to believe that his seat would, say sixty years hence, be occupied by legal bravos whom no respectable barrister would receive at his table. It is also worth while to note, in passing, the close and by no means accidental connection between the excessive influence of large trading corporations and the rise, in America at least, of judicial scandals. But though it may be well to bear in mind that there exist in modern society tendencies which, fostered by unfortunate circumstances, might conceivably corrupt the honesty of the bench, there is in reality no need even for theorists to dwell on the very hypothetical peril of corruption. In America itself the rise of this evil has been due in great measure to accidental circumstances, and to the fundamental error of making a judge's office tenable for short periods and dependent upon frequently recurring elections. The State of New York is not a fair sample of the Union, and even at New York public common sense has at last begun a series of reforms which will, we may hope, make the scandals by which the judiciary of that State has been disgraced impossible in the future. The attention, in fact, which has been directed to New York has misled English opinion. Much more useful lessons may be learnt by investigating the legal history of States in which the judges have retained their moral respectability. Such an investigation will show that the real peril in modern countries by which the judiciary is beset is not so much loss of character as a gradual decline in intellectual ability. A tendency to such decline is one which, even in England, it may be necessary carefully to guard against. The effective administration of justice depends on the judges being at any rate on a level with, and if possible superior as a body to, the leaders of the bar. It is the fact that our judges are the most eminent men in the legal profession which makes our system work with any good result. An English judge has to achieve two objects, both of which are in practice so admirably attained that the public fail to see the difficulty of their attainment. He must, on the one hand, keep a strict control on the barristers who practise before him; to use an expression employed in a recent trial, he must be "king and lord in his own court." He must, on the other hand, guide, direct, and even in some cases dictate, the decision of the jury. He has for the achievement of both these objects very little to rely upon but the employment of moral force. This force is quite sufficient for its purpose in the hands of men who, like our present magistrates, are men of acknowledged eminence. It would be quite insufficient if once they were found to sink in ability below the men who pleaded at their bar. Now the various circumstances already enumerated which diminish the attractions of a judgeship, and in different ways lessen its dignity, prestige, or emolument, all tend (and it must be borne in mind that throughout this paper we are concerned with tendencies only) to increase the difficulty of inducing the most eminent barristers to take judgeships. No doubt, as things at present stand, the attractions of a judge's position are, at any rate in the superior courts, sufficient to fill the bench with the men required for the due discharge of its duties. But a slight diminution in those attractions might make the leaders of the bar unwilling, at any rate till towards the end of their career, to accept a position which, in money at least, could rarely equal the advantages of a large practice.

The due balance between the ability of the bench and the ability of the bar may further be destroyed, not by a direct decline in the eminence of the judges, but by a heedless extension of the jurisdiction of inferior courts. Suppose, for example, that the jurisdiction of the County Courts were immensely extended without any adequate step being taken to raise the position

of the County Court judges. The most eminent barristers would at once appear in the inferior courts; for a suitor who has great interests at stake will, whatever the rank of the tribunal before which he sues, employ the best legal talent which money can procure; but it is no discredit to our County Court judges to say openly that they are not, as a body, and cannot under present circumstances be expected to be, men of reputation equal to that of the leading advocates of the day. American experience points no lesson more clearly than that you may easily, by under-payment, make it impossible to fill the bench with the highest class of lawyers. The courts of Massachusetts are as respectable as any tribunals in the world. Many of their members would adorn the highest courts of any country. They hold their position for life, and hence, in a country where the tenure of all other offices is fluctuating, occupy a situation of great dignity; but their salary is about 600*l.* a year. No one can believe that an American lawyer, whose professional gains fully equal, if they do not exceed, those of an English barrister, can in the full career of a lucrative business be willing as a general rule to give it up for an income of 600*l.* a year. The Chief-Justiceship, again, of the Federal Court is out and out the most dignified position in the Union. The post has always been occupied by men of the highest character and legal reputation, but it is well known that no leading American lawyer will accept it until he has made enough by his profession to render a salary, which a year or two ago did not exceed 1,600*l.*, a matter of indifference.

What, then, under present circumstances should be the judicial policy of the nation? The considerations already urged suggest the general answer to this our third and last inquiry.

A policy of mere inert conservatism is impossible, because the causes to which the modifications in our judicial system are due are far too deep-seated to be resisted. In plain matter of fact, modern England has outgrown our existing judicial arrangements. These arrangements had and have great merits, and these merits may by the exertion of foresight be preserved. But the system itself cannot, in its present form, remain unchanged when all the circumstances of society are changing. It is, for example, easy enough to detect and denounce the evils of local tribunals. But the maintenance of local courts is absolutely demanded by the wants of the time, as anyone may convince himself who studies the history of the County Courts, which, founded as small debt courts, have risen into considerable local tribunals, simply because these courts, whatever their defects, meet a real and pressing want. A policy of mere conservatism would, even were it possible, be a grave mistake, because such a policy would, without really preventing change, allow changes to take place, as it were, haphazard, without any due consideration being given to the general results they are likely to produce. On this point, again, the history of the County Courts is instructive. They have acquired their powers piecemeal, and, so to speak, by chance. The consequence is, that a body of local tribunals is being gradually formed without anyone thinking it necessary to determine what position these tribunals are ultimately to occupy in the general judicial system of the country. Here, as is constantly the case in English affairs, unintelligent conservatism has really led to inconsiderate change.

It is, in the second place, clear that mere curtailment of expenditure is not an object which any statesman should propose to himself in dealing with the administration of justice.

The yearly cost of this department of government is shown by the following figures taken from the Second Report of the Committee on Civil Services Expenditure. The gross expenses of all the English courts, considered merely as civil tribunals, amount to 1,407,000*l.* The net cost of the same courts to the exchequer is 599,000*l.* The difference between the expenses and the net cost, *i.e.* 808,000*l.*, is accounted for by receipts arising mainly from suitors' fees. The gross expenses, again, of the superior

courts of Common Law, considered as civil tribunals, is 161,000*l*. The net cost of the same courts is 86,000*l*. The difference between the expenses and the net cost, *i.e.* 75,000*l*., is accounted for by receipts from fees. Putting aside possible objections to the amounts exacted from suitors, we find it difficult to believe that anyone can consider that the nation has reason to complain of the largeness of the sums spent in support of the law courts. On this subject we may fairly appeal to a writer who is certainly under no prejudice in favour of the legal profession. "What," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer, "shall we say of the *laissez-faire* which cries out because the civil administration of justice costs us 800,000*l*. per year; because to protect men's rights we annually spend as much as would build one iron-clad; because to prevent fraud and enforce contracts we lay out each year scarcely as much as our largest distiller pays in spirit duty? What, I ask, shall we say of the *laissez-faire* which thinks it an extravagance that one-hundredth part of our national revenue should go in maintaining the vital condition to national well-being?"[1]

We have some doubt as to the exact correctness of Mr. Spencer's figures, but we do not doubt for a moment that he expresses correctly enough the sentiments of any man who takes a wide view of the importance and worth of first-rate law courts. Even were it granted that by rigid economy, by the abolition of all places which can in any sense be called sinecures, by remunerating both judges and minor officials at the lowest rate at which their services can be obtained, a perceptible reduction in expenditure may be effected, the saving would still, looked at in the light of intelligent policy, not be worth its cost. Such rigid economy fosters every tendency which it ought to be the business of a statesman to check. It lessens the position and dignity of the bench. It exposes the nation to a serious risk of failing to obtain the services of the very highest class of lawyers. Such economy is almost as injurious when applied to the payment of inferior officials as when it has reference to the salaries of superior judges. For the increase of judicial business makes it every day more necessary to increase the powers of inferior officials, and the aim which every reformer should propose to himself is to induce lawyers of eminence to perform even subordinate judicial duties. This result can be obtained only in one of two ways: either by paying such officers as Masters or referees very high salaries, or by opening to them the hopes of promotion to more dignified and highly remunerated positions.

A third conclusion follows from the foregoing considerations. Sound policy requires the careful adaptation of the present system to the needs of the time. An example will best show what is meant by this statement. It is, as we have throughout this paper maintained, inevitable that the power of local tribunals should be increased. But it is also clear that in increasing their jurisdiction you may either make them independent of or connect them closely with the superior courts. The latter is obviously the course which ought to be pursued. The local judge should, if possible, as is the case in the local Federal Courts of America, act at times together with the superior judge. The modes in which this may be effected, it is not our business to point out. Our object is only to illustrate the principle that the end to be aimed at is extension of the present system. This principle, in fact, lies at the bottom of every judicious scheme for the improvement of the administration of justice. Our existing system has some grave practical defects, but it has produced a body of magistrates possessing unequalled and almost unrivalled merits. To preserve these merits, and as far as possible to extend to every court in the country the noble spirit and traditions which have long animated our superior courts, is the true end of judicial policy, to the attainment of which all considerations, either of direct economy or even of immediate convenience, ought to give way.

Albert Venn Dicey.

[1] *Contemporary Review*, Aug 1873, p. 334.

CASTLE DALY,

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER VI.

ANNE's first glance at Mr. Daly's face when he entered her room confirmed her fear that he had come to announce a serious mishap.

"Is anybody ill at Castle Daly? Have you been really made anxious by Connor's disappearance?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, no; Ellen knew he was here, and told her mother so. He has behaved ill, and I am very angry with him. I have some bad news for him too, that will punish him more than my displeasure; but all that will keep. I want some talk with you first, if it is possible to get a quarter of an hour's conversation here without half the inhabitants of the Hollow for audience."

"I have secured that we shall not be interrupted."

"And you can actually spare me the time?"

"I think you need not ask that."

But with all these preliminaries the conversation was long in beginning.

Mr. Daly wandered restlessly about the room for a long time, pausing before the numerous cabinets and little tables to take up and seem to examine carefully the various ornaments, all of home manufacture, that were scattered about.

"Cousin Anne," he began abruptly, at last, "you were a wise woman to refuse to marry me when I asked you about this time twenty years ago."

"Cousin Dermot," she answered, "you were a foolish boy twenty years ago when you asked a woman older than yourself, whom you did not love, to marry you."

"What makes you say I did not love you? I thought I did; and I am sure I swore it often enough."

"But I knew you did not, and you know it now; so if you will go back to look at old times, take care to see them in their true light, not more promising than they were."

"I should have loved you if you had listened to me. I wonder, if you could have foreseen the mess I have made of my life, whether you would have taken me out of compassion."

"No, I should not; I had too much respect for you and for myself, Dermot, to marry you for the sake of saving you the trouble of managing your own life, and it would not have answered if I had."

"If *you* had ever come to despise me, Anne, it would have been for my real sins, not for little oddities of manner and inconsiderate impulses that are too much bound up in the heart of me ever to be put off. Just blame is wholesome; it is the dull, silent, dead weight of opposition to one's whole nature that crushes all the life out and leaves one a dead, stupid log, to be drifted about by the tide of events."

"May I ask one question? Are you talking of a remediable trouble? If not, is there any use in looking at it?"

"Is there any use in crying out when one is in great pain? May not one allow oneself at rare intervals the luxury of grumbling? You have never had a great pain in your life, Anne."

"So everyone tells me," said Anne, smiling.

"And I claim a right to inflict grumbling on you, seeing that you refused to give me the chance of having nothing to grumble about. There was another expectation I had of you, Anne, that you failed me in."

"I! how did I fail you?"

"When I brought my young wife home here to struggle with difficulties she was hardly fit to meet, I trusted to you to make her path smooth for her. I thought you would instil your magic of governing into her, and teach her to win the people and tolerate their ways, a thing she has never yet been able to bring herself to do. I even fancied that, if misunderstandings should arise between us (such different natures as we are), I might trust to your old knowledge of me to interpret me to her, and gloss over my faults with the glamour of your sisterly indulgence. I pictured you two living together as sisters."

"It was an extremely masculine fancy, Dermot; and if you had really wished to carry it out, you should not have let her see me at first dressed in a red cloak of native manufacture, and standing up to my ankles in a bog with half the population of the Hollow vociferating round me. She has never recovered the shock of that first introduction."

"I wanted her to see how you brought order out of disorder, and managed the unmanageable. She has the same ends in view as you have, and as she and I fail, and you succeed, surely she might let us learn of you."

"No, no, my ends are a long way from hers, and she would not be satisfied to come at them by my means. We are all children together in the Hollow, you see, Dermot. Some wise man has said that an unmarried woman, however old she may be, always remains something of a child; and in my case it answers very well. I can be content to coax and scold and rule despotically my fellow-children, without expecting too much from them or being discouraged by their outbreaks and vagaries. It is far harder for her, who had been used to grown-up men and women for servants and dependants.

"That sounds like saying that Irish men and women are nothing better than children. What do you call me?"

"Hardly as grown-up as some people. But, indeed, I only meant our uneducated, wild, West country people here."

"I am very much obliged to you for giving me such a philosophical reason for coming to the conclusion that our household will never work well together. You can't blame me now for what I have come to tell you. Anne, I have given it all up. I made up my mind last night and told my wife, so there is no going back now. I am going to turn absentee. Being convicted of incapacity to manage my own affairs by my brother-in-law, I have consented to put them into the hands of an agent of his choosing, who is to live at Castle Daly and keep a tight hand over the tenants, while we pass our time in England or abroad—till Pelham is of age, at all events. Now, why don't you exclaim—why don't you remind me that I have sworn a hundred times that nothing should induce me to skulk out of the country and leave my people to the mercy of a stranger? Where's your indignation?"

"You said you had made up your mind and could not go back."

"That's no reason for not abusing me. Come, say something, good or bad; nothing is so ominous as silence from you."

"What can I say but that it is a very sudden resolution?"

"Not so sudden as it seems. For years I have been gradually pushed towards it. You don't know the force of a persistent wish in the mind of a person with whom you have to pass all your days, and whom you are always trying and failing to satisfy with something else. There is an overpowering mesmerism in it. The moment comes when the temptation to end the silent struggle of wills becomes too strong to be resisted. Anything for peace, one says at last."

"But will it be peace? Won't you begin to have a persistent wish to get home again? How shall you feel?"

"Good for nothing and miserable; but what of that? My wife tells me she has been miserable here for twenty years, and thinks it is my turn now.

There should be give and take in matrimonial arrangements, should there not?"

"I cannot but think she might be made happy here, if only——"

"Let me finish your sentence—'if I had done my duty and been prudent years ago.'"

"No, if you would begin to do your duty and be prudent now. Shut up Castle Daly by all means, if you can't, as indeed I know you can't, afford to live in it; but don't leave the neighbourhood. Stay and do the needful work yourself. I can't imagine why you don't. It is not lack of energy or want of thought that has kept you idle all these years."

"Want of thought! No, indeed; it is too much thought—thought that has killed hope. You talk of my not being grown up. If looking before and after is the characteristic of a man, I am one above others, for I do nothing else. It has paralysed my hands for other doing. What is the use of throwing seed into ground that is chokeful of dragon's teeth? There are harvests of evil to be reaped in this land before anything else can come; and, seeing that as plainly as I do, I have no energy for labour. If you were to die to-morrow, Anne, Good People's Hollow would be a bog again in a few years, and the people you are trying to drag up into civilization would be as open as any of their neighbours to have their passions roused by the first schemer who appealed to the old grudges and hatreds and wild hopes that centuries of cherishing have made stronger than anything else in their natures. There would soon be not a trace of your work left."

"Granted; but what is that to me? If I can go up to Him who gave me my work, hand in hand with one brother or sister whose life I have made happier and better, it will be enough. That little bit of good will live as well as the evil you talk of, and survive it. I have nothing to do with the sowing or reaping of other people's harvests."

"You are freer than I am, Anne. We come back to the root of my difficulty again. Whatever other enemies I make, I can't bear to have foes of my own household; and within the last twenty-four hours I have come to see that if I don't yield this point of going away there will be a division among us that will make family union for the future an impossible thing. You must hear how far the antagonism has gone before you judge. And that brings me to the principal cause of my being here to-day. A fine piece of work of Mr. Connor's it is that I have to tell you of. Has not he told you himself?"

"No. I hope it is not anything wrong—nothing worse than a wild prank that has turned out ill."

"It has turned out very ill; and unluckily the prank, if he means it for one, was aimed at his brother, who is too like his mother to be a happy subject for pranks. Pelham, I must tell you, had a favourite dog sent from England, to which (as it was a good house-dog and barked at beggars) our servants took a thundering dislike. Unluckily, a few days after its arrival it threw down and seriously hurt a little boy who had come to the place on an errand for Connor. Ellen and Connor were mad to have the creature sent away on the instant, and Pelham just refused to part with it, as well he might, not choosing to be hectored by his younger brother. Small blame to him for that, you'll say. I was too full of other things that day to give any heed to these quarrels. Ellen lays the blame on Pelham's contemptuous manner; but, anyhow, Connor's spirit was roused, and he was resolved to have his way by fair means or foul. He connived with some of the servants to get the dog out of the yard, and carried it off himself and gave it into the keeping of two men well noted in the neighbourhood for mischief—Pat Hanalan and Red-haired Dennis, whom the gaugers have been hunting from hill to hill the last twelve months on account of a clever little still they have between them. I confess I've a sort of kindness for the rogues myself, and can't be as angry with Connor for colleaguing with them as I ought to be, for many a laugh have he and I had together over

stories of the clever shifts they've been put to.. Dennis professes to feel himself safe on my ground, and considers that he has a sort of claim on my protection for having long ago found Pelham, when he had strayed away from home and was lost on a bog, and brought him safe back to the Castle. Maybe I have winked at his misdeeds long enough to make it seem hard that one of my household should turn on him—Pelham, too, who might have thought that he owed him a kindness."

"But I don't understand yet. How do you know that Connor gave up Pelham's dog to those men? And if he did, what harm has come of it?"

"I'm coming to that if you'll let me. We did not connect Connor's absence with the disappearance of the dog at first. Ellen told us he had gone to you, and I thought it was to work off a fit of the sulks. My wife and Pelham, skilfully misled by the hints of a sharp young groom who I strongly suspect was in Connor's secret, fixed their suspicions on a beggar-woman and a pedlar who had been about the place on the day of the accident. My energetic brother-in-law went off in haste to set the constables on the track of these people. It was a wrong clue, but it led to the right game. As the constables, with Pelham at their head, were scouring the country, they heard the baying of a hound, as it seemed, far down in the centre of a hill. The sound guided them; they scrambled down a steep cleft in the mountain, found the entrance to a cave that had escaped all prying eyes hitherto, and succeeded in capturing not only the plant and the men they had been after so long, but the dead body of Pelham's unlucky favourite, who had been pistolled, of course, the instant the distillers had an inkling that their enemies were in their neighbourhood."

"So the poor dog was actually dead?"

"Yes, and the two men are in prison, committed for dog-stealing as well as for the other offence. They never breathed Connor's name, mind you, when they were brought before me. Ellen came out with the story when she heard their fate, and you may imagine how disgusted I was. Connor is the person to blame, but all the ill-will will fall to Pelham's share, for he was the moving cause of the capture. He did not even recognize Dennis. He stood by while the constables did their work, saying very little, I am told, but showing bitter anger at the fate of his dog. The thing will never be forgotten; it's a story that will stick to those two boys for the rest of their lives here."

"Connor will be bitterly sorry."

"I hope he will have some comprehension of the harm he has done; the thing itself is no worse than a dozen other escapades that have passed unnoticed, but coming just at this moment it has been like a spark falling on a ton of gunpowder, and produced a general explosion. He could hardly have done anything to illustrate more cleverly the evil effects of the home education I have insisted upon for him and Ellen, or to cut every ground of argument, for keeping ourselves together, from under my feet. Last night, after Ellen's confession, it all burst out—my wife's long-suppressed wish to leave the place, and disapproval of my indulgence of the younger children; my brother-in-law's pious horror at my debts and extravagance. Small blame to me, I think, if I turned tail in the combat, and owned myself beaten at last. My own sweet colleen came in for her share of the storm with her father. They blame her for keeping Connor's secret so long. If I can work myself up into a proper state of anger against him, it will be by thinking of the state of her blue eyes this morning. Well, since I can't protect her from blame, let them try their hands and make her as much of an Englishwoman as it's in her to be. When we all come back again, if we ever do, there will be less excuse than there is now for our splitting into an English and an Irish faction, whose chief interest in life is to find fault with each other. Connor will have broken with his old associates, and will not stand out in such contrast

to Pelham as to lead to perpetual remark.

"How has Pelham behaved about it all?"

"He does not say much; in fact, the lad never opens out to me. Since Connor's share in the plot against his dog came out, he is silent and looks injured. His mother looks at him, and refuses to take any notice of poor Ellen when she hovers between the two of them, and offers little services to win a look of forgiveness. It is as much as I can bear to see it in silence; yet Heaven forbid that I should put myself at the head of a faction against my wife and my eldest son. Now where is Connor? I must take him home at once. I suppose Peter Lynch can mount him?"

"He is down at the stone quarry, expecting a severe lecture, I hope. Shall I summon him?"

"No, I will walk down to meet him; and tell Peter to have the horses ready as I pass through the yard."

Cousin Anne lay back on the sofa when she was alone, longing for an opportunity to say a few soothing, peace-making words to her fiery-tempered young cousin before he left her; but her first glance into his face when he burst hastily into the room to say good-bye showed her he was in no state for even her words to have a good effect. He entered with a jaunty, defiant air, meant to carry off his pale cheeks and eyelids swollen with passionate tears.

"So, Cousin Anne," he said, "I shall be obliged to leave you and Peter to manage the mending of the three-wheeled car by yourselves. I'm very sorry, you see, but since I've been away they've contrived to make a disgusting mess of things at home, the idiots! and I'm wanted to set them to rights."

"Connor, I wish you would let me say a word to you."

"No, no, Anne; if you are to begin to improve the occasion, I vow I'll cut my throat or run away to America and never be heard of more. I'd be off this minute, that I would, only it would be a shabby trick to leave Ellen and those poor fellows in the scrape they've been thrown into by interfering idiots."

"That you have thrown them into, Con. Yes, it is a very shabby trick not to dare to acknowledge all the consequences of one's own acts and to bear all one can of them."

"But, Anne, you know—you know—I never meant such consequences as these."

"The letting out of water, Con; that is what the beginning of strife is, you know. Of course you can never tell where the current will carry you. I am very sorry for you. I only want to persuade you to take your share of blame bravely, and then you'll have got more than half-way to forgiving other people what you think they have been guilty of towards you and your friends."

"No, I'll stick to my friends right or wrong, and would to the end, if it was a man they had murdered instead of a wretch of an old cur; and I'll never forgive Pelham for despising us all for being Irish. It's that and nothing else he means by all he does, you may take my word for it."

CHAPTER VII.

A fortnight passed before either Anne O'Flaherty or her equipage were in such a state of repair as to warrant their tempting the perils of the rugged mountain road between the Hollow and the head of the Lough; but as during that time no direct news of the Castle Daly household reached her, she made her first expedition out of her own dominions in that direction.

Peter Lynch had by that time recovered his spirits and his belief in his own and his mistress's infallibility, temporarily shaken by their ignominious overthrow in the car, and was as well prepared as usual to entertain her through half a day's journey with contemptuous comparisons between the condition of their neighbours' property and the cultivation of the Hollow; but as the way lay chiefly through Mr. Daly's estate, Anne was not in a mood to accept his flattery as graciously as

usual. Her eyes were sufficiently open to the tokens of neglect and mismanagement that Peter eagerly pointed out, but she could not look forward with any satisfaction now to the hope of remedy. The pleasure of seeing the low thatched farm-houses, with their tumble-down barns and fences replaced by better buildings; red "murphys" taking the place of yellow "lumpers" in the potato-grounds round the cabins; and an improved breed of pigs ousting the long-nosed, long-eared Connaught variety of the animal from its nook in the chimney corners, would be lost to her, if the improvements she had so long advocated were to be the work of a stranger. It was almost a surprise to her when the house came into view at last, to find it looking just as usual, with all its doors and windows open to let in the sunshine, and cheerful signs of occupation in the gardens and court-yard—she had been so busy picturing it to herself as shut up and deserted.

She observed a little group of people standing out in the sunshine before the front door, when she drove up to the lodge gate. They had not assembled to welcome her, for they were all collected round another vehicle drawn up before a side door, which seemed to await some last arrangements to take its departure.

Mrs. Daly was among the group, leaning on the arm of a stout middle-aged man, who seemed to be expostulating rather loudly with the servants hanging about the car; while Ellen, with her arms piled with pillows and shawls, stood a little in the rear. Anne left the three-wheeled car to be carried off to the back premises, and exhibited in triumph to his acquaintances there by Peter Lynch, and walked down the drive to announce herself.

Ellen spied her when she was still some yards from the house, and impetuously throwing her load down on the door-step at her mother's feet, rushed to meet her cousin, giving her a frantic squeeze in her arms before she exclaimed, breathlessly,

"Oh, Anne, Anne, are you really here? Do you know that we are to leave Castle Daly in a week's time from this? I think I should have gone wild if you had not come, and I had had to leave home without seeing you again."

"I think you are wild," said Anne, looking fondly down into her favourite's face, that had a new wistful expression on it that went to her heart. "If I had not come to you of course you would have come to me. Why, I have been expecting you every day this fortnight."

"It has not been my fault," whispered Ellen; "and I don't think mamma would ever have let me go to you again. Do you know, my Uncle Pelham was dreadfully scandalized at Connor's running away to you, and at you for keeping him. In all that has happened he thinks you quite as bad as Connor. He says almost every day that from all he hears you must be a thorough Irishwoman, and you can't imagine what a dreadful creature that means to him. There he is, standing by mamma."

"A fine goodnatured-looking gentleman," said Anne. "I think he will bear the sight of me, even in my shabbiest home-made cloak, without injury to his nerves. Let me go and speak to him."

Mrs. Daly advanced a step or two to greet Miss O'Flaherty, and Anne thought that the last few weeks had made a change in her appearance too. The extreme air of invalidism was laid aside, her dress was brighter and more becoming, her step had more life in it, and there was actually a smile—was it a smile of triumph?—on her lips, as, laying a passive hand in Anne's, she said—

"I am very glad to see you are able to come out. Mr. Daly was getting quite anxious. We are so busy preparing for our departure that we did not know how to spare a day to drive to the Hollow. Yet we would not on any account have left the country for a length of time without saying good-bye to you."

Anne was well accustomed to the loose clasp of the hand, and to the

peculiar sensation of being looked at without being recognized, with which the mistress of Castle Daly particularized her greetings to her, but the smile and the triumphant emphasis were something new. A fresh, and perhaps a more galling pin-prick wound than she had hitherto had to harden herself against in that place.

She would have received the remark in silence if the sound of an irritated tap of the foot from Ellen behind had not warned her that it was safest to rush into indifferent conversation at once.

"You are preparing for a departure already, I see," she said, stooping down to pick up one of the pillows Ellen had thrown down; "and the person you are sending away is an invalid, I fear, from Ellen's preparations."

"It is well for Ellen's patients when there is someone to look after their comforts besides herself," remarked Mrs. Daly, with a severe glance at certain cushions and shawls that had rolled down the steep steps and were being trampled under the servants feet. "A few minutes ago she was ransacking the house for comforts for Murdock Malachy, who is to be removed to the hospital in Galway to-day, and you see where her preparations are now. You know, I suppose, Ellen, that you threw down the bottle of wine you begged so hard for, and that its contents are soaking your own woollen shawl down there?"

"Mamma, you will let me have another," pleaded Ellen, her eyes full of tears, and her face one crimson glow of shame and mortification. "I know I'm very silly, but indeed I could not help it when I saw Cousin Anne."

"Cousin Anne is not much obliged to you for pleading the sight of her as a sufficient excuse for silliness. I think you might have found something pleasanter to say about her on her first introduction to your uncle."

"Come, come; never mind," put in Sir Charles Pelham, who was not proof against the sight of tears in such pretty eyes as Ellen's, and thought his sister rather hard on her daughter at times. "Let Ellen run in and get another bottle of wine, and permit me to shake hands with Miss O'Flaherty, of whom I have heard so much. The child is a good child enough. You should take her as she is, and make allowance for blundering."

"That is kind," said Anne, holding out her hand; "if you will make allowance for blundering I see a hope of our all getting on."

Sir Charles was puzzled. The warm smile and gracious cordial air contradicted anything of sarcasm he might have suspected in the words.

"A much better-looking woman than I expected, and quite the lady. I wonder why Elinor hates her so!" was his mental verdict; while Anne, reading his thoughts in the slow glances of his eyes backwards and forwards between herself and Mrs. Daly, came to her own conclusion.

"He has prejudices, but he is a man," she thought, "and therefore capable of justice; *he* would never, if he watched us for twenty years, arrive at understanding the feeling that obliges us two poor women always to show the worst side of ourselves to each other. No, not if he knew—as of course he cannot know—that one of us never forgets that she has before her the woman who has married the man she loved, and the other that she is talking to the woman who refused the man she has married."

A little commotion among the waiters round the car now recalled Mrs. Daly's and Sir Charles's attention to the subject that was occupying them when Miss O'Flaherty made her appearance. Ellen returned from the back premises with the news that poor Murdock was really coming out now, and a dozen eager, curious, sympathetic faces prepared for lamentation and condolence were turned towards the door.

"Is he so very bad?" asked Anne, catching sight of a bent figure, slowly crutching himself down the front hall, helped or rather hindered by an old woman, who supported an elbow, and broke out into tremulous "Ochones" and "Saints presarve us," at every painful step.

"This is precisely how it is," explained Sir Charles, taking the answer on himself. "If the lad had been sent off to an hospital a month ago, when the accident occurred, as I advised, he'd have been well by this time, and would have had nothing to remind him of his mishap for the rest of his life; but he has been kept here, with a dozen people fussing after him, exciting him with news, and setting aside the doctor's orders till it has become a serious case. I have interfered pretty strongly to have him sent away and put under proper treatment, for I saw it was his only chance of getting well."

"It's the thought of our going away, and of the parting with Connor, that has taken all the heart out of him, and hinders his recovery," whispered Ellen.

"Now, my good woman," exclaimed Sir Charles, as old Mrs. Malachy came within hearing, "do show a little self-control, and help your grandson into the car without all that hubbub. You can't make his legs straight by crying over them; you only distress him and everybody near by your foolish outcries."

"By this and by that, is it stone and ice that ye think me heart's made of, that I'm not to weep and shed tears when I see me own boy, that was the light of me eyes, and all that I have left me in the world, barring the son that's breaking his heart, this minute in prison along of yer honour's orders, turned out a cripple, and helpless, to die in a strange place. I'll tell ye this plainly, yer honour, and my lady——" By this time, Mrs. Malachy had arrived full in front of Sir Charles and Mrs. Daly on the door-step, and, coming to a sudden halt, fixed on them two eyes in which a flash of angry fire seemed to burn up the tears. "I'll tell ye this plainly, if ye'd left the boy alone to die aisy in the bed where he was taken, afther he had been kilt at your door by a wild baste, it's broken-hearted I would have been, but I would not have had the sore angry heart I carry this day; I'd have borne the will of God paceable if ye'd let the boy die aisy under the roof that he loves."

"Then you are a stupid, ungrateful old woman," answered Sir Charles, not angrily, but in the cheerful decided tone, he thought, appropriate to uneducated old people, whose intellects could only be reached by strong words and shouting—"a very stupid and a wicked old woman, I should call you, to wish your boy to die in one bed instead of getting better in another. You ought to be extremely grateful to Mrs. Daly and to me for taking all the pains we have to find out an hospital where he'll be quickly cured, and to Mr. Pelham Daly for paying the expenses of his removal."

"Yer honour need not have been afraid that I should make a mistake about who it is we're beholden to, for this same sending away. Shure the names ye've spoken were in my heart, and on my lips, and I'll never forget them; but ochone! ochone! that it should be in this house that a hard thing is done by the orphan and the poor, that'll bring the curse of God down upon it."

"Come, come, my good woman," interrupted Sir Charles, putting his hand authoritatively on her shoulder, and giving her a gentle shove down the steps, "you are behaving very ill; you had much better hold your tongue. cursing and that sort of thing cannot be allowed. I'm a magistrate myself in my own country, and I feel it my duty to put a stop to bad language, so get into the car at once; and perhaps Mrs. Daly will be good enough to forget your ungrateful conduct."

Molly tottered down the steps under the impulse of the shove, but turned round undaunted at the bottom to shake her withered fist at the house.

"Forgit, will she! No, yer honour, it's remimber, she will, one day, when she sees her own carried in the same way that mine's turned out. It's remimber my words she will."

"Be silent, you old hag," roared Sir Charles, thoroughly roused to anger at last. "How dare you frighten the ladies by your wicked nonsense! If you speak another word you shan't go

to the hospital with your grandson. We'll leave you behind in Ballyowen to make acquaintance with the inside of your son's present lodging."

"Kindly welcome you are to take me where you plase, for it's against my will I go either way," said Molly, deliberately mounting the car, and dropping down in a heap in one corner of it. "I've said the word that was burning in me, and had to come out; and now word nor look, curse nor blessing, will the place git from me again."

"Someone lift the sick boy in, and let's have done with it," said Sir Charles, impatiently.

