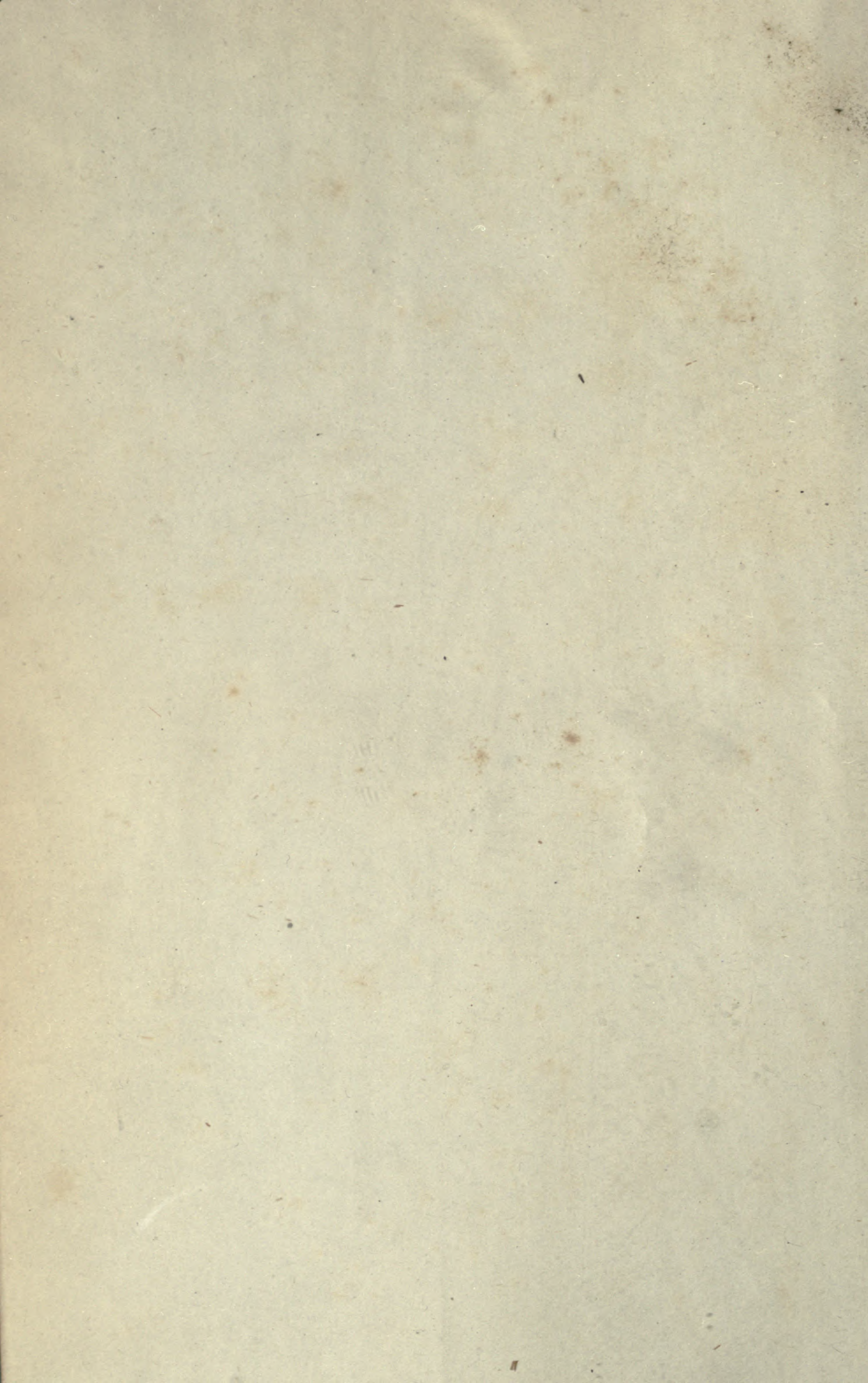

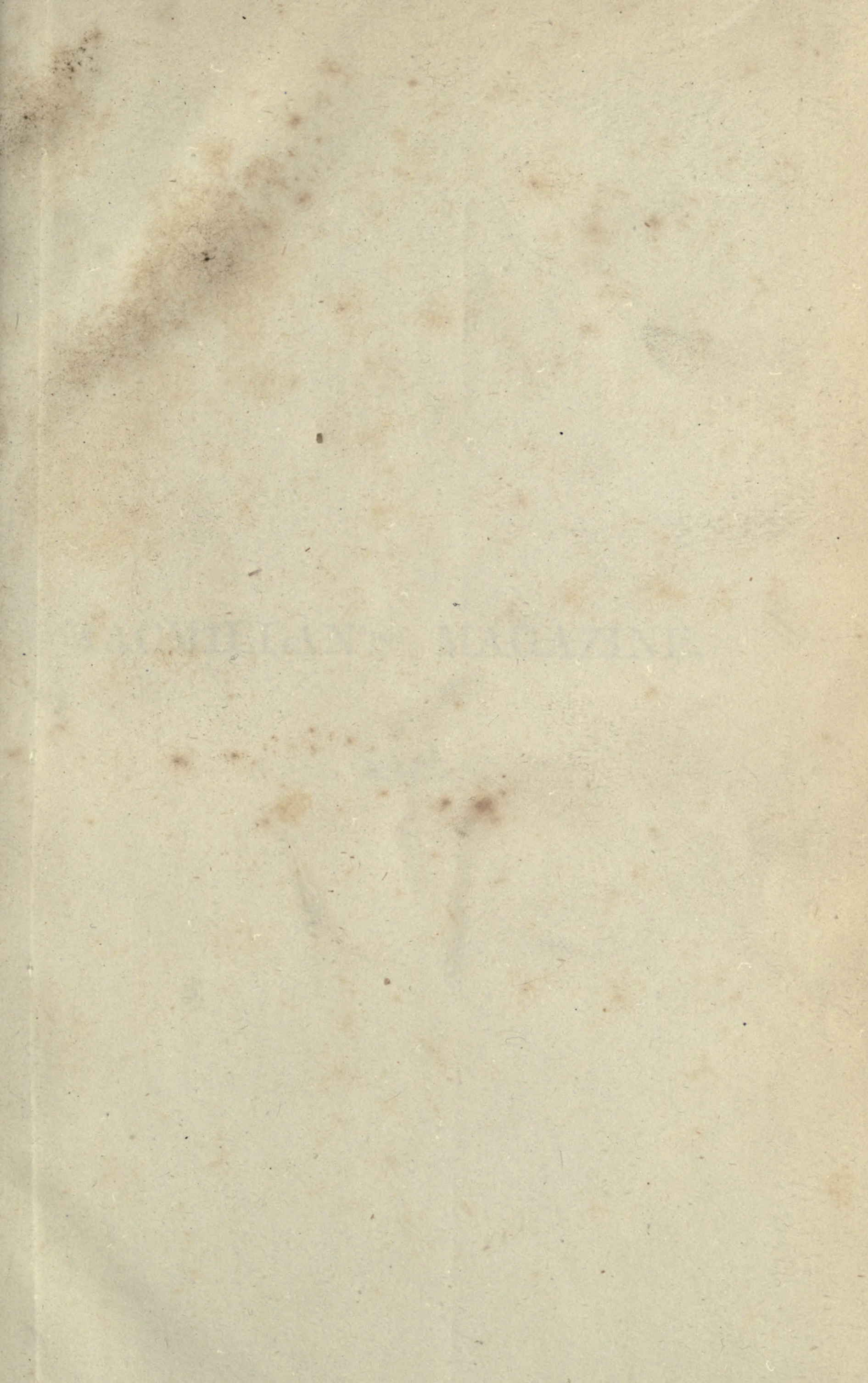

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

M. THIERS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE,

BY AN ENGLISH PENCIL.

[THREE years ago, at a *soirée* at the house of M. Thiers, the author of this biography asked his assistance in collecting materials for a sketch of his eventful life. He kindly said, "I will give you every assistance in my power. Call on me in the mornings, when I am not so much absorbed by visitors—at six o'clock, if you like. Bring a list of questions. Question me without fear of giving offence. I shall answer truthfully, asking nothing of your friendship, but something of your indulgence." He was as good as his word. To render him the justice he deserves longer explanations would be needed than the space in these pages can afford.—E. C.]

THE French Revolution had a first and second growth. That of 1789 was associated with the storms, the showers, the sunshine, the wild blasts, the freshness, bloom, and promise of spring. It came up in Floréal and Prairial, and ripened in Thermidor and Fructidor. That of 1830 was brilliant, but autumnal. Its flowers came out on the eve of a long winter, and, save in a few exceptional plants, had no great development. The men of the States-General were impelled by lofty motives; in working for France they conceived they were working for the world. In their estimation the loss of a colony was of small importance compared to the denial of a principle. Splendid talents were not wanting in the generation of 1830. But they were deficient in the *vis vitæ* of youth and the sacred fire that inspires noble aims. Of this second growth M. Thiers was one of the highest types. His long life is closely bound up in the French history of the last half century. The fierce light of journalism which played on him in his zenith, showing with prosaic distinctness his public and private failings, was, as the evening of his career drew nigh, succeeded by a semi-obscurity, which presaged one of the worst political hurricanes of modern times. In his seventy-third year he emerged from the partial retirement in which he had lived after the *coup d'état*, to save France from wreck. He succeeded beyond the hopes of friends confident in his great abilities. The task he accomplished has no parallel in history. The difficulties he had to deal with were many and stupendous. He compared himself to a pilot engaged to bring a shattered hulk safely into port in the face of a raging and dangerous sea, with a jealous captain, and a mutinous crew, who threw him overboard the moment he had refitted the ship. Thiers, President of the Third Republic, well redeemed the errors into which intemperate love of action, passion for his country's glory, and ambition, had hurried him in younger life. His political sun

may be said to have set when he was ejected from the Presidency in 1873. But after it went down its rays shot up from below the horizon, and cast upon the illustrious octogenarian a brighter glow than it ever did at any earlier period of his career.

There was not much that was epic in the astonishingly rapid and successful struggles of M. Thiers—first against poverty, and then for fame and power. It was not that he was destitute of courage, for in him that quality was carried to the extreme of intrepidity and audacity. But it was allied with an amount of address which we do not generally associate with the heroic character. He was rather the hero of a child's story, than of a poem intended to celebrate great faculties and surplus activities devoted to great ends, although he was in no small measure endowed with both. From youth to old age, when a nettle was raised to strike him, he never shrank from roughly handling it. But he preferred, when it was possible, to talk the person who flourished it into laying it down. Violent conflict with an enemy was repugnant to him. He was often called a worshipper of force, but in reality he had small sympathy with it when not manifestly directed by intellect. In northern races, the barbarian constantly breaks out in the finest gentleman. There was not a trace of barbarism in Thiers, notwithstanding the poverty in which he was reared. Bismarck, who is not a man of very delicate feeling, was charmed with his super-civilisation, and at Versailles complimented him upon it. "Talk on, talk on, I beseech you," he said to him, when they had laid aside grave business for lighter conversation. "It is delightful to listen to one so essentially civilised." There was not a trace of the primitive man in Thiers. He was the heir, truly, of all the ages in the foremost rank of time, and of the races who made the Mediterranean basin the centre of antique civilisation.

M. Thiers was born in a troublous period of the world's history. The eighteenth century was going out in social and political storm and upheavals at the time of his birth, which happened at Marseilles on the 16th of April, two years and nearly nine months before the nineteenth century, with its mechanical and industrial revolutions, came in.

In the diary of the physician who attended at this event, this curious entry was made—"A cinq heures ce matin, j'ai assisté à l'accouchement de la fille d'Amic. Douleurs des plus vives, et prolongés pendant vingt heures. Présentation mauvaise. Temps de gestation presque dix mois. Enfant du sexe masculin, turbulent, et très viable, quoique ses membres inférieurs sont peu développés. La jeune mère était en proie à des grands chagrins, ce qui explique ces accidents. Son mari s'est sauvé de chez lui, et elle ne sait pas ce qui lui en est devenu. La femme Lhommaça s'est trouvée auprès de sa fille."

An inauspicious entrance truly on life's stage! The deserted young wife, whose miseries are thus briefly recorded, had, ten months previously, made a love match, and in consequence quarrelled with her family. They were of Levantine origin, and, among themselves, spoke in the Greek dialect. "The woman Lhommaça" was the aunt of the poet Chénier, and the wife of an enterprising and rich merchant named Amic. Taking pity on her daughter in her distress, she gave her and a tribe of step-children shelter in a house belonging to herself, which happened to be unlet. It was then numbered 15, in the fifth *isle*, or block, of the Rue des Petits Pères, a new street, connecting the Place St. Michel with the suburb of La Plaine, and called after a Jesuit confraternity which had formerly established itself on a property through which it ran. "40" is the number this house now bears. It is valued at 22,000 francs, but was not worth half that sum in 1797. Madame Amic mortgaged it in 1816,

to enable Thiers to study law; and when she went in 1825 to live at Bouc, where he purchased a cottage for her and his mother, she sold it for 13,000 francs to a M. Delestrade. Madame Thiers is now negotiating its purchase. She intends to furnish it with part of her late illustrious husband's art collection and books, and present it to the town of Marseilles.

The Amics and Lhommaças belonged to the same Levantine clan. They were warm-hearted people, quick to resent and sharp in their resentment, but soon disposed to forgive and forget. They appear also to have been enthusiastic Royalists. Their reputation as such induced Thiers the elder, who was a friend of theirs, to fly for shelter, in the White reaction of Thermidor, to the house of his future father-in-law. While hiding there, Amic's daughter, a young girl of remarkable beauty, energy of character, and keenness of tongue, fell in love with him. She pitied him for his misfortunes, was dazzled by his brilliant parts and plausible manners, and, regardless of his poverty and family encumbrances, insisted on espousing him. To understand a great man well we should know something of his family history. In troubled times Frenchwomen have strong political sentiments, and know how to assert them. Thiers's mother was no exception. The honeymoon over, she quarrelled as much with her husband about his opinions as about his convivial habits, which tended to keep him in the poverty into which he had fallen. Her royalism was not modified later in life by her son's successes, and she mourned over his revolutionary leanings when he arrived at man's estate. Her husband was a little mercurial person of almost universal aptitudes, great wit, too great enterprise, and a petulant temper, which ill disposed him to bear the lash of his wife's tongue. A Royalist *émigré*, the Marquis de Fonvielle of Toulouse, sketched a portrait of him in 1808 which might serve for a caricature of our M. Thiers. The marquis made a voyage with him from Genoa to Carthagena in Spain, on board the *Virgen del Pilar*, and said of him, in writing to a relation in France: "This little man is a talking and gesticulating encyclopædia, and the most amusing creature I ever came across. One cannot start any subject with which he is unfamiliar. It is impossible to have seen any wonderful thing that he has not witnessed. He knows the entire globe, round which he tells us he sailed with Captain le Marchant. I somehow doubt if he ever did, though he bears cross-examination well, and surmounts with address every objection to his story. He is precise in the employment of technical, scientific, and nautical terms, in the description of the countries visited by the captain, in the designation of latitudes, officers, men, and log-book dates. He reasons better than any sailor on the art of navigation, explains with surprising clearness the manœuvres of the crew, demonstrates as pat as the alphabet the laws of storms and currents, and shipbuilding. If asked to give an account of what passes in the moon, he would be at no loss to furnish one. He parrots every scientific theory and system, and really he looks like a parrot raised in some incomprehensible way into a human being."

This "talking encyclopædia," just before the birth of his son Adolphe Louis, was employed as a dock-porter; but he had seen prosperous days, and had been educated for the bar. His father belonged to the burgess aristocracy which, from 1560 to 1775, when Marseilles lost its liberties, exercised well-nigh uncontrolled sway over that town. Moreover, he was annalist to the Hôtel de Ville, and wrote an erudite history of Provence. The annalist was the son of a notable cloth merchant, a friend of M. de Marbœuf, the governor of Corsica, and had built himself a palatial mansion in the Rue de Mazade. He was magnificent in his expenditure, and a man of brilliant parts. The

fame of his suppers—which had an artistic character—reached to Paris, and his house was the resort of the chief people of Marseilles. In making a venture with the American colonies he was ruined. He lived to the age of ninety-seven. His son, the archivist, died in his ninety-fifth year at Mentone, whither he fled from the Republicans, who persecuted him for having incited the burgess party to seize on the Jacobins representing the Convention, and throw them into the dungeons of the Château d'If. M. Thiers's father, following the revolutionary current, helped to release the prisoners. For this service he was named Registrar to the Tribunal of Public Safety, a position which, under the White Terror, drew upon him the wrath of the Royalists, and led to his taking refuge in the house of Amic, where he met his second wife. The illustrious statesman who died last September was not, therefore, as has been frequently said and written, the son of an illiterate workman. His father, as we have seen, was a man of excellent education, and, for the city in which he lived, of high extraction and unquestionably ancient lineage. M. Thiers resembled him in every point, except his incapacity to succeed. He was in the habit of disappearing suddenly, to engage in the strangest kind of mercantile and other ventures, and of not turning up for long periods, when he re-appeared empty-handed, but full of hope. The English fleet, which prevented him from executing a military contract obtained in 1797, did not prevent his going, soon after, to Italy. He went there as *impresario* of a company of players which he had formed. At Milan one of his actresses obtained for him the monopoly of the gaming-tables. Thence he pushed on to Naples, where his wit and unflagging spirits gained him influential patrons at Court and the favour of Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, whom he had known at Marseilles.

For a while he led a splendid life. Suddenly collapsing, he turned up in Carthagena, where he started a house of business, and then sold it to go to Madrid. In that city King Joseph and Queen Julie (*née* Clary) took him by the hand, and, but for the crash of Vittoria, he might have prospered. The presence of the English, however, served as an excuse for not sending more money than he did to his suffering family; and the direct pressure of their arms on his business speculations helped to foster in his son's mind the intensely national and bellicose spirit which the stirring events of the Consulate and Empire had generated in it. This brilliant, roving, speculative Marseilles Micawber had a passion for houses, which he transmitted to Adolphe. In 1831, full of hope in the patronage of the creator of the July Monarchy, he hastened to Paris with a scheme for irrigating and reclaiming the Crau desert outside of Marseilles. Thiers severely admonished him, and asked him what he owed him. "Everything," urged the prodigal parent. "Do you think that if, when my grandfather failed, I had resigned myself to a life of penurious economy and stagnation, you would be the man you are?" The argument told. The son, who had a strong instinct of filial duty, granted his father a pension, and sent him to Carpentras to direct the post-office, with authority to appoint a daughter by his first wife deputy postmistress. There the old man took a cottage at a short distance from the Allée des Platanes, and lived in company with a pack of dogs. He frequently got into the hands of Jews, who speculated upon the scandal it would occasion if they arrested him for debt. In 1833, Thiers, then Minister of Public Works, gave him 12,000f. for consenting formally to his marriage with the co-heiress of M. and Madame Dosne. To insure the non-appearance of his troublesome parent at the wedding, the minister for three weeks previously hired all the places in the stage coaches running from Carpentras and other towns of the Vaucluse to Lyons.

When length of day runs in the blood, traditions are tenacious. Those of the Thiers family went back to the very origin of the city which for generations they had helped to rule, to agitate, and to enrich. It was said that they belonged to a servile Punic colony, transplanted from Africa by the Romans, of which vestiges existed up to a very recent period. There seems to have been in the race that subtlety, that tenacity which hides itself under a flexible exterior, that genius for dealing with present difficulties, and that repugnance to abstract theories, which distinguished the Carthaginians. At a *fête* given by Marseilles to Mirabeau, an allusion was made to this Punic legend by the Committee of Management. They decided that at the gala representation in the theatre their illustrious guest should sit between two young ladies of remarkable beauty—Mademoiselle Thiers, aunt of the statesman, and Mademoiselle Noble; Mirabeau between the *noblesse* and the *tiers* was the pun they proposed to put in action. Mademoiselle Noble, or Nobili, of Italian ancestry, was dressed to personify old Rome, and Mademoiselle Thiers, Carthage, the trading state of antiquity. The play was the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mirabeau asked the young ladies did it interest them? "What more interests us," replied Mademoiselle Thiers, "is to find ourselves beside the Gentilhomme Bourgeois." The *mot* was repeated by the great orator in the *salon*, and its author became the heroine of the evening.

Thiers was adopted in early infancy by his grandmother Madame Amic. She got two flourishing merchants, named Rollardin and Barthelière, to stand for him at the baptismal font; and it was well for him that she did. Leaving the house in the Rue des Petits Pères to her unhappy daughter—with whom, when her own fortune was engulphed in a subsequent disaster, she went back to live—she took her grandson to her *bastide*, or country house. It was on one of those limestone hills clad with parasol pines which run east of the city into the Mediterranean. The bright sun, the bright sea, the aromatic herbage, and the balsamic emanations from woods that gave shelter, but did not impede the circulation of the air, were powerful stimulants to mind and body. In his writings M. Thiers recurs to the impressions he received in childhood on that luminous hillside, looking down on the blue glinting bay and crowded port. He was allowed to run about wild. When the *bastide* was sold, and Mme. Amic obliged to share her daughter's lodging, she did not curtail her favourite grandchild's liberty. His playground, after he went back to the Rue des Petits Pères, was another limestone hill, now built over, and called Les Baumettes, from caverns in its flank. Thiers was a young Ishmael among the street Arabs that gathered there. To his latest days he recurred with pleasure to his boyish games and warfare at Les Baumettes. His recollection of them and of the happy tone they gave his intellect prompted him to give a cold reception to schemes for endowing France with infant schools. M. Thiers often sustained against Guizot, who was a thorough schoolmaster, that young children are better employed bird-nesting and thrashing each other out of doors, than locked up in ugly, close rooms, poring over lessons which they should be allowed only to glance at.

The boy Thiers had a very narrow escape of receiving no education whatever. His grandmother was loath to part with him. She feared for his health, for which his phenomenal smallness augured ill. Then she dreaded to part with the small sum of money that remained to her after the wind-up of her affairs. When Rollardin—one of the child's godfathers and kind protectors—set on Joseph Chénier to obtain for him a *demi-bourse* at the Lycée, the mother protested against a son of hers ever wearing Bonaparte's livery, or eating bread provided by him. The Duc d'Enghien's execution had revived

her old royalist fanaticism. She execrated the Emperor and the Empire, and thought no good could come of their schools for higher instruction. Barthelière—the other godfather, with whom the young Adolphe spent his Sundays, and who divined the future that was before him—interfered. He threatened to apply to the still absent father, who had a legal right to decide as to the manner in which the boy was to be educated. Under this menace the two ladies yielded, and Thiers was prepared to compete for the *demi-bourse*, for which his cousin Chénier obtained him a nomination. At the examination which was to open to him the doors of the Lyceum he obtained high marks. Rollardin bought his outfit, and Barthelière undertook to pay those school expenses which the municipality did not bear.

Thiers's first Black Monday was in October, 1808. A good boy he certainly was not, but an able boy he constantly proved himself. To keep at the head of his form he scarcely needed to apply himself, so rapid was his apprehension and so tenacious his memory. In the humanities he was weak, unless when asked to comment on the classic authors that he had to study. The leisure his superior capacity secured for him was spent in practical jokes and escapades, cleverly-imagined and boldly-executed. A more mischievous sprite never tormented an usher. In planning a trick, it was his way to ingratiate himself with the masters, and to secure the favour of probable witnesses. Under the Marseilles professors his higher faculties did not assert themselves. They were suddenly brought out by the menace of expulsion, conjoined with fresh family disasters, and the arrival from Paris of a teacher for whose memory M. Thiers, to the end of his life, entertained a profound reverence.

For the first time in his life he knew what it was to venerate as well as to love a human being. Maillet-Lacoste, the new professor, was a young man of noble and engaging countenance. His air and manners were those of a perfect gentleman, contrasting strongly with the easily excited provincial pedagogues, under whom Thiers had heretofore been placed. Master of himself in all circumstances, he soon became master of the Lyceans in his class. Thiers was the disciple and pupil of Maillet-Lacoste, who in teaching him mathematics sought to raise his moral standard. The Parisian tutor was a martyr to his political faith. Issuing with a high number in a batch of 190 from the Polytechnique, where he had been a comrade of Arago, he elected to be a civil engineer. But, writing a pamphlet against the Consulate, and signing a protest against the Empire, he was sent in disgrace to teach mathematics at the Lyceum of Marseilles. In talking politics he was reserved But the precocious intellect of Thiers led him to unbosom himself, and master and pupil discussed political ethics during the evening recreation in the arcades of the court. On the Thursday holidays they visited the museum, and a library formed out of the spoils of the Convents and Châteaux of Provence. Maillet-Lacoste was alive and in obscurity when Thiers became President of Louis Philippe's Council. His old pupil—who, if at times a slippery politician, loved the intimate companionship of honest men, and was firm in his friendship for them—wrote him an affectionate letter in which he offered him an important post in the department of Public Instruction. Maillet-Lacoste declined in terms which, if read by the light of subsequent events, seem prophetic. "I cannot," he said, "accept anything from you since you have broken with those who wished to found a Republic in 1830. You then condemned France to another series of political convulsions. The peasantry still remember with affection the *régime* to which they owe their emancipation. They hate Bonaparte, their recollections being still fresh of how he took their sons

for the cannon's maw. They also hate the Bourbons, their secular oppressors. The priests labour among them to distort the Republican tradition, and are likely to succeed. You will live, I am persuaded, to see the downfall of your Citizen King, and the priest-deceived people refusing to let you have a Republic when you want one. They will impose on you some sort of clerical despotism—perhaps the Empire *minus* Bonaparte and *plus* the Jesuits. The days of July robbed me of a fondly-cherished hope. I used to think your luminous intellect could not long be taken in by a system resting neither on instinct nor principle. Those participating in your government will condemn themselves to a course of unworthy expedients, the example of which will rot the fibre of the nation. You are exposing yourself to be tempted precisely where you are weakest. The best thing I can wish you is to be soon obliged to retire from office, and that for a long time."

Under the quickening influence of Maillet-Lacoste Thiers soon found work, for which he had a prodigious capacity, easier than idleness. The many-sidedness of his mind placed him foremost in most branches of learning. But no effort of the will could enable him to master foreign languages, or commit to memory long passages from the Latin and Greek authors. All he could attain to by persevering labour was to read and understand a Greek or Latin book at sight. The ideas they expressed he rapidly caught up, made his own, and retained; but the words in which they were embodied slipped from him, though when he met them again he remembered them at once. A language of Gothic origin had no hold whatever upon his mind. It was forgotten as soon as learned. When M. Thiers was engaged in his historical work he tried hard to learn German and English, in order to read the pamphlets, newspaper articles, street songs, and state papers bearing on the wars of the First Republic and of Napoleon. The labour was fruitless. The historian acquired Italian because his ears in childhood were familiarised with the Provençal dialect. He believed that but for the fact of his mother's family and friends having spoken among themselves in a Greek *patois*, Homer, in whose spirited battle-pictures he revelled, would have been to him a sealed book. But the literary aliment on which his imagination chiefly fed was not borrowed from antiquity. Boys in the public schools of France, at the beginning of the century, when Thiers was a boy, were encouraged to read the *Moniteur*. He devoured its accounts of Napoleon's prodigious victories, and triumphal marches and counter-marches over Europe. He followed the "Grande Armée" over the atlas which lay in his desk, and explained to his class-fellows strategical and geographical points, and the obstacles which the Conqueror overcame. The *Bulletin de l'Empire* was read aloud by professors to their pupils in the Lycées. It was written in a tawdry, declamatory style for the ignorant multitude, which furnished raw material for Bonaparte's armies, and facts were too often made to give place for high-flown epithets. Thiers amused himself by taking a bulletin of victory for a theme, and expanding it into a full account of the battle, which he read aloud at recreation in the court-yard, and carried home with him to his relations on the Sunday following. His grandmother carefully stored up these juvenile compositions, suggested by the bombastic poverty of the official newsman's style. A sketch of the Bridge of Lodi—a retrospective study—is as full of action as one of Horace Vernet's battle-pieces. These early writings, some few of which still exist, were permeated with the military spirit of the time in which they were written. Thiers's genius was awakened by the increasing din of war, and by the bonfires on the Provence mountains which blazed forth the news of land-victories

to hostile fleets standing out at sea. In a youthful essay he maintained, with an argumentative skill which must have astonished his preceptors, that France, to avoid being the weakest, should be the strongest of European powers. Her exceptional advantages would render her an object of covetous enmity, and tempt less favoured nations to plunder her. In supporting his thesis, Thiers argued against the too easy exchange of agricultural wealth for money, which he thought would weaken the real sinews of war, and tend to the accumulation of treasure and the diminution of defensive power. He maintained that a strong population with simple habits and intelligence had more expansive power than one that was wealthy and luxurious. This idea, in 1872, governed M. Thiers's commercial policy, as shown in the Navigation Bill, and was at the bottom of his opposition to the Second Emperor's commercial treaties. To mathematics as to composition, Thiers applied himself at school with ardour. He had a taste for them, and knew that proficiency in them would, if he grew tall enough to qualify him for military service, enable him to make a figure in the army. Fifty-eight years later, his early love for science came out again. At Tours, in the month of October, 1870, he procured a whole library of scientific works, which he studied with ardour. This occupation calmed the fever into which he was thrown by the memorable events of that year, and the political inactivity in which he was kept by the jealousy of the Delegate Government, and the fears of M. Clement Laurier, lest one so expert in the analysis and management of budgets should interfere with the financial schemes in which he had embarked. At Bordeaux he went through a course of physics and chemistry in the following months of November and December.

Thiers having in 1814 completed the university curriculum, his *demi-bourse* dropped, and he returned to the house in which he first saw the light. The long blockade and the naval triumphs of the English had well-nigh reduced Marseilles to a state of inanition. His grandmother, to whom he owed so much, had let the lower floors of her house to a shopkeeper, and had anticipated several years' rent. She was sharing her pittance with Madame Thiers in the garret story. The latter did what she could to earn a little money, sometimes doing needlework for an army contractor, sometimes keeping the accounts of her mother's tenant, and sometimes, in the hot weather, selling iced coffee on a stand in the Place St. Michel. One of her daughters had learned confectionery. She it was who set up a *table d'hôte* in the Rue Basse du Rempart, and placed on the signboard "Pension bourgeoise de Madame Ripert, sœur de M. Thiers, ancien Président du Conseil du Roi Louis Philippe." A step-daughter had started on a gay career, and subsequently died in a hospital at Carpentras. There were other children in a miserable condition, for whom Adolphe ultimately provided. To Charles he gave a consular appointment, and he bought a farm in Normandy for Isabelle, who died there unmarried, in the year 1874.

Thiers cheated this wretchedness by borrowing books and by reading in the town library. The godfathers continued to ask him to their houses, and were in many ways useful to him. He contributed to his own support by painting miniatures, a branch of art in which he attained excellence. He often exercised himself in oratory in the cockloft in which he slept. His grandmother and a lad of his age were his audience. The former thought him superior to Mirabeau, whom she had heard. He at that time cultivated the Ciceronian period, and also the bombastic manner of Napoleon's military harangues. At Rollardin's table he sustained discussions with Royalists—who were then on the winning side—in a more natural, and we may suppose more effective, style. His warm-

hearted old friend advised him to go to the bar, the army being closed against him on account of his dwarfish stature.

Barthelière and Chénier, on the other hand, advised his entering a counting-house, where he would be received on advantageous conditions. But Thiers was too fond of the Muses to forsake them. He somehow imagined he was to play a great part in the history of his country, but did not well see how he could open to himself a literary and public career. Old Madame Amic found him the means. Encouraged by her friends, and by a non-juring priest of whom she took counsel, she realised her little property so far as she was able, and went to settle at Aix, an old parliamentary town, rich in historical remains and in châteaux stored with works of art. There there was a law-school of repute, which her grandson entered in 1816. In it he made the acquaintance of Mignet, his true and inseparable friend for ever after. Thiers was gifted with an irrepressibly sanguine spirit. He used to divert himself at Aix, planning how to rule France when he should be a minister. "Quand je serais ministre" was often in his mouth. On reaching the ministerial altitude, he was to drive an unfortunate old apple-woman, whose stall faced the law school, in a coach and four through the town, and bid the Prefect appoint her son *concièrge* to the Prefecture. The latter part of the promise he kept. Moreover, he used to tell his mother and grandmother that out of his ministerial salary he would buy a certain cottage in the romantic village of Bouc, halfway between Marseilles and Aix. He was better than his word. In 1832 he sent for the former to share with him the grandeur of his ministerial residence; but feeling herself out of her element there, and disliking the cold, foggy winter of Paris, she elected for the Bouc cottage, where Mme. Amic was already comfortably installed. In this retreat they both died at advanced ages, as their tombstones testify.

If M. Thiers had sought through France he could not have found at this stage of his career another institution so well fitted to prepare him for the course he was to run as the one to which he went to study law. Aix was the capital of Provence under René of Anjou. From the time of its union with France, it was, in the old juridical language, a *pays d'état*. It enjoyed privileges unknown elsewhere, except at Marseilles, and was the seat of a parliament for a hundred years. The scenery about it is superb, and the town and its environs are in themselves an historical museum. There was much wealth in the locality, which with the liberties enjoyed by a highly-gifted race of people, conduced to intellectual activity. Mignet was an Aixois. His social relations there were valuable to Thiers. They embraced opulent and very hospitable parliamentary families spared by the Revolution. The Marquis d'Albertas had a gallery of which any monarch might have been proud, and culled from every modern state in which art had flourished. Vanloo's genius was discovered by an Albertas, and his pencil employed to decorate the château. The Marquis de Lagoy was an amateur of rare medals, in collecting which he had encumbered his estates. He had had the good fortune, when the armies of Bonaparte were plundering Italian villas, palaces, convents, and galleries, to acquire portfolios filled with sketches and drawings of the old masters. The collection formed by the Marquis de Bourguignon de Fabrigoule he had since left to the museum of Aix. The Marquis de la Rochette and M. Sallier, by whom the finances of the Bouches du Rhone were then directed, had also galleries and private museums in which comparative studies could be made of ancient and modern schools, and history learned from Gallo-Roman bronzes, coins, marbles, cameos, and inscriptions. Thiers, who intuitively turned to what was beautiful in art and nature, here formed healthy and refined tastes. He endeavoured, when fame and

fortune had crowned his industrious youth and manhood, to reproduce in his house in the Place St. Georges what he remembered in the mansions of the parliamentary notables at Aix.

The French aristocracy of the eighteenth century had one very salient virtue: it was disposed to encourage merit wherever it might be found. In its social usages, apart from the Court of Versailles, it was in this respect democratic. Rousseau, after giving a picture of the corruption and giddiness of the ladies of rank who directed opinion, hastened to say their faults were redeemed by their penetration in discerning the meritorious, and their generosity in aiding and bringing them forward if they were poor and in obscurity.

The parliamentary families of Aix adhered under the Restoration to the intellectual traditions of the last century. Thiers was taken up and cherished by some of them. He was a delicious toy for old Voltairean nobles. No doubt they objected to his politics, which were Jacobin; but they put up with him for the sake of his loquacious wit, and the zest it gave to the conversation in which he mingled. A *salon* or a *cercle* where he talked became an intellectual gymnasium. To exercise himself in full liberty in dialectics, he at this time formed a club called the Cénacle. At first it was intended for none but law-students; but judges tinged with liberalism, and nobles who wished well to the new reforms, having sought to join it and being admitted, it grew into one of the first debating societies in France. Its founder was its youngest member. Mignet was a year older. D'Arlatan de Lauris was already a judge of the Court of Appeal and a member of the Academy of Aix, a circumstance which enabled him to render the master-mind of the Cénacle a service that opened to him the road to the far-off capital.

Eleven miles from Aix, on the southern flank of Mount Libaou, in the midst of woods and cascades, and standing out on a rocky platform, there is a feudal castle, square, massive, and gloomy, with turrets at its angles. Its vast hall, built by the Romans, was an armoury, in which are collected weapons of all ages and countries. The other apartments, some of them of grandiose proportions, are sculptured and painted by master-hands. Cardinal Isoard was the owner of this castle in 1818, and had constructed an oratory wherein to enshrine the body of St. Severin, presented to him by Pius VII. Before the castle had come into his possession it belonged to the Vauvenargues family, and was presented to Joseph de Clapiers Vauvenargues, first Consul of Aix, as a reward for his devotion in relieving the victims of the great Marseilles plague. He was the father of Vauvenargues the moralist, who died at the age of thirty-two, in the retreat of Prague, and was styled by Voltaire the "master-mind of the eighteenth century." D'Arlatan de Lauris was connected with the De Vauvenargues, and took Thiers to see their castle. He also recommended him to the cardinal, who received him graciously and asked him to come often and study the old rooms and hall in detail. While there Thiers conceived the idea of writing the life of Vauvenargues, which he confided to D'Arlatan. Being without money he proposed to publish by subscription. His friend not only encouraged him in the idea, but—without revealing his motive, which was to do a kindness to the young student—he suggested to the Academy to grant a prize of 500 francs for an eulogium on Vauvenargues. His pretext was that they should not be surpassed in liberality by the Academy of Nismes, which had offered the same sum for an essay on Charles VII. That prize had been won by Mignet. He went to Nismes to be crowned towards the end of 1820, and thence to Paris to find materials for another prize offered by the Academy of Inscriptions "on the state of government and legislation in France at the accession of St. Louis, and the institutions founded by that king." But to return to Aix and Thiers.

The essays on Vauvenargues were to be sent in anonymously, with sealed envelopes containing the authors names. Thiers having read his at the Cénacle, the secret of his authorship got out. One half of the Academy was for him, and the other half against. The adjudication was put off to the next session. Thiers for this paper obtained an honourable mention. But in the interval between the two sessions, he wrote in a different style, and from another point of view, a second essay. The faithful Mignet, to whom he sent it, transcribed it and posted the copy in Paris. It had for its epigraph, "Man is in the world to act; the greater his activity the better he accomplishes his destiny." Action, the essayist regarded as the supreme rule and end of life, and freedom and energy to act the supreme felicity of existence. This estimate of happiness was sincere. M. Thiers had no experience of the beatific vision of the Hindoo. Incentives to devouring activity rejuvenated him when he was old, and rescued him from the physician's hands when medicine and hygienics failed. But to pursue the narrative of his life, and show more completely the slender hinge upon which his destinies and the greater ones involved in them turned. The stratagem of the Paris postmark succeeded. Aix rang with laughter when the trick played on the Royalists was discovered. There were public rejoicings in honour of Thiers. The Cénacle gave a banquet in his honour, at which he announced his intention of starting immediately for Paris. On the day following he was entertained in the name of the Liberal party by M. Borely, an eccentric judge, and an offer was made him of a seat in the Chamber for Aix at the next vacancy. It was not however accepted before 1830.

It is commonly and erroneously understood that Thiers and Mignet journeyed together from Aix to Paris. His fellow-traveller was Méry, one of the brilliant band turned out by Marseilles under the Restoration. They passed through Burgundy in the merry vintage season, seeking hospitality in farmhouses and country inns, often dining at the wayside on bread and cheese and a bunch of grapes, and visiting the noteworthy places lying near their route. Weary of body and sore of foot, but buoyant with hope, Thiers entered the "maison meublée," in the Passage Montesquieu, in the garret of which Mignet lodged. In the darkness of the unlighted corridor the tired traveller knocked at the wrong door. The room he fell upon was occupied by another Marseillais, Rabbe, a polemist, rugged, violent, forcible, and pitiless, who, for the ill-luck of the Monarchy, was drifted by a domestic hurricane to Paris. He was giving a bowl of hot wine to some brother Bohemians, when he heard a knock at the door. On opening, a little man with a bundle in his hand entered, and said he was looking for M. Mignet, whom Rabbe knew to be out. The stranger asked to be allowed to sit down until his friend's return, and advanced towards the table looking wistfully at the hot wine. He wore a coat that had been green and was faded into yellow, tight buff trousers too short to cover his ankles, and dusty and glossy from long use, a pair of clumsy Blucher boots, and a hat worthy of a place in an antiquary's cabinet. His face was tanned a deep brown, and a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles covered half his face.

Mignet, when he entered, embraced him. In the expansiveness of his joy he asked him to share his room. He spoke of himself as a millionnaire, which relatively to the recipient of his hospitality he was. Had he not been awarded a first prize by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres for his essay on France under St. Louis? and had not Chatelain, his fellow-townsman, charged him with the foreign editorship of the *Courier Français*, in which he was pelting away at the Monarchy in a series of letters on English history? But in sharing his poor chamber he did not forget that

Madame Thiers had said to him of her son—"Adolphe will never go afoot. He will first hang on to the back of a carriage, and then work his way to the top, throw the driver over and seize hold of the reins." It may be observed that she spoke in anger, which is cruel. When she so denounced her son, she was excited by the assassination of the Duc de Berri and the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, events which did not shake his political opinions. But, it may here be observed that, in his old age, M. Thiers returned so far to the Royalism of his mother as to speak with unfeigned admiration of the good faith and chivalrous impulses of the Comte de Chambord, "qui n'a jamais voulu mettre son drapeau dans sa poche."