Murdock had remained on the top of the steps, pale and panting, after the exertion of moving down the hall; but when, in obedience to Sir Charles's orders, two servants lifted him into the car, he sent wistful glances round, as if in search of someone.

Ellen divined the meaning of the look, and whispered to him, while Anne settled the pillows under his head,

"You'll see Mr. Connor in Ballyowen, Murdock. He'll be waiting at the car-office to help you into the public car, and wish you good-bye again. He went in to-day to see your uncle, and he'll bring you good news of him."

"And the other young gentleman?"

"He has gone into Ballyowen to-day too with my father, but you don't want to see him, do you, Murdock?"

"If he'd cared to see me I'd have left a word for him now I know I'll die. He's your brother, Miss Eileen, and Mr. Connor's. And now I know I'll die, I'd not like ill-will to rest for ever betwixt us, for the sake of a dog that's dead."

"But you are not going to die, Murdock," said Anne, cheerfully; "the hospital is a very different place from what you think it; and before the month's out I'll come and see you there, and if you don't like your quarters I'll carry you off to Good People's Hollow, where I defy you not to live and get well, and where you'll hear every bit of news of Miss Eileen and Mr. Connor that comes to me."

A change came over the boy's face as if new life had been put into him.

"Thin maybe after all I will live—if Miss O'Flaherty says so. Maybe I will."

"Yes, I do say so—only keep up your heart till I see you again. And now good-bye."

Mrs. Daly had slipped her hand within her brother's arm, and come close to him during Goodie Malachy's harangue; and now she drew the shawl she wore closer round her and shivered a little.

"Let us go back into the house, it is cold here even in the sunshine. How glad I am we are leaving the country so soon. I am not in the least superstitious, fortunately; but I don't think I should ever have got that horrid old woman's threatening face out of my mind if we had stayed here."

"It's the stupid ingratitude of it that provokes me," muttered Sir Charles. "Ingratitude is the one thing I can't put up with; one meets only too much of it among the poorer class in England, I'll allow, but here it seems to be the rule that if you take particular pains to benefit a person, he hates and abuses you in proportion. And they call themselves a good-hearted people. That's what I don't understand."

"Is anyone ever grateful for being benefited against his will?" asked Anne.

"But while they are such ignorant savages as that old hag who cursed us just now, against their will is the only possible way of benefiting them."

"Then you must look out for some other kind of reward than gratitude."

"Well, I've no notion of working for ungrateful people for my part."

Anne turned to Mrs. Daly. "You are really leaving the neighbourhood in a week's time, and the dear old house will be shut up?"

"Not altogether. A connection of Sir Charles Pelham's, who is going to act as Mr. Daly's agent, will occupy part of the house. It is a very good arrangement, and enables us to get away sooner than we otherwise should. Mr. Daly cannot bear to linger over a parting; and I confess I am in haste to be gone, for I don't think the place suits my eldest son. I have always hitherto

denied myself the pleasure of having him with me on that account, and now we all feel that it is time he took his place in the family. You have not seen him yet, have you? He is out just now with Mr. Daly and Connor; but of course you have come to spend the day."

If the invitation had been twice as ungraciously given Anne must have accepted it. She felt she must have one more day to add to the many long days spent in that house, which, glanced back upon, seemed to be stepping-stones in her monotonous stream of life—marking all its chief interests and pleasures. As she sat making company-conversation with Mrs. Daly in the drawing-room, or walked about the grounds with Sir Charles trying to listen to his stream of talk, she could not help recollections of past times rising one by one before her. The days when she used to ride over on her pony by her father's side—a proud little maiden of seven or eight—to spend holiday or birthday in playing with the two young cousins, with whom she enjoyed the nearest approach to brother and sister companionship she knew; the days she sat on the lawn with Dermot's lesson-books in her lap, and Dermot himself lolling on the grass at her feet, trying, with all the force of her will, to keep his erratic thoughts chained to his work for five minutes together, and feeling a little sore at heart all the time from a sense of the unpopular part her conscience obliged her to play. The day when they were fishing in a boat together on the lake, and he confided to her some schoolboy scrape he had got into, and she persuaded him to confess it to his father; and they went back to the house together, to the very threshold of old Mr. Daly's study-door hand in hand. The day when Dermot out of perversity would make his horse take a desperate leap over a mountain torrent, and she had been startled by the pain she felt during the moment of suspense as to his safety, into taking herself to task about her feelings towards him for the first time. The summer day when light-hearted, winning Ellen Daly, the elder, pacing the flowery garden walks with her, told her the story of her love for the man who broke her heart afterwards. The day, a year after Ellen's ill-fated marriage, when Dermot, in a fit of despair and disgust with himself, had asked her to be his wife; and she, painfully weighing every word, had seen definitely how much and how little of love there was in the asking. The day of old Mr. Daly's death, when she had seen Dermot unhappy for the first time, and had half repented the decision she knew was so wise. The days when she had worked hard alone to beautify Dermot's house for the arrival of his English bride. The day when Dermot had come down to meet her in the hall with his baby heir in his arms. Sweet days, painful days—days marked by some pin prick of a hard saying in them; days coloured with the soberer light of advancing middle-age, when the wounds given in the vivid days of youth were gradually being healed, and new interests and relationships were growing up; till such a day as this was reached when she could walk up and down the old paths philosophizing on her past feelings, and finding in the present that her strongest affections and interests centred round the young generation.

Old and new times seemed bewilderingly mixed up together as the day went on, and she found herself seized upon just as she used to be in long-past days, for private conferences with one and another member of the family. Even Mrs. Daly, who had never condescended to so much intimacy before, held her back with a hand on her arm for a minute or two in the drawing-room, when the rest of the party went out for a walk, to say—

"If they speak to you on the subject, I hope you will say what you can to reconcile Ellen and Connor to the change we are making. You have great influence with Ellen; I wish you would make her see that her discontent is very distressing to her father—I say nothing about myself."

"But you should," cried Anne; "nothing would be better for Ellen than to have such a motive as sparing

you put before her, to help her to control her feelings."

"It is not my way to speak about myself," Mrs. Daly answered; "I suppose I should get more consideration if I claimed it, but I cannot speak of my own feelings."

"Not even to her own daughter. What a strange thing that morbid reserve is," thought Anne, as Ellen, who was waiting outside the door, seized the arm Mrs. Daly relinquished, and dragged her out into the garden.

"Now, let us go up to poor Aunt Ellen's favourite turf walk under the larch trees, out of sight of mamma's prim flower borders, there one can get a breath of air. Oh, Anne, do you know what it is to feel all day as if you could not breathe?"

"No, I can't say I do," said Anne, laughing.

"Of course not, for you never do or say things to make people disapprove of you, and look surprise at you out of their eyes, till you feel turned to stone. Anne, you can't imagine how miserable it has all been here (for me) since Pelham and Uncle Charles came. You see I am so horrid that they can't endure me; and it has opened mamma's eyes wider than ever to all my faults! They try to like me. I can see that, and I study hard to please them, and watch every word; but just when I think I am succeeding, and begin to feel a little happy, out comes some unlucky speech from my real self, and they are disgusted with me again. It is very uncomfortable to be made so that one's nearest relations can only like one when one is pretending to be different from what one is."

It was certainly not a love story that this second Ellen Daly was telling in her aunt's favourite walk; but it interested Anne quite as deeply as that other tale had done, as she looked down on the eager changeful face and wistful eyes fixed on her now.

"Anne, shall I be able to live at all, do you think, among those English relations of ours we're going to, who, if Pelham describes them rightly, always say what they mean, and do what they intend, and will be for ever making allowance for Connor and me? Won't I die before I come back, and see the shadow of Lach-a-cree grow long on our own lake again?"

"No, certainly not," said Anne, "if you are the true-hearted Irish girl I take you for, with courage not to be ashamed of anything that is not really wrong, and spirit to take and give back a little ridicule kindly."

"It's not ridicule I'll mind, or get," said Ellen, sighing, "for I don't think that at Pelham Court the whole family have a laugh among them. It's my own brother's being ashamed of me that kills me, and the finding out that I always make a mistake and vex him most when I try hardest to please him."

"Say serve instead of please, and you'll find out how much better the trying answers," said Anne. "Ellen, avourneen, you like to be thought like me. Suppose it should turn out that the likeness between us is deeper than on the outside, and that the lesson set for you to learn in your life should be the same as mine."

"I should not think you ever needed to learn any lessons."

"Yes, this one, to put serve, instead of please, into my wishes, when I thought of those I loved best. You try that plan, and you will find what a great deal of trouble and what heart-burns it saves you. Let people think of you as they will, and be content if you can only serve them."

"Oh dear, and it's so pleasant and sunshiny to please everybody. I do so like the way people here have of praising one at every moment. Uncle Charles and mamma say it's hypocrisy; but whether they mean it or not it's very nice to hear, and I can't think how I shall ever bear to live where I'm just the same as everybody else to everybody. Anne, do you see that bit of a path beyond the house sloping up the mountain, where the shadow of that cloud lies so deep? I shall feel just like that all the time I am away. I shall be walking on, on through the dark, with not a bit of sunshine to warm me."

"And look further on, do you see what bright light the path opens out into when it fairly reaches the crest of the hill. We have made a little story out of it between us. Never mind how dark the shadowy bit is if it really takes you *up*. That's all I ask for you, though you know I love you with all the veins of my heart, Eileen asthore. You are sure to get to the warmth and light sooner or later."

Ellen stood still on the turf walk, and took a long look round her.

"I'll see it all while I'm away, and it will help me," she said. "When things go wrong, and I feel unhappy, I'll say to myself, 'It's just a bit of the path;' and then I shall see the shadow of the cloud, and the road winding up through it, and coming out all clear and white and warm, into the sunshine at the top. But how long will it take climbing up through the dark part, I wonder?"

"I can't promise you that it may not take your whole life-time, avourneen," said Anne. "Never mind; hold your head up, and look towards the light at the end, and the shadows won't hurt you. I was told to give you a lecture on content, and you and I have managed it between us, in our own allegorical, Good People's Hollow fashion. Is not that your father riding towards the house with the boys? We had better go down to meet them, for I have not much longer to stay. I feel sure Peter Lynch is growing very impatient."

On the whole, Anne was not sorry that the remaining farewells and last words had to be short. She disapproved of the course her cousin had resolved to take, too energetically to make her good wishes for its success sound cordial or hopeful, and she was afraid of appearing to use her influence in opposition to the wishes of his wife and brother-in-law if she were tempted to make suggestions.

Mr. Daly made her take a turn or two up and down the terrace before the house while the car was being got ready, but to her relief he did not again attempt to discuss the wisdom or folly of his present plans, and hardly alluded to his approaching departure. His mind was full of the incidents of the morning when he had been into Ballyowen with his sons to attend the trial and procure the release of the prisoners who had been committed for stealing Pelham's dog.

He was bent on learning the impression that Pelham's looks had made on Anne, and taking her opinion respecting the particulars of his conduct on the occasion of his appearing in court, which he proceeded to relate to her.

"Like his mother, all over, is not he?" he began. "And how he is ever to get on, any more than she has done, with the people here, baffles me to think of. I wish you could have seen the two boys this morning in Ballyowen.

"The court was of course crowded. You know the sort of reputation Hill Dennis has of being a bold, desperate malefactor, whom no limb of the law has ever succeeded in laying hold of yet. The news that his still had been seized, and he himself committed to prison, spread like wildfire, and brought people from all parts of the country to see how he would comport himself before the magistrates. The boys were both summoned as witnesses, Pelham to swear to the identification of the dog, and Connor on behalf of the prisoners, to show how poor Lictor came into their possession. Connor, with all his brass, was by far the most nervous of the two; he was in a state of wild excitement as we rode into the town, and in the court-house sat biting his pocket handkerchief to pieces, and making grimaces like a mad creature. Pelham hardly spoke a word, and looked just as usual. I should have thought he was perfectly indifferent, if I had not chanced to touch his hand as we rode into the court-house yard, and found that it was as cold as a lump of ice. When his name was called he stepped forward at once, as if he were thoroughly used to the thing, and answered the questions put to him in a way that I could see made a favourable impression on the magistrates on the bench to-day; and just the contrary on the prisoner's

partisans, crowding and straining round the door to catch every word. He really gave his evidence very well, just answering what was asked, with the bare truth, and showing no emotion either way. Dennis leaned out of the dock, and tried to catch his eye; but Pelham looked steadily straight before him, and saw no one but the lawyer who was questioning him. I had gone down into the crowd, and you can imagine the comments I heard. 'Could and dark and hard as never a Daly was before him,' was about the most favourable verdict I could pick up.

"A little time after, Connor's turn came: he slouched up, looking, I must confess, very like a school-boy who knows he has got himself into a bad scrape, pale and sullen, and somewhat overawed. What he had to say certainly was not very creditable to himself: for a moment I thought his usual pluck had deserted him, and that he would show off badly. His first answer came out in a shaky, quavering voice, that was quite inaudible down below; but before he had done speaking, Dennis, stretching out his arms towards him over the dock, called out before anyone could stop him—'Spake up, thin, Mr. Connor dear, spake up; it's yerself knows the truth, and has the good heart to spake it out bould and clear, on behalf of them that trust ye.' Connor turned round and looked at the prisoners, and his face quivered and trembled with excitement. For a moment I was afraid he was going to burst into tears, but he gave a great gulp, colour and resolution came back into his face, and after that—well, it would have taken a cleverer lawyer than there was there to get a word out of him unfavourable to the prisoners. He was questioned closely about his previous knowledge of Dennis's mountain retreat, and his acquaintance with what went on there, and you would have been amused with the keen wit and shrewdness he displayed in framing his answers.

"The history of the abduction of the dog he told readily and fairly enough, though even there he could not help slipping in a sentence or two that toned down the ridicule of the story, and gave a certain air of generosity to his own conduct in the matter that one would not have seen in it, certainly, but for his own showing. I don't mean to say that he said a single word that was not literally true, and I was actually carried away by the speciousness of his story at the time myself, as was everybody else that heard it. But, thinking it over, one sees the difference between his truth and Pelham's. For the life of him, I doubt whether that boy could speak of anything that nearly concerned himself, or anyone he cared for, without putting glamour into his words about it. Now, the other has bare truth on his lips, and would speak it straight out, if it carried death in it to the heart next his own."

"I respect such a character," cried Anne. "We all know too well what comes in the long run of putting the glamour over things. How impossible it is to see correctly, or reach what one is aiming at, when one walks in a mist of one's own raising, golden or dark. Connor's evidence would make him very popular with the people in court?"

"And indeed it did. I hurried our getting out of the town as much as I could, for fear the expression of it should be too plain. Well, those boys have contrived out of their foolish quarrel about a dog to fix a character on themselves, and win hatred and love that will last them their lives, and go far to make or mar them, if I'm not much mistaken, seeing that one of them at least is likely to pass the best part of his life here."

"They could do much to help each other, if they would," remarked Anne. "So sober-minded an elder brother as Pelham might have a very happy influence on Connor's volatile character; while Connor, with his ready wit and art of winning popularity wherever he goes, might serve Pelham well, if once they learned to appreciate each other and came to be close friends as well as brothers."

"Ah, *if*—the question is how you are

to bring ice and fire together without their being the death of each other. Have I not been trying it this nineteen years? No, Anne, don't look reproachfully at me as if I were again complaining of my lot, or failing to stand manfully by the choice I made. You had too much of that when I spoke to you at the Hollow last week, and I have come since to a better mind. It was the real thing that took hold of me that day when I rode up to Pelham Court, and had a glimpse of a sober-faced little girl sewing by an open window, and vowed to myself that I would not go away till I had brought a smile to the grave lips. 'Many waters cannot quench love.' I've read that somewhere, and true it is. We Dalys, though we are a feather-headed race, have hearts that hold what they fasten on with a tight grip, and for all that's come and gone, her smile—such a ghost of a smile as I ever get—is as much to me now as it was then; and I find I am as ready to pay heart's blood to win it. This leaving home is a great wrench," he continued, after a moment's pause, during which his eyes wandered over the landscape, from the dark, purple, cloudy ridge of the distant Marm Turk Mountains to the dancing waters of the lake, and the soft, bright sides of the upward swelling green hills near at hand, that stood out clear in the blue eastern sky. "A great wrench; and I know it will be a weary, worthless sort of life I'll lead all the time I am away from here; but I'm fool enough to feel paid by the change the concession has made in her. She'll be able to endure me better when she gets me away from everything I care for that's not herself. I suppose that's the nature of women."

Anne thought privately that it was not her nature, but she only said: "I am glad you have told me this to-night; it makes me understand your going better. I did not like to think it was just shrinking away from trouble and work that had to be done."

"Perhaps I'm like Connor in putting a little glamour over my doings. It's odd the glimpses one gets into one's character, and how it looks to other people, by watching a reproduction of oneself in another generation. When I perceive the quiet contempt in which Pelham holds Connor, I begin to understand how it is that my wife has never succeeded in taking me at my own valuation. That brings me to the question we were discussing before—how those two lads are ever to pull together."

"I don't think you should be uneasy. You have yourself experienced how powerful is the attraction a strong, self-restrained, conscientious nature can exercise over a more impulsive volatile one. I should not despair of seeing a bond of more than common affection formed between Connor and Pelham. It may take some peculiar circumstance—perhaps some great trouble—to show the best side of each to the other; but you may depend upon it their lives won't pass without something arising to draw them together. It has never been the habit of your people to have their foes of their own household; and there have been brothers of your race before now, you know, who have gone to the death for each other."

"It is you, Anne, that always leave the word of comfort behind you. Who will I have to talk me out of my troubles when I'm away from you?"

"Well, good bye. We have come to that, and there's no more to be said. I won't turn back to the house, for I had rather not inflict another leave-taking on Ellen. Send the car after me, and don't come back to put me in. Peter Lynch disapproves utterly of your leaving the country. He won't bestow word or look upon you; and he will make the horse dance if you come near."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PHILOLOGY OF SLANG.

SLANG, despised and ignored till lately by the lexicographers, is a genuine and influential branch of speech. It is one of the feeders of what may be called standard language, which with little scruple adopts and adapts the words it happens to want, whether from the technical terms of shopmen and artizans, or out of the quainter vocabularies of costermongers and prize-fighters, schoolboys and fops. This practical importance entitles it to be treated linguistically, like any other working dialect. Nor is its theoretical value inconsiderable to the student. Like other dialects, slang is developed according to the general laws of language, and very striking are some of its illustrations of those laws. Many a philological hint may be gleaned from the talk of factories and stables, music-halls and thieves' kitchens and pawnbrokers' shops, which would be more hardly sought from the super-refined English of the school-room. My present task, *experimentum in corpore vili*, is to choose a few typical examples out of the multitude of slang words in the published vocabularies,[1] and to treat them etymologically in groups, so as to display in each group a philosophical principle, or the operation of a common cause.

Like other dialects, slang increases its store of words by formation at home and adoption from abroad. Looking at its newly-created words first, we shall meet with good cases of a principle which it is really worth while to impress on English philologists—namely, that English is a language in a freely growing state, and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language of the whole world, old or new. Thus, taking examples only from slang, we find operating in modern as in præ-historic ages that elementary process of language, the use of direct imitations of sound to form grammatical words (namely, substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and even full verb-roots). Such are *chink* for money, *hubble-bubble* for a hookah, to *hum and haw* for to hesitate, to *te-he* for to titter ("upon this I *te-he'd*," writes Madame d'Arblay), and *tantwivy*, an imitation of the hunter's horn, used to mean at full speed ("Away they went *tantwivy*"). There are also good cases of this modern primitive speech to be found in the French argot. A puppet is there called a *bouisbouis*, which imitates the well-known squeak of the Punch-and-Judy man. An omnibus is called an *aie-aie*, from the shout which hails it, like the old French term *hay-hay*, the fine levied on those who disturbed the public peace by an outcry in the night. How long ago the natural interjection *fi! fi!* became an adjective, may be seen in the name of "maistre *fifi*" given to the scavengers in an official ordinance of 1350, "De l'estat des vuidangeurs appellez maistres FIFI." The next stage in the origin of language is also represented by slang, where it takes from ordinary speech words which are direct imitations of sound, and turns them to fresh use; thus comes the verb to *fie-fie*—*i.e.* to scold; to *puff*, in the

[1] Among the special dictionaries of Slang here used, are Mr. J. C. Hotten's "Slang Dictionary" (London, 1865); New Ed. 1874 (Chatto and Windus); Captain Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (London, 1785, and recently reprinted); and Mons. Francisque-Michel's "Études de Philologie comparée sur l'Argot" (Paris, 1856). There are many slang words in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" (4th ed., London, 1860); Dr. A. Hoppe's "Englisch-Deutsches Supplement Lexikon" (Berlin, 1871); Mr. J. R. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" (Boston, 1859); and Prof. Schele de Vere's "Americanisms" (New York, 1872).

sense of advertising; such terms as *bang*-up, *bang*-full; or such a noun as *ticker* for a watch (French *tocquante.*)

The abbreviation or contraction of words, a most effective agent in the development of language, is to be seen at its best in slang. Thus *cab* from *cabriolet*, *bus* from *omnibus*, *mob* from *mobile*, "the fickle crowd," were originally slang formations, in which primary stage a mass of others remain waiting their promotion; *cure* for *curiosity*, *tench* for *penitentiary*, *sal* for *salary*, *rad* for *radical*, *rit* for *ritualist*, &c. So in French, *démoc*, *soc*, *réac*, are short for three kinds of politicians, while *es* and *jar* stand for *escroc* and *jargon*. North American Indians, or Tatars, can hardly run a sentence into a word more polysynthetically than we can, as witness the names of the *hugmeclose*, which is a fowl's merrythought; the game of *knockemdowns* played at fairs and races; the fly-papers which street-boys sell under the name of *catchemalivos*, and that general category of things known as *whatdyecallems*. It is true that, as to this class of words, our language is much governed by what Dr. Latham aptly calls printer's philology. By a liberal use of hyphens and apostrophes, the printer does in a measure succeed in preventing the full agglutination of such compounds as the above, type thus setting asunder what speech has joined together. So in French, the humorous compound word for an old clothes' shop, a *décroche-moi-ça*, is cut up by hyphens. But some similar formations are left whole, such as *castus* for a hospital, from the doctor's first question *qu'as tu?* So the name by which Franz Schubert, the composer, went among his companions was "Kanevas," because of his habit of asking, when he met a man for the first time, "Kann er 'was?" —"What can he do?" Indeed, various words of the same class have come into polite language without being vivisected; such as *affaire*, *affair* (though we divide the English equivalent word, a *to-do*); Italian *saltimbanco*, *montimbanco*, whence French *saltimbanque*, English *mountebank*—that is, simply a "mount-on-the-bench." As if in facetious rivalry of the old Semitic type of language, slang shows an absurd desire to vary its internal vowels. The Winchester school-boy feels bound in honour to adopt the traditional school dialect, which indeed forms part of the now famous *notions* he must come up for examination in, on pain of *tunding;* one great rule of this jargon is to mispronounce vowels, to call a *twist*-marked stick a *twoster*, a *tallow*-candle a *tolly*, a *chance* a *chintz*, to *sweat* (in the sense of hard work at lessons) to *swot*, and an *umbrella* a *brolly*. (The two last have even strayed beyond the college precincts, and been taken up into the general *copia verborum* of English slang.) As for the old English "strong perfect," the tendency of common English to fall away from it has been met by a contrary tendency in slang, especially of the American school, to revive and imitate it; so that while common folks will say *heaved* and *laughed*, rather than *hove* and *lugh*, the facetious classes find an evident pleasure in remarking that it *snew* hard, that the preacher *praught* full forty minutes, or the young man *arrove* and *squoze* tenderly his beloved's hand. Lastly, as might be expected, slang shows examples of difficult or unfamiliar words being altered into shapes better suited to the vulgar ear. Some of these come down to the stupidest jingles, such as *nine shillings* for *nonchalance*, or *jemmy-john* for *demijohn*, a large wicker-cased bottle, as though this word had not suffered enough already in its transition from Arabic *damagan*, itself taken from the Persian glass-making town of *Damaghan*. Some of these altered words, however, are fitted to new sense, with a touch of humour; such are *have-his-carcase* for *habeas corpus*, and *roratorios* and *uproars* for *oratorios* and *operas*.

In slang, however, as in other dialects, increase is comparatively seldom made by such new creation and altering of words as have just been instanced. The hundredfold more effective means is to take ready-made words and adapt them skilfully to new ideas. For this

end, slang uses freely the grammatical devices of general language. To describe a horse as a *prauncer* (a *prigger* of *prauncers* is old thieves' cant for a horse-stealer); a foot as a *trotter* (French, *trottin*); a feather as a *volante*; a biscuit as a *cassant* (like the modern American *cracker*); and the earth as the *produisante*, shows a kind of verbal formation quite after the manner of the Sanskrit dictionary. The converse formation in English is even more instructive, as carrying our minds back to a primitive state of language in which there was little distinction between parts of speech, and any word could be conjugated; for instance, to *knife* is to stab; to *fork out* was originally a kind of pocket-picking by sticking in two straight fingers forkwise; to be *cornered* is to be hemmed in a corner; to be *fullied* is to be fully committed for trial; to be *county-courted* is to be *summoned*, or to use the exactly descriptive slang term, *summonsed*, *i.e.* served with a *summons* in the *County Court.* Some of the slang adjective-substantives are well chosen: a *hardy* for a stone, a *flimsy* for a bank-note, *milky ones* for white linen rags; French *dure* for iron, *basse* for the earth, *curieux* for a judge, and *incommode* for a lantern; Italian *dannoso* (the dangerous) for the tongue, *divoti* (the devout ones) for the knees, *perpetua* (the everlasting) for the soul. Thence we come to trope and metaphor, which slang uses much, and often with fair skill. Of course, the case is one of "natural selection." Burlesque-writers and thimble-riggers, the chaff-grinders of the club smoking-room and the cab-stand, are for ever at work on new epithets and similes; but the percentage of such that even slang will accept and give currency to is infinitesimal—not one success to a thousand failures. The public is, on the whole, no bad judge of point and humour; and the word or phrase which it thus admits to public life is apt to have its little merits. No one without an ear for a joke would have given to that dirty fluff which gathers on undusted furniture the names of *beggar's velvet* or *slut's wool;* would have described a rogue set on high in the pillory as an *overseer*, and slave-trading as *blackbird-catching;* would have applied the expressive term of *horse-godmother* to "a large masculine woman, a gentleman-like kind of a lady;" would have named a publican an *ale-draper* or a *beggar-maker*, or solemnly entitled a pack of cards "*The History of the Four Kings; or, Child's Best Guide to the Gallows.*" There is something neat in the use of the word *granny*, to signify conceit of superior knowledge and importance, as in the remark quoted by Mayhew, "to take the *granny* off them as has white hands." Anyone who has watched the tiny girls sent on errands in city streets, stretching up on tiptoe to reach a knocker high above their heads, will appreciate the term "*up to the knocker*," as describing one well up to his work, or dressed out in the height of fashion. A man is said to marry for *love* who has no fortune with his wife; and in this way the word *love* has come to be equivalent to "nothing." Not only is the phrase used "to play for *love*," but the billiard-marker reckons by it as a numeral in scoring the game, five-*love*, eight-*love*, &c. It was butcher's slang to call the heart, liver, and lights the *pluck*, as being *plucked* out together; then courage came to be called *pluck*, till now everybody talks of *pluck* and *plucky;* and why not indeed?—for they have as good a right to exist as *heart* and *hearty*. There is no need to explain why to *peel* means to strip, why a *'tater-trap* is a mouth, why to be *floored* or *gravelled* (French *terrassé*) is to be knocked down metaphorically as well as materially, to die in a *horse's nightcap* is to be hanged, and to be *planted* by the parson is to be buried. A policeman being called a *blue-bottle*, by mere inversion a blue-bottle receives the name of a *policeman.* A crown and a half-crown are known among London cabmen as a *hind-wheel* and a *fore-wheel*, as in Paris a *roue de derrière* and a *roue de devant* are a 5f. and a 2f. piece; so the name of *red rag* for the tongue is French *chiffon rouge*, and "balancer le *chiffon rouge*" is to talk; the French give the name

of *accroche-cœur* to the hook-like little curl which Germans call a *buben-trätzerlein*, and English a *beau-catcher.* There is a whole sarcastic homily implied in calling a finger-post by the wayside a *parson*, in that he showeth other men the way they should go, but goeth not himself. Slang is hard on the parson in various ways. He is known as a *devil-driver* or *devil-scolder*, otherwise as the *ungrateful man*, inasmuch as once a week, at least, he abuses his best benefactor, the Devil.

The record of time-honoured jests preserved in Slang Dictionaries must sometimes interfere with good stories of more modern date. Thus with the following famous passage in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling":—"I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: 'Have they not?'—or, perhaps it was, 'Has she (the Church) not'—'a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's meat, to patrol and battle for these things?'" Very likely, as Carlyle says, the *black dragoon* "naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter;" but the joke was somewhat elderly, for in Grose's Dictionary, long before Sterling was born, "a review of the *black cuirassiers*" is set down as slang for a visitation of the clergy. The same classical authority (its date is 1785) sets down *Turkey merchant* as slang for a poulterer. I must leave it to more precise antiquaries to settle the question whether the story can be true that Horne Tooke (who was born in 1736) made this joke for the first time when he went to school, and the Eton boys asked him the awful social question, "What's your father?"

It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it—to do, in fact, with scientific pretension just what we have noticed the costermongers doing for colloquial purposes. One of these clever scholars (the great mistake of philologists lies in being too clever) was puzzled that a *Welsh rabbit* should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of *Welsh rare-bit.* The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now the best edition of Webster's Dictionary (Bell and Daldy's) gives it as "properly *Welsh rare-bit.*" Now, the whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name *rare-bit* is a fiction, and *Welsh rabbit* is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an *Essex stile* is a ditch, and an *Essex lion* a calf; a *Field-lane duck* is a baked sheep's head; *Glasgow magistrates*, or *Gourock hams*, or *Norfolk capons*, are red herrings; *Irish apricots* or *Munster plums* are potatoes; *Gravesend sweetmeats* are shrimps; and a *Jerusalem pony* is a donkey.

Puns produce odd new terms, as when the old hangman's machinery of cart and ladder was superseded by the "drop," and the appreciating crowd spoke of its being *autumn* with the criminal, meaning the *fall of the leaf;* or, to take a pleasanter instance, when a vamped-up old shoe came to be called in France a *dix-huit*, as being *deux fois neuf.* The slang-dealer likes wrapping up his meaning in a joke for his customer to unwrap, generally finding something unpleasant inside. You want your money back from him, and he offers a *draught* on Aldgate pump; you confess yourself a fool for trusting him, and he blandly recommends you to go to Battersea (famous for its herb-gardens) to have your *simples* cut. Puns on names of places are a class by themselves. To be off to *Bedfordshire* or to the *Scilly* Isles requires no explanation; a *Greenlander* is a novice, and to have a holiday at *Peckham* is to go without your dinner. Just so in France, "aller à *Versailles*" is to be upset, a dunce has "fait son cours à *Asnières;*" and it is a recognized hint of sending a man about his business, to promise him a prebend in the Abbey of *Vatan.* Not

to dwell on this rather poor stuff, we may look next to the relics of history in slang words which have their origin in the name of some person or place, or carry the record of some event, custom, or idea.

Some of these historical derivations are modern and familiar, such as the names of the *bobby* or *peeler*, or the phrase of *burking* an unpleasant subject. It is not so generally known that there was a General *Martinet*, who left his name to other strict disciplinarians; that the iron door or blower of a stove used to be called a *sacheverel*, after the famous blower of the coals of dissension in Queen Anne's time; that the spotted blue and white neckerchief still called a *belcher* bears the name of a famous prize-fighter; and that the hoisting apparatus called a *derrick*, which shipbuilders use in masting vessels, is so styled from a noted hangman, named *Derrick*, the Calcraft of the seventeenth century, whose name passed to this gallows-like machine. The vagrant's word *bastile* for a union workhouse; the common name of *Billingsgate* for foul language; and the verb to *chivey*, from the boys' game of *Chevy* Chase, are pieces of obvious history. Others are not so obvious. Thus the thieves' jargon, which describes people in church as "*hums* in the autem," belongs perhaps to the days when the congregation still applauded a favourite preacher with a *hum*; "the *devil to pay*, and no pitch hot" is not the sheer nonsense landsmen make of it, for it applies to a certain seam called by sailors the "devil" for its awkwardness to caulk; the word *cockshy* keeps up a record of the once popular sport of throwing with cudgels at live cocks; and *cock-and-bull-story*, a term now applied to any silly rambling tale, illustrates the contempt which fell on the ancient beast-fables, the very delight of mankind in the lower grades of civilization all round the globe. Many words of this class, had not their origin been noted down by people who happened to know them, might have remained in language thenceforth as undecipherable mysteries. No doubt there are such historical words with lost origins in all languages, which consideration may serve to warn philologists against their besetting sin of expecting to find the etymology of everything.