While Mignet was deducing from his moral consciousness a system of English policy applicable, as he thought, to France, Thiers was spending his days in the museums and public libraries. Party passions had reached a white-heat pitch in 1821. Napoleon had just died. The government was in the hands of old *émigrés*, who had forgotten nothing of the ancient *régime* and learned nothing of the new, for the simple reason that they were at Coblentz, and elsewhere abroad, while the changes effected by the Revolution were operating. On the other side there was a youthful nation. The carnage of Bonaparte's wars had left France, in 1814, peopled with aged men, women young, old, and middle-aged, and boys. The state might have been likened to a ship in full sail, in a heavy sea, with an inexperienced pilot, and without ballast. There were scarcely any men in the prime of life. Guizot—a patriarch among the Liberals of 1821—was entering his thirty-third year. Royalists tore Voltaire out of his grave, and threw his bones into a ditch, pursued the old Conventionals, and made Louvel's crime a pretext for a movement to restore the lands, confiscated and sold by the revolutionary government, to their rightful owners, and to re-establish entails and primogeniture. Republicans called Marie Antoinette a Messalina and a traitor to the country over which she reigned. In thus throwing stones at her they hoped to hit the Duchesse de Berri, her niece, a dissipated, thoughtless, and fanatical princess, and her daughter, the childless Duchesse d'Angoulême, to whom misfortune had imparted bitterness, without the majesty of trials nobly borne. She was the Queen in expectancy. Her husband—in most things a nullity—had very decided opinions about the Revolution and the Liberals: for just then nobody was bold enough to call himself a Revolutionist or a Bonapartist. Thiers—who knew very little about the Revolution beyond the fact that it enabled Bonaparte, at that time his hero, to overrun Europe—thought he should like to study the men engaged in it. This he did in the *Moniteur* and the other gazettes published in Paris in the interval between Turgot's dismissal and the 18th Brumaire. He found all the journals that he wanted at the Bibliothèque Royale. The notes he took there were the commencement of his history, which grew up under his hand almost of itself. Mignet simultaneously began his history of the Revolution, which was published in 1824, and at once attained a European reputation. Six translations of it were brought out in the course of three years in Germany alone.

Thiers was called to the Aix bar. His acumen and legal knowledge were admitted by his brethren of the long robe, and by the judges there. Rollardin, to keep him in the South, promised to obtain for him the best commercial clients at Marseilles. In emigrating to Paris, he counted a good deal on his professional knowledge as a means of advancement. But when he arrived there, he found that his poverty excluded him from practising as a barrister. To belong to the order of advocates in Paris it is not enough to have passed brilliant examinations. The council of the order must be satis-

fied that the person seeking admittance is already in receipt of an income placing him above the temptations of want. Moreover, he must have a respectably-furnished domicile, and produce proof that the furniture is paid for. The admission-fees were not very heavy; but they were altogether beyond the reach of Thiers, whose fortune was comprised in the 500 francs awarded him by the Aix Academy, and a small sum which his grandmother had squeezed out of her narrow pittance. He had therefore to lay aside the reasonable ambition of making a name and winning honourable ease at the Paris bar. His pen, or perhaps his pencil, was the sole resource that remained to him. Fans were studied in the shop windows, and an attempt was made to paint others. Applications for employment were addressed to booksellers and newspaper editors, and accompanied by copies of the prize essay. A letter of introduction from Dr. Arnaud, a member of the Cénacle, was forwarded to Manuel, the deputy for Marseilles, a narrow-minded, hot-headed man, who, however, was endowed with the fervid eloquence of the South, and was intelligent enough to see the irremediable incompatibility between the Bourbons and Revolutionary France. When he received the letter, he made a memorandum of it with the intent of making an appointment with M. Thiers. But, in the stirring parliamentary incidents which his daring attacks on the monarchy called forth, he forgot all about it. Thiers heard that the Duc de Larochefoucauld Liancourt wanted a secretary, and lay in wait in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies for Manuel, from whom, on making himself known, he obtained a recommendation to the Duc, with another to Bodin of the *Constitutionnel.* There is hardly a biographer of Thiers who does not confound this passage of his life with the riot in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* provoked by Manuel's arrest. Manuel was torn from his seat by the collar by two *gendarmes*, and dragged to gaol. Thiers, then reporting for a newspaper, rushed from the gallery, and, reckless of the danger which he ran, harangued the bystanders, and called on them to rescue their outraged representative like men. This happened soon after the death of Louis XVIII. (a king in many points resembling our Charles II.), and in the beginning of the *règne du parti prêtre* under Charles X., the mitigated James II. of the House of Bourbon. General Foy also died this year, and Thiers organised a monster manifestation at his funeral—to protest against the grant of an indemnity of a *milliard* to the *émigrès*, and against the sacrilege law, in virtue of which a man who insulted the Host in a street procession was condemned to lose his hand. The *incident Manuel* and the Foy funeral made Thiers known to the turbulent youth, the discontented Bonapartist officers, and the disaffected *prolétaires.* But more than two years before these events took place he had obtained and resigned the secretaryship at the Duc de Liancourt's, and had become a journalist under Manuel's auspices.

This is how he entered the *Constitutionnel.* They wanted an art critic; Thiers was asked if he thought himself equal to a review of the *Salon?*—a task proposed by an editor anxious at once to honour Manuel's recommendation, and to rid himself of his *protégé*, whose æsthetic education he was far from suspecting. Thiers's first notice was a literary event. Delacroix, then an unknown artist, had exhibited his *Dante and Virgil in Hell.* Thiers wrote: "That of all the pictures in the *Salon*, this was the one that most revealed a coming master. One saw in it a powerful conception and the free flow of talent. It presented with epic force to the critic's eye the selfishness and despair of hell. In the treatment of a subject which lay on the confines of the fantastic, severity of taste was observable. The drawing, which hasty judges might think deficient in dignity,

was, whatever were its defects, redeemed by the truth of the details, and the fidelity with which the poet's vision was rendered. The pencil was ample and firm, the colour vigorous, though perhaps crude. Delacroix, designed his figures, grouped them, and set them in action with the boldness of a Michael Angelo and the fecundity of a Rubens."

Of David's *Rape of the Sabines* he said: "In making these reflections in the interest of art present and future, we do not the less consider David in the light of a great master. A man who has worked a revolution in the taste of a nation with so keen a perception of the beautiful as the French must be an artist of the highest order. He has rendered an important service to our school. But it is undesirable that a superstitious admiration of his works should prevent new geniuses from coming forward. We must take care not to imprison present and future art in the limits of a style which in the hands of imitators must become cold and pedantic. No doubt a prime condition of art is correctness of outline. But it may be asked whether under this pretext critics do not check the inspiration of those artists who seek to throw more life, more health, and more of nature's truth and freshness into their works. M. David delivered us from the conventions of the eighteenth century. He formed others, the destruction of which in their turn should not annoy him and his admirers. One epoch should never be jealous of another; nor should those who have made a step forward prevent others from making another."

Thus M. Thiers's first achievement was to deliver French art from the pseudo-classic tyranny of David, and to obtain justice for Delacroix, whom Baron Gros had publicly called a lunatic and a signboard-dauber. The management of the *Constitutionnel*, judging Thiers by the success of his *Salon*, gave him permanent and well-paid employment. His department was the "Variétés" on the third page. They were to embrace literary criticisms, biographies, and scientific papers well baited to catch idle readers. The next telling article was a review of Montlosier's *French Monarchy*. Montlosier was a eulogist of Louis Quatorze, whom Thiers condemned because on its road to St. Denis, his body was neglected by his courtiers, and followed by the imprecations of the people. The reviewer maintained that had Louis Quatorze been a great king, who exercised despotism for the glory of the nation, his death would have been attended with a reaction in his favour; and the Parisians—who are prompt to strike in anger, but quick to forget and forgive the faults of patriotic though severe rulers—would have followed his hearse in silent sorrow. Fifty-six years after this judgment was passed the people of Paris, oblivious of the hard chastisement inflicted on them by M. Thiers, escorted his remains in speechless grief to the tomb in Père-la-Chaise.

Thiers's literary merits and dash rapidly brought up the *Constitutionnel* to be the leading organ of the *bourgeoisie*. He was endowed with nothing short of a genius for journalism. Prompt, agile, gifted with ready tact, and quick to feel the public pulse, and to divine smouldering passions and bring them to the surface, he instinctively eluded the snares and pitfalls in his road. When the superior deities refused to listen to him, he knew well how to array the Acherontians on his side, though in rousing them he ever took high ground. Sentiments and ideas which vaguely agitated the multitude he shaped with ready skill into clear aphorisms, which circulated like current coin. He did not fear repeating himself, but was careful to vary the form of his repetitions. It was an axiom of his that when a speaker wants to carry away a stolid assembly or uncultured mass, he should often present the same argument, but each time in a new verbal dress. Thiers had a native repugnance to what was

hazy. His mind turned, of itself, towards the light. However obscure a controverted point, he laid his finger, as if by intuition, on the knot of the question, and with an address that charmed the bystanders, undid the bewildering tangle. Louis XVIII.'s death heightened the growing antagonism between royalty and the nation, which had been roused from the passivity of depletion by the Liberal movement in Spain, and its suppression by a French army under the Duc d'Angoulême's command. Thiers at this juncture was enjoying literary laurels culled in the Pyrenees, from which he wrote a series of letters to the *Constitutionnel* describing his holiday tour. It was asked if he might not advantageously be promoted to the political department. The manager thought he could, and finding he struck a national chord, was for letting him work with an unfettered pen. But the more timid shareholders sought to moderate the trenchant vigour of his polemics. To have a voice in the direction, he purchased a share with borrowed money procured through the instrumentality of Schubart, an obscure German bookseller, the original of Balzac's Schmucke, in *Le Cousin Pons.* This Schubart used to dine at la Mère Saguet's, a cheap *gargotte* in the Passage Montesquieu, with Charlet the caricaturist, Sigalon, Mignet, and Thiers, for whom his admiration was extravagant. Schubart rendered his idol the service of taking him to Baron Cotta, the opulent German publisher, and asking him to grant the loan the young journalist stood in need of. Under the new impulsion the *Constitutionnel* took a well-defined colour, attained the largest circulation a French newspaper was ever known to command, and forced the King to place M. de Martignac, a dynastic Liberal, at the head of the government. The debates in the Chamber furnished M. Thiers with his themes. The daily "copy" was written in a clear hand, which advanced steadily across the paper in lines wide apart to leave room for corrections. As each page was filled it was cast on the ground. The task done, a clerk picked up the sheets and set them in order. The blotting-paper was seldom used. Thiers bore interruption in speaking better than in writing. Before sitting down to his desk, he studied authorities with Benedictine patience and minuteness, and classified his subjects. But from the moment he took his broad-nibbed goose quill in hand until he had done with it he did not raise his eyes from the quire of glazed foolscap before him. This habit, formed in the bureaux of the *Constitutionnel,* he never dropped.

His article sent to press, the rest of the evening was spent in society. As he slept in the middle of the day, he was able without fatigue to sit up late at night. Lafitte, a Bonapartist banker, and the associate in military contracts and other speculations of Ouvrard and Dosne, whose eldest daughter is now Thiers's widow, opened to him the great world of the Liberal *salons.* The exquisite man of the world whom this generation will not easily forget, who was never more at home than at the Elysée receiving the representatives of the Great Powers, "was," says Lomenie, "remarked in Lafitte's and Talleyrand's drawing-rooms for his fluent speech and vivid southern imagination. The dwarfishness of his stature, the oddity of his visage, half hidden by a pair of goggles, the singular cadence of his voice, his jerking motions, the see-saw action of his shoulders, his short legs, his want of manner, fantastic clothing, and manifest genius, contributed to fix attention on him." The fame of a duel arising from a love affair, one of the few really romantic episodes in his long existence, helped to lionise him. At Aix M. Thiers believed himself to be eternally enamoured of a young girl of majestic beauty and decayed family. He courted her, wrote verses about her, was affianced, shed bitter tears in parting, and kept up a tender corre-

spondence with her extending over many months. The fame of his newspaper articles reaching Aix, where a maiden's bloom soon fades, the young lady's father came to Paris to call upon Thiers and ask him to fulfil his promise. Poverty was pleaded in stay of execution. A year's delay was asked and granted. At the close of the twelve months there was another visit. M. Thiers vowed unalterable affection, but represented that his income, which was precarious, would not suffice to keep both his mother and a wife. He therefore begged for a further delay, which drew on him the ire of his visitor, who next day insulted him in the lobby of the Chamber. A challenge ensued. The offender's seconds were Rabbe and an Aixois lawyer, and those of the offended party Mignet and Manuel. The young lady's father was allowed to fire first. Aiming low, to make sure of his adversary, he shot between his legs. Thiers fired into the air. The match was broken off; the girl died of grief; her lover preserved an affectionate remembrance of her. Unsolicited, when he became a king-maker and minister, he gave her brothers and father lucrative situations. Her letters and love tokens he preserved in a drawer. In his extreme old age he was known to shed tears over them. This episode dropped from the memory of his contemporaries. A second and a hotter duel was fought with Bixio in the garden of the Chamber of Deputies in 1849, that representative having, on Thiers declaring for Louis Napoleon, taxed him with treachery. Want of physical courage was not a defect of the little great man, who in his ministerial uniform headed the troops sent to dislodge the insurgents from the Rue Transnonain, in one of the terrible street wars that disturbed and closed the reign of Louis Philippe. A witness of the discharge of Fieschi's infernal machine yet living says, that on that occasion the king remained cool, and that Thiers, undaunted by the explosion, jumped from his horse, and ran to examine the house whence the smoke issued. A few inches taller, and his skull would have been carried away. The bullets that went over his head lodged in Marshal Mortier.

Thiers, when he was a journalist, maintained the native vigour of his mind by a strong feeding process. He never suffered his brain to grind chaff. If he wished to describe a battle he visited the fields in which it was fought, talked with the peasants, made notes of current legends, compared them with the more precise evidence, consulted strategists, studied military bulletins, and commissariat returns, and checked them with the market prices. A visit to Prince Jerome Bonaparte at Florence for the purpose of obtaining the loan of historical documents, put him on the track of an intrigue carried on by Queen Hortense, Comte d'Orsay, and Lady Blessington. Its object was to open France to Napoleon's proscribed family by procuring the translation of the Emperor's remains from St. Helena to the Invalides. Lord Palmerston in 1840 on learning Thiers's bellicose intentions from King Leopold—whose wife was warned by Louis Philippe — lent himself to this intrigue, as a source of embarrassment to "the Government of March." Guizot, then Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was instructed to defeat it, and to bribe the inhabitants of Gore House to sell him Bonapartist secrets. He declined to enter into relations with Lady Blessington, giving as his excuse the irregularity of her position. "Thus," said M. Thiers to the writer of this article, "through Guizot's false Puritanism, Louis Philippe neglected a clever woman and her still more talented paramour, whose knowledge of Bonapartist conspirators would have been invaluable in showing where to suppress ferments that were not without influence in February, '48."

When Thiers was engaged in publishing his *Tablettes Historiques*—which happened in the third year of his sojourn in Paris — Talleyrand met

him at the Comte de Flahault's, hailed him as the leader of "la Jeune Garde," which he insinuated was to upset the restored Monarchy. He encouraged him to visit him at the Hôtel St. Florentin, and ask for information concerning the court of Louis XVI., and the meeting of the States-General. There the young journalist grew to be the head of the Liberal party, which embraced three distinct sections. Talleyrand had been offended by the royal family. To avenge himself he encouraged the "Jeune Garde" (Thiers, Mignet, De Rémusat, and Victor Cousin) to repeat the English Revolution of 1688, and to discern a William of Orange in the Duc d'Orléans, "who without stirring a step was always advancing to the throne." Louis Philippe kept aloof from the promoters of his candidature. At the same time he made the *bourgeoisie* feel that he was their man. While seeking to render himself popular by placing the Duc de Chartres, his eldest son, in the Lycée Henry IV., he avoided Talleyrand and the *habitués* of his Green *Salon*, and he never saw Thiers before the Sunday preceding the promulgation of the Ordinances. The circumstances under which they found themselves in the same room are too remarkable to be omitted here.

Thiers was on intimate terms with a Mme. de Courtchamp, the wife of a notary. This lady had a summer residence at Bessencourt, in the valley of Montmorency, near the Château St. Leu, where the children of Philippe Egalité were brought up by Madame de Genlis, where Hortense Bonaparte received the allied sovereigns, and where, on the return of the Bourbons, the last of the Condé's went to live with Sophie Dawes, an Englishwoman whom he had imported from Vauxhall, and had married under false pretences to the Baron de Feuchères. At St. Leu there was a theatre, built for Madame de Genlis and her pupils. Mme. de Feuchères was fond of acting on its boards. French ladies who would not enter her drawing-room had no objection to go to her theatricals, and to talk to her and accept her refreshments in the green room. Marie Amélie, however, with her grown-up daughter, Louise, afterwards Queen of the Belgians, and her sister-in-law, Madame Adélaïde, visited the Baroness. On the 25th of July there was a theatrical *fête* at the Château to which Mme. de Courtchamp was asked along with her family and friends. M. Thiers had come from Paris to spend the Sunday with her, and was taken by her to the *fête*. They were placed close to the Duc d'Orléans and the Baroness. Mme. de Courtchamp said in a low voice, pointing to Louis Philippe, "That's your future king." "Do you hear," cried the Englishwoman joyously, "what this lady calls you? She says you are the future king." As the company were in the green-room in the interval between the acts an aide-de-camp of the Duc de Bourbon, who had galloped the whole way from Paris, came in with the tidings that the Ordinances were signed, and would be posted on the walls of Paris the next day. Thiers hearing it took leave of his friends. The Baroness de Feuchères ran after the notary's wife, and said, "Press him, if there should be a revolution, to think of the Duc d'Orléans. What a wise, noble king he would make! I am sure he will consent. In any case Madame Adélaïde will make him. I have congratulated her, and she takes it well."

Thiers in the days of July went back to Bessencourt. Mme. de Feuchères drove over there to tell Mme. de Courtchamp that she was going to Neuilly to influence the Orleans family. They were looking to her to obtain the Condé heritage for the Duc d'Aumale, who indeed obtained it on the death of the Duc de Bourbon in the month of August following, less 7,000,000 francs, secured (in a presumably forged will) to the Baroness. M. Thiers, in retailing this anecdote to the person now writing it, ended by saying, "Je

vous dis la verité comme si j'étais devant Dieu."[1]

The *History of the Revolution* appeared in monthly parts. Its two first volumes came out in the names of Thiers and Felix Bodin, a well-known journalist, who stood sponsor as an attraction to readers, but had no part in the authorship. From the 18th Brumaire to 1823, the date of the opening number, the name of every actor in the Revolution who did not turn against it had been delivered to obloquy. Thiers's temerity in standing up as the champion of the States-General and Convention alarmed the Liberals. One newspaper only, the *Constitutionnel*, noticed the first and second volumes. The great defect of the work is its being in ten volumes, as it is the greatest defect of *The Consulate* to be in twenty. Its author had not the time to be briefer. If his style was rapid, clear, simple, and picturesque, it was redundant and often garrulous. His muse was not draped in antique folds. She went slipshod and wore a *bourgeois* dressing-gown. The third volume was rapidly bought up. In proportion to the reactionary violence of the old *émigrés* at court the enthusiasm of the young nation for the *History* rose. Thiers stirred ashes under which fire lay smouldering. Political passions were intensified by proprietary interests which had no other justification than the justice of the Revolution. If we could imagine the French peasants and *bourgeoisie* menaced by the party of moral order with the confiscation of all the real property taken from the privileged classes in '93, we might form a vivid idea of the course of events in Charles the Tenth's reign.

The monthly parts of M. Thiers's *History* affected the nation more deeply than the speeches of M. Gambetta do now. It was unfortunate for France that, in proving the right of the active and intelligent classes to the wealth which had lain idle from time immemorial in the hands of the King, Church, and Aristocracy, he provided and indeed suggested arguments to the Socialists, who up to 1830 scarcely counted in French politics. It would have been more conducive to quietness in the ensuing reign if he had simply pleaded the *fait accompli* without attempting its justification in a land where untutored men can be logicians.

Thiers, whose polemics had changed the composition of the Chamber of Deputies and wrested the administration from *le parti prêtre*, did not cease to work for the *Constitutionnel* while pursuing his engagements with the booksellers. He furthermore wrote regularly for the *Globe*, and for De Rémusat's *Encyclopédie Progressiste*. In 1828 he brought out a book on Law and his Financial System, and on English banking, which he afterwards studied in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as his ignorance of English would admit. While driving these enterprises abreast he also drew up a plan for a universal history, to obtain materials for which he purposed spending ten years in travel along with

[1] Whatever chance there was of the Duc d'Orléans's elevation to the throne being sanctioned by opinion, he threw it away in shielding the Baroness de Feuchères from justice, and in accepting for his son, the Duc d'Aumale, the legacy of the Condé estates. None of the presumed murderers were tried. A property belonging to the domain of St. Leu was given to the official who cut down the Duc's body from the window-bolt to which it was found attached by the neck with a cravat, tied, not in a slip, but in a tight knot. Louis Philippe's consort was a pure and virtuous princess; but when it transpired that during the Duc de Bourbon's life she had interested herself in trying to get Madame de Feuchères presented at court, and was in the habit of writing affectionate letters to her, Marie Amélie's virtues militated against the new dynasty. Those personally unacquainted with her unjustly condemned her as a hypocrite, and spoke of her as an accomplice in "the mysterious strangulation." A popular song, called *La Reine Cagotte*, wrongly attributed to Béranger, was sung under the palace windows. Its vogue was due to the aspersions which it cast on the queen. When Paris learned how she had sent her eldest son to visit the cholera patients at the *Hôtel Dieu*, this lampoon fell into discredit.

Victor Jacquemont. La Place was preparing his voyage of circumnavigation; Thiers asked leave to join the expedition as its historiographer. He was named by M. Hyde de Neuville, on condition of his bearing all his own expenses. His outfit was bought and his sea-chest on the road to Havre, where *La Favorite* lay, when Charles the Tenth's Liberal premier, De Martignac, was brusquely dismissed, and the clerical Prince Polignac, whose policy was guided by the direct inspirations of the Virgin Mary, gazetted in his stead. This act and the May *coup de tête* of Marshal MacMahon are closely analogous. Thiers, overrating the strength of the reaction, turned back to do battle for the *bourgeoisie* against it. The generation brought up in Napoleon's Lycées was at his back. There was scarcely any middle-aged generation to moderate its youthful zeal. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master. It might be said to have had the mastery in France before it burned itself out in the days of July. Thiers, feeling the *Constitutionnel* clogged with timid shareholders averse to risk, yet eager for somebody else to strike, resolved to found a journal of his own, in which to fight the reaction with a free pen. Among all his rich and discontented friends he did not find one to stake a franc on the enterprise. He had to fall back on Mignet, Armand Carrel, and Savelot, a struggling bookseller. The paper was called the *National*. Its object was to hold the Bourbons within the charter, in the avowed hope that, finding the door shut, they would jump out of the window and break their necks. The rich *bourgeoisie* did not answer to his whip as well as he expected. The populace answered too well. At a review the Dauphine and the Duchesse de Berri were menaced by the mob, and the troops looked on with folded arms. Thiers, who certainly was urged to action by no mean motive, afterwards regretted, and with reason, that he had not waited a little. France was not yet ripe for the Revolution of which he was the artificer. Having hastened its outbreak, he had not the power or the wisdom to bring it to a happy issue.

"Who are they now imitating in Paris?" wrote Cavour to his French Egeria. In 1830 there were two opposing currents of imitation. At the Tuileries the energetic, ruthless, half-barbarous Czar Nicholas, the secret ally of the French Court in a plan for remodelling the maps of Europe and Northern Africa, was set up by the Gascon Polignac as a model to the weak-brained, amiable, and bigoted old king, who had passed his youth at the fancy farm of the Trianon, in playing the part of Colin in the *Devin du Village*. Benjamin Constant, the founder of the *doctrinaires*, and his adepts were full of the English Revolution of 1688, which, without at all understanding, they wished to repeat, but did not exactly know how. But the last thing they would have thought of was an appeal to the fighting Faubourgs. Thiers's love of action, in his prime, was excessive. He was imbued with the military spirit of the Empire, and, though not rancorous or revengeful, was fired by a feeling of hatred against the dynasty. Hatred is a distorting medium, and it misled Thiers. Talleyrand, who had an antipathy to straight lines in politics, while encouraging him in his revolutionary strategy, pushed him into the *doctrinaire* current. Armand Carrel stood out against the *bourgeoisie* monarchy when it was mooted to him; Mignet and De Rémusat were committed to it in their newspaper articles, and would on no account retract what they had advanced. Thiers, who at the beginning of 1830 had no distinct aim beyond forcing Charles X. to "break his neck," allowed Carrel, who was a downright sort of man, to write in a Republican sense. The court winked at his leaders; but it could not help taking issue on the one in which Thiers held up the Duc d'Orléans as the constitutional rival of the unconstitutional

king. He was prosecuted. Before a week was over a patriotic subscription covered the fine of 75,000 francs imposed upon him. This manifestation was met by the Ordinances, which cowed the 221 deputies, who had just been re-elected against the king and De Polignac, and intimidated the *bourgeoisie* which had fattened under the Empire and during the sojourn of the Allies in Paris. Thiers, with the utmost difficulty, and as much by dint of finessing—in which he was assisted by De Rémusat—as by force of eloquence, prevailed on forty out of the forty-three editors of journals who, at the first alarm, ran on Monday morning to deliberate at the *National* office—to sign the protest which he drew up in their presence. Having heard of the Ordinances on Sunday night at St. Leu, he was not taken by surprise. He sent the protest to press, and, at considerable personal risk, superintended the printing. Standing on the shoulders of Nestor Roqueplan, a young Marseillais journalist—the only Nestor, the wits remarked, among the men of 1830—he posted the document on the walls of his own house in the Rue de la Grange Batelière. On the 27th his *doctrinaire* friends and the 221 were preparing to fly from him. The stone flung by a child from the rubbish of a house in the Palais Royal, which the Duc d'Orléans had freshly demolished, and the deadly reprisals taken, happened just as Thiers was beginning to lose heart. The boy's corpse, borne by some masons, was made a rallying-point for the excited populace, which marched through the centre of the city, crying, "Death to the murderers of the innocent!"

Thiers, coming out of the house of Cadet Gassecourt in the Rue St. Honoré—where he was organising a committee of resistance—met the excited crowd. In the street he found himself between the armed populace and the soldiers, who were headed by a Bonapartist officer known to him. The order to fire was on the colonel's lips. Thiers cried, *Vive la ligne!* A glance of intelligence passed between him and the colonel, which the foremost *émeutiers* noticing, gave a sign to the people to disperse to the right and left into the side streets, to rally again in a few moments. The troops marched to the Hôtel de Ville. The same evening De Rémusat, who acted as a scout for Thiers in the days of July, ran to tell him of a meeting at Guizot's. Generals Sebastiani, Gérard, and Lobau, Lafitte the banker, Casimir-Périer, Manguin, and others were consulting there on the best way of patching up the quarrel with the court. Thiers flew to the Rue Ville l'Evêque, where he was coldly received, Guizot reproaching him with confounding the desire with the power of the government, which he himself thought too weak to be long dangerous. The generals were ill disposed towards the dynasty. However, on military grounds they advised submission. Assuming that Paris was going to rise, the insurrection would be hemmed in near the Hôtel de Ville and crushed. Prompted by the widow and son of Marshal Ney, his own son-in-law, Lafitte started a plan for sending a deputation to Marmont, the Minister of War, avowedly to protest against fratricidal bloodshed, but really to ascertain the price he would set upon inaction. While minister and banker were parleying, which they did with an affectation of blunt honesty, Royer Collard came to warn Thiers that a warrant was out for his arrest and that of his partners in the *National*. Dejected at the weak-kneed attitude of the *bourgeoisie*, who pretended to see nothing but a *gasconade* in the Polignac Ordinances, they all went to hide, first in the Vale of Montmorency, and then at St. Ouen, at the house of a Royalist lady, a friend of De Rémusat's, who undertook to keep them informed of the course of events. He sent them word next morning that Paris was well up, and Marmont opposing the Revolution feebly. They might return in safety, which they at once did. Had they remained a few

hours more away the crisis would have had a different end. In their absence the *National* had become the head-quarters of the insurrection. They found it in possession of Cavaignac, Bastide, and Joubert, the inventor of barricades. Thiers was received with the cry of *Vive la République!* Before he had time to look about him De Rémusat again ran in to apprise him of a meeting at Lafitte's to consider proposals expected from the king. Thiers went thither in breathless haste, and got there before Charles's envoys. In vehement terms he addressed the meeting, saying that what the situation required was not a change of government but a change of dynasty. It was argued that the king was too weak to do much harm. Thiers answered that the country did not need a weak administration, but one strong in the confidence of France, and willing and able to restore her to her legitimate rank in Europe. What dynasty would he propose? he was asked. Napoleon II. was, for the time being, out of the question. The few present favourable to a republic only thought of one as an expedient for keeping open the Bonapartist succession. Thiers cited 1688. Louis Philippe's name was advanced. But would that prince risk accepting a crown which the Great Powers might force him to relinquish?

Thiers thought of what he had heard at St. Leu, which emboldened him to go to Neuilly and make an offer of the crown. But what of the victorious populace which had borne the brunt of the battle? De Rémusat undertook to gain his kinsman Lafayette and, by his instrumentality Paris, to the Orleans scheme. It was De Rémusat who proposed holding the regal title in reserve, until the victors of the barricades had laid down their muskets. Meanwhile, the Duc d'Orléans was to bear the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Ary Scheffer, the drawing master of the young Orleans princesses, offered to go with Thiers and procure him an audience of the Duc or Duchesse, or Madame Adélaïde. The Prince de la Moskowa placed his carriage at their disposal. The roundabout drive they were forced to take to Neuilly was interrupted by dangerous adventures which would have filled a superstitious man with dark apprehensions, and which did shake Thiers's nerves. On reaching the Duc's villa the Ulysses sent to negotiate with him was shown to his highness's cabinet. A blue-eyed, flaxen-haired lady of noble presence, Marie Amélie, granddaughter of Marie Thérèse, a niece of Marie Antoinette, entered. She informed M. Thiers that the Duc was at Riancy, in the Forest of Bondy. The envoy then stated his mission. He was dusty and grimy, and his dress disordered; the Duchesse treated him with *hauteur*, spoke severely of the part the *National* had taken in working Paris into a revolutionary fever, and refused the crown in her husband's name. Madame Adélaïde here came in. Thiers suspected, and always retained the suspicion, that the Duc d'Orléans was eavesdropping, and had instructed her what to say. It was his opinion that they both thought Marie Amélie had been too categorical. M. Thiers again stated his mission to the princess. No man ever knew better how to bait a hook. Very frank, very outspoken in public, and on the whole very consistent in his politics, which were rather "National than Liberal," he was of Carthaginian subtlety in turning difficulties and recruiting adherents. So he audaciously pointed to the flaw in the title to the colossal estates which the giddy, warm-hearted Duchesse de Berri had wheedled the king into restoring to the Orleans family; an illegal act of favour, it may be observed, which gave consistency to the report that the court intended to restore the properties confiscated at the Revolution to their rightful owners. Charles Dix, M. Thiers declared, was down for ever; unless Louis Philippe replaced him he would be unable to retain the appanages he inherited from the illegitimate children of Mme. de Montespan and Louis

Quatorze. The Republicans would—and that legally—take them from him, and then plunder the rest of his property. "I am," said Thiers, "a son of the Revolution. I know the audacity of its *personnel.* The Duc d'Orléans's popularity is our only safeguard. His refusal will facilitate the success of the Republicans, who, after devouring him and his, will turn round and rend us." The princess, affecting to be struck by the great and noble part her brother could perform in saving France from a Second Republic, which she assumed would take the guillotine for its fulcrum, assured M. Thiers that Louis Philippe would devote himself to the country and accept the crown. At his request she agreed to go in the evening into Paris, escorted by General Sebastiani, and repeat this promise to a meeting of the Deputies. Two days previously the Baroness de Feuchères had been at Neuilly.

De Rémusat with equal success conducted the negotiations at the Hôtel de Ville, where Lafayette was bent on setting himself up as a second Washington.

Thiers was a fatalist in theory. His whole active life was in contradiction to his fatalism. Yet the consequences of his actions justified his fatalistic doctrines. Wounded patriotic pride moved him at Aix, and in the *Constitutionnel,* to attack the Elder Branch, whom the Allies had imposed on France. The Revolution of his making did not get rid of the subservience of the government to foreign states. Indeed it was a link in the great chain of causes which culminated in the mighty westward roll of the Teutonic wave in 1870. His aim, indefinite in January, when he was founding the *National,* had clearly shaped itself in July. It was to erect a monarchy of which he would be the master, and employ it in restoring the military glory of France. He thought a king owing him his crown, of domestic habits, fond of counting up his money, and intelligent enough to understand his minister's value and his own weakness, would hamper him less than a turbulent democracy, in executing his design. His mistake was in not testing the temper of the tool before he entered on the task. Louis Philippe and Thiers did not complete each other. They got in one another's way. As Citizen King, the July Monarch was without that social *prestige* in which the English hereditary Queen finds a compensation for her limited authority. The day Hélène of Mecklenburg, Duchesse d'Orléans, made her entry into Paris, an apple-woman said to a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain, "Is it fair of you, who can see the bride at the Tuileries, to shut out my view of her?" "What a mistake!" returned the lady. "You have much more chance than I of being invited to the court balls of the *bourgeois* Philippe." The Republicans railed at him for impeding the Revolution in accomplishing its destinies. He was fond of power, but under the constitution he was to have no personal action on public affairs, and not being an elector, or a national guard, or a deputy or a juror, he was less than the plainest *bourgeois.* Meanly prudent in his foreign policy, he would risk his good name and the peace of France to further the advantageous settlement of a son or daughter. Lord Palmerston was enabled to defeat Thiers's spirited policy in consequence of the Princesse Louise d'Orléans's marriage with King Leopold. Unhampered by Louis Philippe, Thiers would have taken up what was national and progressive in the Bonapartist tradition. The early laurels of Louis Napoleon, and the commanding place he took up in Europe in 1852, show that M. Thiers was not over-sanguine in his estimate of the fighting force of France. He urged Louis Philippe to brave the Powers whom Talleyrand feared, by sending an expedition into Belgium. "This is," he said, on hearing of the fall of Antwerp, "a good beginning; there must be at least twenty years' war, which I hope to direct, before France

will be her own mistress, and Europe find her real balance." In the opening years of the Monarchy, the incompatible tempers of the king and the king-maker did not appear, the latter having thrice refused a portfolio until he had served an apprenticeship in a subordinate department. To enable himself to master exchequer business, an institution of the Empire was revived in his favour, and he was made Councillor of State to the Finance Ministry. Practically he directed this department the whole of the time that he was Under-Secretary to Baron Louis Lafitte and Casimir-Périer. He emerged from the penumbra when he thought "Providence stood in need of him to crush the Duchesse de Berri's Vendéan rising." The unlooked-for termination of that Legitimist movement brought much odium on M. Thiers and his monarch. A caricature of 1832 gives a back view of Louis Philippe in a court dress, tricoloured clocks to his silk stockings, and tricoloured ribbons bordering his sabots. He has a bunch of gaoler's keys in one hand, and the charter in the other, and is seated on three cages. "Blaye" is written on the uppermost, in which there is a fair young lady, the Duchesse de Berri, weeping. In the two lower ones are "La Force," and "La Bicêtre," filled with journalists and beaten *émeutiers*. Underneath is the ditty :—

"Le Roi po, po, po,
Le Roi pu, pu, pu,
Le Roi po,
Le Roi pu,
Le Roi po, pu, laire."

Notwithstanding this, the "popular" king was a clement prince, and Thiers was not a bloodthirsty minister. He disliked useless loss of life. But if fighting was inevitable he did not mind what number of men were slain. He had an unavowed leaning towards Lynch law, and a repugnance to executions in cold blood. This explains at once his terrible severity in dealing with insurrections, and his leniency to Prince Louis Napoleon after the Strassburg affair, and to Bazaine and the officials of the Third Empire. In putting down rebellion he was outwardly a stickler for legality. His hardest actions were sanctioned by the letter of the law. The immorality of a law did not trouble him. Whatever he saw he saw well; but he was too short-sighted to perceive what dreadful ferments would be occasioned by using weapons forged by dishonest legislators. Law was rigorously followed in the military tribunals which went on sitting after the fall of the Commune, and still sit. Yet in itself and in its consequences this expedient was odious and fraught with danger. M. Thiers's excuse before posterity will be that between the White Terrorists of the Assembly and a Bonapartist conspiracy, fostered by Prince Bismarck, he was forced to hurry on the peace negotiations. M. Thiers had nobody near him save M. St. Hilaire, to support him in his wish for an amnesty from which only the murderers of the generals at Montmartre and of the hostages should be excluded. The Republican members of his cabinet were opposed to clemency—M. Jules Simon from fear of passing for a Communard in the Assembly, M. Victor Lefranc from ambition to marry his two children to the son and daughter of Samazeuil the financialist, M. Dufaure from native hardness, and M. Jules Favre from weakness, and incapacity to resist the loud, undiscerning cry for vengeance on the Federals. Thiers pleaded warmly for Rossel before the "Pardons Committee," but his eloquence was lost on M. Piou, the vice-chairman. He secretly protected Rochefort and Courbet, and connived at the escape of numbers of misled but excellent persons, who would have been shot if sent to stand their trials before courts-martial. I heard him say, on the eve of the general elections of 1876, that he had no option between harshness to the prisoners and a revolt which would have brought the Germans down again on France. For a whole week there were 20,000 captives, and scarcely 400 police, soldiers, and gend-

armes to guard them. Orders were given to shoot pitilessly any one who grumbled, any one showing a disposition to mutiny, or to escape; and to arrest anybody found commiserating the vanquished.

Thiers's advent to power, which in all his long career he exercised for little more than five years, was always coincident with wide-spread tumult and insurrection. His antecedents under the July government deprived him of the moral force which might have enabled him to show more leniency than he did in putting down the risings under Louis Philippe's reign. Workmen did not see by virtue of what divine or other law the middle classes were to have the monopoly of revolt. "The gentleman-premier," Comte Molé, was able to grant the amnesty which Thiers felt bound to refuse. In the "Procés de la Cour des Pairs," Carrel and Cavaignac charged him with first inciting the Parisians to rebel, and then cheating them out of the Republic they had won, and of which he himself became eventually the patron. The part he acted in the days of July stood in his way in 1848, and again in 1871, when he was suspected of playing the game of the Royalists. This suspicion did more than anything else to fan the flames of civil war in 1871. Nevertheless, it was unjust. M. Thiers then wished to stand by the Republican form of government, for which he had pronounced at Berryer's funeral, and again at Bordeaux, when the news of the fall of Paris reached him there. Both there and at Tours he repeatedly told the diplomatists in communication with him, that nothing else was possible. When the Orleans princes—who in violation of the law were staying at the Duc Decaze's seat at Grave, near Libourne—came privately to see M. Thiers at the Hôtel de France, he intreated them to go back to England and stay there till France had calmed down, and the statute proscribing them was repealed. They appealed to his *dévouement* as an old minister of Louis Philippe to become their partisan. Thiers expressed his respect for the late king, but told them that he was the servant of his country alone. When they went away Madame Thiers asked who he had been talking with in his bedroom. "Les Princes d'Orléans. Ces jeunes gens, je les connais, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien! toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après. Quand j'ai servi le père, je ne servais pas sa fortune—je servais la France. Je respecte beaucoup la mémoire du roi, mais les affaires de ses enfants ne sont pas celles de la patrie. Il les a trop souvent confondus; moi, je ne les confond pas. Ces princes veulent que je me refasse Orléaniste. Moi, je désire faire le salut de mon pauvre pays."

In one of our morning conversations M. Thiers gave me a long explanation, the substance of which I here parenthetically give, on the influence of family affairs on Louis Philippe's public actions. The policy of his reign might be divided into two parts. In the first part, the king was ostentatiously constitutional. From first to last he was himself a Voltairean; but from 1832, the date of his eldest daughter's marriage with the King of the Belgians, he took pains to favour the Protestant form of religion and of free thought. Between '40 and '48, his efforts converged towards the transformation of his government into a personal one. The feelings of the court on religious questions underwent a violent change. Jesuitism was encouraged to be aggressive. Marie Amélie, who was a paragon of domestic virtue, was, unhappily for the Monarchy, a bigot; but, for reasons that will shortly appear, she kept her bigotry down in the first of the two periods, and sacrificed religious prejudices to the extent of consenting to the marriage of the Prince Royal with a Protestant princess who was not susceptible of being converted to Catholicism.