The purists, conservators of English undefiled, do their best to keep out of the language of literature and polite society the low-lived words which slang brings forth. With praiseworthy sternness they elbow back these linguistic pariahs, when they come up from their native gutter to struggle for a footing among the respectabilities of the pavement. Yet some of the low-bred intruders are strong enough to hold their own, while tolerance on easier terms is given to the technicalities of trades and crafts, and the made-up words of fashionable chit-chat. Thus *donkey*, *conundrum*, *fun*, now unquestioned English, made their first appearance as slang; though how they came into existence there, no etymologist has proved for certain. There is no such doubt about *drag*, now the regular name of a well-appointed private coach-and-four; it was a cant term, quite intelligible as such, for a cart or carriage; and *dragsmen* were a class of thieves who followed carriages to cut away luggage from behind. From the wretches who made a trade of stealing children, polite society has adopted their cant word to *kidnap*—*i.e.* to *nab kids*; the verb to *knab* or *nab*, to snatch, is good provincial English, borrowed by the canting crew; but *kid* for child may possibly be a term of their own devising. Not long since, to take another pair of examples, it was as "slangy" to speak of a *tie* as it now is to speak of a *choker*. Even the word *drawers* was originally cant, meaning long stockings. Curiously enough, words analogous to this last are found as cant terms in other countries. Thus in the Argot (cant or slang) of France, we find *tirant*, "stocking," and *tirantes*, "breeches," these latter being in like manner called *tirante* in the Furbesco (thieves' jargon) of Italy. Thus, in French as in English, the same word adapted itself to

both the breeches or "haut-de-chausses," and the stockings or "bas-de-chausses," which are now for shortness called "bas." But whereas the English term *drawers* was taken up by the hosiers, and made its way into ordinary language, the corresponding French and Italian words were never admitted into society, but were left in the slang vocabularies to which they originally belonged. When once such a slang word fairly makes its way into the authorized *copia verborum*, it may stay for ever and a day. Naturally, however, most newly-coined terms gain but a local and temporary currency, and soon fall out of circulation. What Captain Grose says in his Preface is quite true, that favourite expressions of the day, "as they generally originate from some trifling event, or temporary circumstance, on falling into disuse, or being superseded by new ones, vanish without leaving a trace behind." But it is not so easy for a contemporary to *spot* (by the way, this neat verb of the billiard-room is wanted in standard English, and will probably hold its own there) the words which will keep their place. In fact, three out of Grose's four examples prove not the transient, but the permanent nature of slang formations. He goes on to say, "Such were the late fashionable words, a Bore and a Twaddle, among the great vulgar, Macaroni and the Barber, among the small." It appears that, much as in our time slang-mongers have been apt to express approval by the phrases "that's the *thing*, or the *cheese*," so a century ago they used to say "that's the *barber;*" this silly phrase has certainly been forgotten—no great loss. But, on the other hand, the name of *macaroni*, as denoting a fop, is by no means a silly word. Grose says it "arose from a club called the *Macaroni* Club, instituted by some of the most dressy travelled gentlemen about town." So far so good, but can we trust the authority for this neat piece of etymology? Grose, with his antiquarian tastes, his keen sense of humour and his blunt sense of decency, was cut out to be the lexicographer of all vagabonds and roysterers. He was that same "fine, fat, fodgel wight" of whose visit to Scotland his boon companion Burns warned his countrymen:—

> "A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it!"

But burly Grose printed some highly imaginative etymologies for his slang words. Granting the existence of his "*Macaroni* Club," it may have had its name from the very meaning of fop or coxcomb which he derives from it. It appears from a remark of the sober Archdeacon Nares, that the Italianized form *macaroni* did come into use in England between 1700 and 1750, but *macaroon* was in use long before, not only as meaning a delicate cake but a delicate coxcomb; it occurs in an elegy on Donne, who died in 1631:—

> " . . . a *macaroon*,
> And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon."

Anyhow, the word *macaroni* proves the prevalence of Italian fashion in England at the time it was introduced. Thus the word carries its bit of history about with it; and if it ever falls out of common English, it will at least remain fossil in the song of "Yankee Doodle"—

> "They stuck a feather in his cap,
> And called him *macaroni*."

As for the word *bore*, it is now established in English, root and branch, verb and noun, and its earliest definition carries its etymology—"a tedious, troublesome man or woman, one who *bores* the ears of his hearers with an uninteresting tale." At first, *twaddle* seems to have meant more nearly the same as "bore" than it now does; but it has long since settled down as one of a group, to express a special kind of talk rather "slower" than *twattle*, and rather less mischievous than *tattle*.

Many a word whose antiquity is proved by its place in literature, or the almost equal testimony from its diffusion in provincial dialects, finds a home for its old age, and sometimes a renewal of its youth, in the Slang Dictionary. This is the case with the verb to *lift* in its old sense of to steal; it has died out of

modern talk, and is chiefly known to polite society through tales of the extinct race of Border heroes, who *lifted* droves of cattle. But modern town-thieves retain it in their jargon. According to Hotten, "there's a clock been *lifted*" means that a watch has been stolen. Out of this thieves' slang the word found its way back into common language in the term *shoplifting*—*i.e.* stealing from the counter on pretence of buying.[1]

To *tout* is a good old word meaning to pry, peep, look out; in old days a man would *tote* in at a tavern, or *toot* for birds in bushes; then it came to be applied specially to the men sent by tradesmen or innkeepers to look out for customers on the high road; and thus it has sunk to slang. Halliwell sets down the word *tommy*, meaning provisions, as belonging to various dialects. It is now current among the "navvy" class in general, and seems to belong especially to the Irish. A year or so ago, one Hugh Hagan knocked an illegitimate child on the head with a wooden balk, he having told its mother before he killed it, "The child ought not to live, as it is eating good children's *tommy*." Hence we have the name of an institution righteously abhorred by political economists, the store belonging to an employer where his workmen must take out part of their earnings in kind, especially in *tommy* or food, whence the name of *tommy-shop*.[2] Again, the clown who declares "that's a *swinging* lie," and the pleader who demands for his client most "exemplary and *swingeing* damages," are using what is now a slang term carrying a good powerful sound with it, but which they would probably be puzzled to explain the precise sense of. This sense is, really, what modern slang would convey by "a *whopping* lie," "*whacking* damages," for *swinging* or *swingeing* or *swinjin* (the last two forms give the proper pronunciation) is the participle of the old English verb to *swinge*,—*i.e.* to beat soundly:—

"An often dede him sore *swinge*."

For a last example of this antiquarian group, were it not for the slang word *cockney*, we should almost forget the wondrous land of *Cokaygne*, French *Cocagne*, Italian *Cuccagna*, so called because its very houses were roofed with *cakes* (a cake is called in Catalan *coca;* in Picardy, *couque;* in Germany, *kuchen;* in Scotland and America, *cookie*,—all from the Latin *coquere*). Under heaven was no such land as Cocaigne, where there was choice meat and drink for everyone and welcome, where there was no night and no bad weather, and nobody quarreled and nobody died, and they all lived happy ever after. The following lines, quoted in Mr. Thomas Wright's "St. Patrick's Purgatory," describe the peculiar architecture to which Cocaigne owes its name:—

"Ther is a wel fair abbei
Of white monkes and of grei.
Ther beth bowris and halles:
Al of pasteüs beth the walles,
Of fleis, of fisse, and rich met,
The likfullist that man mai et;
Fluren cakes beth the schingles alle,
Of cherche, cloister, boure, and halle:
The pinnes beth fat podinges,
Rich met to princez and kinges."

In our time, the term "Land of Cakes" has been shifted to mean Scotland, and to commemorate oat-cake; but in old days it was in London that the wondering natives of the English shires localized the city of the *cockneys*, the Lubberland of Old England—that famous but ever-distant region where the larks, done to a turn, fly into one's mouth, and the little pigs run about ready roasted, and crying "Come eat me!" A *cockney* is now considered to mean a walled-in kind of *cit*, of narrow ideas and wide conceit. Not long since, I was present at a lecture where the orator, commenting on certain opinions of mine, accused me by implication of the curiously combined offences of "scientific philistinism and cockney impudence."

Among the non-English languages whence slang has drawn words, the

[1] Another slang form, to *clift*, is remarkable as keeping the initial guttural, as in Gothic *hlifan*, to steal; *hliftus*, thief; Greek, κλέπτω, κλέπτης.

[2] If the word is Keltic, it may belong to Irish *tiomallaim*, I eat, *tiomaltas*, eatables.

Keltic dialects of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland have the first place by right of our common nationality. The Keltic element is not extraordinarily strong in the Slang Dictionary, but it is well marked, and every word of it sets before the historian's eye a lively picture of the meeting of Kelt and Saxon. Thus *bother* seems to me most likely a Keltic word, the original signification of which may be seen in the Welsh root *byddar*, Irish and Gaelic *bodhair*, to deafen; thus, in the latter idiom, "na *bodhair* mi le d' dhrabhluinn"—"don't deafen me with your nonsense!" This first sense is almost lost in modern English, where *bother* has come to mean to tease, annoy, perplex; but examples from the last century show that it was plain enough then. Grose's absurd etymology of it, as being *both ear'd*—that is, talked to by two people at once—at any rate proves that the old sense was not yet forgotten in his day; and this is no less evident in Swift's lines about an ear-trumpet:—

> "With the din of which tube my head you so *bother*,
> That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from t'other!"

The word *galore* sounds picturesque to English ears, as in the line of Dibdin's sea-song, "I'll soon get togs *galore*;" but it comes down again to plain prose when traced to its origin in Irish *go leor*—*i.e.* enough. The verb to *twig* conveys to our ears a comic notion of 'cuteness and spryness, as in the classical example where Mr. Pickwick is made aware that Dodson and Fogg's clerks are inspecting him over the screen—"'They're a *twiggin*' of you, sir,' whispered Mr. Weller." The word seems to have got into English through the ugliest kind of jargon, as in this choice morsel of thieves' cant, "*twig* the cull, he's peery"—*i.e.* "observe the fellow, he is watching." But there is nothing really roguish about the word, if, as I am disposed to think, it is merely the Irish and Gaelic verb *tuig*, to discern or perceive. Two Keltic words, lastly, have become slang terms, and then good English, to denote peculiar kinds of speech. The Irish *brog*, "a sort of shoe made of the rough hide of any beast, commonly used by the wilder Irish," came into England first with its proper meaning of a rough shoe or *brogue;* afterwards, by a quaint turn of metaphor, an Irishman's *brogue* came to signify his way of talking English. The other word, *cant*, has been curiously mystified by the etymologists, much too ingenious to work out a plain piece of history. The dictionaries (till Wedgwood's) derive it by corruption from the beggars' *chaunt* or whine, although this is not in the least what beggars mean by *canting*—what they mean by it is to talk jargon among themselves, which is as different a thing as may be. In fact, to *cante* was known in the sixteenth century as a rogue's word meaning to speak, and as such it has its natural origin in Keltic dialect; Irish *caint*, speech, language, vulg. "cant;" Gaelic *cainnt*, language, dialect. From meaning among vagabonds to speak, the word came naturally to the sense of speaking as vagabonds do—that is, in rogues' slang. As naturally, but long afterwards, *cant* took the sense in which we oftenest use it, that of any peculiar jargon, and especially that of sham holiness and windy philanthropy.[1]

The stream of French which has poured into English ever since the Norman Conquest has drifted some curious words into our mediæval and modern slang. We still hear used at cards and dice the French numerals which our gamesters borrowed so many

[1] A third word might probably be added to these two—viz. French *baragouin* = unintelligible jargon, Dutch *bargoensch* = slang, English Slang *barrikane*, *barrikin*, as when costermongers will say, confessing themselves "floored" by phrases beyond their comprehension—"we can't tumble to that *barrikin*." Diez, and Littré after him, derive *baragouin* from the words *bara*, *gwin*, meaning in Breton bread and wine, and so often heard in Breton mouths as to become a French term for talking Breton ("*Baragouinez*, guas de basse Bretagne"), and thence for any jargon. But neither Diez nor Littré seem to be aware (though Pott is) of the Gaelic *beargna* = the vernacular language of a place, which may indicate a Keltic origin for the whole group, and that a less far-fetched one than the bread-and-wine story.

ages since :—*ace*, *deuce*, *tray*, *cater*, *cinque*, *size*. It used to be an accepted way of "chaffing" a glazier to call him a *quarrel-picker;* but a modern Englishman, to understand the joke, must go back in memory to the time when the French word for a *carreau*, or square of glass, still remained in its older form *quarrel*, in which form we borrowed it. The word *vamp* was at first a slang word, and even in Grose's time it meant, in general, to refit or rub up old hats, shoes, &c.; while after this is added "likewise to put new feet to old boots." It is to this latter meaning that the curious French origin of the word really belongs, as is proved in Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary, by the definition from Palsgrave—"*vampey* of a hose, *avant pied.*" Thus, *vamp* meant at first the upper leather of a shoe; and to *vamp* was a special cobbler's word for putting new "uppers," as they say; thence, in course of time, it became a recognized dictionary word, meaning to furbish up anything. Captain Grose put on record several French words which belonged to the slang of his time, but have dropped out since. Such are *nysey*, a simpleton, French *niais*, which pretty word originally meant an unfledged nestling (from Latin *nidus*); also the unsavoury word *hogo* for the smell of tainted meat—"it has a confounded *hogo*" (Fr. *haut goût*). Other words have kept their place: thus shamming sickness is still known in London hospitals as *malingering* (Fr. *malingre*); and *savey* (Fr. *savez*) is current both as verb and noun—"Do you *savey* that?"—"He has plenty of *savey*."

Considering how strong was the influence of Italian fashions in mediæval England, one wonders to find but two Italian words in Harman's Vocabulary of English Slang in the 16th century. One is worth mention, *commission*, a shirt—an amusingly Anglicised form of Italian *camicia*, thus mentioned by Taylor, the water poet, in 1630 :—

> "As from our beds we doe oft caste our eyes,
> Cleane linnen yeelds a shirt before we rise,
> Which is a garment shifting in condition;
> And in the canting tongue is a *commission*."

In modern slang, this is cut down to *mish*. English thus has in the cant word *commission*, and the polite term *chemise*, both the Italian and French forms of Low Latin *camisa* or *camisia*, which in the course of its history has also stood for a soldier's linen garment, a linen night-gown, a priest's alb, and the cover of a book. Of late years, however, the invading swarms of Italian image-sellers and organ-grinders have made their language so familiar to the English streets, that Mr. Hotten has been able to collect a curious list of words, whose Italian nature is disguised under outlandish spelling and the phonetic habits of our native costermongers, tramps, and thieves. Thus the *omey* of the *cassey* is the man of the house (*uomo* della *casa*); a baker's shop is a *mungarly casa*, properly an eating-house (*mangiare*); to *voker* is to talk (*vocare*); *catever* or *kertever* is bad (*cattivo*). This latter word corresponds with our French form *caitiff*, so that we have in English three derivatives, two of them curiously shifted in signification, from Latin *captivus*, *captive*. But the most remarkable instance of Italian influence on our language is the adoption among London street folk of a set of Italian numerals wherewith to count pence or *saltee* (soldi); they go up to six, *oney*, *dooe*, *tray*, *quarterer*, *chinker*, *say* (*uno*, *due*, *tre*, *quattro*, *cinque*, *sei*); having reached the limit of the silver sixpence, they begin afresh; so that, for instance, *say dooe saltee* is eightpence. There are Spanish words, too, in English slang, but, unlike the Italian, they seem all old. The time of Spain's glory as a seafaring and colonizing nation is brought back to us by words redolent of the Gold Coast and the Spanish Main. Such are *calaboose* for a prison (Sp. *calabozo*); *picaroon*, a pirate, a sharper (Sp. *picaron*); *picaninny* for a child (Sp. *pequeñino*, a diminutive of *pequeño*, little; *palaver*, talk (Sp. *palabra*, word). To *box*, a nautical term for to sail round, is no doubt Spanish *boxar*, *boxear;* and this is clearly the meaning of to *box* the compass—that is, to go round and call all the points. From Sir Richard Hawkins'

writing of the undisciplined rabble of his crew as *besonios*—a word distinctly Spanish in form—it is evident that he was taking from the Spaniards their term *bisoño*, which they used to denote a raw novice, a new-comer to the Indies. But the word is not unknown to Italian, where *bisogno* meant a raw recruit. From whichever origin, it was adopted in English slang as *bezonian*, a beggar or scoundrel, as Ancient Pistol has it—

> "Under which king, *Bezonian?*—speak, or die!"

So close is the kinship between English and other dialects of the Teutonic stock, that the unwary etymologizer of slang is liable to mistake some good old English word for a Dutch or German importation. He will derive the thieves' word for to steal, to *nim* (whence Corporal *Nym* has his name) from the German *nehmen;* whereas, in fact, it goes back directly to Anglo-Saxon *niman*, to take; or the old cant word *cranke*, for the falling sickness, &c., whence "to counterfeit *cranke*," *i.e.* to sham epileptic fits, from German *krank* (sick); whereas it is, no doubt, a genuine English word of old standing. In such cases the connection of the English and High or Low Dutch words is one of ancient collateral descent, not modern adoption. The really borrowed German words that have within the last few centuries found their way into English slang, mostly look as though they had been picked up by our soldiers in the Continental wars, and our sailors at Dutch ports. Such a slang sentence as "He left me without a *stiver*, but I didn't care a *rap*," may, perhaps, keep up the memory of these coins of Dutch and Swiss small change to the time when the originals are only to be seen in old metal shops and collectors' cabinets. Considering how the Germanisms of this class reached England, we need not be surprised to find many of them rather lively than reputable. Among them are *carouse*, from German *garaus* ("all out"), meaning to drink everything dry; *smear gelt*, a bribe, from German *schmiergeld*—*i.e.*, "greasing money;" *swindle*, from German *schwindel*, which originally meant giddiness, then any giddy or extravagant scheme, and, lastly, a cheat; *skellum*, a scoundrel or thief, "a Dutch *skelum*," as he is called in Coryat's "Crudities" (Dutch and German, *schelm*):

> "But if a drunkard be unpledged a kan,
> Draws out his knife, and basely stabs a man,
> To runne away the rascall shall have scope;
> None holds him, but all cry, *Lope, scellum, lope!*"

It seems to have been from High Dutch that the technical language of flirtation was enriched with the verb to *ogle* (Ger. *äugeln*, *liebäugeln*), "to make eyes at one." The word was certainly slang at first, and the noun *ogles*, for eyes, has never ceased to be so, but seldom reaches a higher literary level than the newspaper report of a prize-fight. The original meaning of the adjective *spooney* no doubt belonged exclusively, as the verb to *spoon* still does, to the happy fatuity of courting; though it has come since to describe the symptoms without reference to the disease. How did our language do so long without the word, and whence did it come at last? I do not quite know, but at any rate the idiom is also Swiss-German. To make love is *löffeln*, that is, to *spoon;* and the proverb says that Love turns many a proud lad into wood to make a spoon of ("Liebe macht Löffelholz aus manchem jungen Knabe stolz"). I have been amused to hear from an Englishwoman's mouth, as a facetious bit of German translation, "Sie löffelten mit einander," "They were spooning together;" the translator being quite unaware how far she was really going back into the early ages of Alemannic love. For last examples of the German group, we may take those quaint Americanisms which are, after all, only Low or High Dutch words brought by early or late settlers. A *cookey-shine*, which is funny for a tea-party, means a feast where *cookeys*, little cakes (Dutch, *koekje*), are the staple. The American dislikes calling any man his master, wherefore he speaks of his *boss* (pron. *baus*), which is simply Dutch *baas*, and meant

and means master all the same. These are both Low Dutch words; for High Dutch or German the two following will serve. In German packs of cards the *bauer*, or peasant, corresponds to our knave; thus it comes to pass that in America the two highest cards in the game of Euchre are called *bowers*. The *right bower* is the knave of trumps, and the *left bower* the knave of the suit of the same colour:—

> "But the hands that were played
> By that heathen Chinee,
> And the points that he made
> Were quite frightful to see—
> Till at last he put down a *right bower*,
> Which the same Nye had dealt unto me."

A good deal has been written—not more, indeed, than an art of such wide prevalence deserved—about the etymology of *loafer*, and its derived verb to *loaf*. There is no difficulty, however, as to the usual view, that they come from German *landläufer*, *läufer*, a vagabond, an unsettled roamer about the country. The etymologists who have sought to derive *loafer* from Dutch *looper*, *landlooper*, or from English slang *loper*, *landloper* (which were very likely borrowed from the Low Countries), might have saved their pains had they borne in mind the essential distinction of Grimm's Law as to *f* and *p* between High German dialects such as the language we call German, and Low German dialects such as Dutch or English. The American *loafer* and the English *loper* no doubt had a common ancestor, but neither is the descendant of the other.

The ways are various by which Latin words, good or bad, have filtered into slang. The sheriff's officer and the attorney's clerk brought their learned technicalities out of Cursitor Street and the Old Bailey, so that now *ipsal dixal* stands for *ipse dixit*, and a *davy* is an *affidavit*. Even the thief demands his *quota*, his share of the plunder, or may be he will be content if his comrade will "tip him some *quids*." This word *quids*, for money, "the wherewithal" (a *quid* stands for a sovereign) may be seen scholastically treated in the following French passage, cited by Francisque-Michel:—

> "*Siméon.*—Que veut dire *conquibus?*
> *Thomas.*—J'entends des escus."

The verb to *fake*, meaning to do, is no doubt in some way from Latin *facere* (possibly through Norman French *faict*, done, *faked*). One remembers "pals *fake* away" as the burden of a low street-song years ago; the word is naturally given over to the kind of *doing* proper to rogues—namely, cheating and stealing. From it is derived *fakement*, a false begging letter or swindling document, such as fallen schoolmasters *screeve* (Law French, *scriver*) for a living in tramps' lodging-houses. Less repulsive in their associations are such Latinisms as *nostrum* for a medicine, from "our own" private recipe; or *conk* for a nose, no doubt from the spouting *concha* of the classical fountain. And others have positively a pleasant humour, such as the schoolboy class of which *omnium gatherum* may serve as an instance. I like the unsuspecting gravity of old Noah Webster, in his respectable and jokeless Dictionary, where he criticises the term driving *tandem*, with the remark that "*tandem* properly refers to time, and not to length of line."

Certainly it is not by literary dignity that we have to measure languages here. English slang took tribute from the speech of the great Aryan nations, classic and modern; but no Aryan dialect was more congenial to the English vagabond than that of the lowest and wildest of Aryan hordes, the Gipsies, who in the middle ages spread over Europe from the East. Their name for a man—of course, a gipsy man—is *rom;* and *chabo* is a lad, a son. Borrow, who knows more about the matter than other people, is probably right in saying that *rum chap*, now such thorough English slang, was originally nothing but a gipsy phrase, meaning *gipsy lad;* in Germany, also, the gipsies call themselves *Romanitschave*—*i.e.* "sons of men." The word *rum*, when first taken into English cant, meant fine or good; thus, "*rum* booze," or "a *rum* bung," meant good liquor or

a full purse. Among the words brought by the gipsies into the slang of other nations, some are very curious. Thus *jockey* is no doubt the gipsy horse-dealer's word for a whip, *chukni*, meaning especially that formidable instrument known as a *jockey*-whip. A *pal* is a brother (Gipsy *pal*, *plal*). The term *bosh* for a fiddle, a word only used by the lower orders, is Gipsy. "Can you roker Romany, and play on the *bosh?*" means, "Can you talk gipsy, and play on the fiddle?" Of such tramps' words, now fallen to low estate, some have honoured relatives in the sacred language of India. Thus in the French Argot, *chouriner* (to knife a man), whence the name of the *Chourineur* in the "Mystères de Paris," goes back through Gipsy *churi* to Sanskrit *chhurî* (a knife). When the London costermonger calls a heavy shower a *dowry of parny*, the gipsy from whom the phrase was learnt meant a river (*doriove*) of *pani* (water); this latter word (Sanskrit, *pânîya*) is the same that Anglo-Indians have imported in brandy-*pawnee*. These gipsy words stand linguistically in the same rank as those our soldiers have of late years brought directly from India, such as *batty*, wages, perquisites (Sanskrit, *bhâti*, pay), and *loot* (Sanskrit, *lota*), plunder. If one asks for an instance of a slang word imported by Englishmen from China, the answer will be at once "first-*chop*." Now it is true that we did pick up the term in Chinese ports, but *chop* is no Chinese word for all that; it is Hindi *chhápa*, a stamp or seal, especially a Custom-house stamp; thence, in the Chinese trade dialect, a boat-load of teas is called a *chop;* and the quality of teas and things in general is estimated as first-*chop*, second-*chop*, &c.

A real Chinese word in English slang is *kotooing*, or performing the *ko-too*. Everybody knows that to run *a-muck* is Malay, *amuk;* that *bosh* is Turkish for empty; that *chouse* is derived from a certain Turkish *chiaus*, or envoy, who came to England in 1609 and took in our merchants, or as we should say now, *chiselled* them; and that *nabob* for a rich, retired Indian official is Arabic, *nawáb*, used for the governor of a province. Mentioning Arabic, it is curious how little influence Hebrew has had on English slang. The Jewish doctors of the Middle Ages, the money-dealers, brokers, pedlars, and old-clothesmen since, have only left in our streets a few such terms as *shoful*, or *show-full*, bad money or sham jewellery (Hebrew, *shafal*, low, base). Positively, the languages of the North American Indians have contributed almost as much to English slang, for we talk quite naturally of a *pow-wow* or a *squaw;* and the street-folk can realize, without having it explained, the desperate condition of a "gone *coon*."

With these outlandish elements, I conclude this sketch of the Philology of Slang. Some of its proper topics, such as that of secret and artificial language, have been omitted for briefness, and others as being too repulsive. Much of the slang-maker's skill is spent on foul ideas, which make the Slang Dictionary, at its best, an unpresentable book; while, short of this limit, there is an ugly air about lists of words so largely coined by vagabonds and criminals, whose grotesque fancy plays fitfully round the real wretchedness of their lives, in sour jests on the "*skilly*" and the "*everlasting staircase*," and half-shrinking, half-defiant "chaff" of the hangman and the devil. Such details as I have given, however, are enough for my purpose, to show that whether the English Dictionary acknowledges slang or not, every serious student of English must take it up and treat it seriously. There is much more novelty in this essay than I expected when I began to write it; but the fact is, that hitherto the linguistic examination of new-fangled and outcast words has by no means kept pace with their compilation; and it will be some while before fresh students cease to find enough new points left to repay their pains.

E. B. Tylor.

TENERIFFE.

I.

Atlantid islands, phantom-fair,
  Throned on the solitary seas,
Immersed in amethystine air,
  Haunt of Hesperides!
Farewell! I leave Madeira thus
Drowned in a sunset glorious,
The Holy Harbour fading far
Beneath a blaze of cinnabar.

II.

What sights had burning eve to show
  From Tacoronte's orange bowers,
From palmy headlands of Ycod,
  From Orotava's flowers!
When Palma or Canary lay
Cloud-cinctured in the crimson day,—
Sea, and sea-wrack, and rising higher
Those purple peaks 'twixt cloud and fire.

III.

But oh the cone aloft and clear
  Where Atlas in the heavens withdrawn
To hemisphere and hemisphere
  Disparts the dark and dawn!
O vaporous waves that roll and press!
Fire-opalescent wilderness!
O pathway by the sunbeams ploughed
Betwixt those pouring walls of cloud!

IV.

We watched adown that glade of fire
  Celestial Iris floating free,
We saw the cloudlets keep in choir
  Their dances on the sea;
The scarlet, huge, and quivering sun
Feared his due hour was overrun,—
On us the last he blazed, and hurled
His glory on Columbus' world.

V.

Then ere our eyes the change could tell,
Or feet bewildered turn again,
From Teneriffe the darkness fell
Head-foremost on the main:—
A hundred leagues was seaward flown
The gloom of Teyde's towering cone,—
Full half the height of heaven's blue
That monstrous shadow overflew.

VI.

Then all is twilight; pile on pile
The scattered flocks of cloudland close,
An alabaster wall, erewhile
Much redder than the rose!—
Falls like a sleep on souls forspent
Majestic Night's abandonment;
Wakes like a waking life afar
Hung o'er the sea one eastern star.

VII.

O Nature's glory, Nature's youth!
Perfected sempiternal whole!
And is the World's in very truth
An impercipient Soul?
Or doth that Spirit, past our ken,
Live a profounder life than men,
Awaits our passing days, and thus
In secret places calls to us?

VIII.

O fear not thou, whate'er befall
Thy transient individual breath,—
Behold, thou knowest not at all
What kind of thing is Death;
And here indeed might Death be fair,
If Death be dying into air,—
If souls evanished mix with thee,
Illumined heaven, eternal sea.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER V (*continued*).

FRANKFORT (1837).

"Leipsic, 15*th of April*, 1839.

"My dear good Friend,—I feel particularly inclined to write to you to-day, and have a chat with you; I was just thinking of how I used to lie on your sofa and lament and make you play to me, because I was so much in love; and then I thought, how nice it would be if we could see one another again soon and really live together,—and then I thought what a long while off that must be. But I have a lot of business matters to write to you about to-day, and will begin with those at once. First of all the oratorio. What do you mean by talking about my taking responsibility upon myself—and the risk of looking through the score beforehand, etc.? You insane fellow, as if I did not know all that long before, and also how a work of yours which you yourself take pleasure in and write with real liking will turn out—and you know too how I look forward to such a work, and that I shall devote all the loving care that I can to the performance of it, if you will entrust it to me. Is it really necessary for me to tell you that first? But, so as not to follow my own opinion solely, or to be alone in addressing myself to you, I told the concert-directors about that part of your letter referring to the oratorio (*cum grano salis*, that is to say, omitting your over-great modesty) and received the following answer from Stadtrath Porsche, the secretary of the concerts; at first I meant to send you the original letter, but I shall copy it instead, because the paper is thick, and the postage would be thick too:—

'Honoured Sir (notice the legal phraseology)—according to your obliging information, Herr Ferdinand Hiller at Milan is occupied in the composition of an oratorio, "The Prophet Jeremiah," from which great things may be expected as to merit and importance; the concert-directors have commissioned me to assure you that it would afford them much pleasure to see and hear this work performed at one of the concerts during the coming winter of 1839-40, if Herr Hiller will have the kindness to forward the score to us. With the greatest esteem, etc., etc.,

'*Leipsic, March* 1839. Porsche.'

"It is to be hoped that you won't now think any more about my having too great a responsibility. And I hope that this insignificant opportunity may give you zest and liking for a new work. In your next letter (addressed to Düsseldorf till the middle of May, to Frankfort till the end of June) you must give me a few words, in reply to this, which I may communicate to the Directors; it pleases them so immensely when an artist like yourself takes notice of them *quâ* Concert-Directorium, and they were all very much flattered by your request. We could not well give it in the church, because we shall have to let our church-concerts rest for a year or two, before we can put them on a proper footing again (it would take too long to explain all the reasons), so it would be in the concert-room, with a large chorus of amateurs; therefore mind you give the chorus plenty to do. And as I said before, answer as soon as you can. A parcel will be going off to you in a few days by Kistner; it has been in his hands all ready packed for the last four weeks, and now he promises really to send it off; it contains the score of my 42nd psalm, the 'St. Paul' and a cello sonata of mine lately published, which I only send because of the lovely cover, and by way of a novelty—otherwise there is not much in it. But if you are not pleased with the psalm in its new dress with the old lining, I shall shoot myself. The parcel will be six weeks on the road, I hear, and will be addressed to Giovanni Ricordi at Milan; so you must inquire there when you have an opportunity. Of course you understand that I mean you to keep all the contents of the parcel. I sent off your two overtures, with the metronome marks, to the Philharmonic a fortnight ago, after we had first given a good performance of the one in D minor at the charity concert here, and found your alterations very advantageous.

It gains very materially by them, and the flow of it is not at all interrupted. And now, though I am really ashamed to, I must tell you of a newspaper article which I read about you the other day, and which gave me a deal of pleasure. One morning at rehearsal somebody showed me a number of the new musical paper (Schumann the editor of it was in Vienna all the winter) in which there was something which concerned me, and looking through the rest of the paper, I found a leading article, continued through two numbers, headed by your name. I took it away with me to read, and a great deal of it really gave me extraordinary pleasure; it is evidently written by someone who is not personally acquainted with you in the very least degree, but on the other hand knows every one of your works most intimately, someone who did not even know that you were no longer in Frankfort, and yet could picture you to himself quite well and distinctly from your compositions, and is evidently very favourably disposed towards you. I hear that it is said to have been written by a German in Warsaw. The real point of the thing is that he thinks that somehow or other you are out of humour, and have resolved not to publish or even compose anything more, and he implores you for Heaven's sake not to carry out this resolution, and not to believe that people do not watch you with sympathy and pleasure, as he does himself for example, and the paper is headed with the motto: 'How great the loss, when such heads make holiday.' You see the man knew nothing of you personally, but that was just why I enjoyed it,—and I should have sent it to you, if I had not almost sworn never to put newspaper extracts into my letters. But this and a joke on the last page remind me of the too terrible and awful news of Nourrit's death. It is a long, long time since anything has grieved me so deeply and taken such strong hold of me as this. It made me think of the bright, happy time when I had seen him, of the genuine, free, artist-nature which he seemed to have then, of the honour and glory which he gained everywhere, of his wife and children, and of the infinitely sad state of a mind which knew no other remedy but this, which wipes out the whole previous existence with all its happiness as if it had never been. How the news must have shocked you! It was only in your last letter that you were speaking of him; you had seen him so lately, been so fond of him—it is too dreadful. And who can think of, or wish for fame and celebrity and happiness, when anyone outwardly so happy and inwardly so gifted, could yet at the same time be so boundlessly unhappy. To me, there is more in this than in the profoundest sermon I ever heard, and once I begin to think of it I cannot get over it at all. Do tell me all you can about it; all that you know of further particulars and details. I have heard nothing but the details of the evening before, and of his last moments. Tell me, if you know anything about it, what could have brought him to such terrible misery and to such a resolve. If it was nothing more than those few hissings and whistlings at the theatre, as they say in the papers, nobody ought ever to appear in public again after they have once earned bread enough to keep them from starving, or should ever choose a profession which would make them dependent on the public.