About 1841 the queen cast off the reserve she had imposed on herself, and entered into closer relations with

her family and those members of the Catholic party who were not Legitimists. Any one expressing sympathy with the Duchesse d'Orléans, a meritorious, enlightened, and unambitious princess, was treated coldly by her mother-in-law. The causes of this change from ostentatious constitutionalism and free thought were traceable to the marriage of Queen Victoria, in the following way. M. Thiers, in 1831, wanted to annex Belgium, the Catholics there being then with the French. When diplomatic obstacles were raised, he proposed to make the Duc de Nemours king of that state. Louis Philippe caught at the scheme; but, unknown to his ministers, the English government having proposed a match between Leopold and the Princess Louise of Orléans, Leopold became the king's own candidate. It was the same thing to him to have a daughter queen or a son king, and there was the advantage that the princess could be raised to a throne without disturbance or danger. At Compiègne, where the Princess Louise was married, Leopold adroitly, with what motive may be supposed, encouraged a hope, already formed, but not expressed beyond the royal circle. It was to secure the hand of his niece, the Princess Victoria, for the Duc de Nemours.

The Orleanist monarchy was popular with the victors of the Reform Bill Agitation, who owed their victory in some degree to the *contre coup* of the July Revolution. England was tired of going to war with France. She might be expected to regard favourably a marriage which would be a pledge of peace. The young princess was being brought up in very liberal ideas. The one objection, and it was a grave one, was the religion of the Duc de Nemours. Liberals and Tories would entertain an equal horror of a Roman Catholic suitor. The Duc should become a Protestant before the match could be proposed. Leopold also represented that in William IV.'s lifetime nothing could be done. When William died, the intrigue which had been quietly pursued was actively pushed forward. The marriage of the Prince Royal was hurried on, and celebrated at Fontainebleau against all precedent, according to both Lutheran and Catholic rites. A family Bible was presented by the officiating pastor to the bride and bridegroom before the whole court. M. Jules Janin, summoned from Paris to furnish the *Débats* with an account of the wedding, was requested to give prominence to this incident, and to the Lutheran celebration. Protestants were appointed to the best places in the new household. The bride's stepmother, a Princess of Hesse Homburg, was set on to write letters eulogising the Orleans family to her connections in England.

Louise of Belgium, who was invited to the coronation of Victoria, undertook to show a miniature of the Duc de Nemours to the young Queen. Ary Scheffer was engaged to do a profile likeness in crayon having the same destination. A campaign was got up in Algeria to give the suitor an opportunity of playing the hero. The Chamber being economic, Louis Philippe out of his own pocket doubled the credit opened to furnish the brilliant equipage in which Marshal Soult outshone every other ambassador in the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. Soult was instructed to flatter the Duke of Wellington, and to feast Apsley House veterans. In conversing with English political men, he was to dwell on the King's Protestant leanings and his attachment to constitutional principles. It was with surprise and chagrin that Louis Philippe and his wife received the notification of the Queen's engagement with Prince Albert. Marie Amélie felt herself in the situation of one who had sold herself to the tempter, and been cheated by him.

The Duc d'Orléans's accidental death soon followed — an event which she took as a chastisement inflicted for having lent herself to his marriage

with a Lutheran. Louis Philippe had no longer any family inducement to clog himself with English constitutionalism. Catholic matches for his sons presented themselves at Naples and Madrid; the Nuncio was counted to assist in removing obstacles to them. Christina and Carlotta came to Paris. The Duchesse d'Orléans was isolated, and court favour withdrawn from Protestants. M. Guizot found he would either have to retire or promote personal government, Jesuitism, and the Spanish marriages. He chose the undignified alternative. Quinet and Michelet were silenced at the College of France. Thiers felt called upon to deliver his famous speech on the strides the Jesuits were making; Paris was convulsed with religious agitation; and all because Louis Philippe wanted to make up for the loss of an English match on which he had set his heart, by obtaining for one of his sons a Neapolitan, and for another a Spanish heiress. M. Thiers well said, "Toujours eux; eux d'abord: le pays après."

Thiers's mistake was in not having made his own conditions when he found himself imposed on the Assembly by the national voice and the national disasters. He meant to found a Republic. Had he said so in the tribune at Bordeaux the Commune would have never attained the formidable proportions it did. M. Thiers had little in him to draw him to the side of monarchy beyond readiness to adapt himself to what he thought the pressing need of the day. From time immemorial Marseilles, his native city, has been, in manners, customs, and institutions, essentially democratic. He loved power less for what it brought him than for the opportunities it gave him of exercising his vast energies and varied faculties. The reproaches of Carrel and Cavaignac he may have merited, but not the suspicions of the people of Paris at the end of the siege. One of the causes of this misunderstanding was the privacy in which he lived from the *coup d'état*, until he was returned by a Parisian *arrondissement* to the Corps Législatif. The multitude does not note slow transformations even in the opinions of men living in the full blaze of publicity. How could it perceive those operated in retirement? Thiers's compatriots in his lifetime fell also into the error of judging him by their own vanity. Self-confident he was, but vain never. He did not mind what the world said of him, provided his own judgment pronounced in favour of his actions.

In his direct relations Thiers was kind and genial, but he was not a benevolent man. His great rival, Guizot, was not amiable, but he was humane. He mourned over the tragic destiny of the class whom the Greeks personified in Hercules, and the Hebrews in Samson. He wished to restore sight to the poor hoodwinked giant at whose blindness the Philistines made merry, though he did not see much harm either in the worshippers of Dagon or their mirth, and would have preserved their temple to them. The immortal side of the working man was uppermost in his mind; but he forgot that the way to another world lies through this, and that the soul's health often depends on earthly surroundings. Thiers loved France, the nation; and cared very little for Frenchmen beyond his personal friends and acquaintances, until he became their idol. The popularity he enjoyed as he was descending to the tomb softened him, elevated him, and beautified his whole being. It would not be correct to state that he was enamoured of an abstraction. What he liked was the peculiar civilisation of which Paris is the centre, and the pleasant land that gave him birth. He would secure to that civilisation all the liberties necessary to its easy development; and during the greater part of his life he had no more pity on those it pressed severely upon than a victorious general for the men slain in battle, or a priest of Juggernaut for the votaries under the car-

wheels. His easy successes prevented him from sympathising with the unfortunate, if their misfortune was the only claim urged for his pity. Theoretic fatalism did not hinder him from eliminating luck from the factors which go to build up individual prosperity. If people did not get on, the M. Thiers of 1848 thought it was their own fault. The power which Louis Napoleon and his Elysée accomplices won by bold gambling modified this view, which underwent further changes towards 1870, when he thought charity to the poor, and a large meed of it, a duty of the rich. Speaking of luck, I remember his saying one day that he accounted for the favour the Empress Eugénie enjoyed abroad by the belief which her rise in the world induced in a lucky star. Young women, having no fortune but pretty faces, were encouraged to be of good cheer by her dazzling success. For some years after her marriage suicides among shop-girls and seamstresses underwent a remarkable diminution. The hope that Louis Napoleons of some kind would present themselves dissipated suicidal despondency.

Thiers was neither intriguing nor meanly ambitious. When he saw men in power blundering, he was moved to snatch their cards from them and play them out. If he could not use his cards according to his own judgment, he threw down the whole hand and went away. His tenacity in climbing the greased pole with a ministerial portfolio on the top, was only equalled by the agility and grace with which he descended. If he made a mistake he had no difficulty in saying his *mea culpa*. The list of errors into which he fell in trying to carry out great plans was a long one. He was wrong in stirring up the paving-stones to revolt against Charles the Tenth; he was wrong in taking for granted the malleability he wished to find in Louis Philippe; he was wrong in so soon unmasking his foreign policy; he was wrong in giving Louis Napoleon credit for sufficient intelligence to prefer him—the glorifier of the "Great Emperor," and the unrivalled administrator—to de Morny, de Persigny, de Maupas, and Fleury. Universal suffrage once granted, he was wrong in seeking to withdraw it, however unripe France was for it. At the same time there was wisdom in the speech in which he protested against political power being given to "the vile multitude," since he clearly explained that by that term he meant a swell-mob of vagrants, unwilling to create settled habitations for themselves and their families. He was right in trying to get the *déchéance* of the Empire voted by the Corps Législatif, which was preparing to follow his advice when it was invaded, and a Provisional Government proclaimed. But he was grievously wrong in refusing to join the latter on the 4th of September, and in putting himself at the head of the delegate branch.

Another of his errors was listening to professions of unalterable attachment from M. de Falloux and his party at Tours, and assisting them to secure the return of a "Rural" party to Bordeaux. But his prime mistake of all was the negotiating peace, which he alone was competent to negotiate, without first imposing his own conditions on the parties who turned him out of the Presidency on May 24. M. Thiers, with a bad grace, accepted Gambetta, who on his return from Russia thought he was conspiring with the Orleanists. From the surrender of Metz he was in open enmity with the Dictator. Every effort, after the 30th of October seemed to him a waste of strength. He wanted to economise the national resources, and recoil the better to spring forward; and, with the aid of such allies as time and jealousy of Prussia would create, endeavour to reconquer the Rhine frontier. M. Thiers, at the Hôtel de Bordeaux, evoked on every side latent hostility to Gambetta. Sharpshooters of the press were set on against him, and poisonous tongues to clamour. He stood between the Dictator and the

diplomatists who followed the delegate government to Tours. Lord Lyons, I remember, about the time Lord Odo Russell was at Versailles, called on Gambetta to converse with him on the questions then uppermost. M. Thiers, informed by his ubiquitous agents, came in like the unbiddden fairy of the story at the royal christening, and nipped in the bud the negotiations which the Dictator was feeling his way to open.

The unwelcome visitor divined the orders given to let nobody pass the ante-room where the churlish Pipe-en-Bois kept guard; found his way up by a back stair, and walked in, unannounced, to where Gambetta and the Ambassador thought they were safe from eavesdroppers and intruders. At that time, when mighty issues were at stake, to have offered M. Thiers a share in the government would have been tantamount to abdication. In fact, it was impossible for men of ability, unless they were of docile disposition, to work with him. When they had the quality of docility he grew attached to them, and if they enjoyed a special superiority over him he bowed before it. He accepted M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire's direction on questions of political probity, and was guided by him in advising the Assembly to organise the Republic.

On the 25th of May the ex-President occupied a little sunny dusty *entresol* in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in the corner house next to St. Augustine's church. The heat and noise disturbed him at his work. MacMahon was at the Elysée, and the Hôtel Bagration was not yet discovered. Directly he had moved there, he asked M. Leverrier to continue with him the astronomical studies in which in his rare intervals of leisure he had taken refuge from the petty passions that raged around him at Versailles. He received his own visitors in a room littered with botanical and geological specimens and books of science. Vauvenargues's essay on the Human Mind lay on his desk near an encyclopædia open at the page "Histoire Naturelle." "He had seen a good deal of perverse mankind, and wished now to refresh himself in the works of the great God." Louis, his trusty *valet de chambre*, told his master's friends that he had never known him in a more cheerful state of mind. His conversation was lively and original, betraying no chagrin. When amusing gossip about "the Ducs" and "the Princes" was retailed to him, his face lighted up, and his eye took an arch expression. He was unfeignedly sorry when he thought that the Comte de Paris "se déshonorait" in lending himself to the fusionist intrigue which brought forth the Septennate. M. Thiers's room opened into the garden of the Hôtel Bagration, in which on Sunday mornings he received his visitors between seven and nine o'clock. He wore a padded brown cashmere dressing-gown, a broad-brimmed hat, a black cravat, glazed shoes, and black gaiters. With a magnifying glass he would run off from the subject of conversation to examine a blade of grass, a leaf, a flower, an insect that caught his eye. At half-past nine he sat down to answer private letters, which he could not leave to his secretary. His own notes and letters were written on gilt-edged paper. In punctuating he re-read what he had just penned, sentence by sentence, as he went on, but seldom from beginning to end.

In the June following his retirement to private life, Bismarck, who wrote to Manteuffel that France was in the hands of an Ultramontanist faction, thought seriously of retaining Belfort as a security for the observance of the treaty of Frankfort by the new government. Thiers got Russia to interfere, and went to Switzerland in August to thank Prince Gortschakoff, who was there, for the service he had rendered to the French nation. Verdun evacuated, and the war indemnity paid, Manteuffel wrote to Thiers requesting a *souvenir* of their personal relations. The ex-President sent the

marshal the *History of the Revolution, Consulate, and Empire*, with an autograph dedication. But before he could acknowledge the present, the recipient had to ask his king's—for Manteuffel will never call William by his imperial title—permission to accept it. "And so, marshal," said his majesty, "you are proud of this handsome gift?" "Yes, sire, it is a literary monument"—which in point of bulk it certainly was, for it was in fifty volumes. "And what have you thought of giving in return?" "Nothing as yet, sire." "Well, to pay M. Thiers in his own coin, send him in my name and yours the works of Frederick the Great, which my secretary is charged to hand you."

M. Thiers stood by himself as a parliamentary orator. I do not affirm that he was peerless, but I say that no other speaker whom I have ever heard, or heard of, resembled him. He was called a *Prudhomme spirituel* by another tribune of his time. Certainly, he spoke to catch the ear of M. Prudhomme, and in addressing him, let fall pearls and diamonds, which were to be picked up by intelligent listeners. Greek art was the perfection of common sense, so was M. Thiers's oratory when stripped of its *précautions oratoires*, the object of which was to gain a favourable hearing from stupid *bourgeois*. In the tribune, he took the attitude of a man at the wheel in a raging storm. Ascending it, his hands were filled with sheets of paper, in which, at wide distances from each other notes in black, red, and blue ink were traced in legible characters. These memoranda, however, were not referred to in the course of the interminable, chatty monologue, which sparkled with brilliant traits, and culminated in a period that passed into general circulation directly it was uttered. "All the ideas," said St. Beuve, "flowed from facts;" and he might have added, facts well masticated and digested, for whatever Thiers read—and his reading was universal—he made his own. With his small stature and thin, piping voice, he gave the impression of a babe teaching wisdom to doctors. When he rose to philosophical amplitude, and—being assured that Joseph Prudhomme's ear was caught—put forth his dialectic vigour, the contrast between his physical weakness and his mental power was very impressive.

Thiers was respected by Time to the last hour of his life. When death struck him his faculties were unimpaired. A premonitory symptom of his end, in the form of acute pains above the nape of the neck, caused him to hesitate just after the 16th May, when Gambetta asked him to lead the Republicans against MacMahon. They were accompanied by bleeding at the nose. Dr. Barthe, however, who was afraid of paralysis of the lungs, did not pay much attention to these symptoms. The family of the statesman conjured him to keep quiet. He said he would, barred his door for three days against strangers, felt the pains worse, and said that he would rather die at once.

Resuming his life-long habits, and throwing himself with ardour into the campaign against "the Ducs," he became quite well, and told his friends that in the heat of the agitation he had picked up a store of strength. The one thing that made him uncomfortable was the want of a view from his house, which is at the bottom of a hill. Noisy Philistinism at Dieppe irritated him, and the rolling of the waves on the shingle kept him awake. The terrace of St. Germains commanded a fine view, and there were green pleasant drives in the vicinity; so to St. Germains he went. His last earthly lodging was in the pavilion in which Louis Quatorze was born, with whose funeral, as already mentioned, the national obsequies of M. Thiers so curiously contrasted.[1]

In the retirement incidental on the *coup d'état*, Thiers began to "educate his conscience." The death of his mother-in-law, which plunged him in

[1] See the critique on Montlosier's *History of the French Monarchy*—1822.

the deepest grief, helped forward the purifying work. He rose with the events which brought his country to the brink of ruin. A sense of his popularity mellowed him in his latter days, when his features took a dignity and his manners a sweetness hitherto foreign to them. Bonnat and Mdlle. Jacquemart have not made this transfiguration—for transfiguration it was—felt in their portraits of him. The best likeness I have seen is a three *sous* engraving, striking, charming, and impressive, signed "Chapon," and published by Alfred Duquesne of the Rue d'Hautfeuille, Paris. His Majesty, le Petit Bourgeois, who never sought to rise above the *bourgeoisie*, and whose death made a greater stir in the world than the end of the most powerful king or emperor, is there shown to the life. In one thing it fails. I am sorry to say it does not give the very peculiar hands of Thiers. They were the hands of a toiler and an artist. In their general outline they were square; the last phalanx of the finger was smooth and pointed, and the nail narrow and pinkish. The right hand opened well to gesticulate, and was offered frankly to the visitor, without, however, demonstrative warmth. The left remained shut, with the thumb extended its full length. In looking at a portrait or a statue which pleased him, M. Thiers made use unconsciously of his thumb, as though he were modelling in clay a likeness of what he was admiring.

Thiers's sympathy with animals was one of the lovable features of his disposition. In looking over memoranda of visits paid to him I find some of a breakfast at the Elysée, to which General Chanzy, M. Rouland, the governor of the Bank of France, an African traveller, the President's family and household, and I, sat down. The conversation, which had run upon the war indemnity, Count Arnim's incredulity as to its payment, and the climates of Versailles and Enghien, turned upon horses, M. Thiers going to visit a horse show in the evening. He expressed great sympathy with the chevaline race, and spoke in glowing terms of the exquisite sensibility of the race horse. The modern thoroughbred, the pride of English grooming, was not so picturesque, he said, as the old-fashioned hunter. But it was superior in its capacity to express delicate shades of feeling. Blind people had a sort of facial sense which enabled them, unassisted by their hands, to tell the height of a man in passing him by; whether the shutters of a shop were up or down, or whether the countenance of a person before them was severe or smiling. The whole skin of the thorough-bred horse, he imagined, was endowed with this sense. He thought that if the horse had the organ of speech it would be the most demonstrative being in creation. Nature gave it a mask which, by drawing down the skin tight over its face debarred mobility of expression. It could not, because of its bulk, rub against a human being like a cat, or paw like a dog, or wag its tail, or whine, or utter sounds that caressed the ear. Yet, such was the intensity of its feeling, that it found channels for its eloquent expression. What in art or nature was there so eloquent as the eye, the nostril, and the quivering skin of the thorough-bred? M. St. Hilaire here observed that the skin-sensibility of the horse is becoming more developed. I ventured to observe that the race horse one sees now at Longchamp is a less splendid animal than the thorough-bred of thirty years ago. Thiers agreed that it was less vigorous and picturesque. The exquisite barbs of Gascony were instanced as an argument in favour of the persistence of a fine type, which once fixed is not easily degraded.

M. Thiers's library had a world-wide celebrity. It was an abridgment of the most renowned museums of Europe; a handy edition of the greatest works of art in the cities he had visited in his artistic and historical peregrinations. He commenced his

collection on a settled plan in 1833, when he sent Sigalon and Boucoyran to Rome, the one to copy for him *The Last Judgment*, and the other Raphael's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. Sigalon died as he finished his work, which was a superb interpretation of the original masterpiece. Thiers wanted it to fill the space over his library mantelpiece. The copyist happily caught the precise, firm touch of Michael Angelo, who painted neatly and with an unfevered hand the prodigious beings that rose before his mind's eye. The transparent water-colour tones, as they were managed by Sigalon, came nearer to the old frescoes than could an oil rendering. When the statesman and historian felt his eyes tired he was fond of resting them, especially on wet days, on the souvenirs of galleries he had seen, on the walls around him. They were hung with nice judgment. Each, suiting its next neighbours, retained its full value. From his desk M. Thiers was able to contemplate reductions of the Sistine *Madonna*, *The Assumption* of Titian, the Bolognese *St. Cecilia*, *St. Jerome's Death*, Raphael's *School of Athens*, *The Sibyls*, *The Acts of the Apostles*, and *The Transfiguration*, which was opposite *The Last Judgment*. Choice prints were transferred to the panels of the doors and coated with a yellowish varnish. The bookcases, not higher than an English sideboard, were of a tone to harmonise with the pictures and statues. M. Thiers's official relations enabled him to procure photographs and copies of what was best worth reproducing in the Royal, Papal, Grand Ducal, and civic palaces of Italy, Spain, Dresden, Holland, and Belgium. The Windsor collection he could never so much as see, beyond that part of it adorning the chambers to which Messrs. Colnaghi's tickets procure admission.