"Now I must answer some of the questions in your letter. A number of different people conduct at the Philharmonic, Sir G. Smart, Moscheles, Potter, etc., so it is impossible to foretell into what sort of hands you might fall, clean or unclean. I am quite at sea again about my English opera; the poet won't alter it, and I won't compose unless he does—it's the old, old song of the drunken 'Bohnenschmied.' And I always have to begin it over again, for I know I am right. But woe betide you if you praise Mercadante's 'Giuramento,' for I have had the pianoforte arrangement in my room for ever so long and have certainly given myself trouble enough with it, and yet I find it quite insufferable and vulgar, and not a note in it which I cared the least bit about. Don't be angry with me, I can't help it; it's curious that the surroundings and the air and the way of putting it really do make an impression on everybody—but here in Leipsic the 'Giuramento' cuts an awful figure—in my own house that is to say. You will never in all your life make music like that—it can't be; that is why I rejoice doubly for the numbers of your opera which you promise me and for which I am *most* eager. In a week I go to the Festival at Düsseldorf, where the 'Messiah' is to be given on the first day; on the second the 'Eroica,' the Beethoven C major Mass, an overture and my 42nd psalm; and on the third Gluck's 'Alceste' in the theatre with costumes and all. There are to be singers from Berlin, and they will make the last (evidently the best) practicable.

The festival is at Whitsuntide again. Afterwards we are to be at the wedding of my sister-in-law, Julie Jeanrenaud, who is going to marry a young Schunk from here; after that we stay on in Frankfort for a time, then spend a fortnight with my uncle on the Rhine—and my castles in the air go no further. Now this letter is really done; it's quite absurdly long; many many remembrances to your mother, and also to Mdlle. S., and write to me very soon, dear Ferdinand; your letters are such a pleasure to me.

"Always your FELIX.

"My wife and child are well and beg to be remembered to you."

"FRANKFORT, 27*th July*, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your brother says I am to put in a word for you into his letter. Everything here, every day, every walk through the town and in the woods recalls you to me so strongly, that I ought long ago to have written you a proper letter of my own, and I mean to very shortly. I should like to write to you about all Frankfort, but that is just what keeps me from writing. So to-day I only send you and your dear mother my remembrances and best wishes. We are all well, and so is your brother and also your sister-in-law on the sofa in the next room. Your portrait over the sofa is like, after all, though rather atrociously painted, but it is well conceived. Yes, if only you were here yourself. All your friends here remember you most affectionately I can tell you, and all wish for you back again. It's to be hoped the oratorio will soon come now, and you with it, which will be far nicer than this letter paper and the 100 miles of separation. Farewell for to-day, you dear friend and musician; next time I shall write to you properly: forgive my haste and be a little fond of your FELIX."

"FRANKFORT, 16*th August*, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—On returning here from Horchheim I find your letter from Basle, with the second part of the oratorio, and glancing quickly over it in the bustle of travelling-preparations, I am struck by so many and such great beauties in it, that I can't help telling you so to-day, though in few words, and thanking you for the great pleasure and enjoyment you have given me with it. This second part seems to me far superior to the first in every respect, and wherever I look I find splendid touches, quite peculiar to you. What I like best of all is the A major chorus with the solo and the repetition—the mere *tempo*, and the vigorous opening are new and capital; one expects something quite different, and not nearly so fine. And then the first chorus, and the war march in C major, and the entrance of the chorus in the recitative, and the one in F minor, and in fact the whole thing. It seems to me that the poet has again now and then missed a point; but why should I begin criticizing again, when there is so much to surprise and delight me beyond my expectation? I promise you not to open my mouth again, at least not till I get your answer, which will be very soon I hope, and till I know that you are not angry with me for opening it so enormously wide already. Write soon, dear Ferdinand, and thanks, thanks, thanks for all this good and beautiful music.

"Some letter of yours to me must have been lost. You write that you should perhaps hear from me at Bern, and I had no idea of your Swiss journey, and was quite perplexed by your dating from Basle. How shameful it is that we were so near together, both on the Rhine, and now again so far from one another! And yet it is quite right that you should be in Italy again, and that you should not let yourself be disturbed in your wishes and doings. To-morrow I go back to Leipsic, where I hope to hear from you soon. My wife and child are well and send messages to you and your mother, and I do the same with all my heart. Now I must be off.

"I like your having put 'Rigikulm, Midnight,' at the end of the 'Destruction of Jerusalem;' but the C major is still better, and the A major opening is the most beautiful of all, and so Ferdinand, best thanks to you my dear friend. Always your FELIX."

I had taken my dear mother and her companion to Basle, because the state of her health made it necessary for her to take the baths at Wiesbaden. Nevertheless, after a few weeks she became so ill that I hastened home. I received the following after I had written to Mendelssohn from Frankfort about the anxieties which troubled me:

"LEIPSIC, 19*th September*, 1839.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—I need hardly tell you how your yesterday's letter saddened me; you know what heartfelt sympathy I take in you and in your welfare. May God restore your dear mother to complete health and give comfort

and happiness to you all; I can well imagine your anxiety and sadness at present; dear Ferdinand, if only I were with you! Even though I might not be able to help, I could perhaps divert your thoughts a little; have I not also felt from the bottom of my heart, how at such moments all art and poetry and everything else that is dear and precious to us, seem so empty and comfortless, so hateful and paltry, and the only thought that does one any good is: 'Oh that God would help.' When you have a spare moment, do write me a line to say how she is; we should so much like to hear from you as often as possible,—write me a line at least every week; I shall be so impatient for it.

"I send off the first part of the oratorio by to-day's post. I have not quite done with the second, so I had not written to you in Italy about it; I shall send it to-morrow or the day after, and then write to you properly and fully. Let us hear from you again directly. My wife sends best remembrances.

"Your Felix M. B."

My dear mother was not able to resist the illness which had attacked her, and died on the 22nd of September.

CHAPTER VI.

LEIPSIC: WINTER OF 1839–40.

"Leipsic, 29*th September*, 1839.

"My dear Friend,—No words are needed to tell you how deeply I grieve for you in this great sorrow of yours; you know how I sympathize with you in everything which concerns you, whether it be good or bad, even in the merest trifles; how much more so then in the greatest loss which could befall you! Anyone who knew your dear mother in the very least, or had ever seen you together, must know what an irreparable blank is made in your life and your heart by her death. But why should I say all this to you? I would so much rather be with you, so that we might have a quiet time together, and I might try and if possible help you to bear this bitter trial. Even that I cannot do; and besides, just at first, neither sympathy, nor words of comfort, nor even friends, can do one any good,—when they try their very best, they may only do harm, and certainly cannot help or be of any use; only God and one's sense of duty can do that. But what I wanted to write to you about was suggested to me by the last words in your letter, where you say that you must stay in Frankfort for the present on account of business matters; when these are over, couldn't you come to us for a little? Would not the change of surroundings, the affectionate and hearty welcome which you are sure of from all the musicians here, the separation from a place which though now doubly dear to you must also be doubly sad, do you good, and if not cheer you, at least distract your thoughts now and then? I do not mean now directly, but I was thinking of the end of next month, and November; my journey to Vienna is as good as given up, so I can offer you a nice, warm, pretty room, which we would make as comfortable as possible for you. Cécile joins with me in my request, and we hope you will fulfil our wish.

"I don't speak of how well we could talk over the oratorio together, and all that we might do towards arranging for the performance, nor of all the music that I should hope to make you enjoy. To-day I only wish to impress upon you how much I want you to spend the next month in different surroundings and with friends who are as fond of you as we are.

"How entirely our whole future rests always, and every day, in God's hands! My Cécile is expecting her confinement in the next few weeks, and if one is to speak of the cares of married life, I as yet only know those which at such a time engross me every hour and minute, and leave me no peace for any other thought. Thank Heaven, she is so well and strong, that I hope God will continue to grant her health and happiness—and so with a sanguine heart I repeat my request and our invitation to you. Farewell for to-day, my dear, dear friend, try and keep up, and may Heaven give you courage and strength!

"Always your F. M."

In the course of the next month this affectionate letter was followed by another similar to it, with these words: "Your room is ready for you, with a piano in it, and you shall be as undisturbed as you like; and a good deal disturbed too. My Cécile sends you her remembrances and joins most heartily in my request; so do come and try perfect rest and our quiet homely life for a time, and let me hope to see you very soon." It was impossible to resist such an invitation, so I set off as soon as I could manage it. I stopped at

Weimar to pay a visit to the widow of my revered master, Hummel, for she had always been like a mother to me. There I found the following lines from my thoughtful friend :—

"LEIPSIC, 3*rd December*, 1839.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—As there was no time after receiving your dear and welcome lines, to write to you at Frankfort, I send this to Weimar, in the hope that you may get it immediately on arriving. I live in Lurgenstein's garden, the first house on the left, on the second floor. I should like to know whether you travel in your own carriage, or by post, so that, in the first case, I might secure a place for your carriage. Write me two lines from Weimar to say when you are coming, and if possible tell me the exact time of your arrival here, or your departure from there, then I can go and meet you on the road. I need not tell you how much my wife and I look forward to seeing you, you dear friend. For the last three weeks all our friends, and all the friends of music, have kept on asking me, 'When is Hiller coming?' and I have often had to tell them of your resolution to keep quiet, so that they might not be too eager in their demands. Now good-bye till we meet! Your FELIX."

Mendelssohn and David met me at the place where the coach stopt and gave me the warmest of welcomes. In the course of the first few days I was introduced to Mendelssohn's relations and friends, and soon felt as if I had belonged to that delightful circle for years. Mendelssohn's house was pleasantly situated, with a nice open look-out from the front upon the Leipsic boulevard, and the St. Thomas's school and church, once the sphere of the great Bach's labours. The arrangement of the rooms was as follows:—first, a sort of hall, with the dining-table and a few chairs; to the right of this a large sitting-room and some bedrooms; to the left my friend's study, with his piano. Opening out of this was a fine large drawing-room, which however was robbed of some of its natural elegance by the bed which had been put there for me, though this was counteracted by a piano also put there for my use.

Our way of life was regular and simple. At about eight we breakfasted on coffee and bread and butter. Butter Felix never eat, but broke his bread into his coffee like any schoolboy, "as he had been accustomed to do." We dined at one, and though he despised butter he always liked a glass of good wine, and we often had to try some special sort which he would produce with great delight, and swallow with immense satisfaction. We generally made quick work of our dinner, but in the evenings after supper we used often to sit round the table for hours chatting (not smoking), unless we moved to the pianino which had been presented to Madame Mendelssohn by the directors of the Gewandhaus.

The first days were taken up with paying and receiving visits, and passed quickly enough. My next thought was to resume my work. I had a performance of my oratorio in prospect, and there was still a great deal to be done towards it. "We must sit and compose at the same table together;" said Mendelssohn one morning, "and let's begin at once to-day."

The following day was "Liedertafel," by which I must not be supposed to mean one of those huge societies formed in the last forty years to assist the love of the "Vaterland" and of wine and women. A dozen thorough musicians, some of whom to this day represent the most zealous supporters of music in Leipsic, used to meet from time to time, and did all honour to their title, for their *table* was no less excellent than their songs.[1] Mendelssohn thought it would be great fun if we set the same words to music, and let the singers guess which was which. No sooner said than done. We looked through several volumes of poetry and soon agreed in the choice of a song of Eichendorf's. I can still see us sitting opposite one another, dipping our pens into the same inkstand, the silence only broken at rare intervals by some joke or other, and the piano not once touched. In

[1] One of these, Dr. Petschke, has published some very pretty quartets for men's voices.

writing out the parts each copied half of his own composition and half of the other's. The scores were not to appear, and above all the secret was on no account to be betrayed to the members of the "Liedertafel."

The evening arrived, and the thing was a complete success. The songs were sung at sight in capital style, and only one of the singers, Dr. Schleinitz, one of the most accomplished of living amateurs, gave his opinion, with thorough conviction,—and was right. None of the others could make up their minds. We laughed and—held our tongues.

Mendelssohn afterwards apologised to me—very unnecessarily—for having let out the secret by publishing his song.[1] I then published mine in a Swiss collection, to which I had been asked to contribute—I forget the title of it, and where it appeared,—but the origin of this little piece was always a charming recollection to me.

Though I had felt no difficulty in throwing off a simple song in my friend's presence, it was quite different with more serious work. It was impossible for me to feel at my ease at the piano, with the consciousness that every idea had a listener—and such a one! Besides, I afterwards discovered, by chance, that Mendelssohn too did not like his communings with his genius to be overheard. How could it have been otherwise! Still, I found it extremely difficult, in the midst of all the kindness and affection which surrounded me, to come forward with the announcement, that, delightful as was our way of life, it must come to a stop. After many discussions, I at last got permission to look out for a lodging close by, on the condition that I should only work and sleep there, and to our general satisfaction we found one within a few steps. They were the same rooms in Reichel's garden which Mendelssohn had inhabited in his bachelor days. So, after about a fortnight at my friend's house, I moved into my new quarters.

We had had a tolerable quantity of music, however, during this time. Mendelssohn had just finished his great D minor trio, and played it to me. I was tremendously impressed by the fire and spirit, the flow, and, in short, the masterly character of the whole thing. But I had one small misgiving. Certain pianoforte passages in it, constructed on broken chords, seemed to me—to speak candidly—somewhat old-fashioned. I had lived many years in Paris, seeing Liszt frequently and Chopin every day, so that I was thoroughly accustomed to the richness of passages which marked the new pianoforte school. I made some observations to Mendelssohn on this point, suggesting certain alterations, but at first he would not listen to me. "Do you think that that would make the thing any better?" he said; "the piece would be the same, and so it may remain as it is." "But," I answered, "you have often told me, and proved to me by your actions, that the smallest touch of the brush, which might conduce to the perfection of the whole, must not be despised. An unusual form of arpeggio may not improve the harmony, but neither does it spoil it—and it becomes more interesting to the player. We discussed it and tried it on the piano over and over again, and I enjoyed the small triumph of at last getting Mendelssohn over to my view. Seriously and conscientiously as he took everything when once he had made up his mind about it, he now undertook the lengthy, not to say wearisome task, of rewriting the whole pianoforte part. One day, when I found him working at it, he played me a bit which he had worked out *exactly* as I had suggested to him on the piano, and called out to me, "That is to remain as a remembrance of you." Afterwards, when he had been playing it at a chamber concert with all his wonderful fire, and had carried away the whole public with it, he said, "I really enjoy that piece; it is honest music after all, and the players will like it, because they can show off with it." And so it proved.

[1] "Love and Wine," Op. 50, No. 5.

In the course of that winter I witnessed a curious example of that almost morbid conscientiousness of Mendelssohn's with regard to the possible perfection of his compositions. One evening I came into his room, and found him looking so heated, and in such a feverish state of excitement, that I was frightened. "What's the matter with you?" I called out. "There I have been sitting for the last four hours," he said, "trying to alter a few bars in a song (it was a quartet for men's voices) and can't do it."

He had made twenty different versions, the greater number of which would have satisfied most people. "What you could not do to-day in four hours," said I, "you will be able to do to-morrow in as many minutes." He calmed down by degrees, and we got into such earnest conversation that I stayed with him till a late hour. Next day I found him in unusually good spirits, and he said to me, "Yesterday evening when you were gone I was so excited that it was no use thinking of sleep, so at last I composed a little hunting-song, which I must play you at once." He sat down to the piano, and I heard the song, which has since delighted hundreds and thousands of people, namely Eichendorf's, "Sei gegrüsst du schöner Wald!" I hailed it with joyful surprise.

Musical life in Leipsic, which has always been extremely active, had certainly gained an extraordinary impetus through Mendelssohn's personal influence and energy. His eminent talent as a conductor was especially favourable to the performance of orchestral works. Even if before his time vigorous leaders, by the help of their fiddling, had made them go with spirit and precision, no one had ever imagined such deep conception, or such artistic finish in the performances of the great symphonies. It was a capital orchestra altogether, though the only example of extraordinary talent in it was Ferdinand David, who followed the conductor with his whole soul, and carried the quartet along with him. Having for many years attended the (wrongly so-called[1]) Conservatoire Concerts in Paris, I was naturally at first much struck by the contrast to these, especially in the wind, and the general tone and effect. At that time the Leipsic Conservatorium was not yet founded, and it was only afterwards that the Gewandhaus Orchestra gained such material and brilliant reinforcements from David's pupils. But all the little drawbacks in individual execution were thrown into the background by the spirit and life which Mendelssohn instilled into the orchestra, his complete devotion to the cause, and the delight which at every successful achievement lit up his expressive features, and acted like electricity upon the public. When I speak of his conducting thus influencing the audience, it must not be supposed that he in any way courted the notice of the public by his behaviour at the desk. His movements were short and decided, and generally hardly visible, for he turned his right side to the orchestra. A mere glance at the first fiddle, a slight look one way or the other, was sufficient. It was the sympathy in the cause, which gathered strength from the sympathy brought to bear on it by so wonderful a man.

Symphonies and overtures were then as now the prominent feature in the Leipsic programmes. It is well known what a ready welcome Mendelssohn had for any composers whose works in any way deserved it. Thus, in that winter, or rather in the second half of it, many novelties were produced. Kalliwoda conducted one of his symphonies (in B minor) which met with a very favourable reception. Kittl's "Jagd-Symphonie," which had been given in Paris with some success, was performed in the presence of the composer, who introduced himself as a humble amateur. We also had one by the composer of the "Last Judgment," the old Dessauer, as Friedrich Schneider

[1] The name of the Institution is Société des Concerts, and it consists of the best musicians in Paris. The Conservatoire, as such, only supplies the concert room, and the Sopranos and Altos for the chorus.

was often called. Schubert's great C major symphony made such a powerful impression that it was put down in the programme a second time. However, it had hardly begun when the public took fright at a false alarm of fire, and fled. Afterwards it was played at the end of the last concert, with much fire, and no alarm. I also heard there, for the first and last time in my life, a symphony by Vogler. Amongst the overtures, Rietz's in A major especially deserves mention, having become one of the best known works of that composer. I happened to be with Mendelssohn at the moment when he got the score. He had known this excellent composition at Düsseldorf, and was greatly delighted with the successful alterations which had been made in it, probably by his own advice. He soon found a publisher for it, and was immensely excited at being able to send the news to Rietz in his musical solitude at Düsseldorf. At one of the first concerts which I went to, a half improvised performance of the four Leonora-Fidelio Overtures took place. The first and second were in the programme—the latter, then unpublished, being given for the first time; it was received with great enthusiasm, and encored, upon which Mendelssohn gave the third, the greatest and best known; and later in the concert, some instrumental solo having been omitted, he also gave the fourth, the overture to "Fidelio," in E. This wonderfully interesting conjunction of these four masterpieces was all the more charming for its not having been pre-arranged.

Amongst his choral works I must specially mention the splendid Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," the first performance of which took place on New Year's Day in 1840. The first movements of it are certainly among the noblest of Mendelssohn's compositions, and will always hold their own against the most important things which our art has produced. Neither the novelty of the work, nor the presence of the composer could add to its merit, but they certainly heightened the impression, and it need not be said that its reception was enthusiastic. I also have a very vivid remembrance of the performance of a capital Finale from Cherubini's "Abencerrages." Mendelssohn had taken great pains to get it from the directors of the Berlin Opera.

The solo vocal music at a great number of the concerts was sustained by a charming young Belgian lady, Mlle. Elise Meerti, and later on by the well-known Sophie Schloss. All manner of Cavatinas out of unknown Italian Operas (which the public of course enjoyed extremely) had to be scored for the Gewandhaus concerts, and to our great delight were so well done by a very clever copyist that they only required slight revision from Mendelssohn before performance. We used often secretly to chuckle over some of the rather bold orchestral effects which our poor copyist, at sixpence a sheet, had successfully ventured upon.

The instrumental solos were endless, and many of them capital. Mendelssohn played his D minor Concerto for the first time; David and Ernst, Eckert (now Capellmeister at Berlin), Kalliwoda, and many others, contributed violin solos. One of the pianoforte performances I must mention, because of, or rather in spite of, my having a share in it. Felix and I were to play Mozart's E flat Concerto for two pianos, and had prepared the Cadenza for the first movement in the following manner. I was to begin extemporizing and make a pause on some chord of the seventh—Mendelssohn was then to continue from there, and pause on another chord which we had fixed upon,—for the finish he had written a few pages for both instruments together, now relieving one another, now uniting, till the Tutti. The thing succeeded perfectly, and the audience, most of whom could not make out how we had managed it, applauded enthusiastically.

There were besides, performances on the cello, the clarinet, the horn, the bassoon, the trombone, and even the musical glasses. The public were much more tolerant about such things at that time than now, when the pianoforte, the

violin, and cello have almost exclusive command of the concert-rooms. No doubt this is advantageous to the programmes, but by no means so to the orchestras, as it entirely deprives the wind-instrument players of the opportunity of gaining a little extra honour and extra pay. Thus it has come about that our much-vaunted improvement in executive music can only be called real with respect to the string instruments. And the preference which in modern music is given to the brass is likely to make the performance of works by the old masters more and more difficult. But I am digressing, and must return to Leipsic.

The interest of the Quartett-Evenings which Ferdinand David had carried on for some years past was greatly heightened this winter by Mendelssohn's co-operation. He often played at them, and his rendering of Mozart's and Beethoven's compositions was incomparably beautiful; we also sometimes played four-hand things, and especially made a great sensation with Mozart's Variations in G. But what I remember most distinctly was Mendelssohn's playing of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia; it was quite overwhelming and he was obliged to go back to the piano; he then improvised, combining in the cleverest way a theme of Bach's with his own well-known "Song without Words" in E (No. 1, Bk. 1)—thus uniting past and present into something new and difficult to describe. David was no less many-sided in *his* way—besides the three great quartet writers he favoured us with Spohr, Onslow, Mendelssohn, as well as Schubert, then little known as a quartet composer. I must also make particular mention of the fact that this winter he brought before the public the Chaconne of Bach, since so much played. Mendelssohn accompanied it *ad libitum* on the piano, and the thing made a great impression. The public were also immensely delighted one evening to see Mendelssohn and Kalliwoda playing the violas in Spohr's double quartet and Mendelssohn's octett. Mendelssohn never touched a stringed instrument the whole year round—but if wanted, he could do it, as he could so many other things.

Nor must I forget, for the sake of that clever artist's friends, that during this winter young Verhulst, who was in some measure a pupil of Mendelssohn's, earned his first spurs as conductor of the "Euterpe" concerts. At these he gave a number of very promising large choral works of his own composition.

This winter was remarkable for the appearances of some of the most brilliant players. First of all Ernst, then at the summit of his talent, and enchanting the whole world. Mendelssohn was very fond of him. Ernst told me one day, almost with emotion, how at the time of his concerts in the Königstädter Theatre at Berlin, he was very much pressed one morning in Mendelssohn's presence to put down his "Elégie" in the programme again, though he had already played it I don't know how many times. When Mendelssohn also began urging him to do it, Ernst answered, in fun: "If you will accompany me I will;" and Mendelssohn in fact made his appearance on the "Königstädter" stage, accompanied the "Elégie," and disappeared. It was not only their beloved violins which united David and Ernst, but also the beloved game of whist. I certainly believe that neither of them ever played the violin so late into the night as they did whist. It was harmless enough, and good and bad jokes played just as great a part in it as the cards.

Towards the spring Liszt arrived in Leipsic fresh from his triumphs at Vienna and Prague, and revolutionized the quiet town. It will be remembered that in Paris he had excited Mendelssohn's highest admiration. At his first concert, as he glided along the platform of the orchestra to the piano, dressed in the most elegant fashion, and as lithe and slender as a tiger-cat, Mendelssohn said to me: "There's a novel apparition, the virtuoso of the 19th century." I need hardly describe the impression made by his playing. When

he played Schubert's "Erlkönig" half the people stood on their chairs. The Lucia-Fantasia turned everybody's head. With some other pieces, however, he was less successful—for instance, with Mendelssohn's D minor concerto, which had just appeared, and which he could neither read at sight nor find time to study with any care, so that people thought that the composer played it better himself. His performance of a part of the Pastoral Symphony in the same room where it had so often been heard with all its orchestral effects also did not meet with general approval. In the preface to his arrangement of the Beethoven Symphonies Liszt boldly declares that every effect can be reproduced on the modern piano. When Mendelssohn read this he said: "Well, if I could only hear the first eight bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony, with that delicate figure in the tenors, rendered on the piano as it sounds in the orchestra,—I would believe it."

It may easily be imagined that Liszt was fêted to the very utmost. Mendelssohn arranged a grand soirée at the Gewandhaus to which upwards of two hundred people were invited. It was partly a conversazione, partly a concert. I had the honour of taking part in a performance of Bach's concerto for three pianos. I myself entertained Liszt at a rather solemn dinner on the first floor of a fashionable hotel, and invited all the heads of the musical societies in the place to meet him. Some time afterwards, when we were talking over these heroic social deeds of ours, Mendelssohn was infinitely amused at hearing that my somewhat obscure fête, which had included such a small number of people, cost me much more than his grand demonstration. He had such a childishly naïve and good-natured way of laughing at anything of that sort, and really was never so pleasant as when he could be making a little fun of something or other.

At the last of the Gewandhaus Concerts I conducted my oratorio, the "Destruction of Jerusalem." I had sent Mendelssohn a finished sketch of it in the foregoing summer, and he at once took the warmest interest in it; it was certainly owing to his influence that, though the score was not yet even written, the oratorio should have been accepted for performance by the directors of the concerts. In the putting together of the words there was a great deal with which we were neither of us satisfied. One day he took the book of words home with him, and surprised me in the kindest way on Christmas Eve with a fresh and complete copy of it. I need not explain how useful his severe critical remarks were to my composition. One day when I thanked him he said: "I only show you what you would have found out for yourself in a few months." The oratorio had a very warm reception; but what gave me most pleasure was Mendelssohn's entire satisfaction. He sat amongst the audience with Cécile, and told me what pleasure he had felt not only in my music but also in the correct judgment of his wife, who had always picked out the best things. He also admitted that the work had a very peculiar colouring, and I only refer to this now because it has sometimes been spoken of as an imitation of the "Elijah," which was only completed six years later.

In the course of that winter Mendelssohn published a number of things, and amongst others his D minor trio. He went on correcting and altering it up to the last minute, and many of the plates had to be engraved over again. He also composed a good many new things. But what occupied him most of all was the "Hymn of Praise" which he had undertaken to compose for the celebration of the discovery of printing, in June 1840. How he managed to work in the midst of so many distractions it would be difficult to imagine but for his wonderful mental equanimity. In general he was completely master of his powers, though I do not mean to say that he could or would have composed at any moment—but he certainly often did so when one would least have expected it. "When I go into a painter's studio," he once said to me,

"I am often envious. It must be too nice to live all day entirely for one's work, as they do. But our independent way of spending our time has a great charm about it too." Of this independence he made the greatest use, and probably never spent his time alike two days running. One afternoon I found him particularly cheerful, and he said to me: "I have had such a satisfactory morning: I have been playing a great deal, all sorts of people's music, and yours too, and I have also been composing and writing. I mean to do this every day now!" And yet he hardly managed to do it a second time. It was his correspondence which actually took up most of his time. He must have written an incredible number of letters. But it was a pleasure to him to be in such general requisition, and he never complained of it. Everything he did he strove to do in the most perfect manner possible, down to the smallest details, and it was the same with his correspondence. It was delightful to watch him folding up a letter with the utmost care, and sealing it with evident satisfaction. Anyhow, he could always be certain of giving pleasure with it. Whatever hard work he had before him it never prevented him from occupying himself with something else up to the last minute. How often when I called for him to go to a concert where he had to play and conduct I would find him, in full dress, sitting quietly at the writing-table! It was just because he felt so secure in all that he did.

"How would you translate this?" he asked me one evening, and then read me a line out of one of Dante's Sonnets. His uncle Joseph (the eldest son of Moses Mendelssohn, who dedicated his "Morgenstunden" to him), a very highly-gifted man, and devoted to his latest years to study and self-culture, had sent him several of Dante's Sonnets from the "Vita Nuova," begging him to translate them for him in the form of the original. The nephew set to work with feverish eagerness, and as far as I could judge succeeded admirably. But after all he got more vexation than pleasure from it, for the old gentleman, with an uncle's want of consideration, had meanwhile made use of some other version, and Felix did not even get a word of thanks, whereat he greatly complained. I take this opportunity of saying that I feel sure that Felix must have written a considerable number of lyrical poems, though I do not know if he told his friends of it. If this be true, we may surely hope that a future time may bring them to light. They would certainly not be without some merit. Another partly literary work which occupied my friend for some time was an address to the King of Saxony. A sum of 20,000 thalers had been bequeathed to the King by a Leipsic gentleman, with the request that he would devote it to some artistic purpose. In conjunction with Von Falkenstein, then "Kreis director," now Minister, Mendelssohn drew up the plan for the organization of a Conservatoire, to which he added an entreaty that the King would devote the money to the foundation of the institution. It is well known that the Leipsic Conservatorium was opened in the year 1843, that Mendelssohn laboured enthusiastically for it, and that this school contributed greatly to the progress of musical life in Leipsic. It was equally Mendelssohn's doing that Hauptmann and Moscheles were appointed to posts there.

One evening I found Felix deep in the Bible. "Listen," he said; and then he read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings, beginning with the words, "And behold, the Lord passed by." "Would not that be splendid for an oratorio?" he exclaimed—and it did become part of the "Elijah."

In the midst of the manifold occupations and social meetings which he gladly took part in, and which he graced by his talent and his brilliant conversation, there would come days of exhaustion, even of depression. At such times visits from his friends, foremost among whom were David and Dr.

Schleinitz, would always do him good. Sometimes also he would amuse himself with doing little water-colour sketches —or he would read some poem of Goethe's, for instance, "Hermann and Dorothea" or "Iphigenie." The first of these he was especially fond of, and he would go into raptures over the deep feeling which penetrates the most insignificant things in this wonderful work. He said one day that the line, "Und es lobte darauf der Apotheker den Knaster" was enough to bring tears into one's eyes. He would also get out Jean Paul sometimes, and revel in his humour; one evening he read aloud to me out of Siebenkäs for at least an hour. But sleep was always his best cure. Several times I found him lying on the sofa before dinner, ready dressed, having been asleep for hours, after which he would awake with a capital appetite. A quarter of an hour after he would say with the air of a spoiled child, "I am still quite tired;" would lie down again, saying how delicious it was, stretch himself out, and in a few minutes be fast asleep again. "He can go on in that way for two days," Cécile said to me, "and then he is fresher than ever." Nature supplied him with the best cure—but unhappily it could not remain so always.

For his birthday we arranged a joke with which he was immensely delighted. The first occasion for it arose from the fact that his wife and her sister and myself were of the same nation, the free town of Frankfort being our common native-place. I wrote a little piece, or rather a couple of scenes, in Frankfort dialect, giving myself the part of the now typical "Hampelmann,"[1] Madame Mendelssohn was to represent my wife, and her sister my daughter. The story was somewhat slight, and ran as follows:—Fräulein Hampelmann is a very passionate lover of music, and in the first scene expresses a great wish to have pianoforte lessons from the celebrated Mendelssohn in Leipsic. After much discussion the papa is gained over, and the family prepare for the journey. The second scene opens in Mendelssohn's study, where he was represented by David with inimitable drollery. The costume was true to life, being the very coat which Mendelssohn wore at home, and he managed in all sorts of delightful ways to caricature our friend's movements and manner of speaking. The Hampelmann family are introduced to him, and very politely received. After some conversation Fräulein Hampelmann is made to play, and then Mendelssohn is at last induced to improvise, and this David did in the funniest way, imitating Mendelssohn in his movements more than in his thoughts. Finally this good-natured, but not very artistic family, is sent home again in the most civil manner possible. I had made the Hampelmann ladies, in their excessively limited knowledge of musical matters, say all manner of malicious things, which were taken up as agreeably as they were harmlessly meant.

When our life had become a little quieter so that we often spent the evenings at home, Mendelssohn proposed that we should improvise on given poems. We read and played in turns, each declaiming for the other, and found it a most amusing and exciting pastime. Heaven only knows how many poems of Schiller, Goethe, and Uhland had to serve us for musical illustrations. After one of my improvisations Mendelssohn said to me, "I can't imagine how you can ever for a moment feel any doubt about your musical gifts;" and these words often afterwards in sad moments rung with consolation in my ears. During my subsequent stay in Dresden I had the opportunity of continuing this practice with my friend Edward Devrient, who perhaps declaimed better than anyone else, certainly more musically. In this way we could give great pleasure, and as an amusing social diversion, I have often, even up to the present time, amused myself over this game with some friend or other, and it always recalls the happy times when we first began it.

We had many serious conversation

[1] "Hampelmann" is the name of the typical Frankfort burgher, a favourite character in farces.

together that winter, and I very much regret that I did not note down some of my friend's sayings. But when one is living in affluence one does not easily think of putting by. A few things which I happen to remember may find room here. After the performance of a most prosaic symphony, which met with a very cold reception, he said to me, "We have successfully conquered the Philistines now, but it remains to be seen whether our art be not still more threatened from the opposite direction." Once when I was speaking of the happiness that lay in the conviction of so many people whom one highly esteemed being kindly disposed towards one, he grew very warm upon the subject, and said, "It is certainly the best thing that one has. When I am thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, I think of such and such a person who has shown himself a friend to me, and say to myself, 'You can't be in such a bad way, after all, if such men are fond of you.'" One day, speaking of his adherents and his opponents, he said that he could perfectly understand that certain musicians who took up a very stern line, considered him half a deserter, and so many of those of his compositions which met with most favour must appear to them frivolous, compared to former ones, so that they might say he had forsaken his better style. With all the earnestness of his character, it was especially disagreeable to him when people treated serious things with exaggeration. "I had a visit from a Belgian author this morning," he told me, a few hours later; "the man really has an astounding flow of talk, and said several good things. But when he was gone, and I began to think it over, I found that it might have been expressed much better in the very simplest way—therefore why use such big words? why want to appear so deep?" It is this simplicity, always exemplified in his works, which makes them appear shallow to those people who take bombastic nonsense for depth. There is no shallowness to be found in Mendelssohn's works, but rather in those which are too shallow to contain the beauty of simplicity. Once at dinner, when we were talking about Beaumarchais' comedies, which he greatly admired, he said, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais;" so I got it for him and wrote inside it, "One really ought to have Beaumarchais (Mendelssohn's table talk)."

One peculiarity of his, which I have already alluded to, was his way of suddenly jumping to something very comic or very serious in the midst of a quiet conversation. One afternoon when we were lounging about in the promenades, he turned upon me all at once with the question: "Do you believe in the progress of humanity?" "How, in what way do you mean?" I said, with some surprise. "Well," he answered, "I don't speak of machines, and railways, and all those things, but I ask if you think that mankind becomes better and more remarkable as time goes on?" I do not now remember what conclusion we came to.

It was always from the way in which he had been *taught* that he drew his reasons for everything which he did, or did not do. In his scores for choruses he used the C clef, keeping the alto part also in the soprano clef. This rather bothered me, and I once reproached him for the inconsistency of such a proceeding, upon which he answered, "You are perfectly right, but it is not my fault. It was Zelter's way, and I accustomed myself to it from the very first." His lovely musical handwriting he said he owed to his friend Rietz the violinist, who died young, and was the elder brother of Julius Rietz, the Concertmeister. He sometimes told me about his studies with Zelter, and how they were generally carried on peripatetically in the garden behind his father's house. What he told me of them confirmed me in the opinion which Marx expressed as follows: "When Zelter became Mendelssohn's master, he merely put a fish into the water, and let it swim away as it liked." With all his love for his old master, the remembrance of the following fact always made him angry. Some years before Felix's birth,

his father, who was a friend of Zelter's, gave the latter a great quantity of Bach's Cantatas in the original manuscripts; and when Felix became his pupil, Zelter used sometimes to take him to the closet where these treasures were stored up, and show them to him, saying, "There they are; just think of all that is hidden in there!" But poor Felix, though he thirsted for these costly treasures, was never once allowed to look inside them, and taste them. Anyhow, these things would have been better cared for in Mendelssohn's hands than in Zelter's.

Mendelssohn was very fond of repeating any funny expression or word over and over again till it became a joke. As in former years he had amused himself with calling me "Old Drama," so now during this winter, for a long time, he always addressed me with the words, "Hail, Zedekiah!" out of a chorus from the "Destruction of Jerusalem." Or else it would be a passage out of some pianoforte piece which he liked, and which he would always be bringing up again, and playing to me when it was furthest from my thoughts.

I also have pleasant recollections of the walks which we often took with David, on clear, cold days, far out into the Rosenthal. We used to stop at one of the cafés there, and Mendelssohn would indulge in his latest, but as I believe, very passing, passion for billiards. Whether he was as clever at that as at anything else I could not judge, for though I lived for years in the land of billiards, I knew nothing of the game.

It may seem strange that I should not have mentioned Schumann, whom Mendelssohn thought so highly of, but at that time he lived in greater retirement than usual, and hardly ever left his room. His paper, his songs, but above all his future marriage with Clara Wieck, completely occupied him; his bride came but seldom to Leipsic that winter, but a few years afterwards at Dresden I enjoyed a great deal of pleasant and intimate intercourse with the famous pair.

Everyone knows how happy Mendelssohn was at home. His beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household, and reminded one of a Rafael Madonna. Little Carl, the eldest child, amused us intensely with his first attempts at speaking. Cécile's family, charming people, were in and out all day, and the whole atmosphere was a sort of rivalry of amiability and affection,—it was altogether a period of happiness which falls to the share of but few mortals. We laughed much when Cécile told us how as she came out of a concert at the Gewandhaus she had heard two women close by her talking about her and pitying her because "her husband was so cruel, inhuman, and barbarous to her!"

All this time, though I was very much occupied with my work, and looking forward with anxiety to the first performance of the oratorio, I could feel and enjoy to the utmost the happiness which Mendelssohn's affection and esteem imparted to me. And at last, when my labours were crowned by an entirely unbiassed success, the concluding days of my stay in Leipsic became some of the happiest in my life. On the 2nd of April, 1840, the "Destruction of Jerusalem" was performed for the first time at a concert given at the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the poor. The chorus and orchestra were capital; Frau Livia Frege, whose lovely and expressive singing can never be forgotten by any who had the good fortune to hear her, Fräulein Sophie Schloss, with her fine sympathetic voice, the clever tenor, Schmidt, and a very cultivated amateur baritone, undertook the solos. The audience was most enthusiastic, and next morning the amiable publisher, Kistner, secured the work as his property—what more could I want? I returned full of gratitude to my native town, which I had left with such a sad heart, and from there went on to Italy, where my bride awaited me.

To be continued.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PROGRESS—LAST OF ST. BEDE'S—THE DEAR BISHOP—SKETCH—FAREWELL—MY OWN BUSINESS—INTERVIEW WITH SOLICITOR—HOPEFUL—FRIENDS OLD AND NEW—MR. VERNEY AGAIN—MY AUNT SUSAN—HELP—A PROFESSION—WORK AT LAST—A CITY PANIC—COLVIN AND CAVANDER—FAILURE—FLIGHT—SIR JOHN'S LAST ILLNESS.

AUSTIN soon put my affairs in train. One Saturday afternoon he placed in my hands the name and address of a certain solicitor's firm, in whose peculiar province lay the work necessary for forwarding such a case as mine. To Ladbrook, Lewson, and Son, therefore, I at once wrote, making an appointment for the following Monday.

One day more remained to me at St. Bede's, which, indeed, I was loth to quit. Still, if there were one lesson more than another which I had been taught by the recent shock, it was that of shaking off sloth, and rousing myself to fight for my own existence in the struggle of life.

Fortunately the weapons were to hand. I had a doughty squire in Austin, and, in Julie, a fair lady to bestow the wreath; but the squire does not fight the knight's battle, nor do the brave who "deserve" the fair invariably win her. The prize is to the victor.

Therefore, much as I would have liked to have stayed within the precincts of St. Bede's, to have continued theological studies, to have argued and reasoned with Austin on his doubts and difficulties, and, above all, to have gathered from the religious instruction given in the College, such a realization of existence as would set before me the highest motives even in the most ordinary occupations of duty, I was unable to do so now. Yet I had seen enough to know that the teaching at St. Bede's was tainted throughout with partisanship. This was a necessity of its position as a theological seminary for men of certain opinions in the Church of England—men who were by birth and education Protestant, but, by taste, Catholic.

Fettered by the Articles, whose sense he would explain away until they were reduced to nonsense; fettered by his collegiate superior's caution and timidity; fettered by his "dear Bishop's" want of boldness and candour; fettered by his own disinclination to break with his party, his College, or his Bishop—the Vice-Principal, Mr. Glyde, must have had a trying time at St. Bede's.

The "dear Bishop," Dr. Trimmer, was an optimist. He acted and spoke as though he considered himself the best man for the place, and doubtless looked upon his appointment, as, so to speak, a triumph in the dispensations of Providence, in regard to the Church of England. His Lordship occasionally regretted his being insular, and not œcumenical. He would have liked to have shaken hands all round the Christian world, without yielding a point in his own belief or practice, to Pope, Emperor, or President of a Conference. But, on the other hand he would have had them acknowledge him the Right Rev. Thomas Trimmer, D.D., to be a real and true Bishop, as real and as true as the Pope himself, about the validity of whose orders it would be, manifestly, suicidal to entertain a doubt.

The Bishop had a full-flavoured story

for wavering young men as to how he (the Bishop) had been recognised in his episcopal capacity by an eminent Prelate of the Gallican Church; but the story, being subsequently tested, only showed that the latter eminent Prelate having made the acquaintance of Dr. Trimmer, and finding him called Bishop and "my Lord," had naturally, and courteously, so styled him, but without having in any way expressed his opinion as to the reality of his existence as a veritable Bishop of the Catholic Church, on which matter it may be supposed the French Bishop was charitably and politely silent. But the superficial story was good enough for Dr. Trimmer's purpose and such weak-minded candidates for orders as were contented to take him at his own valuation.

The Bishop was an "all-round" man, physically and morally. Anglicanism was associated in his ideas with angularity, and he wished the sharp points to be worn down by intercourse with outsiders.

He was, according to his scriptural authority for so being, "constant in season and out of season." I do not know how *he* read this text in *all* its bearings, but his Lordship on a cob was certainly an institution in Rotten Row for the two most fashionable months in the London year; and his nag's hoofs splashed up more mud, or threw up more dust, than that of any rider, clerical or lay, in that assembly. Of course it was necessary he should be in town, for his seat on horseback by way of exercise was only a corollary of his seat in the Upper House.

"The "dear Bishop" visited St. Bede's on the last Sunday of my stay. Dr. Trimmer looked the after-dinner Bishop to the life. His sermons were admirable, but his speeches on festive occasions were better. He invariably "improved the occasion," and never forgot the Bishop, while playing the charming guest. He set young men at their ease immediately with a cordial shake of the hand.

It could not have been more cordial had his Lordship known the person for many years. As a matter of fact, an old friend, perhaps, would have received the same sort of shake from his Lordship. It was his way of greeting: it was a hearty way: it was a taking way, specially with young men, when the grasp of affection was given by a Bishop. And by such a Bishop too!

The Right Reverend Dr. Trimmer scandalised some of the more fervent spirits at St. Bede's by his method of performing the Communion Service. He would stand in the old-fashioned Protestant way at the north side of the table, with the Principal of St. Bede's at the south.

The exact position of "the celebrant" was a little uncertain at St. Bede's. The Vice-Principal, in the College chapel, would stand with his back to the small congregation of students, and would contrive to make the service resemble, as much as possible, what I have since ascertained to be a "Low Mass." The Principal, who, for the sake of his influential subordinate, did not like to adhere too closely to the old, and on his own account did not care about yielding in all points to the new style, adopted a half-and-half fashion, which was neither one thing nor the other, but a shuffling *via media*. He stood at the corner of the table, so that he presented his back to a part of the congregation on his left, and his profile to the other part on his right. Had it been possible for the three—Bishop, Principal, and Vice—to have officiated at the same time, in the same capacity, there would have been room enough for the trio, arranged thus, each according to his views. The Bishop at the north end, sideways to the congregation, as of old. The Principal with the corner of the table fitting into his lowest waistcoat button, representing in himself the transitional state; and the Vice-Principal in front with his back to the congregation. The last would have said the service *sotto voce*, the second in a moderate tone, and the first would have given it out *ore rotundo*, with immense unction, with a special enjoy-

ment of the commandments and the offertory sentences.

It seemed as if a new proverb had been invented specially for St. Bede's, founded, in sound at all events, upon the old one which declares "possession" to be "nine points of the law;" here the pupils were to read it thus—"position is nine points of the Gospel."

St. Bedesmen, with no ideas of their own, must have quitted the College with very confused notions on most subjects in which they had come there to be specially instructed. A want of certainty was felt throughout the place. Little could be taught with authority. One eminent divine contradicted another on essentials. Austin Comberwood sighed and smiled over his summing-up of the teaching at St. Bede's, as he bade me farewell for the present, and wished me success in the prosecution of my inquiries.

Mr. Lewson, junior partner in Ladbrook, Lewson, and Son, heard my statement, made his notes, took down such names in my recital as might be of service to him, and promised to use all diligence in order to bring about a favourable result.

The difficulties were not insuperable, but they were certainly difficulties of a sufficiently grave nature to make him cautious of expressing himself in too sanguine terms as to my future.

The case lay in a nutshell.

My father had married in Wales. This was not disputed on either side. I had seen the register.

Had my father re-married, his first wife being still alive?

Who was the woman called Sarah Wingrove, at whose death I had been present at St. Winifrid's Hospital?

"Who," asked Mr. Lewson, "on that occasion gave the information as to her name?"

This for the first time brought into the subject the mention of Mr. Venn, *alias* Dr. Venn Falkner.

Premising that much of what I had to say might appear to Mr. Lewson foreign to the inquiry, I gave, as briefly as possible, all my knowledge concerning Mr. Venn, not omitting the episodes of the mysterious woman, his questioning me as a boy, his interest in my mother's family name, and many other matters which had evidently deeply impressed me at the time, and which only required an extra exertion of the memory to reproduce.

"Venn," observed Mr. Lewson, thoughtfully, "seems to have been an active agent in this affair. And he knew Mr. Cavander." He considered awhile, and then he asked me—

"Was Dr. Venn Falkner ever proceeded against for that fraud upon your club funds at the University?"

No, I did not think he had been.

"Um!" said Mr. Lewson, meditatively. Then he brightened up.

"I think to a certain extent our way is pretty clear. I shall put the case in trustworthy hands, and all that can be ascertained about these parties shall be in our hands in a few weeks, it may be in a few days."

I thanked him heartily.

"The difficulty I have hitherto experienced in similar cases," continued Mr. Lewson, "in consequence of the laxity of official system years ago in our colonies, would surprise anyone accustomed to the regularity of our home proceedings. Things are different *now*, it is true; but it is not, unfortunately, with the present we have to deal. Why it was only recently I had to apply, for a burial certificate, to a department of the United States, and the trouble it was to procure it, for the books had been changed, or lost, or mutilated, or had been taken away by a retiring official and not demanded by his successor, or at all events something or other prevented our getting at the document in question for so long a time that the case seemed on the point of breaking down altogether, when an accident crowned our efforts with success. May it be so in this instance."

Thus chatting Mr. Lewson inspired me with hope. He went on—

"I do not say in a short time, but without any unreasonable delay, we shall be able, I have little doubt, to

establish her identity beyond question."

He read over to me his list of witnesses, which included the names of Dr. Poddely, Mr. and Mrs. Verney, and that of the clergyman who had celebrated the marriage in Wales, Nurse Davis, and Mr. Venn, *alias* Dr. Venn Falkner.

It became a question with me now—for really I seemed alone in the world—whether I should go for a lodging to Uncle Van's, Mrs. Gander's at the Dairy, or rely upon Uncle Herbert.

The last-mentioned, however, generally being occupied in "hanging up his hat" in somebody else's house, had seldom even a *pied à terre* in London.

As for Mrs. Gander's—well, Polly and her husband would have been glad enough to see me; but Nurse Davis was no longer there, and Julie had of course returned to her friend Mrs. Burdon.

The Burdons! Yes, to them I would go. Uncle Herbert had advised me to call upon them merely as a matter of civility, but now there was a stronger reason for my paying them a visit.

I should see Julie. This I knew to be the secret influence at work, but I studiously ignored its existence, reminding myself that Mrs. Burdon took a deep interest in my welfare and sympathised with me in my present trouble.

Besides, Julie could assist me here, for I had promised to send her father's address to Messrs. Ladbrook and Co.

Mrs. Bob was at home, and Julie was with her as her companion. Uncle Herbert was not staying with them in town. He only used their house, or yacht, in the country. In London he resided at the Pantheon Club Chambers, where Mrs. Bob was of opinion it would be more convenient for me to stay than at her house, though she would be delighted to offer me hospitality, supposing Uncle Herbert unable to put me up.

I forwarded Mr. Verney's address to my solicitor. Had I been consulting the newspapers lately, I should have discovered that Mr. Verney had appeared in London as a manager, and was about to produce *the* celebrated play written by his eldest daughter Beatrice Sarah, entitled *The Wife's Vengeance.*

Beatrice Sarah had married a Mr. Farley, a pleasant, amiable man, in his prime, of a liberal disposition, and with plenty of money with which to be liberal. The Drama was a hobby of his. In fact, it was with Mr. Farley's capital that my esteemed friend Mr. Verney had opened his theatre. At this time the glossiness of Mr. Verney's hat, the brilliancy of his overcoat, with a flower in the button-hole, and the brightness of his gloves and boots, were things to be seen and remembered hereafter.

He was the picture of a successful theatrical manager, *before* he had ever admitted the public to his theatre. He gave a dinner to the Burlington Lambs, at which you may be sure Pipkison was to be present as Vice, with a happy speech in honour of the occasion and genuinely hearty good wishes for his host's future. When Pipkison turns up in this record, slight as my mention is of him at this time, yet on no other mere acquaintance does my memory dwell with so much pleasure. The even tenor of his life's way must have been envied by many, while he was never envious of any one, no matter to what heights of good fortune his friend might attain, perhaps at Pipkison's expense or over Pipkison's shoulders, who might have even bowed to give him, as it were, a back, and so lost by politeness. But pleasant as is the recollection, I have no time now to dwell on Pipkison. He has reappeared at this point in connection with this invitation to the Burlington Lambs' dinner and Mr. Verney.

Mrs. Verney, with whom Mr. Lewson and myself had an interview, certainly did not do much to keep up the outward managerial dignity of her husband. But what she did do within the four walls of that theatre saved, in the future, Mr. Verney many hundreds, and prevented him from what he called "launching out," which apparently meant spending money in every con-

ceivable way without any advantage accruing from the outlay. He was inclined to dismiss small bills, or mean-looking items, with a wave of the hand. His Treasurer would see to this; his Manager to that; his Secretary to something else; his Under-manager to so and so; his Wardrobe-keeper "to those sort of things," and so forth; and Mr. Verney within a very short time would have been surrounded by such a swarm of flies, as would have sucked up all the honey, had it not been for hardworking Mrs. Verney, who was here, there, and everywhere, sweeping out, diving in, cutting up dresses, cutting down expenses, seeing that no cats were on the establishment that didn't catch mice; and, in short, being the real life and soul of the business.

Her memory was perfect of the circumstances of Sarah Wingrove's death. She corroborated Dr. Poddely: as did Mr. Verney, who finding himself of importance, and likely to become a witness in an important trial, at once gave us, as it were, a sort of rehearsal of himself in the witness box, occasionally varying the entertainment to suppose the questions put by the judge, the counsel, and the jury, who were all finally to compliment him on the admirable manner in which he had given his evidence.

"And on the whole," he summed up, "it would be a remarkably good advertisement for the theatre." With this view he quite looked forward to a trial. Mr. Lewson rather damped his ardour by hinting at the improbability of this case ever coming into court, whereupon he ceased to take so much interest in it as he hitherto had until it suddenly occurred to him that there were certain incidents in my story which would make a good plot for a drama, with a great part for himself and daughter. From this moment he devoted himself to my cause with all his heart and soul.

Uncle Herbert was in new quarters. He had undertaken to act as warming-pan in a house which his brother-in-law, Philip Waring, who had married my dear Aunt Susan, to whom I had always been most sincerely attached, had recently taken. Thus it came about that Uncle Herbert was able to let me occupy his chambers until my relatives should arrive. On their taking up their residence in town, they at once, and most warmly, espoused my cause. Aunt Susan, who, I had always heard, nearly resembled my mother, was for most violent measures against Cavander.

It was in vain she attempted to see her brother-in-law. My father was too ill: and it was reported that he scarcely ever left his room, and we also heard that Lady Colvin was unremitting in her attentions to him.

Mr. Lewson pointed out to our family party, now split up into two factions—the Van Clyms on one side, and the Warings and Herbert Pritchard on the other—that there must be a certain amount of delay consequent upon the obtaining possession of the Australian registration. That this being once in our hands, coupled with such evidence as we were already able to produce, our case would be so complete as to render any attempt at litigation utterly absurd.

"In the meantime," said Aunt Susan, "Cecil must get to work. We won't," she added, looking at Uncle Herbert, "have another idler in the family."

"Certainly not," assented Uncle Herbert, stretching himself on a fauteuil.

"Therefore Philip agrees with me that Cecil had better become a barrister. We'll arrange it all; only you" (this to me) "must promise to work."

"There's no good to be done without work," observed my Uncle Waring, decisively. "Herbert and myself will be your sponsors, and you shall enter at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple next week. There you'll keep your terms; you won't have so many to keep as a non-university man, and you'll read with an old college friend of mine, who's a great man now. I'll put you in his chambers, and the rest remains with yourself."

I was only too delighted at such a prospect.

What a letter I wrote to Austin! My Colvin impulse stood me in good stead

for a start, and for many a month there was not a more persevering pupil in Mr. Birkett's chambers than your humble servant. Nay, I endeavoured to draw Austin towards the law, but he had, so he wrote, elected his course, though his letter on this important subject did not contain positive information.

Mr. Lewson was right. It was a very long time before we could get anything like satisfactory information from Australia.

In the meanwhile events came about in the city which affected the fortunes of many families. From Uncle Herbert we had frequently heard how Mr. Cavander had been engaged in such gigantic operations, which were not only out of the regular legitimate business of the firm, but were of too speculative a nature for any but a most solidly-founded business concern, and dangerous for even that. Had they all been successful Mr. Cavander, it is true, would have been *fêted* as the Emperor of Finance, would have lent money to crowned heads, to royal families, would have purchased constituencies, bought lands and a title, and have been spoken of with admiration by all. But, unfortunately, they were not successful. The whole chain stretching across a channel was solid, the hooks firm, but the staple at one end, which appeared to be the strongest possible, yielded to pressure, suddenly parted company with the cliff, and came down heavily, bringing the chain and the other staple with it in its fall. Its weight carried it to the bottom of the river, and every link in that chain representing small and large firms, steady or speculative houses of business, agencies, bill discounters, shareholders, capitalists, and hopeful investors, disappeared at once and for ever. Divers might, perhaps, some time hence, bring it in parts up again to the surface, but for the present the breaking of that staple was the total disappearance of all the links.

Circling wider and wider round the place where it had fallen, spread the effects of the panic.

With several other houses, "Colvin and Cavander" was ruined.

Ruined utterly. Other firms could face—nay could court—inquiry, but this one could not. And an inquiry was held, but Cavander, long ere this, had fled. He had expected such a crash, had anticipated it as a part of his speculation to be calculated among other chances, and was prepared not to face it, but to fly from it; and he had fled.

But more important results followed, so damaging to the reputation of Colvin and Cavander, that never again could that firm rear its head in the city. Within a few days a warrant had been issued for the arrest of James Cavander.

Langoran House was a desolation. Lady Colvin, to whom a considerable property had been secured, was still the nurse at my father's bedside. My aunts, both Mrs. Van Clym and Susan Waring, insisted on being admitted.

Lady Colvin permitted them to have their way, and I took the first opportunity now afforded me of re-entering Langoran House—my home.

Ah! as I stood in the hall, and paused to think what might have been, and what was—of what I might have been, and what I had not been: of my time thrown away, frittered away as to some of the best of the earliest years, I blamed only myself—and yet, at that moment, I seemed to vow, that, should I ever be the father of children, and left with one, or more, alone, as my father had been left with me, my companionship and example should, from my son's earliest years, make me his guide and his friend, as well as his father. What might interest my boy should interest me; what I could teach, he should learn. Religion, inculcating love, should be the basis of education.

Thus meditating, I ascended to my father's door.

Already before the events above recorded, his memory had become seriously impaired.

Of the great ruin he knew nothing.

Lady Colvin was most assiduous in her attentions. For once there was a

truce between us, and we watched and nursed together.

One thing deeply grieved me. It was that I had never had the opportunity of speaking to my father on the subject of religion.

It was too late now.

Mrs. Clym came several times, and read chapters from the Bible and "occasional prayers" to him. But as far as we could ascertain, he could neither follow her reading, nor comprehend her meaning. He was aware of her presence, and appeared rather annoyed at it. That was all. The clergyman of the parish, too, having been thereto urged by Mrs. Van Clym, paid my poor father an official visit. The worthy, well-meaning man was unable to do anything. My father smiled at him, and feebly held out his hand under the evident impression that his visitor was a doctor, who had come to feel his pulse. But had the poor invalid been in the possession of his faculties, of what avail would a clergyman have been? Words of consolation? Well, other unofficial Christians could have said as much, and said them better.

No, I thought of Austin's reasoning, and of what I had heard at St. Bede's: and I called to mind the death-scene of Sarah Wingrove, as described by Dr. Poddely.

One day, it was the tenth of my regular attendance at Langoran House, a ray of intelligence shone in his eyes. He had slept well, and seemed to have gathered strength from his repose. It was a lovely morning as he opened his eyes, and made a movement with his hands, by which I understood him to express a wish to be raised up on his pillows.

Lady Colvin was still sleeping.

The nurse assisted me, and we placed him in a more comfortable position.

The sun streamed in through the blinds, and the light fell on the foot of the bed. The nurse was for drawing the curtain, but her intention seemed to be anticipated by my father, who whispered in my ear, "No, no," and a minute afterwards he murmured, "Light, light." I directed the nurse to pull up the blind, and to lower it immediately if it should be found too strong for his eyes. This seemed to please him, as, on seeing the clear sunlight, he smiled, and gently pressed my hand. Then he sighed deeply.

For a few seconds he was restless, turning his head, and moving his hands as if in search of something. Then, what was the greatest grief to me, he tried to whisper in my ear a connected speech. Thrice he failed in his attempt.

There was something that troubled him, and of which he would have disburdened himself. But it was not to be. After the third effort he himself appeared to be aware that what was now unsaid must so remain unto the end. Once again he whispered faintly. One word, "air." The nurse opened the windows, and from below arose the hum of the streets, the careless song and cry, and the rumbling of vehicles.

Then, as he seemed to wish for more support, I passed my arm behind him, and so lifted him that he lay more on my shoulder than his pillow.

I saw now it was but a question of minutes, perhaps seconds.

The nurse went noiselessly for Lady Colvin.

We were alone.

Unrestrained, from my heart, and with all my heart, I prayed aloud, fervently. The prayer of prayers alone rose to my lips, and I then realized something of its wealth of meaning, of its applicability to every circumstance of life, of the divine force of its petitions; and, inspired by its words, a fire of faith, hope, and love, seemed to glow in my heart.

"Thy will be done."

My father's lips moved, and he turned his head towards me. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

I felt, once again, the gentle pressure of his hand; our souls were together in communion, pleading before God, and we understood each other at last.

Then he drew a long, deep, cavernous breath, his hold on me relaxed, and he lay back against my arm, on his pillow. Dead.

CHAPTER XL.

TITLED OR UNTITLED?—WORK—MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME—LADY COLVIN—DR. VENN FALKNER REAPPEARS—USEFUL—A REVELATION—DIFFICULTIES DISAPPEAR—SETTLED—JULIE—AUSTIN ONCE MORE—BROTHER AND SISTER—MEMENTO OF A FIRST MEETING AT RINGHURST—END OF THE RECORD OF THE MEMBER OF THE COLVIN FAMILY.

After father's decease a considerable time elapsed before my case progressed another stage.

As Mr. Lewson had predicted, there were many Australian difficulties arising out of carelessness, change of officials, accidents to the books, and so forth, until at length we began to imagine the registry of death as a piece of evidence unobtainable.

In the meanwhile I was employing myself in chambers, and working as I had never worked before.

I had an object in view. I began to understand the value of Time, of money, and, under the tuition of my best and kindest friends, my Aunt Susan and her husband, Mrs. Bob, and Uncle Herbert (who, if he would not take his own advice and act upon it, was prepared to give it on all occasions, and it was well worth having), I acquired a knowledge of the responsibilities of life, and learned to appreciate the worth of labour.

At my father's death, in consequence of the failure of Colvin and Cavander, I was left without a shilling. Lady Colvin was comparatively well off. She made me no offer of assistance, nor could I have accepted any at her hands.

The fact of my inheritance of the title was now in dispute: and my friends hastened to make good my claim. For my part, I saw nothing in the empty honour, and would willingly have relinquished it. In justice, however, of course I had no option but to substantiate my legitimacy.

About this time Mr. Lewson sent for me in haste. He had been concerned for a man named Vere, who had been recently tried for forgery and found guilty. Whereupon, at the close of the case, a detective had volunteered some further statements concerning the prisoner, against whom, it appeared, there had been a warrant issued years ago, when bearing the name of Geare, or Geere. And being a clergyman of the Church of England, he had committed a forgery on Owen Brothers, merchants, of Shrewsbury. The evidence further went on to show, that, in consequence of some delay in the proceedings, when the capture was to have been effected, it was discovered that Mr. Geare had disappeared.

From that day to this he had not been heard of, but a woman to whom he had promised marriage in England, with whose little property he had decamped, had come forward to swear to the identity of the prisoner, now calling himself Vere, with the man whom she had known as Geere or Geare.

This man, on being now convicted and sentenced, had confided to Mr. Lewson his confession, and had requested to be allowed to see me.

Vere, *alias* Geare, was Mr. Venn—Dr. Venn Falkner.

What he had to tell me was very important.

He had, as he had formerly informed me, been a clergyman in Wales. He had married Mr. Colvin to one Sarah Wingrove, one of a strolling company of players.

Sarah Wingrove encouraged the attentions of only two out of many admirers. One was a Mr. James Cavander, and the other Mr. John Colvin. These two young gentlemen were apparently great friends, the former being some years older than the latter.

"That Cavander never intended marriage was," Venn said, "quite certain. He was too ambitious and clever for that. That he was as deeply in love with Sarah Wingrove—that is, as far as such a man can be in love with any woman—is equally certain. He was thwarted in his scheme by the simplicity and impulsiveness of his young

companion, who, ignorant of a seducer's arts and of the consequences of the false step he was about to take, married the strolling actress. Their union was kept a profound secret. I think in all this Cavander had his own designs. I know I had mine. It was Cavander who helped me out of the country when the forged draft on Owen Brothers was discovered; and for some time I was in frequent communication with him."

Venn's confession now went on to relate, circumstantially, how in Australia he had come across Susan Wingrove, twin sister of Sarah, and, foreseeing that, at some future time, the relationship might be of considerable service to him, he married her. She had a little money of her own: but, as might be expected, their union was not a happy one. Both sisters, Sarah and Susan, seemed to have lived a dissipated, idle life, and in throwing off the exercise of their religion (they had been brought up by Catholic parents, who had, unfortunately, died while the girls were still children) they had rapidly deteriorated, and had gradually developed that craving for excitement which tries to satisfy itself with stimulants.

This fatal disease soon led to a separation between Mr. Colvin and Sarah, who went out to Australia, where she joined her sister (during the protracted absence of Venn himself from his own home), in whose house she died. There were present at her death the two Verneys and Dr. Poddely. Her sister Susan attested the entry of the correct name in the registry, and before Mr. Venn returned, she had herself written to Mr. Cavander, of Owen Brothers, Shrewsbury, to inform him of the death of Mrs. Colvin, or as by that time she would have been Lady John Colvin, though of this, both Venn and his wife were ignorant.

This information Mr. Cavander must have imparted to Sir John, who placed implicit faith in his confidential friend, and within a few years Sir John married Miss Pritchard.

Mr. Venn returned after a while to England, leaving his wife to her fate in Australia. Her intemperate habits rendered her unfit for his purposes, whether as a tool, or a confederate. Having had a good education, Mr. Venn obtained his situation at Old Carter's by certain means, in the use of which he was by this time an adept. Here he came across me, and was naturally interested in my family affairs.