M. Thiers made few hard-and-fast rules in his life. One of the few was to "defend ferociously the public purse," and the other not to give house-room to any but first-rate objects of *virtu*. After finding out for himself what was super-excellent in a gallery, his way was to sit as long as was possible before it, and to return again and again until it was well fixed on his brain. He then got a copy made, if of a fresco, in water-colours, and if of an oil-painting, in oils. Buonarroti—for so he preferred to call Michael Angelo, to associate him with that other giant, Buonaparte—drew him seven times from Paris to Florence. The Sistine *Madonna* attracted him to Dresden; and he travelled twice through Spain to see the portraits at the Escurial. One evening at the Place St. Georges, the wearisome monotony of travelling over plains was talked of. Thiers said to the person who started this subject—"When I find myself in a flat country I shut my eyes and evoke the statues of Michael Angelo. They are familiar spirits who answer to my call. I am fond of their companionship. Michael Angelo makes us feel the meaning of the apparently tragic destiny of man. Misery is a spur to effort, and effort is the fountain of all greatness. His works are full of consolation. What can be more consoling to the afflicted than his *Nursing Madonna* in the chapel of the Medici? Affliction has ennobled her, as it ennobles every one who takes it for what it is—a spur to stimulate us to higher action. In contemplating her I have often thought of the lesson she might have given to a certain king I knew. The tragic destiny of her Infant, whose future she divines, fills her with despair. But her maternal love will not be a hindrance to Him when the time arrives for Him to remain an obscure *prolétaire*, or become the most illustrious Martyr of Progress. She has the instinct of His grandeur. Noble pride in the struggle with maternal tenderness will gain the victory. A secular tree stripped of its leaves and resisting the wind affects me like that Madonna." He bought from the Salviati family the bronze duplicate of this marble,

which was given by Michael Angelo to Salviati, Bishop of Florence. Mme. Thiers intends to present it to the Louvre.

The doors of the library were kept by an Apollo and a Satyr, copied by Mercie from the antique. *The Last Judgment* was flanked by reductions of *The Farnese Hercules*, and *The Slave* of Michael Angelo, which is conceived in the spirit of the *Nursing Virgin*. Bronzes copied for M. Thiers from the tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici were stolen from the Garde Meuble, where Fontaine, the Communist, placed them. They were never found, and were sorely missed by their rightful owner, who called them the "schoolmasters of his soul." Other copies in marble were since done, but somehow they did not speak to M. Thiers the same language as the lost ones. Between them and the bronzes there was all the difference that a pious old lady might find between a favourite text in the Authorised Version of the Scriptures and a more accurate rendering in a new translation. *Day* and *Night* and *Dawn* and *Dusk*, which had got into the hands of an old-clothes-man, were recovered. They stand at the corners of the library. A common sentiment, that of intense grief, agitates them. Were a young, heroic, majestic queen, whose heart is open to compassion, to hear each groan, see each scene of woe, and know of every injustice perpetrated in her state, she would look on the world with the profoundly sad eyes of these four statues. Between two of them was placed an *alto rilievo*, in *terra cotta*, of an entombment, also by Michael Angelo.

A mere list of the other grand, glorious, and charming works of art in the library and its ante-room would be tedious; and the space at my disposal does not admit of anything fuller. I shall therefore close with the mention of a pen-and-ink drawing of which M. Thiers once said: "All military and political science is comprised in that sketch." Leonardo da Vinci drew it rapidly, probably to fix a felicitous idea. A band of brave knights, mounted on incomparable chargers, are fighting an army of skeletons on foot. The host of dry bones have the best of the battle. Some are falling, and others rising from the ground to replace them. Infantry, here, sweeps away cavalry. The starving classes swamp the privileged orders. Famine seizes upon power. We admire most the noble cavaliers. But the artist forces us to ask, Why did they feed their horses so well when hunger was decimating their fellow-men? The skeletons, whether we like it or not, will gain the victory, for, again to quote M. Thiers, "They are struggling to infuse a little of God's justice into man's institutions."

Emily Crawford.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DELIVERER.

The house was very still in the afternoon languor—all its life suspended. Between the sick-room, in which all the interest of the family existence was absorbed, and the servants' part of the house, in which life went on cheerfully enough under all circumstances, but without any intrusion into the still world above stairs, there was nothing going on. Little Lilias went up into her own room, and down all the long staircases and passages, without meeting or seeing any one. Martuccia was in the old hall, tranquilly knitting and waiting for her young lady's return; but the house was empty of all sound or presence, nobody visible. It was like the enchanted palace through which the young prince walks, meeting no one, until he reaches the one chamber in which the secret lies. This idea passed through the mind of Lilias, pre-occupied as she was. Any one might come in—might pass from room to room, finding all deserted, until he had penetrated to the dim centre of the family life where death was hovering. She went down the oak staircase with her light foot, a little tremulous, but inspired with resolution. It was the afternoon of Nello's last day at school. He had not quite made up his mind, or been driven by childish misery, to the determination of running away when his sister set out to succour him. Had he waited, Lilias no doubt would have arrived in time to introduce a new element into the matter; but what could the little girl's arrival have effected? Who would have given any importance to that? They would have taken Lilias in, and made a little prisoner of her, and sent her back. As it was, neither knew anything of what the other was doing. Lilias had opened her most secret place, a little old-fashioned wooden box, in which she kept some special relics, little trinkets (half toys, half ornaments), which she had brought with her, and the remains of the money which her father had given her when he sent the little party away. There had been something over when they arrived, and Lilias had guarded it carefully. She took it out now, and put the purse containing it within the bodice of her dress—the safest place. It might be wanted for Nello. He had the best right to everything; and if he was in trouble——. Lilias did not try to think what kind of trouble the little boy could be in. She took her little store, and went away with her heart beating high. This time she would herself do it; she would not trust to any one. Mr. Geoff had undertaken to deliver her father, and stopped her; but he had not done it. Already a long time had elapsed, and nothing had happened. She would not trust to Mr. Geoff or any one this time. If old 'Lizabeth had not gone away before Lilias returned to the hall, she had thoughts of asking the old woman to go with her; and even a weak inclination to take Martuccia as a companion and support had crossed her mind. Martuccia would have been useless, but she would have made all the difference between a feasible expedition and an impossible one; but perhaps it was for this very reason that Lilias rejected the idea. No; this time she would be kept back by no advice. She would go to Nello's aid by herself. He should owe his deliverance to no

one but his sister. Who could understand him so well—know so well what he must want? And it was to her that papa had intrusted Nello. She made dismal pictures to herself of her little brother in trouble. What could in trouble mean? She thought of him as out in the cold, out in the rain, crying, with no place to go to, lost in a strange country; or perhaps ill with a fever, and nobody to sit by him, nobody to give him a drink when he wanted it, and tell him stories. What other kind of trouble was possible? That he might not be able to learn his lessons without her to help him, and that he might perhaps be whipped—could such an atrocity be?—just gleamed across the child's thoughts; but it made her heart beat so with rage and indignation, and her cheeks burn with such a flush, that she thrust the idea aside; but so long as he was unhappy, so long as he wanted her, was not that enough? She buttoned her little coat with a stout but trembling heart, and took a shawl over her arm (was not that how travellers always provided themselves?), and, with her sovereign in her hand for immediate expenditure, and her purse in her bosom, went down the silent stairs. How still, how deserted it seemed! Mr. Pen came out from the library door when he heard the step, to see who it was, but took no notice of her except a momentary glance of disappointment. Thus she went out of the house brave and resolute, yet with a tremor of the unknown in her breast.

Lilias knew what to do: to walk to Pennington, where the railway station was, and then to take tickets, and to get into a railway carriage. The walk along the highroad was long, but it was not so overwhelming as that early expedition she had made all alone up into the hills when she had met Geoff. How glad she had been to meet him, and to hear from him that she need go no further! Lilias had not ceased to believe in Mr. Geoff, but nothing had been done, and her heart was sick of the waiting. She did not want to meet him now; her little heart gave a jump when she saw any one riding towards her; but it was certain she did not want to meet Geoff, to have her mission again taken out of her hands. Nothing was more likely than that she should meet him, and her eyes travelled along the dusty line of road, somewhat wistfully looking out—in hopes not to see him—which much resembled the hope of seeing him, though it was differently expressed. And now and then a cloud of dust would rise—now and then a horseman would appear far off, skimming lightly over the long line of road, which it took Lilias so much time to get over. Once a beautiful carriage dashed past her, with the beautiful lady in it whom she had once seen, and who had kissed and cried over Nello without taking much notice of Lilias. Could it be that the beautiful lady had heard too that he was in trouble? Lilias mended her pace and pushed on. What fancies she met with as she plodded along the road! It was a long dusty highway, running for a little while in sight of the lake, then turning through the village, then striking across the country up and down, as even a highroad is obliged to do in the north country, where there is nothing but heights and hollows. It seemed to stretch into infinity before Lilias, mounting one brae after another, showing in a long level line here and there; appearing on the other side of that clump of trees, beyond that far-off farmhouse, looking as if it led without pause back to the end of the world. Lilias wove one dream after another as she went along from landmark to landmark. How vivid they were! So real, that the child seemed to enact every scene in them as they floated through her mind; far more real than the actual events of her life. She saw herself arriving, at a great spacious place, which was Nello's school—undefined, yet lofty and wide and splendid, with marble pillars, and great colonnades

and halls. She saw people coming to gaze and wonder at the little girl—the little wandering princess—who had come to seek her brother. The girl looked at them all, and said, "Take me to Nello." The girl turned round upon them, and her lip curled with scorn. (Lilias suited the action to the word; and her innocent lip did curl with what version of fine disdain it could execute.) What did she care for all they could do for her? "It is my brother I want," she said. This was how she carried on her parable. Perhaps her own little figure was too much in the front of all these visions. Perhaps her own fine indifference to all blandishments and devotion to Nello was the chief principle made apparent. This was how it ran on, however, accompanying and shortening the way. She made long dialogues between herself and the master, between herself and Nello. How he clung to her; how glad he was that she had come. "It is Lily; I knew Lily would come," she made him say. He would not be surprised; he would know that this was the most natural thing. If they had locked her up in prison to keep her away from him, what would it have mattered? Lilias would have found a way to go to him when Nello was in trouble; and Nello knew that as well as she.

She was very tired, however, and it was dark when she arrived at Pennington. Lilias put on her grand air, but it was rather difficult to impose upon the stationmaster and porters. They all wanted to be very kind, to take care of her, and arrange everything for the little traveller. The stationmaster called her "my dear," and wanted Lilias to go to his house, where his wife would take care of her till the morning. "You are too little to travel by the night train," he said; and the porters were eloquent on the wickedness of sending a little lady like this by herself. "I am going to my brother, who is ill," Lilias said, with dignity. "And have you no mamma to go to him, my little miss?" said the porter friendly, yet respectful. They were all very kind. No one knew her, and they asked many questions to find out who she was. They said to each other it was well seen she had no mother, and made Lilias's heart swell so, that she forgave them for treating her as a child, rather than as the little princess she had dreamed of being. Finally, they arranged for her that she should travel to the great junction where Nello had met Bampfylde—at once—and that the guard should take care of her, and put her in the night train, which arrived at a very early hour in the morning at the station she wanted to go to. All this was arranged for her with the kindest care by these rough men. They installed her in the little waiting-room till the train should go. They came and fetched her when it was going, and placed her in her corner. "Poor little lady!" they said. Lilias was half-humiliated, half-pleased by all these attentions. She submitted to them, not able to be anything but grateful to the men who were so kind to her, yet feeling uneasily that it was not in this homely way that she meant them to be kind. They did not look up to her, but looked down upon her with compassionate tenderness, as upon a motherless little girl—a child who recalled children of their own. Just so the good woman looked upon her who got into the train along with her. "All that way, and all alone, my poor little thing?" the woman said. It hurt Lilias's pride to be called a poor little thing, but yet it was pleasant to have some one to creep close to. The world did not seem to be as it is represented in books, for nobody was unkind. Lilias was very glad to sit close to her new acquaintance, feeling comfort unspeakable in the breadth of the honest shoulder against which she leant as she travelled on in the dark. Those breadths of country which Nello had watched flying past the window were almost invisible now. Now and then a darker gloom in the air showed where the hills were high over the

railway in a deep cutting. Sometimes there would be gleams of light visible here and there, which showed a village. Her companion dropped into a doze, but Lilias, leaning against her, was far too much excited for sleep. She watched the moon come out and shine over the breadth of country, reflecting itself in the little streams, and turning the houses to silver. It was late then, quite late, for the moon was on the wane. And the train was slow, stopping at every station, creeping (though when it was in motion it seemed to fly) across the plains and valleys. It was midnight when they got to the junction, and Lilias, with her great eyes more wide awake than ever, was handed out. There were only a few lights burning, and the place looked miserable and deserted, the cold wind sweeping through it, and the two or three people who got out, and the two porters who received them, looking like ghosts in the imperfect light. The guard, who lived there, was very kind to the little girl before he went off to his house. He wanted to take her with him to make her comfortable till the morning, but Lilias could not be persuaded to wait. At last he established her in a corner, the least chilly possible, wrapping her shawl round her feet. There she was left alone, with one lamp to bear her company, the long lines running into darkness at either side of her, blackness taking refuge in the high roof of the station above the watchlight of that one lamp. How strange it was to sit all alone, with the chill of the air and gloom of midnight all around her! Nobody was stirring in the deserted place. The one porter had withdrawn to some warm refuge, to reappear when the train came. But little Lilias sat alone in her corner, sole inhabitant of the big, chilly, desolate place. How her heart jumped to her mouth! What tremors and terrors at first every sigh of the wind, every creak of the lamp, gave her. But at last she perceived that nothing was going to happen, and sat still, and did not trouble except when imagination suggested to her a stealthy step, or some one behind in the darkness. How dreary it was! the night wind sang a dismal cadence in the telegraph wires, the air coursed over the deserted platforms, the dark lines of way, and blew the flames of gas about even within the inclosure of the lamp. Just then Nello was creeping, stumbling out of the window, making his way through the prickling hedge, standing alone eying the moon in the potato field. Lilias could not even see the moon in her corner. Nothing was before her but the waning gleam of that solitary lamp.

At last the train came lumbering up through the darkness, and the porters reappeared from corners where they had been attendant. One of them came for Lily, kind as everybody had been, and put her into a carriage by herself, and showed her how she could lie down and make herself comfortable. "You'll be there at five o'clock," the porter said. "Lie down, little miss, and get a sleep." Never in her life had Lilias been more wide awake, and there was no kind woman here with broad shoulders to lean upon and feel safe. The train swept through the night while she sat upright and gazed out with big, round, unslumbering eyes.

Lilias watched and waked through the night, counting out the hours of darkness, saying her prayers over and over, feeling herself lost in the long whirl of distance and gloom and confusing sound; but as the night began to tremble towards the dawning, she began to doze unawares, her eyes, closing in spite of herself, and much against her will; and it was with a shiver that she woke up, very wide awake, but feeling wretched, in consequence of her doze, at the little roadside station, one small house placed on the edge of a wide expanse of fields, chiefly pasture land, and with no character at all. A great belt of wood stretched to the right hand, to the left there was nothing but fields,

and a long endless road dividing them, visible for miles, with a little turn in it here and there, but nothing beside to break its monotony. Lilias clambered out of the carriage when she felt the jar and clang of the stoppage, and heard the name of the station drowsily called out. The man in charge of it gazed at her as though she had dropped from the clouds; he did not even see her till the train was in motion again, creaking and swinging away into the distance. To see her standing there with her great eyes gave him a thrill of strange sensation, almost of terror. Fatigue and excitement had made her face paler than usual, and had drawn great circles round her eyes. She looked like a ghost standing there in the faint grey of the dawn, cold and trembling, yet courageous as ever. "Mr. Swan's? Oh, yes, I can tell you the way to Mr. Swan's; but you should have spoken sooner. They've been and carried off your luggage." Lilias had not strength of mind to confess that she had no luggage, and indeed was too much confused and upset by her snatch of sleep to be sure what he was saying, and stumbled forth on the road, when he showed her how to go, half-dazed, and scarcely more than half-conscious. But the pinch of the keen morning air, and the sensation of strange stillness and loneliness, soon restored her to the use of her faculties. The benevolent railway man was loath to let her go. "It's very early, and you're very small," he said. "You're welcome to wait here, my little lady, till they send for you. Perhaps they did not expect you so early?" "Oh, it does not matter," said Lilias. "Thank you; I am quite able to walk." The man stood and watched her as she made her way in the faint light along the road. He dared not leave his post, or he would have gone with her out of sheer compassion. So young, and with such a pale little beautiful face, and all alone at such an hour of the morning, while it was still night! "It will be one of them boyses sisters," he said to himself with singular discrimination. And then he recollected the pale little boy who had gone to Mr. Swan's so short a time before. This gave a clue to the mysterious little passenger, which set his mind at rest.

And Lilias went on along the darkling road. It was not possible to mistake the road—a long white streak upon the landscape, which was visible even in the dark; and it was not altogether dark now, but a ghostly, damp, autumnal glimmer of morning, before the sunrising. The hedges had mists of gossamer over them, which would shine like rainbow webs when the sun rose. The fields glimmered colourless still, but growing every moment more perceptible in the chill drowsiness of the season—not cold enough for frost, yet very cold. Everything was grey, the few shivering half-grown trees in the hedgerows, the sky all banked with clouds, the face of the half-seen landscape. There was one cottage by the roadside, and that was grey too, all shut up and asleep, the door closed, the windows all black. Little Lilias, the one moving atom in that great still landscape, felt afraid of it, and of herself, and the sound of her own steps, which seemed loud enough to wake a whole world of people. It seemed to Lilias that the kindly earth was dead, and she alone a little ghost, walking about its grave. None of her dreams, none of the poetry, nor anything out of her fairy lore could help her here. The reality was more than any dream. How still!—how very still it was!—how dark! and yet with that weird lightening which grew about her, making everything more visible moment by moment, as if by some strange magical clearing of her own tired eyes! She was so tired, so worn out; faint for want of food, though she was not hungry—and for want of rest, though she did not wish to go to sleep. Such an atom in all that great grey insensible universe, and yet the only thing alive!

No—not the only thing. Lilias's heart contracted with a thrill, first of relief, then of fear, when she saw something else moving besides herself. It was in one of the great fields that stretched colourless and vast towards the horizon. Lilias could not tell what it was. It might be a spirit; it might be an enchanted creature bound by some spell to stay there among the ploughed furrows; it might be some mysterious wild beast, the legendary monster, of whose existence children are always ready to be convinced. She concealed herself behind a bush, and looked anxiously down the long brown furrow. It was something very little—not so big as a man—smaller even than herself; something that toiled along with difficulty, stumbling sometimes, and falling in the soft earth. By and by a faint breath of sound began to steal towards her—very faint, yet carried far on the absolute stillness of the morning. Some one who was in trouble—some one who was *crying*. Lilias's bosom began to swell. She was very tired and confused herself; very lonely and frightened of the dead world, and of her own forlorn livingness in it. But the sound of the feeble crying brought her back to herself. Did she divine already who it was? She scrambled through a gap in the hedge, jumped across the ditch, and plunged too into the yielding, heavy soil of the ploughed furrow. She was not surprised. There did not seem to be anything wonderful in meeting her brother so. Had she not been sent to him because he was in trouble? It was natural that he should be here in the cold, dim morning, in the wild field, toiling along towards her, faintly crying in the lost confusion and misery of childish weariness, his way lost, and his courage lost, and all his little bewildered faculties. She called out "Nello!"—cautiously, lest any one should hear—"Nello!" and then there was an outcry of amazement and joy—"Oh, Lily!" It was a half-shriek of incredulous happiness with which poor Nello, toiling through the field, weary, lost, forlorn, and afraid, heard the familiar sound of her voice. He was not so much surprised either. He did not think it was impossible, though nothing could have been more impossible to an elder mind. Children hold no such reckonings as we do with probability. He had been saying, "Oh, Lily! my Lily!" to himself—crying for her—and here she was! He had no doubt of it, made no question how she got there, but threw himself upon her with a great cry that thrilled the dim morning through and through, and made the sleep-bound world alive.

And they sat down together in the furrow, and clung to each other, and cried—for misery, but for happiness too. All seemed safe now they had found each other. The two forlorn creatures, after their sleepless, wintry night, felt a sudden beatitude creep over their little weary bodies and aching hearts. Two—how different that is from one! They held each other fast, and kissed, and were happy in the dark furrow, which seemed big enough and dark enough to furnish them both with a grave.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

"Are you very hungry, Nello?"

"Oh very, *very*. Are you? I have not had any breakfast. It was night, dark night when I came away. Have you had any breakfast Lily?"

"How could I when I have been in the railway all the night? Do you think you can get over the ditch! Jump! I jumped, and you always could jump better than I."

"You forget everything when you go to school," said Nello, mournfully; "and I am all trembling—I cannot help it. It is so cold. Oh, Lily, if they come up—if they find us—you will not let them take me back?"

"Never, Nello; but let us get on; let us get on to the railway. Quick, it is

not far off. If you would only jump! Now give me your hand. I am cold too, but we must get over it, we *must* get over it!" said Lilias, almost crying. Poor Nello's limbs were cramped, he was chilled to the heart. He did not feel it possible to get on, all the courage was gone out of him. He had kept up until, after scrambling through many rough places, his poor little feet had sunk in that soft, newly-ploughed furrow. This had taken all the life out of him, and perhaps his meeting with Lilias, and the tumult of joyful emotion it caused, had not increased Nello's power of endurance. He had always had the habit of trusting to her. But Lily it was quite certain could not drag him over the ditch. He made an effort at last to jump and failed, and stuck in the mud. That accident seemed at the moment to make an end of them both in their utter weariness. They mingled their tears, Lilias hanging on upon the bank above, Nello in the heavy soil below. The cry relieved them, however, and by and by, by the help of his sister's hand, he managed to scramble up the bank, and get through the scattered bushes on to the highroad. One of his feet was wet and clogged with the mud, and oh, how tired they both were! fit for nothing but to lie down and cry themselves to sleep.

"Oh, Nello, if you were at home should you ever, ever want to go away again?"

Nello did not make any reply. He was too tired for anything but a dull little sob now and then, involuntary, the mere breathing of his weakness. And the highway looked so long, longer even than the fields. There was always some hope at the end of a field that deliverance might come round the corner, but a long unchangeable highway, how endless it was! They went on thus together for a little way in silence, then, "Oh, Lily, I am so hungry," said Nello. What could she do? She was hungry too, more hungry than he was, for she had eaten nothing since the afternoon of the previous day.

"I have a shilling in my pocket, but we cannot eat a shilling," said poor Lilias.

"And I have a shilling too—more than that—I have the golden sovereign Mary gave me—"

"We must just hurry—hurry to the railway, Nello, for we cannot eat money, and the railway will soon take us home; or there is a place, a big station where we could buy a cake. Oh!" cried Lilias, with a gleam of eager satisfaction in her eyes.

"What is it, Lily?"

"Look, only look!" She dragged him forward by the arm in her eagerness. "Oh, a few steps further, Nello—only a few steps further—look!"

The roadside cottage, which had been so blank as she passed, had awoke—a woman stood by the door—but the thing that caught Lilias's eye, was a few stale cakes and opaque glasses with strange confectionery in them. It was these that gave strength to her wearied feet. She hurried forward, while the woman looked at the strange little pair in wonder. "Oh, will you give us a little breakfast?" she said; "a little milk to drink, and some bread and butter for this little boy?"

"Where have you come from, you two children, at this hour in the morning?" cried the woman in consternation.

"Oh, we are going to the train," said Lilias. "We are obliged to go, we must get the early train, and we don't know, we don't quite know when it goes; and my poor little brother has fallen into the mud—see! and—he got his breakfast so very early before he came away that he is hungry again. We have plenty of money," cried the little girl, "plenty of money. We will give you a shilling if you will give us some milk and bread."

"A shilling! two, three shillings," said Nello, interposing. He was so hungry; and what was the good of shillings? you could not eat them. The woman looked at them suspiciously. They were not little tramps; they were nicely-dressed children, though

the little boy was so muddy. She did not see what harm it could do to take them in; likewise her heart was touched by the poor little things, standing there looking up at her as though she was the arbiter of their fate.

"You may come in and sit by the fire; there's no train for two hours yet. It's not six o'clock. Come in, you poor little things and rest, and I'll give you some nice hot tea. But you must tell me all the truth, for I know you've run away from somewhere," she said.

"No," said Lilias, looking her in the face. "Oh, no, I have not run away from anywhere. My little brother was not happy, and I came to fetch him, that is all. I did not run away."

"And what sort of people was it that sent a baby like you?" said the woman. "Come in, you poor little things, and sit by the fire. What could your mother be thinking of to send you——"

"We have not got any mother." Nello took no share in this conversation. He was quite lost in the delight of the strange old settle that stood by the fire. Nestling up into the corner he thought he would like to fall asleep there, and never move any more. "We have not got any mother," Lilias said; "and who could come but me? No one. I travelled all night, and now I am going to take him home. We are children without any mother." Lilias could not but know that these words were a sure passport to any woman's heart.

"You poor little things," the woman said, with the tears in her eyes. Whether it has its origin in the self-complacency of womankind, it is difficult to say, but whereas men are generally untouched by the unhappiness of being fatherless, women are defenceless in most cases before a motherless child. Such a plea has instant recognition with high and low. No mother! everything is pardoned, everything conceded to a creature with such a plea. She was not quite satisfied with the story, which seemed to her very improbable, but she could not refuse her succour to the motherless children. Her little shop, such as it was, had no visitors till much later in the day, when the village children went past her door to school. She had made her own tea which stood keeping itself hot upon the hob, and she came in hastily and put out cups and saucers, and shared the hot and comfortable fluid, though it was very weak and would not have suited more fastidious palates than the children's. What life it seemed to pour into their wearied little frames! The bread was coarse and stale, but it tasted like bread from heaven. Nello in his corner of the settle began to blink and nod. He was even falling asleep, when suddenly a gig rattled past the windows. The child sprang up in a moment. "Oh, Lily, Lily!" he cried in horror, "they are after me! what shall I do?"

The woman had gone to the back of the house with the cups they had used, and so was not near to hear this revelation.

"Who is it?" cried Lilias, peering out of the window. She was restored to herself, and the name of an enemy, a pursuer put her on her mettle. She had never had such a thing before, but she knew everything about it, how to behave. "Come, Nello, come," she said, "we will go out the back way where nobody is looking. Let us go away, let us go away before any one can come here."

Lilias seized some of the cakes which the woman had put in paper for them; wonderful productions which nothing but a child's appetite could contemplate—and put down two shillings in the centre of the table. On second thoughts it seemed better to her to go out at the front and get round under cover of the hedge to the wood on the other side of the station, which appeared temptingly near, rather than incur the risk of speaking to the woman. It did not occur to her that her own presence was enough to put any one completely off the scent who

was seeking Nello. She got him away out of the house successfully, and through the gap behind the hedge where was a little footpath. "Now we must run—run! We must get past, while they are asking at the station. We must not say a word to the woman or any one. Oh, Nello, run—run!" Nello, still more anxious than she was, managed to run for a little way, but only for a little one. He broke down of all places in the world opposite to the station, where Mr. Swan was standing talking to the keeper. When Nello saw him through the hedge he turned round and clasped his sister convulsively, hiding his face on her shoulder. Lilias did not dare to say a word. They were hid from view, yet any movement might betray them or any sound. She stood with trembling limbs, bearing Nello's weight upon her shoulder, and watched through the hawthorn bush.

"Nobody has been here, not a mouse, far less a little boy. The train is not due for two hours," said the stationkeeper.

"A bit of a little fellow," said Mr. Swan. "I can't think he could have got so far; more likely he's lying behind a hedge somewhere, but I thought it best to try first here."

"He's not here," the stationkeeper said again. He answered curtly, his sympathies being all with the fugitive, and he could not but give the troubled schoolmaster a corner of his mind. "It's only a month since you lost the last one," he said. "If it was my house the boys ran away from I should not like it."

"Talk of things you know something of," said Mr. Swan hotly; and then he added, shaking his head, "it is not my fault. My wife and I do everything we can, but it's those rough boys and their practical jokes."

"Little fellows they don't seem to understand these kind of jokes," said the railway man.

Mr. Swan shook his head. It was not his fault. He was sorry and vexed and ashamed. "I would rather have lost the money twice over," he said. But he turned and gave a searching glance all round. Lilias quaked and her heart sank within her. She held her little brother close to her breast. If he should stir, if he should cry, all would be over. She knew their situation well enough. Either their enemy would go away and get bloodhounds, and fierce wicked men to put on their track, during which time the fugitives would have time to get into some wonderful cave, or to be taken into some old, old, house by some benevolent stranger, and so escape; or else he would come straight to the very place where they were, guided by some influence unfavourable to them. Lilias stood and held her breath. "Oh, be still, Nello, be still, he is looking!" she whispered into Nello's ear. Her limbs were nearly giving way, but she resisted fate and held out.

The schoolmaster made long inspection of all the landscape. "He was specially commended to me, too—I was warned—I was warned," he said. Then he turned to the stationkeeper, giving him the most urgent injunctions. "If he comes here you will secure him at once," he said, filling Lilias with dismay, who did not see the shrug of the man's shoulders, and the look with which he turned aside. Thus their retreat was cut off the little girl thought, with anguish indescribable; how then were they to get home? This thought was so dreadful that Lilias was not relieved as she otherwise would have been by the sound of the wheels and the horse's hoofs as the gig turned, and their enemy drove away. He had gone in his own person, but had he not left a horrible retainer to guard the passage? And how, oh how was she to take Nello home? She did not know where the next station was. She did not know the way in this strange, desolate, unknown country. "Nello," she cried, in a whisper of despair, "we must get into that wood, it is the only thing we can do; they will not look for us there. I don't know why, but I feel sure they

will not look for us there. And perhaps we shall meet some one who will take care of us. Oh, Nello, rouse up; come quick, come quick! Perhaps there may be a hermit living there; perhaps——. Come, Nello, can you not go a little further? Oh, try, try!"

"Oh Lily, I am so tired—I am so sleepy."

"I am tired, too," she said, a little rush of tears coming to her eyes; and then they stumbled on together, holding each other up. The wood looked gay and bright in the early morning. The sun had come out, which showed everything, and the bright autumn colour on the trees cheered the children as the painted skin of the leopard cheered the poet:—

> "Si che a bene sperar m'era cagione
> Di quella fera alla gaietta pelle
> L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione."

The trees seemed to sweep with a great luxuriance of shadow over a broad stretch of country. It must be possible to find some refuge there. There might be—a hermit, perhaps, in a little cell, who would give them nuts and some milk from his goat—or a charcoal-burner, wild but kind, like those Lilias remembered to have seen in the forest with wild locks hanging over their eyes. If only no magician should be there to beguile them into his den, pretending to be kind! Thus Lilias mixed fact and fiction, her own broken remembrances of Italian woods sounding as fictitious among the English elms and beeches as the wildest visions of fancy. For this wood, though it had poetic corners in it, was traversed by the highroad from end to end, and was as innocent of charcoal-burners as of magicians. And it turned out a great deal further off than they thought. They walked and walked, and still it lay before them, smiling in its yellow and red, waving and beckoning in the breeze, which was less chilly now that the sun was up. The sun reached to the footpath behind the hedge, and warmed the little wayfarers through and through—that was the best thing that had happened to them—for how good it is to be warm when one is chilled and weary; and what a rising of hope and courage there is, when the misty dawn disperses before the rising of the brave sun!

Nello almost recovered his spirits when he got within the wood. There were side aisles even to the highroad, and deep corners in its depths where shelter could be had, and the ground was all flaked with shadow and sunshine; and there were green glades, half-visible at every side, with warm grass all lit by the sun.

"Let us go and sit down, Lily. Oh, what a pretty place to sit down! Oh, Lily, I cannot—I cannot walk any more; I am so tired," cried Nello.

"I am tired, too," she said, with a quiver in her mouth, looking vainly round for some trace of the charcoal-burner or of the hermit. All was silent, sunny, fresh with the morning, but vacant as the fields. And Lilias could not be satisfied with mere rest, though she wanted it so much. "How are we to get home, if we dare not go to the railway? and there is no other way," she said. "Oh, Nello, it will be very nice to rest—but how are we to get home?"

"Oh, never mind; I am so tired," said weary little Nello. "Look, Lily, what a warm place. It is quite dry, and a tree to lean against. Let us stay here."

Never had a more tempting spot been seen; green soft turf at one side of the big tree, and beech-mast soft and dry and brown, the droppings of the trees, on the other. The foot sank in it, it was so soft, and the early sun had dried it, and the thick boughs overhead had kept off the dew. It was as soft as a bed of velvet, and the little branches waved softly over it, while the greater boughs, more still, shaded and protected the children. They sat down, utterly worn out, and Lilias took out her cakes, which they ate together with delight, though these dainties were far from delicious; and

then, propped up against each other, an arm of each round the other, Nello lay across Lilias's lap, with his head pillowed upon her; she, half-seated, half-reclining, holding him, and held in her turn by a hollow of the tree; these babes in the wood first nodded, then dozed, and woke and dozed again—and finally, the yellow leaves dropping now and then upon them like a caress of nature, the sun cherishing their little limbs, fell fast asleep in the guardianship of God.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE NEW-COMER.

Nobody in the sick-room said a word of the great consternation and wonder and fear that sprung to life in them at the appearance of the stranger. How could they, though their hearts were full of it? when all their care and skill were wanted for the patient, who, half-conscious, struggled with them to raise himself, to get out of bed. To find out what he wanted, to satisfy the hazy anxiety in his mind, and do for him the something whatever it was that he was so anxious to do, was the first necessity of the moment, notwithstanding the new excitement which was wild in their veins. Where did he come from? How had he got here?—familiar, unmistakable, as if he had been absent but a day. How did he know he was wanted? And was it he—really *he*—after all those dreary years? These questions surged through the minds of all the bystanders, in an impetuous, yet secondary current. The first thing, and the most urgent, was the squire. Brother and sister, friend and friend, had not leisure to take each other by the hand, or say a word of greeting.

Mary and her newly-arrived assistant stood side by side, touching each other, but could not speak or make even a sign of mutual recognition. *He* took her place in supporting, and, at the same time, restraining the patient. *She* held her father's hand with which he seemed to be appealing to some one, or using, in dumb show, to aid some argument.

"The little boy," he said, hoarsely; "bring me the little boy."

"Is it Nello he means?" the stranger asked, in a low voice.

"I—think so—I—suppose so," said Mary, trembling, and wholly overcome by this strange ease and familiarity, and even by the sound of the voice so long silent in this place. But he took no notice—only followed his question by another.

"Why not bring the child, then? That might satisfy him. Does he care for the child; or is it only a fancy, a wandering in his head? Anyhow, let them bring him. It might be of some use."

"Do you think he—knows? Do you think he understands—and—means what he is saying?"

Mary faltered forth these words, scarcely knowing what she said, feeling that she could not explain how it was that Nello was not near—and finding it so strange—so strange to be talking thus to—John; could it be really John? After all that had sundered them, after the miseries that had passed over him, the price still set upon his head, was it he who stood so quietly, assuming his household place, taking his part in the nursing of the old man? She could not believe her senses, and how could she talk to him, calmly as the circumstances required, gently and steadily, as if he had never been away?

"Most likely not," he said; "but something has excited his fancy, and the sight of my boy might calm it. Let some one bring Nello."

He spoke with the air of one used to be obeyed, and whom also in this particular it would be easy to obey.

"We sent him to school. I am very sorry—I was against it," said Mary, trembling more and more.

Mr. Pen was frightened too. It is one thing doing "for the best,"

with a little unprotected parentless child, and quite a different thing to answer the child's father when he comes and asks for it. Mr. Pen paled and reddened ten times in a minute. He added, faltering—

"It was by my advice—John. I thought it was the best thing for him. You see I did not know——"

Here he broke off abruptly in the confusion of his mind.

"Then it is needless saying any more," said the stranger, hastily, with a tone in which a little sharpness of personal disappointment and vexation seemed to mingle.

This conversation had been in an undertone, as attendants in a sick-room communicate with each other, without intermitting their special services to the patient. The squire had been still in their hands for the moment, ceasing to struggle, apparently caught in some dim confused way by the sound of their voices. He looked about him confusedly, like a blind man, turning his head slightly, as if his powers were being restored to him, to the side on which John stood. A gleam of half-meaning, of interest and wavering, half roused attention, seemed to come over his face. Then he sank back gently on his pillows, struggling no longer. The paroxysm was over. The nurse withdrew her hand with a sigh of relief.

"Now," she said, "if we leave him perfectly quiet, he may get some sleep. I will call you in a moment if there is any change."

The woman saw, with her experienced eyes, that something more than could be read on the surface was in this family combination, She put them gently from the bedside, and shaded the patient's eyes from the light, for it was nearly noon by this time, and everything was brilliant outside. The corridor, however, into which they passed outside was still dark, as it was always, the glimmering pale reflections in the wainscot of the long narrow window on the staircase being its sole communication with the day.

Mary put out her hands to her brother as they emerged from the sick-room.

"Is it you—you, John?"

"Yes," he said, grasping them, "it is I—I do not wonder you are startled. I heard my father was worse—that there was a change—and came in without warning. So Nello has been sent away? May I see my little girl? You have been good to her, I am sure, Mary."

"I love her," said Mary, hastily, "as if she were my own. John—do not take my little companion away."

He had been grave enough, and but little moved hitherto by the meeting, which was not so strange or unlooked for to him as to them. Now his countenance beamed suddenly, lighting all over, and a tender moisture came to his eyes.

"It is what I have desired most for her," he said, and took his sister's hands and kissed her cheek. "But send for my little Lily," he added, with an indescribable softening in his voice.

Here Miss Brown who had been following, came out from the dusk of the room behind. "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I did not like to tell you in your trouble; but I'm very uneasy about Miss Lily."

"Has she never come in yet? You said she had gone out for a walk."

"I said whatever I could think of to save you, Miss Mary. We none of us know where she's gone. I've sent everywhere. She is not at the Vicarage, nor she's not at the village, and—oh, what will Mr. John think of us?" cried the woman in tears. "Not one in the house has seen her since yesterday, and Martuccia she's breaking her heart. She says Miss Lily has gone after her brother; she says——"

"Is Martuccia here?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Brown, with a curtsey. She could not take her eyes off him as she afterwards said. More serious, far more serious than

when he was a young gentleman always about the house, but the same man, still the same man.

"Then send her to me at once. It is you, Martha, the same as ever," he said, with a momentary smile in the midst of his anxiety. Just as Mr. John used to do—always a kind word for everybody, and a smile. She made him another curtesy, crying and smiling together.

"And glad, glad, sir, to see you come home," she said. There was this excuse for Miss Brown's lingering, that Mary had rushed off at once to find Martuccia. John bowed his head gravely. He had grown very serious. The habit of smiling was no longer his grand characteristic. He went down stairs and into the library, the nearest sitting-room in his way, the door of which was standing open. Eastwood was there lingering about, pretending to put things in order, but in reality waiting for news of the old squire. Eastwood had not let this man in. He had not got admission in any legitimate way.

"I beg your pardon, sir—" he began, not altogether respectfully, with the intention of demanding what he did there.

"What?" said the stranger looking up with a little impatience.

Eastwood drew back with another, "Beg your pardon, sir," and his tone was changed. He did not know who it was, but he dared not say anything more. This was the strangest house in the world surely, full of suspicions, full of new people who did not come in at the front door.

When Martuccia came, her story, which had been almost inarticulate in her broken English, flowed forth volubly enough to her master, whom she recognised with a shriek of delight. She gave him a clear enough account of what had happened. How an old woman had come, a peasant of the country, and told Miss Lili that her little brother was in trouble. This word she transferred to her narrative without attempting to translate it, so that Mary standing by, who did not understand the rest, seemed to hear nothing but this word recurring again and again. Trouble! it was an ominous word. Nothing but trouble seemed to surround them. She stood and listened anxiously, though she did not understand.

"It is clear then," said her brother, turning to her, "that Lily has gone after her little brother, supposed to be in some mysterious trouble. When did he go, and where did he go, and who persuaded you to send him away?"

"It was Randolph—Randolph has been here. I believe he wanted to be kind. He said Nello was being ruined here, and so did Mr. Pen. It was against my will—against my wish."

"Randolph!" he said. This alarmed him more than all the rest. "Both my children! I thought I should find them safe—happy in your hands whatever happened to me—"

"Oh, John, what can I say?" cried Mary, wringing her hands. No one could be more guiltless of any unkind intention, but as was natural, it was she who bore the blame. A man may be pardoned if he is a little unjust in such circumstances. John was ready to rush out of the house again directly, to go after his children, but what could be done unless the railway helped him? Mary got the time-tables and consulted them anxiously; and Mr. Pen came in and stood by, very serious and a little crestfallen, as one of the authors of the blunder. And it was found, as so often happens, that nothing was to be done at the moment. The early train was going off as they talked, the next did not go till the evening, the same by which Lilias had travelled on the night before. And in the meantime what might be happening to the little girl who was wandering about the world in search of her brother? While the brother and sister consulted, Mr. Pen looked sorrowfully over their heads which were bent over these time-tables. He

did not himself pretend to understand these lines of mysterious figures. He looked from one face to another to read what they meant. He was too much abashed by his own share in the misfortune to put forward his advice. But when he saw that they were both at their wits' end, Mr. Pen suggested that the place where Nello was was nearer to Randolph than to themselves, and that he might get there that night if he was informed at once, and give them news, at least let them know whether Lilias had reached the house where her brother was. "And I will go by the first train," Mr. Pen said timidly. "Let me go, as I have had a hand in it. John knows I could not mean any harm to his boy——."