The appearance of his wife, who had contrived to follow him and discover him in England, suggested a new fraud, and one in which he could protect himself by involving another, who had once befriended him, and on whose cherished hate for the man who had been his successful rival, Venn felt sure he could count.

He was right. Cavander's whole course had been taken with one fixed aim—there could apparently be no other, so every transaction that has since come to light seems to show—and that was, my father's ruin. He hated him with a vindictive, fiendish hate. And he hated *me;* I felt it instinctively the moment I first saw him in the office, when I was a boy. His one object was his own, and his family's, aggrandisement; he would secure his sister's rights; he would see me displaced; he would make himself the firm, and then leave his senior partner to get on, as best he could, without him.

Venn acknowledged that on the occasion when I had seen himself and wife with Mr. Cavander in Kensington Gardens, they were arranging how the fraud was to be accomplished. Susan's likeness to her sister was the stock in hand. Unfortunately, she herself could not be trusted with their secret.

They hit upon this scheme. Sir John, who had never recovered the shock of hearing of his wife being alive: and who was totally ignorant of the existence of a twin sister, was carefully reminded by Cavander of the outrageous habits of Sarah Wingrove, of her fatal propensity for drink, and how indulgence changes the expression, and makes awful ravages in the most lovely features.

Premising this, Cavander offered to show Sir John the very Sarah Wingrove whom he had married in Wales, and who was now the one legitimate Lady John Colvin.

My father saw her: the unhappy woman had been carefully plied with drink, and Venn himself was on the spot to testify to the identity of this woman with the one to whom he had married Sir John years ago.

Changed slightly, and for the worse, Sir John saw and recognized, as he thought, the woman to whom he had been once so passionately attached.

From that day he was a broken man. From that day Cavander did as he pleased in my father's house, and in the office.

Sir John could scarcely bear me in his sight. Now, the past was explained.

The accident which brought about the death of Susan at St. Winifrid's, in the presence of my father, freed him, and bound Venn to the lie. He lived abroad on Cavander's bounty for some time, but at length this failed, and then he returned to England with a false German diploma, and practised on the gullibility of Cowbridge undergraduates.

When, on decamping with the club funds, he had offered me information which would be of the greatest possible service to me, he had done so in good faith; and the confession which, through Mr. Lewson, he had placed in my hands, was but the amplification of what he would have given me long before had I been willing to accept it.

The Verneys remember all the case perfectly, for Sarah Wingrove turned out to be the very girl of whom Mrs. Verney had been so jealous on that northern circuit, of which she would have spoken more frequently, but that her husband had assured her that the allusion pained him considerably. They too were witnesses to the extraordinary resemblance between the two sisters; and they could swear that it was Susan who entered the room and stood by her dead sister Sarah's bed.

Cavander's admission could not be obtained. We did not however require it. For the man himself, I believe, he is past the justice of human law. He lived and grew rich in California, and was one morning found on his face before his own door. He had probably been murdered with a sling shot, as there was one wound found behind the ear.

His wife had died, so my Aunt Clym informed me, in an asylum, knowing nothing of her husband's crimes. His sister, Lady Colvin, had no desire to contest my claims. Satisfied with the evidence, she soon retired from the field, and we saw her no more.

And so progressed my time, and in my diary I was able day by day to note down satisfactory results. Our name had to be made once more, not on 'Change, but at the bar.

I shrank from no work. I was determined to deserve the kindness of those who, whatever my fortune or misfortune might have been, would never have deserted me.

I worked, as it were, to repay them the interest in their outlay.

My Time past had been, save for the latter part, Time lost. The remainder of the life of Cecil Colvin must be making up for lost time.

I had lived entirely for myself—now for others. And need I say for whom it is the happiness of my life to work? who is my comfort in sorrow, my adviser in difficulties, my sympathiser in every variation of joy or grief? who, but Julie, my little Julie, my wife.

We were by the seaside, Julie and I. Our choice of a watering-place out of the season, for it was the week before Easter, was guided by certain judicious reasons. Both of us preferred the quiet drowsiness of the sea-beach to the excitement and gaiety of a lounger's promenade. This alone would have been enough to have prevented our spending even a week at Brompton-by-the-Sea. But our arrival was in answer to a

letter from Austin Comberwood, received long since, who, congratulating me on my marriage, and on the successful issue out of my difficulties, informed me that he had become a Catholic, and having determined on trying his vocation for the priesthood, he was now studying as a novice in a Religious House, belonging to the Mission at Lullingham, where, should our journeyings take us so far, he hoped to see us.

Thus it came about that on the evening of Good Friday, Julie and I were sitting in the little church, watching the people, as they knelt in meditation before the representation of the sepulchre, after quitting the confessionals on each side of the building. There was a considerable Catholic element in the population of Lullingham, and the two priests (for it was only a depôt from a larger house in Liverpool) found their time fully occupied. It was a touching sight in that dim light to note penitent after penitent bending low in prayer, and presently quitting the church with a brighter mien and a firmer tread as conscious of a burden removed.

So we sat and watched, and thought, and in our minds went back to those early days when as children we were taken to the little Catholic chapel in some out-of-the-way corner of London, where I had wandered about the aisle, and curiously examined the congregation.

We supposed ourselves the last in the church, for the one remaining priest, who had been detained longer than his companion, after carefully peering forth into the gloom, evidently came to the conclusion that his services were no longer required, and, having hung up his surplice and stole within the confessional, he withdrew by a side door which led into the house.

We arose too, wondering at our own delay, when from the small door just mentioned came Austin, who, in obedience to his superior's orders, now acting as sacristan, had to see the church securely closed for the night, attend to the lamps, and everything duly and reverently bestowed in its own proper place.

We were just rising to bid him "good night," and ask him a few questions about the coming Easter ceremonies, when we were startled by a deeply-drawn, heart-breaking sigh, issuing apparently from the darkest corner of the church close by the sepulchre.

There, hitherto unperceived by us, perhaps by any, and certainly by the priest as he passed, a woman, or rather a dark shadowy form of a woman, crouched kneeling, with her head buried in her hands in an agony of grief.

Austin whispered to me, "Father Charles must have left without seeing her. Perhaps she was afraid to approach the confessional."

He approached the stricken figure, and asked, gently, "Have you been to confession?"

She shook her head, almost passionately; then seemed to abase herself lower and lower as though to shrink even from her kind questioner.

"Do you wish to go to confession now?" continued Austin, kindly. "If so, I will tell one of them at once."

An inexplicable sympathy, and no mere curiosity, held us spectators of this scene.

Slowly and painfully the kneeling figure answered—

"I am not of your faith."

The tone reached me. I recognized it, not clearly at once, but gradually.

It had struck to Austin's heart, as it had to mine. For a few seconds he was silent.

"There is hope for all and there is salvation for all," he said.

"Yes, if I could but believe!" she cried, as, with a sudden impulse of despair, she stretched out her arms towards the large crucifix on the wall.

This action discovered her face, on which the lamp of the sepulchre cast its pale steady light.

Austin uttered a sharp cry, and her name passed his lips, as she turned towards him and showed the face, careworn and sadly altered, but still hand-

some, and, above all, still the features of Lady Frederick Sladen, once Alice Comberwood.

Walking home, I repeated to my wife so much of poor Alice's story as I knew, and told her of my suspicions with regard to Cavander.

"I remember her," said Julie, thoughtfully, as we walked home. "When I went to Ringhurst with my father——"

Julie stopped herself. I knew what was passing in her mind.

I never saw Alice again. Some time after Austin confided to me her story. She had from a girl had the deepest admiration for Cavander. He had fascinated her, and, clever man as he undoubtedly was, his vanity was so flattered by the worship of this girl, that flattering her in turn by the condescension of his great talents, he used his utmost art to desolate the fair land which, in its approach to womanhood, was putting forth signs of so great promise. It was a devil's design to rob heaven of a soul.

Cavander would gladly have seen her married to Sir Frederick. It was he who had urged it on old Mr. Comberwood. Alice struggled against the match to the last, but, for her father's sake (as I had learnt that night outside the window at Ringhurst), consented. Then she fled, and trusted to Cavander. Within a year her trust in him had gone for ever; and she was left alone in the world, wishing she could believe in nothing, and so die. But, in the merciful providence of heaven, this was not to be. She was to be brought back to a true home, to be welcomed by the brother who had never ceased to mourn and pray for her, to be taught by him whom she had left at the threshold of Faith, and who was now to take her by the hand, and show her where, in this world, she could be comforted with the assurance of pardon. Devoted to the care of the poorest outcasts of society Alice thenceforth lived; and in this charitable service she died, resigned to Heaven's will, happy in suffering what Justice might demand, humbly trusting in the Divine Mercy that she might be saved, "yet so as by fire."

She was buried at Lullingham. In the early morning we sought her grave. The fresh-cut turf was wet with dew as though with the tears of angels.

On her grave is only this: beneath a cross cut in the stone are the initials A.C., then the date. Then these words:

"*I am not worthy. Pray for me.*"

And the prayer followed:

"*May she rest in peace. Amen.*"

Here the story of "My Time" ends.

I would like to tell you of the successful career of many who have appeared in this book, of Mr. Verney perhaps, above all. One of these days, perhaps, he will speak for himself, as, to do him justice, he never loses an opportunity of placing himself, his opinions, and the family talents before the public.

Perhaps the time will come when I shall "take silk" and append "Q.C." to my name.

I do not intend to send my son to Holyshade, though I am informed that *all* our Public Schools have vastly improved. Well, they wanted it badly enough, Heaven knows, even in My Time. And here ends my record. I wonder how my son will write of *me?*

THE END.

DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION FROM A NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE brief paper, which appeared in the January number of this magazine, on "National Education from a Denominationalist's Point of View," by a member of the London School Board, has suggested the desirability of a parallel exposition, equally brief, of the different view taken by other members of the same Board. As in the former article, the purpose of the following remarks is not controversy, but explanation; and the example set by the extremely moderate tone of the denominationalist writer shall certainly not be neglected here. Farther, it is understood that we are concerned here only with primary schools, though nationalists regard it as a strong point in favour of their position, that their principles, and only theirs, are capable of consistent and uniform application to all branches of public education sustained by national funds.

By national primary education then, we, from our point of view, understand a system of elementary schools either wholly supported or largely subsidized out of public funds, whether local or imperial, and managed by public authority. As was observed by the writer in the January number, the necessity for such a system of schools is now generally, nay, even universally acknowledged. But the reasons which have led public opinion to this acknowledgment ought to be borne in mind, if we would fairly understand the position taken by Nationalists as distinguished from Denominationalists. One of those reasons is the manifest impotence of an overwhelming majority of parents to secure by their own unaided resources an efficient elementary training for their children. The minute and laborious inquiry instituted by the London Board has distinctly confirmed the estimate of the Education Department that six-sevenths of the population are unable to pay more than ninepence a week for school fees. And we speak within very moderate bounds when we say that to two-thirds of those requiring elementary schools a charge of fourpence for each child is a prohibitory price. Now if rent and interest on capital invested in a school be considered, as well as the expenses of apparatus and staff, it will be found that two pounds a year from each child, or deducting holidays and absences, say one shilling for each week of attendance, is the very lowest fee which can make elementary instruction really self-supporting. The annual cost for each child is usually reckoned at thirty shillings. But this is exclusive of interest on capital, and assumes a lower rate of remuneration for teachers than is either just or safe for the interests of education. Let us split the difference and say thirty-five shillings. That is certainly the very lowest annual fee which would enable any teacher worthy of his hire to make an elementary school a really self-supporting institution. Ninepence a week on forty weeks in the year (which, as things go, would be a very high average of actual attendance), would yield the teacher thirty shillings only. But ninepence is a very unusual fee in an elementary school; and it is unusual only because it is found generally impossible to get it. An inquiry made by the London Board at the beginning of last year, showed that in the whole metropolis there were only between 2,000 and 3,000 children paying that amount. On the other hand, the number paying less than fourpence, but exclusive of free scholars, was very nearly 190,000.

From the national point of view, we think that these portentous facts are

not sufficiently weighed. And in particular, as will be explained presently, we are of opinion that their significance is somewhat ignored when it is insisted that all parents who cannot afford to pay school fees should appear before boards of guardians as applicants for outdoor relief. At the present moment, however, it is sufficient if we realize the formidable nature of the great social paradox which these facts bring into view. The denominationalist writer urged with considerable plausibility, if not with exhaustive accuracy, "that the only ground upon which compulsory attendance at school can be justified, is an hypothesis that a knowledge of the three R's is as necessary as food and clothing; the parent who neglects to provide the one is clearly as guilty as the parent who neglects to provide the other." What then are we to say of a state of things in which six-sevenths of the population belonging to the richest country in the world are through poverty totally incapable of providing for one of the essential needs of family life? On the one hand, our civilization has reached the point of insisting that every parent shall regard an efficient elementary education for his children as, equally with sufficient food, a necessary of life. On the other hand, the constitution of our civilization is from some cause or other so incongruous with this demand, that six out of every seven parents are absolutely incapable of doing what we require. It is of no use to say that we are putting our requirements too high, for we are now speaking only of that "knowledge of the three R's" which all agree in regarding as essential. The old twopenny dame schools did not furnish this knowledge. And it cannot be furnished at a cost of less than thirty-five shillings a year for each child, a sum which an enormous majority of the people cannot afford.

Some form of aided education then is absolutely necessary. It is imperatively demanded by the great social paradox here pointed out. Now necessity is the mother of common-sense as well as of invention. And under the discipline of this dire mentor, public opinion, swallowing all scruples about the modified communism involved, has insisted on public elementary education. The old true blue "voluntaries," whose name has been of late so strangely borrowed by their victorious opponents, the advocates of Government grants, had at least the merit of consistency. They objected not merely to any departmental control over their religious teaching, but also to state pay in any form. The remedy they proposed was that of charitable contributions. But they were imperfectly aware of the gigantic dimensions of their task. And we believe that there is not one of them left who does not feel that when we have six-sevenths of the population to deal with, eleemosynary methods are out of place. When the people of an Indian province are found to be absolutely incapable of supplying their children with rice, imperial resources are at once applied to their aid. And, to borrow in a modified form the words of the Denominationalist, "As one of the grounds on which compulsory attendance at school is justified, is an hypothesis that a knowledge of the three R's is as necessary as food and clothing; the *nation* which neglects to secure to parents the opportunity for providing the one is as guilty as the *nation* which neglects to secure them the opportunity of providing the other." This at least is the view of nationalists in education. To a certain extent also it is the view of denominationalists as well. The distinction between the temporary nature of the physical need in India, and the apparently permanent character of the intellectual need in England, does not make any difference to the general conclusions of either party. Both agree that as six-sevenths of the population cannot of themselves secure for their children a sufficient "knowledge of the three R's," they must be aided; and that they are best aided by the State. *But from this point we part company.*

It appears to us nationalists that our friends who have accompanied us hitherto in our conclusions, go on to

apply the eleemosynary principle of voluntaryism to the distribution of State aid. They have been doing this for a generation past; and they want us to assure them that they shall always be allowed to do it, notwithstanding the revolution which has been effectively though gently inaugurated by the Act of 1870. They justify this demand on the ground that a fractional part of their resources still consists in voluntary subscriptions; and on this account they claim to make an eleemosynary use of public funds. The true voluntaries said, in effect, "We pity the ignorance of the poor, and will impart knowledge to them as a matter of favour by contributions out of our own pockets." The new voluntaries, or denominationalists, say, "We also pity the ignorance of the poor, and we are anxious to grant them the favour of instruction, provided always that we obtain substantial aid from the Imperial Exchequer." This is not a description of different sects, or of religious and non-religious parties. The true voluntaries were all more or less denominationalists, though the name had not been invented in their day. The National Society was at first as purely "voluntary" as its elder sister and rival, whose priority of birth is so often ignored. But both alike were voluntary then, as newly-hatched chickens are featherless, not from choice, but from the inevitable conditions of their origin. And both alike were very glad to accept State-pay as soon as ever they could get it. Still farther, the Lancasterian, or British and Foreign School Society, equally with its younger imitator, proceeded to use and does still use State-pay on precisely the same eleemosynary principles which had guided its voluntary exertions. The Lancasterian Society was indeed more liberal in the conditions which it attached to the reception of the favour of instruction. In its schools neither teachers nor children were compelled to accept or learn any catechism or formulary; and, not without a protest from Unitarians against the unreality of the profession, it declared itself entirely unsectarian. The religious teaching in its colleges and schools has always been undisguisedly "evangelical." And until the establishment of the conscience clause no Catholic, Jew, or Rationalist could claim as a matter of right to withdraw his child from the inculcation of such interpretations of the Scriptures as were implicitly, though not explicitly, authorized by the managers of the Society. From the nationalist's point of view, therefore, the difference between the Lancasterian and the National Societies in regard to such matters is only one of degree. And we insist that both alike attempt to carry out national education on eleemosynary principles. The managers of both sets of schools have claimed, and we believe do yet claim, the right to exclude children for non-compliance with conditions imposed only by their own authority. Admission is a favour which may be forfeited, in the case of elder children, by such gross ignorance as would bring down the payment for results, or in the case of any, by want of shoes or by squalid appearance. The school is also frequently associated with clothing clubs and other charitable societies, the benefits of which may be refused to non-attendants at church or Sunday school. The relation of the teachers to the managers, clerical or lay, seems too much like that of underlings in a charitable society to their employers. The scholars are interesting mainly as "the children of the poor," not as the future citizens of a great nation. And yet that love of symmetry and neatness, so characteristic of the charity which used to dress little girls in mob-caps and little boys in tailed coats, has been compelled to relegate to "ragged schools" the dirtiest and most neglected children, who, it would seem, ought specially to be the care of the State. On the other hand, the eleemosynary tone of the denominational school system has scarcely been favourable to the adoption of any high standard of teaching, even for that class of children who are a credit to it. The much-abused Revised Code can hardly be accepted as the full explanation of this.

The "state to which it has pleased God to call" children is supposed to be settled by the fact that they are the recipients of charity; and, with a few noble exceptions, their education has been limited by this assumption.

Now the present writer has no wish whatever to undervalue the benevolence or the religious zeal of which the denominational school system, with all its imperfections, is a noble result. And farther, he fully admits the force of many objections that are urged against the feasibility of any attempt to absorb it suddenly in any more national scheme. The only object of this paper is to explain how and why, in the opinion of nationalists, the denominational method is not the best way of meeting the wants of six-sevenths of the people of England. The attempt to make them all the recipients of voluntary charity broke down as a matter of course. And the administration of public funds on eleemosynary principles by comparatively irresponsible school managers, has not produced such results as to compensate us for its obvious injustice. It is needless to go over the old story of the six "standards," or to count up the hundreds of thousands of children who never pass the fourth. It is sufficient that the administration of public money in such a manner has been necessarily unsystematic and capricious, providing excessive school accommodation in districts like Westminster and Marylebone, and leaving the haunts of poverty, like Bethnal Green and the Tower Hamlets, in appalling destitution. We say, therefore, let us abandon the eleemosynary method of operation altogether. Let us arrange that every penny of national money devoted to elementary education shall be applied by legally-constituted representatives of school districts. Let us have the candour to own that when we approved the provision of State-aided education for six-sevenths of the population, we adopted a principle of communism. We are not a logical people, and are always able to stop any dangerous enlargement of the principle with a blunt "no," when it has gone far enough to satisfy our practical needs. But we consider ourselves a candid people; and it is better to call things by their right names. Let us remember that the six-sevenths of the population who require elementary schools pay at least as much, probably far more, of imperial and local taxation than the remaining seventh, who suppose—many of them foolishly—that they can do without Government aid or supervision. And if we bear this in mind, fairness and honesty will prevent our arguing as though the cost of teaching the poor were borne to any very large extent by the rich. It is, we repeat, a communistic principle we have adopted, according to which what each one affords for a great national need is thrown into a common fund, and "distribution is made to each according to his several necessity." But if so, it is not an un-English logic, it is common fairness which requires that everyone who contributes, directly or indirectly, to the common stock—and that means every Englishman—should be able to demand as a right, not as a charitable favour, his own proper share in the general provision. Still farther, if an intolerable pressure of need has driven the most individualistic people in the world to the adoption of a communistic principle, this does not imply, and ought never to have involved any outrage on public or private conscience. Some of us think that to force from us contributions for the purpose of propagating to another age forms of religious opinion which in our eyes are mischievous and demoralizing, is a very grave injustice. At any rate, we are of opinion that any religion taught at public expense in public schools, ought to be of a very catholic character indeed—in fact, one from which no one dissents. Is there such a religion? We think there is; and we are thankful to believe that it is now being actually taught, even during the two hours when dogma is tabooed, wherever good men and women have children under their care.

As a final illustration of the different

lights in which the same subject may appear according to the point of view we adopt, let us take the payment and remission of fees. "A Denominationalist" says this ought to be dealt with by the guardians of the poor. And why? Because if "a knowledge of the three R's is as necessary as food and clothing, the parent who neglects to provide the one" (of course at his own expense!) "is clearly as guilty as the parent who neglects to provide the other; and if the cause is poverty, he is equally a pauper in either case." Very well; then it seems to us that six-sevenths of the population of this country are paupers. That, on the authority of the Education Department, confirmed by laborious inquiry, is the proportion of the population which needs subsidized schools. They do not provide at their own expense a knowledge of the three R's. And the reason is, it is too expensive for them. A number of them pay sixpence a week, but the majority pay only twopence; while the real cost is about a shilling. Many schools have recently been opened at a penny fee. Yet no denominationalist considers the children who attend them paupers. If, however, a poor industrious parent breaks his leg, and is unable for two months to find fivepence a week for his five children, in addition to their food, we are told that he ought to make himself a pauper. He may receive elevenpence from the general stock and retain his pride; but he must not have the remaining penny. From a national point of view this does not seem consistent or just. A communistic principle has been adopted; and though we are far from saying that it ought to be hastily extended, yet it ought to be applied with justice, and with fair consideration both for conscience and self-respect.

J. Allanson Picton.

REVENANT.

You ask me why at our first meeting
A sudden dimness seemed to veil
My eyes, and why they shunned your greeting,
And why my lips were strangely pale?

Who sees the shade of a lost lover,
May well be pale for hope or fear;
You seemed a ghost from days gone over
When first I looked upon you, dear!

Because, before a word was spoken,
And almost ere I saw you plain,
I thought you her whose heart was broken,
The day that mine was snapped in twain.

Now, like a ghost let loose from prison,
And strange below the common skies,
You see my dead youth re-arisen,
To meet the magic of your eyes.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XII.

A VISIT TO MURILLO'S HOUSE.

Who, among painters, has done his work more nobly, or more skilfully, than the painter of Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo ?

It was a bright sunny evening in December 1873, when, fresh from the contemplation of the fixed, dark, stedfast gaze of his "San Francisco receiving the Stigmata" (now in the Academia de Bellas Artes at Cadiz), and his exquisitely sweet "Angel de la Guarda," in the cathedral of Seville, I bent my hasty steps towards the home of this great artist in Seville.

I passed through the narrow winding streets of the "Judería," or Jewish quarter, now no longer restricted to the Jewish population. The sun hardly ever looks upon these narrow paved paths, with their tall houses seeming almost to meet overhead: but they were growing wet with the evening dews, which fall heavily in winter, partly making up for the lack of rain.

In a little street, now called "Plaza de Alfaro," or running out of that little square, is the great painter's simple house, with "No. 2" written over its lowly Spanish portals. A Spanish man-servant and a dark-eyed, good-natured Andalucian lassie were laughing and love-making at the door. I told them my errand, and the girl pointed lazily—and wondering evidently what on earth the English señor had come to see the house for—to a little marble tablet just inside the door, fixed in the wall, to the left hand as you enter.

Like the house itself, and all the surroundings, it was most unpretending and unobtrusive.

On it was the simple inscription—

"En esta casa fué ciertamente
En la que murió
el dia 3 de Abril de 1682
el insigne pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo."

It is a plain, white-washed, modest Spanish house, consisting of a ground floor and two upper floors. The little street in which it stands is narrow; part of the house fronts another house, the rest overlooks a garden, with a high wall around it, making the look-out from the lower rooms still duller than would a house fronting it. Under the wall of this garden a few muleteers and gitanos, in picturesque and gaudy costumes, their bronzed-brown faces reminding one of the truthfulness of the great painter's colouring, were watering their donkeys and mules.

I asked leave to go over the house, and asked where, in which room, Murillo painted. "Why, how *can I* tell," said the good-natured lassie, "in which room he painted? *Everyone says* that he painted under the orange-trees in the old walled garden of the alcazar opposite; but vamos!—come over the house." So we went. On either side of the tiny "hall," as you enter, is a narrow door, each door opening into a small, narrow, ill-lighted room, with floors of common red tiles, and a dark cupboard in each room, if my memory serves me in good stead.

My Andalucian lassie trundled up the narrow winding stairs—*so* narrow, *so* dark, only the width of five bricks placed lengthways, and with a little fronting of worn wood-work. On the first storey the doors are still small, the rooms dark and narrow. They were inhabited by a Spanish family, and I did not more than step inside them.

To the top, or second storey, the staircase is little better than a creaking wooden ladder; but at the top my guide showed me a little niche in the wall. "Here," she said, "used to be one of his paintings." All the rooms have floors of red brick or tile; all are narrow and dark. On the top storey is the old kitchen, the only inhabitant of which was a black, white-breasted retriever puppy, who welcomed us with every noisy demonstration of delight, and evidently did not at all appreciate the honour of being a prisoner in Murillo's kitchen!

The lassie, romping with her mute companion, threw open a door, through which I crouched and squeezed, and we stood upon the roof—a tiny space, sloping down to the front, only five yards by three, looking straight down into the walled garden of the alcazar, a typical Spanish garden, with its gorgeous orange and lime trees, its rich irrigated plots of vegetables, its square regular beds, and neat evergreen borders.

Here, I thought, more likely than in the dark, narrow rooms, the great master wrought. The view was very beautiful—Spanish housetops, remember, are not like our smoky English housetops, fit only for sparrows, and smoke, and cats. Spanish cities are *smokeless*, *chimneyless*; no smuts fly about, and on Spanish housetops we can safely dry our white snowy linen.

The view was very beautiful—over the old garden, over the tops of snow-white houses with flat, brown roofs; above was nothing but the cloudless blue sky, with the setting sun sinking below the distant sierra, in red and golden splendours to his rest.

And then I passed out; the dark-eyed hoyden locked up her dog once more in the classic kitchen, only too glad to return to her love-making.

This, then, was the humble house of the great painter. Here he lived, and here died in April, 1682, aged sixty-four, by an unlucky fall from the scaffold, as he was painting one of his grandest, or at least most elaborate, paintings, the "Marriage of Santa Catilina," taken from its home in the Convent of Los Capuchinos in Cadiz during the Revolution of the summer of 1873, and now in the "Academia de Bellas Artes," in the same city. Here, in this humble house, lived and died the one perhaps of all painters who excelled in *every* style that he undertook: the *frio*, or dark and sternly marked, as in his "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" his earliest style, the *cálido*, defined outline, with warmer colour, as in his "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Gallery at Madrid; and the *vaporoso*, or blending style, something akin to the style of our own Turner, of which, as an example, may be quoted his "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," also in the Madrid Gallery. Here dwelt and died the painter of *the* "Holy Family," a work full of peace and love; of more than one *exquisite* "Concepcion;" of "La Virgin de los Dolores," so full of mournful pathos, of "San Juan con el Cordero," full of fervour, of "St. Francis embracing his Crucified Son."

A few doors from the little house which "ciertamente" was that of Murillo, stands another, more pretentious, which claims the honour of having been the house in whose bright, quiet garden he was wont to paint. The kindly señora, on my presenting my card and asking leave to enter the garden, at once sent her servant to conduct me thither. We passed through the courtyard of the house and into the garden, which consisted of two small quadrangles, but, oh, so beautiful! Well might the great master exchange his dark narrow rooms, and his tiny strip of sunny roof aloft, for the peacefulness and beauty of this quiet spot. The orange-trees, crowded with green and yellow fruit, lent their shade; the lime-tree, with its larger fruit of sicklier hue, and the fig-tree, with its broad, cool leaves, grew in quiet profusion; hard by, sheltered by cypresses, was a tank, and a trickling, gurgling fountain of crystal water; the grape-vine climbed over a rustic trellis work: the pimiento, or pepper-tree, the most graceful of Spanish trees, like to, but more graceful than, the English weeping-willow, also lent its

shade. Two fountains, with their trickling waters, soothed the ear of those who sate and worked, or read, in this shady spot; magnolias, camellias, climbed the walls; the sweet lemon-verbena, the scented geranium, or "malva-rosa" of the Spaniards, the heliotrope, the scarlet geranium, and the crimson and clove carnations, straggled over the trim box-hedges that enclosed their beds.

In the inner quadrangle—like the first very small—an ancient mule, under the shade of a fig-tree, still more ancient, was slowly turning round the water-wheel, with its shining, dripping caskets, of an old Moorish *noria;* all around him, and overhead, the lime-tree and the orange-tree showed their bright yellow fruit to the setting sun; truly, I thought to myself, here a painter might paint, a poet sing to the tune of the turning wheel and the gushing fountains, with the scent of exotic plants filling the balmy evening air.

A few doors from this house is an open, small, dusty space, a barren oval, belted in by stunted acacia-trees, with a solitary gas-lamp in its centre; it is called now "Plaza de Santa Cruz," Santa Cruz being the name of a tiny church, pulled down in 1858. On one of the walls (of a private house) fronting this little hovel, is a marble tablet, with the inscription,

"Para perpetuar la memoria
de que en el ambito de esta plaza
hasta poco hace templo sagrado
hastan depositadas las cenizas
del celebre pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo
la Academia de Bellas Artes
Acordó poner esta lapida.
Modesto monumento, pero el primero
Que se consagra a su ilustre fundador
1858."

And so, as the shades of eve drew on, I left the haunts of the great painter—the painter of truth and of life as *he* saw it, and as those in Andalucia see it at the present day.

Of Murillo's life I know nothing; but no scandalous or libellous report has ever, I believe, currently attached itself to his name, as it did most falsely for a period to that of another exceedingly beautiful painter, Alonso Cano.

Murillo, however, neither needs nor claims any notice of his life; into his works he threw his life, and he lives in his works—works that have elevated and refined thousands of souls—and he cannot die; he needs no memorial stone, no tablet, no biography; as is the case with all the good and great, "his works do follow him;" and perhaps amid all his toils and labours to the last—for he died at the age of sixty-four of a fall from a scaffold while painting one of his masterpieces—he looked forward to no reward for himself, but to the elevating and ennobling of others who should follow him, and could breathe that prayer *so* hard to be breathed by one living amid all the seductions of this present life, "Show Thy servants their *work*, and their *children* Thy *glory*."

LETTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS; AND ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

"PEACE on earth, goodwill to men" was not, alas! the burden of our Christmas carol and our New Year's greeting in the wilds of the Interior. How often, since that day when the angels sang songs of peace and joy, has the Divine Christmas greeting seemed an idle mockery, when the pale moon is looking down on fields of the suffering and the slain; or on the widow and the orphan crouching over the half-empty grate; or, as was the case but just now in Spain, on disquietude and plotting, and anxiety of every sort, misrule, disorder, and conspiracy, "men's hearts failing them for fear."

A few *Christmas episodes* in our life in the Interior might, I have thought, prove of sufficient interest to warrant me in jotting them down, without comment or adornment.

I was travelling much, both by day and by night, about Christmas time, and the most unobservant eye could not fail to see sufficient indications of some extraordinary movement; the *guardias civiles*, preservers of law and order throughout Spain, were being shifted about in bodies from place to place; here, a body of twenty, wrapped in their

huge capas, rifle in hand and sword-bayonet by side, with their keen dark eyes scrutinizing every fresh face, would enter the railway carriage; at another station two, with a prisoner, would join them, silent and stern as ever. Every honest man welcomes and respects these brave, clever, truthful, sober, indefatigable preservers of peace and justice; they are a terror only to evil-doers!

I have already given a slight sketch of the services which these men are ever ready to perform, but I will recur to the subject again. Before Señor Martinez de la Rosa, the well-known author of "Poems for Children," and other poems, came to be connected with the Cabinet of Christina, he was robbed on the highway; when he came into power he was instrumental in forming a body of guards who, mounted or on foot, should keep the roads free from banditti; they were dressed after the fashion of the French gendarmerie, probably owing to the French influence then prevailing at Court, and numbered at first some five or six thousand. These men are chosen for (1) having been steady and good soldiers, (2) height and strength, (3) education; but they have all served in the Regular Army for a certain time, and are equally able to hunt in couples as policemen, or in large bodies as regular troops. Their pay is two pesetas per diem, and an allowance, if mounted, for fodder for their horses. Their chief occupation, of late, has been not so much to suppress robbery in the camp as to quarter themselves in disaffected towns, and prevent outbreaks and licenses.

Christmas eve came at last, or, as we call it here, *noche-buena;* the streets in the daytime were bright with the various dresses of those that bought and sold; at night, from every house in every street, came the tinkle of the guitar, the *rom rom rom* of the Zambomba,[1] and the rattle of the tambourine; at midnight, in each church, the "Child New-born," who came to bring "peace on earth, goodwill to men," was exhibited and adored by the sable crowd of worshippers; at midnight, too, strange contrast! marched into our town, with bayonets fixed, and gleaming bright as their well-ordered ranks passed each little oil-lamp, a body of guards.

Well, if we are to have peace, for the present, I suppose, it must be won and preserved by the sword.

Men *kept* their Christmas time, as usual; outwardly all was noise, and festivity, and glitter; but every eye was looking forward to one day: the day on which the Córtes would reassemble, and demand of Emilio Castelar an account of his arduous but nobly fulfilled stewardship.

Strange whispers went about; every Spaniard is a politician, whether he light his errant watch-fire, and strew his rough bed to leeward of a clump of prickly pear or aloe; or, wrapped in his manta, pass his nights on the stone floor of the roadside venta; or sip coffee in his casino among his sympathizers (for each casino is devoted to a separate phase of politics); or smoke his scented Havana over the brasero of his palacio—whatever be his rank or station he is a politician, and believes it to be his duty to interfere in the affairs of his country.

I heard one poor man—very poor, very ignorant—say, "Castelar will come down; he promised to sever Church and State, and give us liberty of thought; *he has not done so!* He promised to do away —O vast expense and useless tax!—with a standing army: *he has not done so.*" And the poor old fellow's tattered coat shook with indignation, and his eye grew moist with a tear as he said, "Poor Spain!" This sentiment about Castelar's non-fulfilment of his promise is a stereotyped one; I am constantly hearing it among the lower orders.

[1] This is called a *musical* instrument, although why, except on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, I cannot understand. It is made of earthenware, and in shape just like a common English flower-pot. One end is open: over the other a piece of drum-parchment is tightly stretched; into this parchment is inserted a reed, which protrudes about eight or nine inches from the parchment; the *musician* wets his fingers, and rubs them up and down the stem of the reed, which gives a hoarse hollow sound, called by the Spaniards "the rom rom rom of the zambomba." No house is without these instruments, played by children, at Christmas time.

Speculations as to what change would take place on the 2nd and 3rd of January are rife among us; some believed power would be left with the Intransigentes; some, but few, that Castelar would continue Dictator for a few weeks, provisionally; some, that the "Infant" would be placed upon the throne. "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system" was the watchword of the lower orders.

Strange photographs went up in the streets, the most remarkable of which I here transcribe: it is one of large dimensions, costing three or four pesetas. In one corner stands on a white pedestal a draped and graceful woman, flaring torch in hand, representing Liberty; on the pedestal is written, in French, "Les droits de"—I cannot decipher; bareheaded, or waving hats in the air, comes to her feet a long winding procession of men, women, and children, in working dress, the end of the long, snake-like line being lost in the distant hills; a church stands hard by; they disregard it; one solitary ploughman stops his oxen to wave his hat. Far away is the distant sea, with one or two flying sails, and the smoke of a steamer upon its calm bosom. At intervals, to the very end of the long line of human beings, are carried banners; on the first is written, "Francia" (considered by all Spaniards the champion of civil liberty); on the second, "España;" on the third, "Autriche;" on the fourth, "Siciles;" then "Romagna;" on the rest the letters are too dim to be deciphered.

In the foreground is a mass of crowns, sceptres, handcuffs, codes, &c., lying broken and in confusion on the ground, and looking like—what at first glance I deemed them to be—a heap of stones.

But the most striking feature of the photograph has yet to come. Borne on the clouds of heaven float gently earthwards hosts of angel-forms, some, pen in hand, as though coming to chronicle the new era of *La Libertad;* some pouring upon earth their rich cornucopias of fruit and flowers. In the midst of this heavenly host, a huge lion crouching beneath His feet, which are half-veiled in clouds, stands in majestic repose the figure of our blessed Lord; His right hand is raised to bless; in His left hand he bears His cross, and upon His head is the crown of thorns; above this Divine Rostro the clouds are bright, and in shadowy yet plain letters shines out of them the inscription, "Fraternité."

At the foot of the photograph is written, Republica universal democratica federal. El pacto; and the following terse sentence from Béranger:

> "Pueblos, formád una santa alianza
> Y estrechád vuestra mano,"

That is,

> "Form an holy league, ye towns,
> And act in concert."

The idea of our blessed Lord being the Champion of Liberty is one common in Spain, and hence there is no blasphemy or culpable levity in the picture described; there is a couplet common in Spain at Christmas-tide,

> "At this time on earth was He
> Born, *and with Him Liberty.*"

The lines, or an equivalent, will be found in "Ecos Nacionales," by V. Ruiz Aguilera.

Beyond the rumours, the anxious faces, the photographs, and the movements of troops, there was but one incident to mark the reign of uncertainty about Christmas time, and that was an attack upon the train on its way to Madrid, which I chronicle merely as showing the lawless state of the country. The night-train to Madrid picks up, as is well known, money from various towns, all of which is sent in small boxes with padlocks and leather straps buckled over them. Some fifty armed brigands, finding their ways and means straitened, stopped the train by waving a red lamp, and demanded of the terrified guard the boxes of money, commanding no passenger to put his head out of the window of his carriage: one rash person disregarded the injunction, and received a slash in the cheek from a sabre. It is needless to add that these men got safely to the mountains with their booty. It is not often one hears of such deeds on a large scale; but every now and then, in some

parts of the Interior, some young fellow who is known to be rich is carried off, and a heavy ransom demanded. In the last case that came under my notice the young fellow was surprised in the Campo, while out for his afternoon paseo, carried off to the Olivares, or the Sierra, and 400*l*. demanded and paid for his release. This system of "levying black-mail," so common in Southern Italy, is still carried on in the wilder parts of Greece, and in the mountainous districts of the Levant. In Spain, if you desire a walk over the hills—and a walk is very enjoyable in spring and winter, when (as now) the tints of the mountains are *simply exquisite*, varying from the deepest purple to the brightest roseate hue, and the earth is just putting on its robe of vernal green—it is best to walk with a friend, and to carry arms, equally serviceable against dogs or men; and it is safer not to be outside the city walls after dusk; you may be robbed, or at least annoyed.

One more "Christmas episode." On Christmas Eve the Alcalde of a town not far from here was enjoying his coffee, cigarillo, and politics in his casino; he was popular with the masses, and so, to do him all honour a party of gipsies came in, chaired him, carried him round the room, and then *insisted on his dancing the fandango with them!* The whole scene, when recounted to me by an eye-witness the following night, struck me as so thoroughly Spanish, and worthy of these dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South, that I have ventured to mention it.

At last the eventful day, January 2nd, 1874, arrived, and at evening-time club, casino, and venta were thronged with little knots of eager and expectant politicians, waiting for a telegraph; but, as subsequently transpired, nothing definite had taken place. On that day the only sign of excitement that came under my notice was the shout of some fervid artificer on his way to his work, "Down with Castelar." Silently another body of guards marched into our town that night, or the night after, and then came the news of the Spanish *coup d'état* of 1874, awakening general surprise and bewilderment.

On Monday some apprehensions were felt as to the possibility of an insurrection, and the guards, leaving their barracks in the narrow streets of the town, fortified themselves in a walled spot a few hundred yards outside the walls, where they could act more freely. I walked at evening, about 4.30, down the streets, which were almost deserted, and —rare sound in Andalucian streets at that hour—echoed to my footfall; the shutters were up in many of the private houses, and nearly every shop was closed. I wanted some coffee—a modest wish, surely!—and at last found a grocer's shop with the door only half-closed.

Then came the news of the clever way in which the *coup d'état* at Madrid on January 3 had been managed. It was thus graphically related to me by a Spanish gentleman. The Córtes had listened to Señor Castelar's magnificent speech, his defence of his own short administration: the votes were taken, Señor Salmeron being in the chair, and it was found that there were one hundred for, to one hundred and twenty against, Castelar's continuing in office. He then rose and said, "I have one favour to ask, that you will construct a Ministry before you leave the room." "That we will do," was the quiet answer of the President. Just then two aides-de-camp entered the chamber, and gave a note to Señor Salmeron, who handed it to his secretary to read aloud to the assembled diputados.

The note was terse and soldier-like, and to this effect:—"That those assembled in the Córtes should, *within five minutes*, disperse to their own homes. (Signed) Pavía, Governor-General of Madrid."

Loud cries of "shame, shame!" were heard, and great uproar prevailed; the President proposed to arraign General Pavía himself at once, and deprive him of his position. At this juncture the two aides-de-camp left the chamber, and met the General himself, who was in waiting close by. They told him what it was proposed to do to him. "Oh,

that is it, is it?" said he; "come along, men." At the head of two trusty regiments—and with officers and soldiers alike, as a rule, Pavía is very popular—the General entered the Córtes, and, at the word of command, the first rank fired a volley into the ceiling above the heads of the diputados. The effect was magical. In a moment the diputados were seen hurrying out as fast as they could, and even leaping over any obstacles, as a chair or bench, that came in their way. Only one or two foreigners were left in the Córtes, and they were courteously escorted home by some of the troops, with their band playing the *Marcha Real* (Royal March) down the thronging streets.

Castelar was summoned to appear, and was asked by General Pavía to form a Ministry, which, of course, he could not undertake. Marshal Serrano then appeared, coming from the house of the Russian ambassador.

Outside the Córtes the streets were lined with troops. At the head of other streets cannon frowned. Every volunteer was ordered to render up his arms at certain depôts named, and that order was acted upon quietly and instantly. Volunteers were hurrying, arms in hand, to the depôts, and giving up their insignia in the greatest haste.

The Marshal, it is said, rode through one or two of the principal squares and shouted "Viva la Republica Española!" and, it is also said, that people, foregoing their favourite term "democratica federal," took up the cry "Viva la Republica de España!"

Perhaps the populace are weary of all this long-continued unrest, of trade suspended, and lines cut, and posts stopped, and are glad to espouse the first hope of a settled Government. At any rate, the soldiers will be glad of the turn things have taken, and will follow their Generals.

> "Non, si male nunc, et olim
> Sic erit,"

we have been saying for a long time, and, it may be, the "nunc" has passed, and the "olim" is at hand; at any rate, we all thirst for order, justice, and peace, and perhaps these are near at hand.

But there has already been twelve hours' fighting at Zaragóza, between the volunteers and the regulars, resulting in a victory for the latter!

Jan. 6th, 1874.

POSTSCRIPT TO LETTER XI,,

"ON THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN."

From a communication sent to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and forwarded by him to the author of "Spanish Life and Character," it would appear that some of the leading members of the committee of the "Spanish Christian Church" have taken exception to the following statement in the letter above mentioned: "He who leaves the one fold in Spain has *no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul. In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief—*for him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness; it is *chacun pour soi* in everything."

The writer of the statement complained of here begs to assure the members of the "Spanish Christian Church" that he intended neither to disparage nor to ignore their generous and devoted efforts to spread evangelical truth. Before writing his Paper, he had not only made himself acquainted with parts of their good work, but he had also attended some of their places of worship, and joined in the services there performed with sincere gratification.

His reason for not mentioning their labours is simply this: that the centres of Protestant Church life and work are so few and far between that they can hardly be considered as havens for the majority of the Spaniards who have broken with their old faith. What, the writer would ask, is one room set aside for service in one of the largest towns of Spain?

But to the self-devotion and earnestness of many of the members of the "Spanish Christian Church," the writer is happy here to bear warm and favourable testimony; and especially he would speak of their success as regards *schools* for the children.

March 7, 1874.

DANTE.[1]

I.—HIS LIFE.

There are two chief divisions of great imaginative artists. The one class consists of men who, with hardy and robust temperament, go forth into the world of nature and of man, and feel and know it as it really is. Gifted with strong passions and keen susceptibilities, they seem to move with the world around them, exulting in its joys, weeping with its sorrows, themselves in all things part of it. Such men, great as they may be, are still even as other men are—differing only from others in that their feelings are stronger, their enjoyments keener, their sympathies more intense, and so their expressions more vivid, more real, more entire. The other class consists of those who, while living in the world, are yet not of it; whose intellect is stronger than their passions; who while they act, are yet engaged in analysing the action; who can never live solely in the present, for they are overshadowed by the past and are peering into the future; who can never enjoy the moment, for they can never know what it may bring forth. Of the first, the receptive and representative class, we may take Titian and Shakespeare as the two greatest examples: in the second, the reflective and analytic class, Lionardo and Dante stand out supreme.

Shakespeare, bred in the quiet of a country town, then leading a roving careless life in London, felt through the fulness of his mighty nature the strong passions, the bold aspirations, the awakening glories of his stormy times, and as he moved amongst men his heart rose up to meet their longings. Though in himself obscure and little noticed, he became in soul one with the mighty prince as with the lowly peasant; he felt with all and knew them as they were, and the spirit of his own age and of all ages breathed through him, and as he saw he felt, and as he felt he wrote, until he had mirrored in his pages the heart, the feelings of universal man. If we ask what he was in himself, we get no answer: we cannot say that one character, more than another, was his own. He himself is nothing, his work is all.

Far otherwise is it with Dante. As we read his works we can never lose sight for a page of the author, of his character, and of his position. Dante gives us with unflinching openness the record of his own soul's life, of its agonies, its troubles, its fiery trials. He gives us the history of his own age and of its politics, gives us his own opinions, pours out the ripeness of his own knowledge and of his own thought, till the age in which he lived stands out in all its details illumined by his genius. And amid the surroundings of which he has given us such full knowledge, we see Dante himself standing out, colossal in the might of his individual intensity and force, like some majestic rock round which the waves of the world's tumults have raged horribly, but have only rent it into grander forms, and by washing off the crust of earth have shown the eternal strength of its foundations.

Hence it is impossible to consider Dante's writings apart from his life, and the times in which he lived: his works give us a faithful chronicle of his inner life, and in his outward actions he forms a striking feature of his own age. To understand Dante's works we must know something of his life and times: and the more we understand Dante, the more do we learn to appreciate the full meaning and importance of his age. The internal politics of the Italian cities cease to be

[1] A Lecture delivered at the London Institution.

uninteresting. The chronicles of feud and faction, of which Italian history seems to consist, assume importance as they gain in meaning, and we see the eternal conflict of principle which underlaid them. The Theology, the Philosophy, the Science of the Middle Ages, cease to be simply dull and unintelligible jargon, when we see how Dante thought through them, and before the breath of his genius the dry bones still live and move for us.

All poets are better understood by a knowledge of their life, and of the events in which they took part: but especially is this knowledge necessary in the case of Dante, if we would understand him at all. Dante begins from himself and from the occurrences around him. The facts of his own life he so transfuses by the intensity of his feeling and the profundity of his thought that, while himself remaining clear cut in his individuality, he still swells into proportions so gigantic that he becomes a symbol of the life of man. So, too, his time, with all its interests, though exclusively Italian and mediæval in details, expands into a type of every age, with its political and social problems clearly traced.

Hence it comes that Dante demands and repays study and attention. Many of his beauties are open to all: much meaning, much instruction, is found by almost all who read him with any care. On the other hand, he lends himself to many different interpretations, and no one would venture to say that he understood him thoroughly. During the six centuries that have passed since Dante wrote, he has been understood and interpreted in many different ways, and almost every class of earnest and active men have claimed him as their own special exponent. In truth, the greatness of his meaning lends itself to almost every partial interpretation. If, however, we would endeavour to understand that meaning in its fulness, and go beyond the arbitrary limits which our own interests would otherwise assign to it, we must begin by an attempt to see the writer's character, and feel the influences under which it grew, So we too may grow with it, and feel, as Dante did, the individual life and the particular time fade into colossal symbols of the life of man and the development of the ages.

Dante degli Alighieri was born in Florence, in the month of May 1265. His family was one of old nobility. It is probable that he was born while his father was in exile with the rest of the Guelfic party, so that his cradle was overshadowed by a presage of his own fate. In two years' time, however, the Guelfs were restored, and Dante's father was again in Florence, holding a high position in that busy city, which the great crisis of the war between Pope and Emperor had stirred into intellectual as well as political and commercial activity. Italian politics were indeed difficult in those days, for every Italian city was a little republic, and had to settle for itself which side it would take in the great conflict. Every citizen felt that his own fortunes and those of his city depended on his own political activity and success. Let us try to understand the political principles which divided them.

Mediæval Italy had inherited directly the traditions of Imperial Rome; its ruler must be still, as of old, the Emperor, the great ruler of the world: yet the Emperor, whom Italy recognized from time to time, was the German King in whose election she had no voice. To his power she yielded all titular respect, while asserting continually against it particular privileges and special rights. Italy, in this strange way, and with these strange restrictions, was still the seat of the Roman Empire, and was still inspired by the old political ideas of Rome. But the Empire alone did not direct Italian politics. A new power had emerged in the days of Constantine, for which Rome's old institutions had not provided a place. The Empire had become Christian; men had learned that they must live for another world as well as for this; the State could no longer supply all man's wants; the Church had arisen, and

claimed by its organization to provide for the spiritual, as the State for the temporal, wants of man.

The Church organization had gradually approached more and more in form to the organization of the State. Rome became the head of the Universal Church, as she was of the Universal State. One Pope and one Emperor—these powers were to sit side by side, and Christendom was to consist of provinces subjected to their authority. A great ideal, but difficult to realise, for disputes soon arose hard to be settled. What was temporal, and what was spiritual? what belonged only to the Church, and what only to the State? How were the two powers to be kept independent, yet united? For two centuries war raged in Italy to solve this abstract question, which still had a terribly concrete meaning. It was a war which became intenser and more bitter as it went on—a war in which the spiritual power learned to use only too skilfully temporal weapons—a war in which religion suffered more from its champions than from its foes—a war in which the Church became secularized in heart and soul, till a mighty revival found its expression in St. Francis of Assisi, round whose new Order, rather than round the old ecclesiastical system, the spiritual aspirations of the men of the thirteenth century clustered and grew. This struggle with all its results is mirrored in the pages of the "Divina Commedia." At present all I wish to notice is, that in this war both parties appealed for help to the Italian Towns, which prospered and increased in consequence. At last the people of the towns tended to side with the Pope, as being more Italian, while the nobles sided with the Empire. Then came the victory of the Pope, the fall of the great Emperor Frederick II., and the extinction of the Suabian house. The Pope called in the French to his assistance, and made Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis, his vassal king in Naples and Sicily. The Imperial power was broken, and the Italian Towns of the north, of which Florence was one of the chief, might settle their questions of internal politics as seemed to them best. The hated Germans were gone, the power of the Ghibelline nobles was destroyed. There was a slight breathing space of quiet, before they were to find that the friends of the Church could be more cruel, more perfidious, than its foes; that the treacherous greed of France, the Pope's champion, was worse than the impetuous ferocity of Germany, the Pope's foe.

Florence was at this time a busy, bustling town, one of the chief commercial cities in Europe, with many industries. Already it had begun to show signs of the luxury and refinement, the mental cultivation and intellectual activity, which were soon to establish it for nearly three centuries as the capital of European art and literature. Here is a description from an old chronicle:—

"Built under the auspices of Mars, rich, exulting in an imperial stream of sweet water, with temperate air, sheltered from hurtful winds, and, though poor in territory, abounding in useful produce: well populated also, and by its air encouraging increase of population: its citizens well-mannered, its women beautiful, and knowing how to deck their beauty: its buildings most beautiful: a city full of needful arts beyond all others in Italy, so that many came from distant lands to see it, through the goodness of its trades, its arts, its beauty, and its adornments."

In such a city, and under such conditions, there were endless possibilities of distinction before the young Dante. A slight incident, that would in others have passed for a mere boyish fancy, gave his deeply susceptible mind a form for its imaginative longings, and stamped him as a poet. At the age of nine he accompanied his father to a festivity at the house of a rich merchant, Falco Portinari, and there saw his daughter Beatrice, a child of eight years old. She was attired in a dress of the most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, and at that moment,

says Dante, "the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words, "Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur"[1] (Behold a god stronger than myself, who comes and shall bear mastery). The vague longings of the boyish heart found in the fair young face of Beatrice a centre round which they might gather, an image which they might worship, a bodily shape which might express to them their meaning. All the unrecorded aspirations, all the beautiful imaginings of youth, which flit before the eyes of all, but perish before they find expression, and are forgotten entirely by the mature man as his soul has hardened, and the stern forms of thought have dispelled the phantoms of the imagination,—these, in their most splendid forms, found in the image of Beatrice their home and habitation.

So with this background of lovely fancies in his heart, the boy mused, and read, and learned. He sought from time to time to see Beatrice, and gaze on the face of that "youngest of the angels," and find in those features the record of all his first dreams of beauty, his noblest thoughts and highest aspirations. Each time he saw her, she assumed to him a fuller meaning, and her significance as his soul's record grew with his growth.

He was taught by one of the most renowned scholars of the time, Brunetto Latini, secretary to the Florentine Republic, an old lawyer, who in exile in France had learned much of the world. His "dear and good paternal image," as he taught Dante "how man makes himself eternal,"[2] was always fixed with gratitude in the poet's mind. From Casella, whose sweet strains could arrest in Purgatory the souls who were hurrying to accomplish their purification, Dante learned music and "the use of amorous song."[3] To painting also and the arts of design which, under the great Arnolfo and Cimabue, were beginning to revive in the congenial air of ambitious Florence, he seems to have given some attention. Moreover the poems of Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, whom he calls his master, and the master of all those his betters, who ever used "sweet and graceful rhymes of love,"[1] stirred him to generous emulation.

So he grew up in body and in mind till, when he had reached his eighteenth year, his mingled thoughts and feelings became articulate, and the poet nature found its expression in song. After meeting Beatrice and receiving from her a salutation more courteous than usual, he returned to his room and there fell asleep; as he slept "there appeared to be in his room a mist, of the colour of fire, within which he discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see." In one hand he held a lady covered in a blood-red cloth, in the other hand a flaming heart. He spoke many things, of which Dante could understand few, but amongst them he said this, "I am thy master."

This Vision of Love Dante expressed in a sonnet which he spread among his friends. He was at once recognized as a poet, and gained the friendship of Guido Cavalcanti, himself an accomplished man and a distinguished poet, fifteen years older than Dante.

For the next seven years we have Dante's own account of his inner life in that most wondrous of all youthful books, the "Vita Nuova," the chronicle of his soul's devotion to Beatrice. She was to him the fairest and the best of God's creatures, an embodiment of all that was pure and noble in life, the mistress of his mind. To see her, to receive her gracious salutation, to be greeted by her sweet smile, this was all his love required, and round this gathered the young man's glorious visions, and lofty thoughts. He wished for no further possession of his beloved. She before whose glance all that was

[1] Vita Nuova. Translated by D. G. Rossetti.

[2] Inf. c. xv. 84.

[3] Par. ii. 107.

[1] Par. xxvii. 99.

base and wicked fled away, she who was more like a daughter of the gods than a mere mortal maiden—how could Dante think to appropriate such a treasure to himself, or try to call her his? No such thought seems to have crossed his mind; but his etherial love received a blow, which he could hardly explain even to himself, when, in 1287, Beatrice married Simone de' Bardi. But the shock, if such there were, soon passed away, and his relations to Beatrice remained unchanged. She was still, as she had been before, the mistress of his mind, the embodiment in her own fair form of all he thought and all he strove for. Each time he sees her, each greeting he receives, his fervent fancy sets the trivial occurrence in a background of splendid colouring, yet subdued, and pure, and tender in tone, as is a picture of Sandro Botticelli. There is no disorder, no tinge of wild passion in his utterances; all is regular and orderly; his thoughts and feelings are all subjected to the rigid restraint of law before they find expression.

So the young poet's inner life developed around the person of Beatrice, and he learned to know himself in the light of his love for her. Yet he was no mere dreamer, but a diligent student, an accomplished man of letters, and an active citizen. In 1829 he bore arms in the Florentine ranks at the Battle of Campaldino, when the Ghibelline party met with its most fatal repulse. But in the year 1290, when Dante was twenty-five years old, came a crisis of his life which shook at first his soul's foundations. Beatrice died, and for awhile the world seemed out of joint, and the city seemed to sit desolate and mourning over this fatal loss. Dante's mind was overwhelmed with grief, but he abstained from unmanly lamentations and nourished his pain within his own breast. He discharged as before his duties to the State, and in the autumn of the same year took part in the war of the Florentines against the Pisans, and felt keenly the human interest of war and siege.[1] Nay, more: when he had reached the age of twenty-seven, in obedience to his friends' wishes, and prompted by his own rigid sense of duty towards the State, he married Gemma de' Donati, attracted perhaps by her genuine sympathy for his distress at the loss of Beatrice. Gemma became his wife, and he seems to have cherished her. During the ten years of their life together she bore him seven children; but she is never mentioned in his poems; she was the wife of his house and family, but she was not, and could not be, the mistress of his mind. That place had long been filled up; and as Dante's writings concern only his intellectual life, it need be no cause for wonder that Dante never mentions her or his children.

[1] Inf. xxi. 94.

But still tne grief and pain of his bereavement was seated within Dante's heart too deep for any outward consolations: Beatrice was dead, and Dante's heart was filled with "dolorous imaginings." The joy of his early life was gone. His simple pleasure at the sight of Beatrice, his contentment in building round her image his fervent thoughts, his joy at her salutation, his exultation in her presence—all this was lost for ever. There was left instead a dull sense of pain that could not be deadened—an aching void that could not be filled up: there was the sense of doubt and perplexity and weariness in life. The years that followed the death of Beatrice Dante looks back upon with shame and regret, as being a time in which he lost his hold on duty, and let go the simple confidence and trust which till now had guided him through life. Dante, it is true, did nothing to merit the reproach of those around him; on the contrary, this was the time in which he engaged in public life most keenly. To satisfy the requirements of the triumphant democracy of Florence, he laid aside his nobility and enrolled himself in the trade guild of the apothecaries, that he might be eligible to civic office. His talents were soon recognised, and he is said to have been employed on several important embassies. Moreover, these years were years of study—study

undertaken, at first, in search of consolation, but ending in becoming itself an absorbing pursuit. Dante, as he says himself, was like one who goes seeking for silver and finds gold. Still with all this, Dante was not happy. Neither activity in public life, nor study in private gave him the peace and satisfaction he had enjoyed before, for the purity and singleness of his first motive was gone. His life was no longer lived in the midst of those noble thoughts and high desires which had gathered round the name and face of Beatrice. The pleasures of the world, the joys of sense, the desire for praise, the thirst for power, the insolence of knowledge, the pride of intellect—all these were motives before which he wavered to and fro. In the bustle of public life, in the business of family life, in the excitement of intellectual effort his first simplicity died away, and Beatrice was forgotten, or floated only as an almost disregarded phantom across the shadowy background of his busy life—

> "He turned his steps into deceitful ways,
> Following therein false images of good,
> That ne'er fulfil the promise which they
> make." [1]

This is the condition of mind from which the "Divina Commedia" commemorates his deliverance. Dante is wandering in a wild mood, his way is stopped by savage beasts, when Beatrice, moved by compassion, sends Virgil to guide him through the dread scenes of the Inferno, and the purifying realms of Purgatory to the Paradise of God's love. When Beatrice appears to her lover, as he has passed out of Purgatory his first feeling is one of utter shame; he is awe-struck as a child before the stern majesty of an offended mother, and Beatrice's first words to him are words of sharp reproach.

But Dante, though he might stumble, was too strong to fall; he was not to relapse into the mass of ordinary men, and to remain swayed by the world and its allurements, by the passing life and its ambitions, by current opinions and the rewards they brought. He studied and he thought until philosophy, in the highest sense in which a knowledge of wisdom is a knowledge of God, took possession of his soul. This philosophy became to him a new mistress, yet not a new one; for the new life of reflection recognised its relationship with the old life of fancy—the new world of thought was the same as the old world of feeling; and Beatrice resumed her sway—not now the simple maiden who swayed the youthful heart by her beauty, but the stately yet kindly teacher who was to rule the manly mind.

Henceforth Dante's inner struggles and perplexities were at an end. He had passed through the fiery trial, and had learned "how to refuse the evil and choose the good;" he had got a foothold outside the world's changes; he was no longer tossed to and fro by his ambition or his desires; he had caught the meanings of life; he had found the key to the world's riddle; he had secured a guide whom he could trust to lead him through life's wild wood to the shining hill beyond; he had gained the consciousness of inward freedom because he had recognised life's eternal law.

I have dwelt on this not merely fancifully, but because the significance of a poet's life—and especially the life of such a poet as Dante—lies not in outward circumstance, but in inward development. Moreover, this phase of Dante's mind gives us the key to one side of the meaning of his great work. Into this I do not now enter: it is enough to notice that this crisis of Dante's life took place in the year 1300—the year in which he lays the action of the "Divina Commedia."

And indeed, if we look at the events of Dante's life in the world, we shall see that he required all his inward strength to guide him through the difficult paths of public life in Florence. The city, as it advanced in wealth and intelligence, and saw itself free from fear of outward foes, felt more keenly the pressure of social questions within its

[1] Purg. xxx. 130.

walls. Old family feuds, the heritage of former aristocratic state, the jealousy of the rising commercial class against the nobles, the struggles of the artisans against the more wealthy merchants, the remnants of the old political parties of Guelf and Ghibelline,—all these elements of discord smouldered in the city, and were fanned by any trivial circumstance into a flame. So in the year 1300 civil discord waxed high in Florence. The social jealousy of the old noble family of the Donati against the rich merchant family of the Cerchi; the blood feud founded on family vengeance of the Neri and Bianchi, which had been introduced into Florence from Pistoia—these divided the minds and embittered the passions of the citizens of Florence. Daily quarrels disturbed the streets, and law and order were powerless against faction fights.

In this state of things Dante became one of the priors, or governing council, of Florence for the months of July and August, 1300. This priorate Dante calls the source of all his woes. In it he earned the hatred which a wise and moderate man always receives from the factious and the violent. Dante wished to calm the city without having recourse to any external aid. Though himself a noble by birth, his sympathies seem to have been with the more democratic party—that of the Cerchi. He seems to have regarded it as less harmful than the violent faction headed by Corso Donati, a proud and haughty baron, who was willing to intrigue with the Pope to obtain influence for himself in Florence. Dante's priorate was signalised by two great events—an open breach between the Florentine magistracy and the Pope's legate, and next, the impartial banishment from Florence of the most factious of the two contending parties. This was a measure which might have been effectual if it had been carried out consistently by the succeeding priors, but the exiles were arbitrarily allowed to return. Corso Donati left his place of banishment and openly claimed the protection of the Pope, Boniface VIII., a bold and unscrupulous politician, who was at that time expecting the arrival in north Italy of a French army under Charles of Valois, who was coming to assert the claims of his house to the throne of Sicily. If the Pope were to espouse violently the cause of the Donati, matters looked ill for Florence. So Dante was sent, in 1301, as ambassador to the Pope to try and counteract the machinations of party intrigue. He never saw Florence again. The Pope gave him equivocal answers, and managed to detain him on various pretexts at Rome, till matters had been settled in Florence by the arrival of Charles of Valois, the recall of the exiles, the triumph of Corso Donati, a reign of terror, and the proscription and banishment of all whom the victorious party feared, chief amongst whom was Dante. Dante felt he had been tricked by Pope Boniface, and his stay at Rome seems to have given him an insight into Papal politics which he never forgot.

So Dante was now driven away from everything he loved most dearly—his native city, his wife, his family, his friends. He knew that it was for no misdoings of his own that this punishment had fallen upon him; he had always been loyal to Florence, and had refused to become a violent partisan, at a time when faction was everything, and both parties "hungered for him."[1] He had tried to labour for the good of the State, and form a party of moderates who might interpose against violence and excess. He went forth strong in his integrity of purpose, with a clear conscience, prepared to meet any blow that fortune might direct against him. Still, however strong he might be in conscience, the blow was hard to bear. Exile meant to Dante utter poverty, complete loss of any sphere in which his activity could be displayed, entire death to his practical energy, entire severance from all his old interests, from all the overwhelming associations of his early days. Dante had to experience "how salt was the taste of another's bread; how hard a road it was to go up and down

[1] Inf. xv.

another's stair."[1] But the thing that first oppressed him most was the fact that his life was spent amongst his fellow exiles from Florence, whose pitiful intrigues to procure their restoration moved Dante's deep disgust. With this "wicked and senseless company," as he calls them, he soon quarrelled, for they were as unable to understand him, as he was to sympathise with their futile schemes. He parted company with them and wandered forth alone, poor and unfriended, seeking from place to place a patron who would give him shelter; searching in vain for a congenial soul; hoping to no purpose that he might find among the princes and rulers of Italy some one whose mind could soar above the paltry politics of his little town—some one who could understand the duties of power—some one who would dare to face the task of uniting Italy, of healing her dissensions, and fitting her for her great position of leader of Christendom and mistress of the world.

We cannot follow Dante in his wanderings at Verona, at Bologna, at Lunigiano—meeting everywhere with small comfort. In Florence the wisdom of his counsels would seem to have been proved; for Corso Donati, his chief foe, made an attempt to seize upon the seignory of the city, and make himself lord of Florence. He failed and was put to death; still there was no hope for Dante, no steps towards his recall. So Dante seems to have turned his attention solely to study, and to have shaken off the dust from his feet in testimony against the land that knew not how to use her noblest son. In 1309 he was at Paris, attending lectures at the University; he is said, though without much probability, to have visited Oxford. Be that as it may, his student life was shattered by the news of the election of a new emperor, Henry of Luxemburg. Eager hopes of a glorious future, of the splendid realisation of all his dreams for Italy, throbbed in Dante's breast. He hastened to Italy to await the coming of Henry in 1311.

The Emperor Henry VII. was the chivalrous ideal of all noble hearts in Italy, who wished to see her divisions come to an end. Dante hailed his coming with rapture. Already in his treatise, "De Monarchia," had he proved the necessity for one empire, whose seat must be in Rome, and whose power was derived directly from God, without any need of Papal intervention to give it further validity. Now, when this long-expected ruler actually appeared, Dante again employed his pen in his favour. He wrote an impassioned letter to the princes and people of Italy, painting in glowing colours the coming of their deliverer; he wrote to Florence warning her of the coming reckoning for her misdoings; he wrote to Henry urging him to come quickly and fulfil his glorious mission. "Rejoice," he exclaims, in tones of the noblest patriotic enthusiasm, "rejoice, oh Italy, for thy bridegroom comes—the joy of his age, the glory of thy people: dry, oh fairest one, thy tears, lay aside the trappings of thy widowhood; for he is nigh at hand who will free thee from the prison of the evil-doers, who will smite the workers of felony, and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen who shall render him the fruits of justice in due season. But will he not have compassion?—yea, he will have compassion on all who ask it; for he is Cæsar, and his pity flows from the fountain of pity."

It was the last glow of hope that shone on the exile's path. Henry died of a fever in 1313, without accomplishing anything that left permanent results. Anyone who looks upon Henry's statue by Tino da Camaino, now standing in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and sees the broad head, square forehead, and high cheek-bones contrasting strangely with the finely-cut mouth and sharp, delicate chin, must feel that he, too, was a dreamer who would never have unravelled the tangled thread of Italian politics, and must think it was better that he should have disappointed Dante's

[1] Par. xvii. 58.

hopes by an early death rather than by a painful failure.

It was a hard blow to Dante, but he had learned endurance in the school of adversity; he bore it without repining, and found, more than before, his strength within himself alone. He resumed his labours at his great work, and found comfort in musing with his own heart.

"After Henry's death," says an old biographer, Leonardo Bruni, "Dante spent the rest of his life in great poverty, in various parts of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Romagna, under the protection of various lords." First in Lucca, with the Ghibelline leader Uguccione della Fagguola, he stood by silently and sadly, till he saw him fall before the exile Castruccio Castracani,—a fall brought about by his own precautions to avert it. As he left Lucca he heard that Florence had recalled her exiles, if they would submit to a short imprisonment and do public penance.

To Dante this was impossible: it would have been a death-blow to his inner self, which could not confess to a wrong-doing of which it felt no guilt. The misery "of seeing his dear country only in dreams" was not so heavy a weight as would have been the consciousness of dishonour falsely assumed. Dante writes in words of lofty scorn to a relative, who besought him to accept the offered terms: "Is this the glorious way in which Dante Alighieri is recalled to his country after the miseries of an exile of fifteen years? Is this the desert of my innocence, which all men know? Is this the fruit of my long labours and the fatigues endured in study? Far from a man consecrated to philosophy is such short-sighted baseness. This is no way of return to my country. If Florence cannot be entered in an honourable way, I will never enter it. What, are not the sun and the stars to be seen in every land? Shall I not be able under every part of heaven to meditate sweet truth, unless I first make myself inglorious, nay, ignominious to my people and my country? Bread at least will never fail me."

Stronger and stronger grew the heart within him; less and less did the things of the world affect him; more and more did the realm of truth open to his view; and as he soared into the regions of thought, less and less important became the small details of to-day. It mattered little whether he spent his few remaining years in comfort; it mattered much that he should not make his life a lie. So he turned his face away from Florence, content to live bravely. Henceforth he gave his attention only to his great work, and laboured at it incessantly till his death.

First he abode at Verona, at the court of Cangrande della Scala, who had been appointed by Henry VII. Imperial Vicar for Italy, and from whom Dante had once hoped to see great political enterprises. But Cangrande, though kindly and genial, was not a thoughtful man, and Dante wearied of the luxury and grandeur of a life which was engaged in trivialities, while a noble field of action lay before it. In 1320 Dante left Verona and became the guest of Guido da Polenta at Ravenna, where he might enjoy greater quiet, and find fewer distractions in finishing his great work. There, in the solemn glades of the mighty pine forest that skirts the sea, Dante mused and pondered on the lofty themes that fill the last cantos of the Paradiso. Still the exile's path was cheered with hope. That restoration, which he had vainly hoped to gain by outward help, might still be won by his own talents. When his great poem should be finished, "on which both heaven and earth had laid their hands,[1] while for these many years he had grown thin with toil," then surely Florence would recognise that he was indeed unworthy to be an exile; the cruelty, which kept him from the fold where he was born, would be overcome; and by the font where he was baptised, in his fair church of San Giovanni, he yet might receive upon his brow the poet's laurel, from a people who, though late, at last had learned his worth.

[1] Par. xxv.

Such tender yearnings, such dreams of a happy end of weary days still filled his heart; but he did not live to see them put to the test. Almost immediately after finishing the Paradiso, in his 56th year, on Sept. 14, 1321, he passed[1] "from things human to things divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a people just and sane."

A strangely solemn feeling must come over the mind of anyone who, wandering through the grass-grown streets of Ravenna, comes upon the tomb of the greatest of the many mighty sons of Florence, in that last resting place so far away from all he loved with an intensity of patriotism, which at the present day we find it hard to understand. Dante in exile has always been an example of the terrible irony of fate upon man's short-sightedness. Of this, however, I will say nothing; it has been my purpose to speak only of the occurrences of Dante's life so far as they influenced the development of his genius. To this his exile gave the crowning seal. It came at the time when in mature life, and with mature powers, he felt his whole soul recoil before the grossness of practical life, with its degrading pleasures and no less degrading cares; it came when he had recurred with deliberate purpose to the imaginative ideal of his youthful days, and of his boyish love, —an ideal now amplified and glorified by his developed thought, even as all that was fleshly had dropped from the image of his loved Beatrice, and she was a disembodied spirit who watched heedfully, from on high, his soul's progress. In such a condition of mind, Dante, living comfortably at Florence, engaged in public affairs, a citizen amongst his fellow-citizens, would still no doubt have lived an inner life of rare nobility, but would have lived it to himself, or only in the sight of a favoured few; he would never have left us the majestic picture of the world as transformed by his mighty mind. Dante in Florence would no doubt have become a great name in Florentine literature, but never could have had the same significance as Dante, the undeserving exile. It was adversity that brought him face to face with the realities of things; from the furnace of affliction his beliefs and thoughts came out refined and purified; his ideals endured a fierce conflict with calamity in which they could prevail only by their own inborn strength. Dante's love tended to make him a dreamer, Dante's learning tended to make him a pedant, but exile compelled him to bring his knowledge into use, to take his dreams as guides for life, or else abandon them for ever. Dante was shaken, was startled into self-knowledge by the blow that fell upon him.

For a little while life was doubtful to him; then his part was taken and he stepped boldly forward determined on his path: let fortune ply her wheel and the peasant his mattock; one was to him as natural as the other, and he heeded both equally little, for he felt his own strength, he knew his own freedom, he was to himself both priest and king, and mitred and crowned over his own realm he went upon his way. Still we seem to trace his actual mind in his poem: gloomy, sad, and yet with thoughts of vengeance when he wrote the Inferno; calmed by study and meditation into a repose, that has ceased to feel the sting of misery but is too languid to be happy, when he wrote the Purgatorio; at last with mind weaned from the world by disappointments, soaring aloft and becoming etherialised in the contemplation of God's love, he ends his days with the adoring hymn that closes the Paradiso.

M. Creighton.

[1] Par. xxxi.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FLOWER MISSION.

WILL anyone kindly assist in the "New Missionary Work" (as it is called in New York) of providing flowers for the sick and poor of London?

This question was asked last April when we gave the result of a limited attempt to receive and distribute them. Never was an appeal of the same kind more liberally or more cordially responded to. Contributions poured in from no less than five-and-thirty counties in England; and throughout the spring, the summer, and till late in the autumn we were enabled to give a weekly supply of country flowers to seven or eight hospitals, besides enlivening the gloomy homes of several hundred poor.

It was a new life to our poor townspeople to see and realize the succession of the seasons by this means. Many had no idea of the difference of a daffodil, a primrose, or a cowslip, and loud were the exclamations of delight as the hampers were unpacked. It was a never-ending surprise to them to think that country ladies should take so much trouble for poor they had never seen.

Some weeks our supply was most abundant, and we were enabled to extend our gifts to the more distant parts of London. At other times we were very short, and great was the disappointment of those who had to be sent empty-handed away. How anxiously the usual recipients used to watch if a railway van were coming down the street! Would it stop at our door? and what sized hamper would be handed down, and where had it come from? It was not long before the hampers and boxes became known.

Mr. Samuel Richards, of Nottingham, was a never-failing weekly contributor. The Oakhill Cottage basket, with its double tray and artistically arranged bouquets of wild flowers and fresh verdure, always arrived every fortnight. From Finedone Hall, from Chislehurst, from the Glynde Gardens, from Blanche Cottage, Farnham, and from Somerleeze, High Beeches, and Hitchin, the supplies were most regular, and the lovely beauty and freshness of the flowers was great. From Whippingham we had large hampers, which never failed to rouse the loyalty of our poor. Many a humble bouquet from thence was treasured and laid by as perhaps having been looked upon by "our Queen."

Then came such roses as had never been seen in the London courts and alleys, from Oddington House, from Chertsey, and from many other places. Two ladies sent valuable contributions of rhubarb and cabbages, and later on of apples and walnuts.

Some sent ferns in pots, which were eagerly seized upon. Somersetshire and Surrey were specially munificent—we had no less than ten or twelve contributors from each of these counties. It was delightfnl to hear from our country friends what a pleasure they took in the work. Many had read our appeal to their village school children, who in consequence took the greatest interest in bringing contributions each week for the London basket.

Some had taken bands of school children out on holidays for the purpose of gathering and making up bouquets for the London children who had none, feeling how much good this interchange of kindly feeling does to all.

A lady, near Farnham, a patroness of two seasons old, says her school children consider it their greatest privilege to have a share in this work. A lady at Hitchin wishes we could see the bright faces of those who bring their flowers, and their delight in seeing how many she had got to send. She adds, that it is quite a refreshment to see the kind feeling it creates, and that she is so thankful that

these country children should be able to give pleasure to others in such a simple way.

One of our Somersetshire contributors tells how, at a wedding gathering, an out-door excursion was substituted for an evening party, and the thirty guests went out on the Quantock Hills and fell to gathering flowers for the London poor, speedily filling two large hampers. A lady from Stourport says, that she, being an invalid, cannot gather flowers herself, but that there is not a child in the parish who would not get them for her, and she rejoices in giving them an interest in an unknown world such as London is to them, creating a bond of sympathy between town and country, through God's own gift of simple flowers.

Many ladies express their grateful thanks for this opening given to them for sharing with others the flowers which they so value themselves. One great invalid writes in pencil from her bed to say that "the responsibility the possession of flowers involves is not sufficiently recognized, and it will be well if they come to be looked upon as a beautiful little talent to be employed in the Master's service." She could send no flowers herself, but she sent a donation to defray expenses.

A lady from Edinburgh writes, "I am a total stranger to you, and yet I can scarcely feel so in writing to tell you some of the results of your appeal for 'flowers for the sick,' and to thank you very warmly for the sympathies you have called forth, and for the lonely hours of sickness you have been instrumental in cheering. When I read the appeal for flowers last April, I had been for several months confined to bed, and it was perhaps because flowers have been such an intense pleasure to me through years of delicate health that the appeal haunted me, and day and night the desire to carry out its suggestions in the Edinburgh Infirmary oppressed me; but, helpless as I was myself, the only way open to me seemed to be to call attention to the subject through the *Scotsman*. A letter signed 'An Invalid' answered the purpose. It was warmly responded to by a young lady at Morningside. She obtained the lady superintendent's sanction to the plan, and began herself the last week in May with sixty bouquets, with which she supplied ten wards; but the interest grew, and spreading amongst her young friends, flowers were sent in so liberally that between 300 and 400 bouquets were taken every week to the Infirmary through the summer. Children entered into the plan warmly, many spending the hours given them for amusement in country walks, searching for wild flowers for the weekly distribution. Six young ladies were weekly visitors until the third week in October, when flowers failed, and now so interesting has the work become to those engaged in it, that magazines and other periodicals are substituted for flowers, until snowdrops and crocuses again make their welcome appearance. The fever wards could not of course be visited, but after a request made by one of the nurses for 'even a few flowers' they were regularly supplied. Many touching little stories I could tell that have been told to me. It is indeed a work twice blest. We do not perhaps fully estimate the effect of sympathy upon a fluctuating community. One poor girl in great agony looked up at one of the floral visitors who expressed her sorrow for her suffering, and said with surprise, 'Are you? I thought no one cared!' and from that day at least she learnt the sweetness of human sympathy; but if one cannot trace all the benefit to the receivers, it is delightful to see how it has reacted on those who give. Miss A. is hopeful that next summer the sick, not in the Infirmary, may be included in her work."

A friend in Bloomsbury gives the following account of her experience. She says: "The idea of giving flowers to the poor on festivals, had occurred to me as likely to give pleasure and create an interest in the season, and on Easter Eve some were given to a few old persons and to a few invalids; but the systematic distribution of flowers was first suggested to me by your appeal,

and the success that has attended the attempt to organize a floral association for this neighbourhood, is greatly owing to your transferring to me several country contributors, who have proved most steady and most munificent patrons. My system was to give to parishioners recommended by the clergy, the district visitors, or the mission-women—preference being shown to the old and sick. Whenever it was possible, flowers were sent to the 'Home for Incurable and Infirm Women,' the 'Hospital for Sick Children,' and the new hospital for women, and twice they were sent to the Infirmary wards of the Union; but though the supply of flowers was liberal, it was found impossible to give to all these institutions on the same day. The applications from the parish became more and more numerous, proving how much the flowers were appreciated by the people. The distribution, by the kind permission of the rector, took place in the Infant School on alternate Saturdays. On the first occasion 95 nosegays were given, afterwards the numbers varied from 290 to 300, 309 being the highest. On May 3rd two boxes of primroses and violets were sent from Hitchin especially for children, and 75 were made happy by receiving each a bunch. This raised hopes for the next 'Flower Saturday,' but alas, there were none for them. We made a collection of all the fallen petals and leaves and bits of moss, and gave each expectant child a handful in its pinafore or cap. This supplemental distribution was continued through the season, and gave the children much pleasure. Often as I walked home I have seen two or three of them sitting on a doorstep arranging and dividing their treasures, as happy as could be. Had it not been for the excellent order maintained among the children by a lady who gave up her whole afternoon to managing them, this distribution would have been impossible, and we should have required the aid of the police to keep the street door, the crowd of little ones was so great.

"The unpacking of hampers and tying up the flowers in bouquets, took time, trouble, and taste; but a few ladies kindly gave two hours to the work, and, I think, felt themselves amply rewarded by the pleasure they were thus able to give. The same may be said of those district-visitors who took flowers to their poorer friends, and came back with accounts of the welcome they had received and the many dark rooms they had brightened. One dying man begged to have the flowers left on his bed, where he could see and touch them: 'They seem calling me to heaven.'

"In many cases the flowers opened the door to district-visitors when all other means had failed.

"The kindness of country friends in supplying us with the means of thus brightening London homes is great, and by no means confined to those who give of their abundance. Many cottagers send flowers from their gardens, and school children gather bunches of daisies, buttercups, and forget-me-nots. One lady writes from Hertfordshire: 'The interest felt by our poor in sending flowers to London is quite touching,' and we may reply, the interest excited in receiving them is equally so. Those who have availed themselves of this simple way of giving pleasure, and have bestowed on the attic or the dismal kitchen a few of these flowers of the field, tell of the almost humbling gratitude their gifts have elicited."

One more instance of the value of flowers we will give.

"Four years ago, on a bright spring day, a young lady jumped out of the car at the Old Colony Station in Boston, United States, with a bunch of beautiful wild flowers in her hand. As she went down the street the wishful looks of some poor children caught her eye.

"'Will you have a flower?' she stopped and said.

"'Give me one! give me one!' they cried eagerly. Their delight on taking them surprised the lady as well as pleased her, and she then thought, for the first time, 'Why the poor things rarely see, much less have, a flower. Flowers do not spring up at our feet on pavements; daisies and buttercups can-

not grow out of bricks. These children never run in the green fields; they never sit on the fresh grass. It is stone around and stone below all through the summer.'

"It struck the lady like a new thought. And how she pitied the children, and all the sick people in the tenement houses, and the hospitals, who never sniff the new grass, or see or smell the sweet flowers with which God has speckled the fields!

"Her pity did not vanish from her heart, as pity too often does, and she said to herself, 'Why cannot we have a Flower Mission?' She spoke about it to her friends, and it was talked over and talked up as every good thing has to be; and the end of it was and is, a Flower Mission.

"Hollis Street Chapel offered itself as head-quarters. Here are the flower rooms, to which people from May to November are invited to send flowers and fruit for the poor and sick of the hot and dusty city. The large gardens and orchards of the rich give generously of their abundance, while the woods and the fields, and little garden patches and flower windows do their share also in the pleasure of giving; railroads bring them free, and one dear old express man, through all the heats of last summer, brought many a heavy load with no thought of pay, but the smile of some poor patient in a far-off hospital whom he should never see.

"Distributions are made on Mondays and Thursdays, when the friends of the poor are at hand to carry them away. How many close and dingy rooms are brightened by their beauty! How many children are made glad by a 'posy' or a pot of green—gladder than you can ever think of! How many sick people are refreshed and comforted by their sweet presence, to whom they are often better than medicine! From May till October in 1872, 10,305 distributions of flowers were made and 986 of fruit."

From the poetical picture of the results of giving and receiving the flowers we must now descend to the dry detail of how the plan can be practically extended and effectually carried out. We would begin by offering our heartfelt thanks to all our contributors for the trouble they have taken, and for the generous spirit in which they have carried out the scheme. Scarcely one hamper arrived unpaid for, and in most cases their return was also paid. It was difficult to find time to answer each arrival as fully as we could have wished, and we only hope our kind contributors will not have construed our silence as neglect or indifference.

We were constantly asked what flowers answered best to send, and how best to pack them. Our experience was that for every reason it is advisable to tie the flowers up in bouquets. The poor have a double pleasure in receiving what has been arranged in the country, and to the lady distributors the saving of trouble is immense. Moreover, the flowers travel so very much better when in bunches than singly, and though it does not answer to pack them too tightly, it is better to have enough in the hamper to prevent their shaking. Some have come with layers of cotton wool. This sticks to the delicate flowers, and cannot be cleared away without damaging them. Others have come packed with grass, which, though excellent for fruit or vegetables, does not answer well for flowers, as it dries too quickly. Wet moss is far the best material for any waste corners in the hampers. It never fails to keep them fresh, and it is of such value in itself when it arrives. We used to fill a plate with wet moss and insert short stalked flowers in it. For roses it was invaluable. It is very difficult to say what flowers did not answer. Now and then a hamper arrived with the contents faded, but it was only from accidental causes. Where old grocery boxes can be obtained they are preferable to baskets, as from the air being excluded the flowers travel better, and, being generally valueless, there is no trouble or expense in returning them.

The railway carrier had orders to call weekly for the empty hampers, and we trust that most of them were returned safely. At first there was a difficulty

in identifying the hampers with the senders, but, by requesting that the names of the kind contributors should be placed inside, this was of late obviated.

An attempt was made to induce the railway officials to lessen the charge on these hampers, but as yet no system has been organized by which it could be reduced. This is a point for future consideration. We do not see why what was done at the time of the sick and wounded fund, when all packages for that object were allowed to go free, could not be done for the Flower Mission with certain restrictions. Printed labels might be issued which would free the hampers from charge, as the red cross did in 1870.

The next point is to organize the distribution in London. Will any ladies who are interested in the plan, and who have the power of arranging local depôts from which hospitals and individuals can be served, send in their names, stating for what places and objects they would like to share in the country contributions? and then a list of these ladies and their localities can be furnished to any country inquirer, so that each may have the choice to whom and for whom to send their gifts. Two or three ladies could easily manage the work of each depôt, and it is not a laborious task, or one which cannot be entrusted to young hands.

Each independent depôt will soon collect a nucleus of its own contributors, and as the "Mission" gains ground so its benefits may increase, and fruit and vegetables be added to flowers.

We earnestly trust that this bond between the town and country poor will grow and strengthen, and become, not an individual undertaking, but one of the many means in use at the present day of cheering the suffering and strengthening the links between rich and poor.

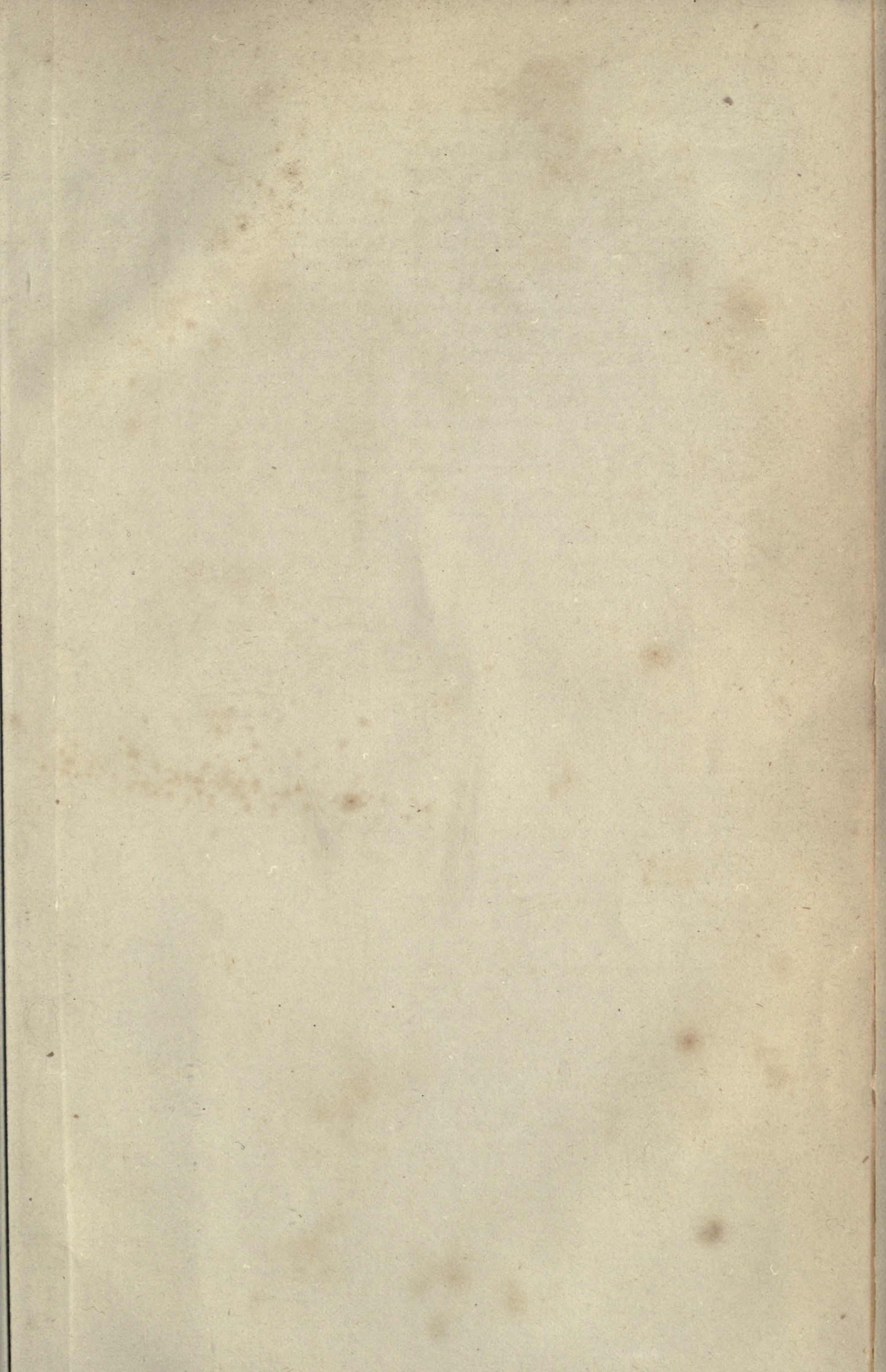
Till a more able secretary is found, any communications or inquiries on the subject will meet with prompt attention if directed to Miss Stanley, 22, York Street, Westminster, S.W.

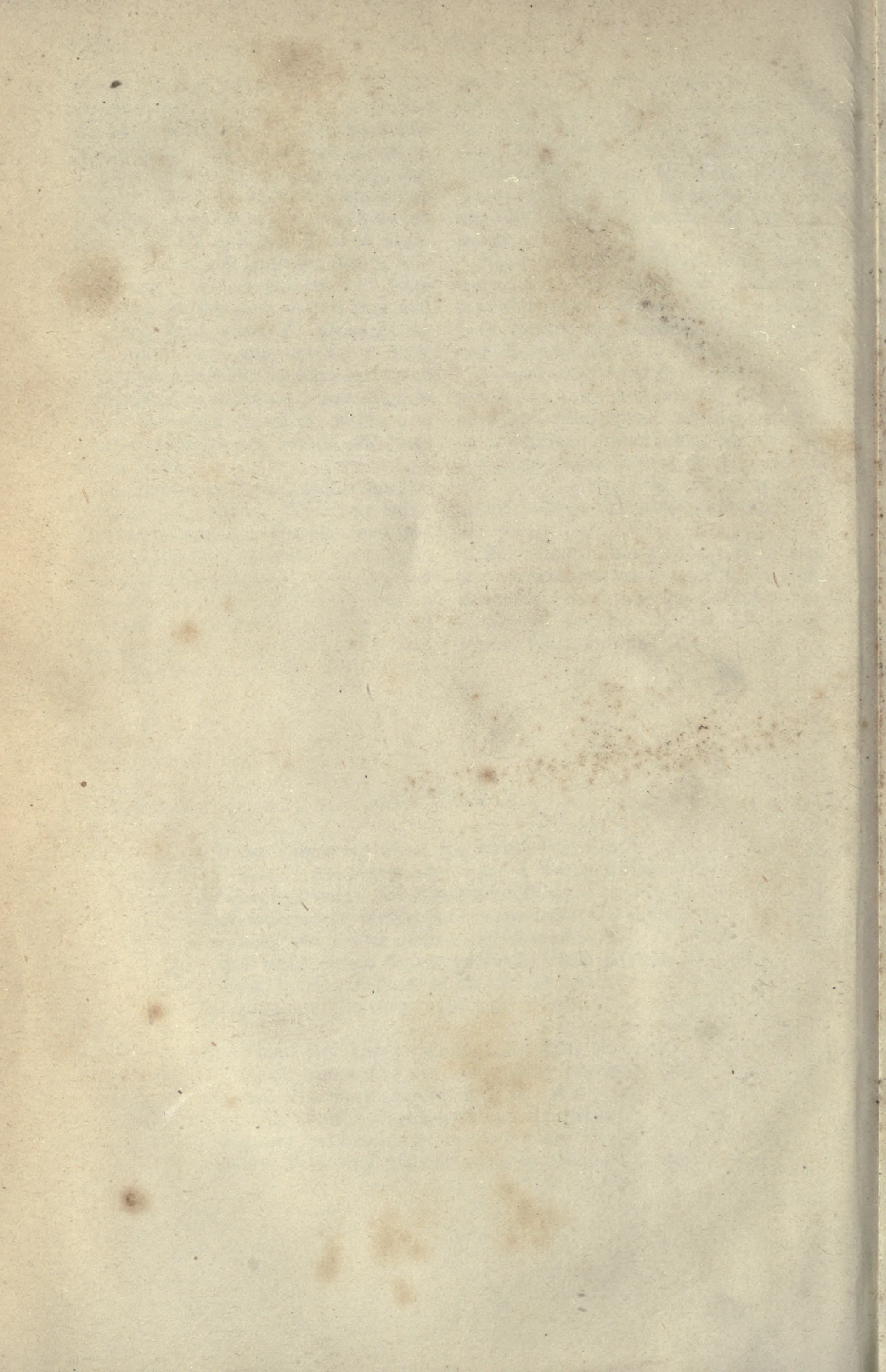
Mary Stanley.

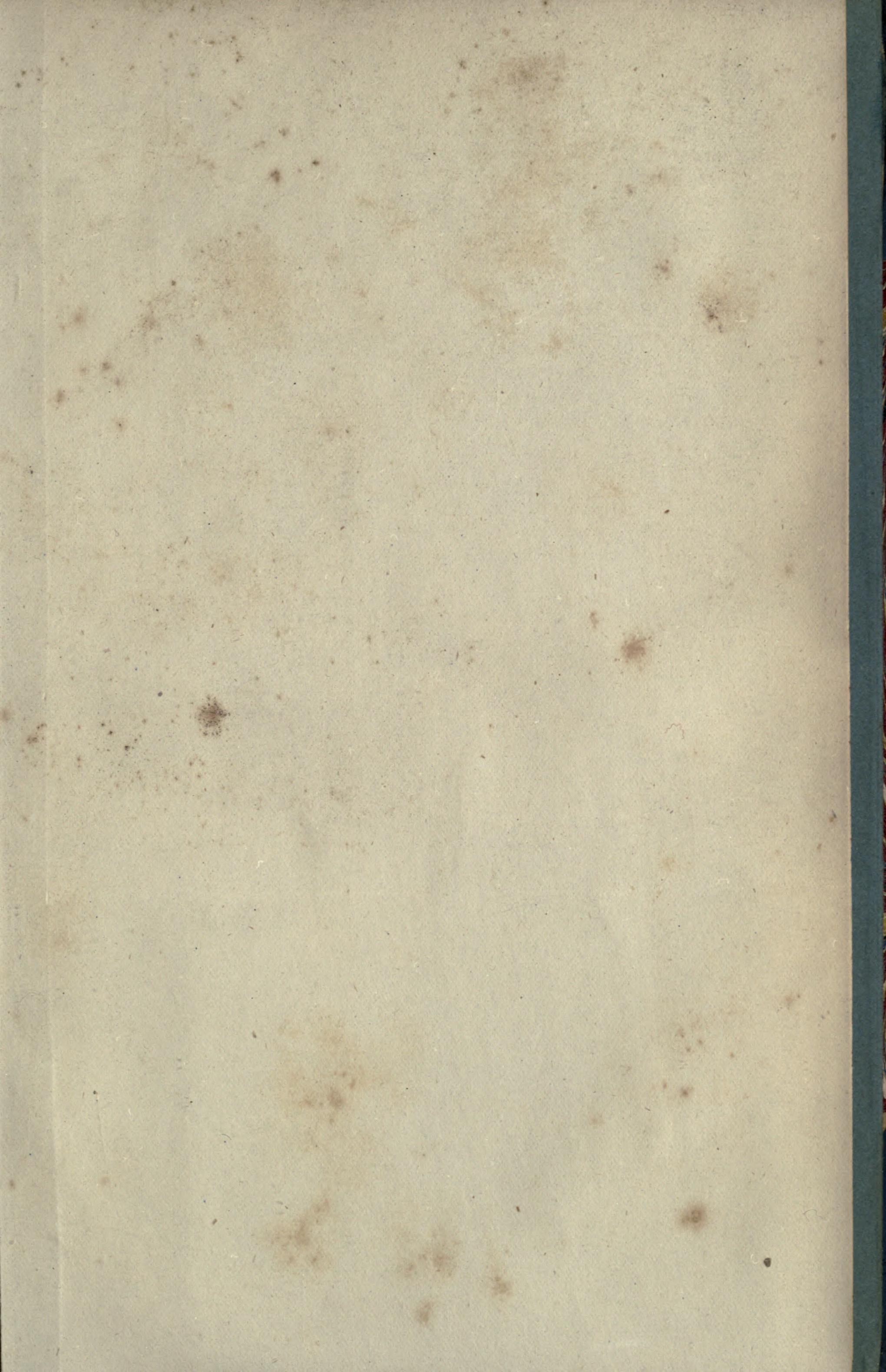
ATTAINMENT.

I think Odysseus, when the strife was o'er
With all the waves and wars, a weary while,
Was restless in the disenchanted isle,
And still would watch the sunset, from the shore,
Go down the golden path ; and evermore
His heart would follow westward, mile on mile,
Back to the Goddess of the magic wile,
Calypso ; and the love that was of yore.

And thou, thy haven gained, must turn thee yet,
To look across the sad and stormy space,
Tears of a youth as bitter as the sea,
Ah, with a heavy heart, and eyelids wet
Because, within a far forsaken place
Times Past, and Might-have-been, are lost to thee !







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Macmillan's magazine

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