Nobody had meant any harm, but the fact that the two children were both gone, and one, a girl like Lilias, wandering by herself no one knew where, was as bad as if they had meant it a hundred times over. Who could it be who had beguiled her with this story of Nello's trouble? If John, who had suffered so much, and who had come from the country where feuds and vengeance still flourish, suspected an enemy in it, suspected even his brother who had never been his friend, who could wonder? They telegraphed to Randolph, and to Mr. Swan, and to the stations on the way, John himself hurrying to Pennington to do so. And then when all this was done, which made an exciting bustle for a moment, there was nothing further possible but to wait till evening for the train. Such pauses are due to the very speed and superior possibilities of modern life. A post-chaise was slower than the railway, but it could be had at once, and those long and dreary hours of delay of time which one feels to be lost, and in which while we wait, anything fatal may happen, are the reverse side of the medal, the attendant disadvantage upon headlong speed and annihilation of distance. What a miserable house it was during all that eternal day! anxieties of every kind filled their minds—those which concerned life and the living coming uppermost and shutting out the solemn interest of the chamber over which death had been hovering. The squire slept, but only his nurse, unmoved in professional calm, watched over him; and when he woke, still wrapped in a mist and haze of half-consciousness, which subdued all his being, yet with an aspect less deathlike, Mary came and went in an enforced stillness almost beyond bearing, not daring to stay long in one place lest she should betray herself. She dared not allow herself to think of little Lilias, perhaps in evil hands, perhaps wandering alone. Her little Lily! Mary felt it would be impossible to sit still, impossible to endure at all, if she did not thrust away this thought. A little woman-child, at that tender age, too young for self-protection, too old for absolute impunity from harm. Mary clasped her hands tightly together and forced her thoughts into another channel. There was no lack indeed of other channels for her anxieties; her father thus lying between life and death, and her brother with all the penalties of old on his head, going and coming without concealment, without even an attempt to disguise himself. It would have been better even for John, Mary felt instinctively, if the squire had been visibly dying instead of rallying. What if he should wake again to full consciousness, and order the doors of his house to be closed against his son as he had done before? What if seeing this, and seeing him there without attempt at concealment, rejected by his own family, the old prosecution should be revived and John taken? After that—but Mary shuddered and dropped this thread of thought also. The other even, the other, was less terrible. Thus passed this miserable day.

Randolph had been alarmed even before the family were, though in a different fashion. Almost as soon as he had seated himself at his respectable

clergymanly breakfast-table, after prayers and all due offices of the morning, a telegram was put into his hand. This made his pulse beat quicker, and he called to his wife to listen, while a whole phantasmagoria of possibilities seemed to rise like a haze about the yellow envelope, ugliest of inclosures. What could it be but his father's death that was thus intimated to him, an event which must have such important issues? When he had read it, however, he threw it on the table with an impatient "Pshaw! the little boy, always the little boy," he cried; "I think that little boy will be the death of me." Mrs. Randolph, who had heard of this child as the most troublesome of children, gave all her sympathy to her husband, and he contented himself with another message back again, saying that he had no doubt Mr. Swan would soon find the little fugitive who had not come to him, as the schoolmaster supposed. The day, however, which had begun thus in excitement, soon had other incidents to make it memorable. Early in the afternoon other telegrams came. The one he first opened was from Mr. Pen; this at least must be what he hoped for. But instead of telling of the squire's death, Mr. Pen telegraphed to him an entreaty which he could not understand. "Lilias is missing too—for God's sake go at once to the school and ascertain if she is there." What did he mean—what did the old fool mean?

"Here is another, Randolph," said his wife, composing her face into solemnity. "I fear—I fear it must be bad news from the castle."

In the heat of his disappointment and impatience Randolph was as nearly as possible exclaiming in over sincerity, "Fear!—I hope it is with all my heart." But when he opened it he stood aghast—his brother's name stared him in the face—"John Musgrave." How came it there—that outlawed name? It filled him with such a hurry and ferment of agitation that he cared nothing what the message was; he let it drop and looked up aghast in his wife's face.

"Is it so?" she said, assuming the very tone, the right voice with which a clergyman's wife ought to speak of a death. "Alas! my poor dear husband, is it so? is he gone indeed?"

But Randolph forgot that he was a clergyman and all proprieties. He threw down the hideous bit of paper and jumped to his feet and paced about the room in his excitement. "He has come, confound him!" he cried. Not gone, that would have been nothing but good news—but this was bad indeed, something unthought of, never calculated upon; worse than any misgiving he had ever entertained. He had been uneasy about the child, the boy whom everybody would assume to be the heir; but John—that John should return—that he should be there before his father died—this combination was beyond all his fears.

After he had got over the first shock he took up the telegram to see what it was that "John Musgrave, Penninghame Castle,"—the name written out in full letters, almost with ostentation, no concealing or disguising of it, though it was a name lying under the utmost penalties of the law—had to say to him. "*My little daughter has been decoyed away under pretence that her brother was in danger. You can reach the place to-day, I cannot. Will you serve me for once, and go and telegraph if she is safe?*" This was the communication. Randolph's breast swelled high with what he felt to be natural indignation. "I serve him! I go a hundred miles or so for his convenience. I will see him—hanged first." Hanged—yes, that was what would happen to the fellow if he was caught, if everybody were not so weakly indulgent, so ready to defeat the law. And this was the man who ventured to bid him "serve him for once," treating him, Randolph, a clergyman, a person irreproachable, in this cavalier fashion. What had he to do with it if the little girl had been

decoyed away? No doubt the little monkey, if all were known, was ready enough to go. He hoped in his heart they were both gone together, and would never be heard of more.

When he came as far as this, however, Randolph pulled himself up short. After all, he was not a bad man, to rejoice in the afflictions of his neighbours; he only wished them out of his way; he did not wish any harm to them; and he felt that what he had just said in his heart was wicked, and might bring down a "judgment." To come the length of a wish that your neighbour may not thrive is a thing that no respectable person should allow himself to do; a little grudging of your neighbour's prosperity, a little secret satisfaction in his trouble is a different matter—but articulately to wish him harm! This brought him to himself and made him aware of his wife's eyes fixed upon him with some anxiety. She was a gentle little believing sort of woman, without any brains to speak of, and she thought dear Randolph's feelings had been too much for him. Her eyes were fixed on him with devout sympathy. How much feeling he had, though he did not speak much of it; what strong affections he had! Randolph paused a little to calm himself down. These all-trusting women are sometimes an exasperation unspeakable in their innocence, but still on the other hand, a man must often make an effort not to dispel such belief. He said, "No, my dear, it is not what I thought; my father is not dead but suffering, which is almost worse; and my brother whom you have heard of—who has been such a grief to us all, has come home unexpectedly—"

"Oh, Randolph!" The innocent wife went to him and took his hand and caressed it. "How hard upon you! How much for you to bear! Two such troubles at once."

"Yes, indeed," he said, accepting her sympathy; "and the little boy whom I told you of, whom I took to school: well, he has run away——"

"Oh, Randolph, dear, what mountains of anxiety upon you!"

"You may say so. I must go, I suppose, and look after this little wretch. Put me up something in the little portmanteau—and from thence I suppose I had better go on to Penninghame again. Who knows what trouble may follow John's most ill-advised return?"

"And they all lean so on you," said the foolish wife. Notwithstanding these dozen years of separation between him and his family, she was able to persuade herself of this, and that he was the prop and saviour of his race. There is nothing that foolish wives will not believe.

Randolph, however, wavered in his decision after he had made up his mind to go on. Why should he go, putting himself to so much trouble at John's order? He changed his mind half a dozen times in succession. Finally, however, he did go, sending two messages back on his way, one to John, the other to Mr. Pen. To John he said: "*I am alarmed beyond measure to see your name. Is it safe for you to be there? Know nothing about little girl, but hear that little boy has run away from school, and am going to see.*" Thus he planted, or meant to plant, an additional sting in his brother's breast. And as he travelled along in the afternoon, going to see after Nello, his own exasperation and resentment became so hot within him, that when he arrived at the junction, he sent another message, to Mr. Pen. He did not perhaps quite know what he was doing. He was furious with disappointment and annoyance and confusion, feeling himself cheated, thrust aside, put out of the place which he ought to have filled. Nello would have had harsh justice had he been brought before him at such a moment. "Little troublesome, effeminate baby, good for nothing, and now to be ruined in every way! But I wash my hands of him," Randolph said.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER HELPER.

On that same morning when so many things occurred, young Lord Stanton was seated in the library at Stanton, with a great deal of business to do. He had letters to write, he had the accounts of his agent to look over, and a hundred other very pressing matters which demanded his close attention. Perhaps it was only natural in these circumstances that Geoff should be unusually idle, and not at all disposed to tackle to his work. Generally he was so much interested in what was real work that he did it heartily, glad of the honest compulsion; but on this morning he was unsettled, and not in his usual mood of industry. He watched the leaves dropping from the trees outside, he listened idly to the sounds within; he scribbled on the margin of his accounts, now a bit of Latin verse (for Mr. Tritton was an elegant scholar), now a grotesque face, anything but the steady calculations he ought to have made. Now and then a sudden recollection of something he had read would cross his mind, when he would get up in the middle of a letter to seek the book in which he thought it was and verify his recollection on the spot, a thing he would not have taken the trouble to do had that floating recollection had any connection with the work in which he professed to be engaged. In short he was entirely idle, distracted and *désœuvré*. Mr. Tritton was reading to Lady Stanton in her morning room. It was early; the household were all busy and occupied, all except the young master of it who could not settle to his work.

He was sitting thus when his easily distracted attention was caught by a movement outside, not like anything that could be made by bird or dog, the only two living creatures likely to be there so close to his window. It was the same window through which he had gone out the evening he made his night expedition to the hills. The sound caught his attention as anything would have done that gave him an excuse for raising his head from the letters he was now trying to write, having given up the accounts in despair. When he saw a shadow skirt the grass, Geoff watched with eager interest for what would follow—then there was a pause, and he had bent over the letter again thinking it a mere trick of fancy, when a sound close to him made him start and look up. Some one was standing with his back to the morning light, standing across the window sill with one foot within the room. Geoff started to his feet with momentary alarm. "Who are you? Ah! is it Bampfylde?" he said.

"Just me, my young lord. May I come in and speak a word?"

"Certainly—come in. But why not go to the front door and come in like any one else? You do not suppose I should have shut my doors on *you?*"

"Maybe, no; but I'm not a visitor for the like of you. I'm little credit about a grand house. I've not come here for nothing now, but to ask you a service."

"What is it, Bampfylde? If I can do anything for you I will."

"It's not exactly for me, and you can do it if you will, my young lord. It's something I'm hindered from doing. It's for the young ones at the castle, that you know of. Both the bairns are in trouble, so far as I can judge. I gave the little boy a carrier to let off if he wanted help. Me, and still more the old woman, we misdoubted that brother. And nigh a week ago the carrier came home, but I was away, on—on a hard job, that I'm on still; and she did not understand. And when I saw her and told her yesterday what the sign was, what does the old woman do but tell the little lady—the little miss—and so far as I can tell she's away. The creature herself, a flower of a thing, no

bigger than my arm, the very image of our Lily—her—that atom—she's away to deliver her brother, my young lord," said the vagrant, leaning against the window. "I'm most worn out by the same sort o' work. There's far too much of that been done among us one way and another; and *she's* away now on the same errand—to save her brother. It's laughable if you think on't," he said, with a curious gurgle in his throat of forlorn ridicule. Geoff, who had leaned forward at the name of the children, saw that Bampfylde was very pale and worn, his clothes in less order than usual, and an air of utter weariness and harassment about him. He looked like a man who had not slept or undressed for days.

"Has anything new happened?" Geoff asked hurriedly. "Of course I will do whatever I can for the children—but tell me first—has anything happened with you?"

"Ay, plenty," said the rough fellow with a great sigh, which was not sentiment but fatigue. "If that will not vex you, my young lord, saving your presence, I'll sit down and rest my bones while I talk to you, for I'm near dead with tiredness. *He's* given us the slip—I cannot tell you how. Many a fear we've had, but this time it's come true. Tuesday was a week he got away, the day after I'd been to see about the little lad. We thought he was but hanging about the fells in corners that none but him and me know, as he once did before, and I got him back. But it's worse than that. Lord! there's many an honest man lost on the fells in the mists, that has a wife and bairns looking to him. Would it not be more natural to take the likes of him, and let the father of a family go free? I cannot touch him, but there's no law to bind the Almighty. But all that's little to the purpose. He's loose ranging about the country and me on his heels. I've all but had him three or four times, but he's aye given me the slip."

"But this is terrible; it is a danger for the whole country," said Geoff. "The children!" The young man shuddered, he did not realise that the children were at a distance. He thought of nothing more than perhaps an expedition among the fells for Lilias—and what if she should fall into the madman's hands? "You should have help—you should rouse the country," he said.

"I'll no do that. Please God, I'll get him yet, and this will be the end," said Bampfylde solemnly. "She cannot make up her mind to it even now. She's infatuate with him. I thought it would have ended when you put your hand into the web, my young lord."

"It is my fault," said Geoff. "I should have done something more; but then Mr. Musgrave fell ill, and I have been waiting. If he dies, everything must be gone into. I was but waiting."

"I am not blaming you. She cannot bide to hear a word, and so she's been all this long time. Now and then her heart will speak for the others—them that suffer and have suffered—but it aye goes back to him. And I don't blame her neither," said Bampfylde. "It's aye her son to her that was a gentleman and her pride." He had placed himself not on the comfortable chair which Geoff had pushed forward for him, but on the hard seat formed by the library steps, where he sat with his elbows on his knees, and his head supported in his hands, thus reposing himself upon himself. "It's good to rest," he said, with something of the garrulousness of weakness, glad in his exhaustion to stretch himself out, as it were, body and soul, and ease his mind after long silence. He almost forgot even his mission in the charm of this momentary repose. "Poor woman!" he added, pathetically; "I've never blamed her. This was her one pride, and how it has ended—if it were but ended! No," he went on after a pause, "please God, there will be no harm. He's no murdering-mad, like some poor criminals that

have done less harm than him. It's the solitary places he flees to, not the haunts o' men: we're brothers so far as that's counting. And I drop a word of warning as I go. I tell the folks that I hear there's a poor creature ranging the country that is bereft of his senses, and a man after him. I'm the man," said Bampfylde, with a low laugh, "but I tell nobody that; and oh the dance he's led me!" Then rousing himself with an effort, "But I'm losing time, and you're losing time, my young lord. If you would be a help to them you should be away. Get out your horse or your trap to take you to the train."

"Where has she gone—by the train?"

"Ay—and a long road. She's away there last night, the atom, all by herself. That's our blood," said Bampfylde, with again the low laugh, which was near tears. "But I need not say our blood neither, for her father's suffered the most of all, poor gentleman—the most of all! Look here, my young lord," he said, suddenly, rising up, "if I sit there longer I'll go to sleep, and forget everything; and we've no time for sleep, neither you nor me. Here's the place. There's a train at half-past eleven that gets there before dark. You cannot get back to-night; you'll have to leave word that you cannot get back to-night. And go now; go for the love of God!"

Geoff did not hesitate; he rang the bell hastily, and ordered his dog-cart to be ready at once, and wrote two or three lines of explanation to his mother. And he ordered the servant, who stared at his strange companion, to bring some food and wine. But Bampfylde shook his head. "Not so," he said; "not so. Bit nor sup I could not take here. We that once made this house desolate, it's not for us to eat in it or drink in it. You're o'er good, o'er good, my young lord; but I'll not forget the offer," he added, the water rushing to his eyes. He stood in front of the light, stretching his long limbs in the languor of exhaustion, a smile upon his face.

"You have overdone yourself, Bampfylde. You are not fit for any more exertion. What more can you do than you have done? I'll send out all the men about the house, and——"

"Nay, but I'll go to the last—as long as I can crawl. Mind you the young ones," he said; "and for all you're doing, and for your good heart, God bless you, my young lord!"

It seemed to Geoff like a dream when he found himself standing alone in the silent room among his books, with neither sight nor sound of any one near. Bampfylde disappeared, as he had come, in a moment, vanishing among the shrubberies; and the young man found himself charged with a commission he did not understand, with a piece of dirty paper in his hand, upon which an address was rudely scrawled. What was he to do at this school, a day's journey off, about which he knew nothing? He would have laughed at the wild errand had he not been too deeply impressed by his visitor's appearance and manner to be amused at anything. But wild as it was, Geoff was resolved to carry it out. Even the vaguest intimation of danger to Lilias would have sufficed to rouse him, but he had scarcely taken that thought into his mind. He could think of nothing but Bampfylde, and this with a pang of sympathy and interest which he could scarcely explain to himself. As he drove along towards the Stanton station, the first from Pennington, his mind was entirely occupied with this rough fellow. Something tragic about him, in his exhaustion, in the *effusion* of his weakness, had gone to Geoff's heart. He looked eagerly for traces of him—behind every bush, in every cross road. And to increase his anxiety, the servant who accompanied him began to entertain him with accounts of a madman who had escaped from an asylum, and who kept the country in alarm. "Has

he been seen anywhere? has he harmed any one?" Geoff asked, eagerly. But there were no details to be had; nothing but the general statement. Geoff gave the man orders to warn the gamekeepers and out-door servants, and to have him secured if possible. It was scarcely loyal perhaps to poor Bampfylde, who had trusted him. Thus he had no thought but Bampfylde in his mind when he found himself in the train, rushing along on the errand he did not understand. It was a quick train, the one express of the day; and even at the junction there was only a few minutes to wait: very unlike the vigil that poor little Lilias had held there in the middle of night under the dreary flickering of the lamp. Geoff knew nothing of this; but by dint of thinking he had evolved something like a just idea of the errand on which he was going. Lilias had been warned that her brother was not happy, and had gone, like a little Quixote, to relieve him. Geoff could even form an idea to himself of the pre-occupation of the house with the Squire's illness, which would close all ears to Lilias's appeal about Nello's fancied unhappiness. Little nuisance! Geoff himself felt disposed to say—thinking any unhappiness that could happen to Nello of much less importance than the risk of Lilias. But he had not, of course, the least idea of Nello's flight. He arrived at the station about five o'clock in the afternoon, adding another bewilderment to the solitary official there, who had been telegraphed to from Penninghame, and already that day had been favoured by two interviews with Mr. Swan. "A young lady? I wish all young ladies were—— Here's a message about her; and the schoolmaster, he's been at me till I am sick of my life. What young lady could there be here? Do you think I'm a-hiding of her?" he cried, with that instinctive suspicion of being held responsible which is so strong in his class. Geoff, however, elicited by degrees all that there was to find out, and discovered at the same time that the matter was much more serious than he supposed. The little boy had run away from school; the little girl, evidently coming to meet him, had disappeared with him. It was supposed that they must have made for the railway, as the woman in the cottage close by had confessed to having given them breakfast; but they had disappeared from her ken, so that she half thought they had been ghost-children, with no reality in them; and though the country had been scoured everywhere, neither they, nor any trace of them, were to be found.

This was the altogether unsatisfactory ground upon which Geoff had to work, and at five o'clock on an October afternoon there is but little time for detailed investigation of a country. His eye turned, as that of Lilias had done, to the wood. It was the place in which she would naturally take refuge. Had the wood been examined, he asked. Yes, every corner of it. Geoff was at his wits' end, and did not know what to do; he went down the road where Lilias had gone in the morning, and talked to the woman, who told him a moving story of the tired pair, and declared that she would not have let them go, seeing very well that they were a little lady and gentleman, but that they had stolen away when her back was turned. Geoff stood at the cottage door gazing round him, when he saw something that no one else had noticed, a small matter enough. Caught upon the hedge, which reached close to the cottage, there was a shred of blue—the merest rag, a few threads, nothing more—such an almost invisible indication as a savage might leave to enable his companions to track him—a thing that could be seen only by instructed eyes. Geoff's eyes were inexperienced, but they were keen; and he knew the colour of Lilias's dress, which the other searchers were not aware of. He disentangled the threads carefully from the twig. One

long hair, and that too was Lilias's colour, had caught on the same thorn. This seemed to him a trace unmistakable, notwithstanding that the woman of the cottage immediately claimed it. "Dear, I did not know that I had torn my best blue dress," she said, with genuine alarm. Geoff, however, left her abruptly, and followed out his clue. He hastened by the footpath behind the hedge towards the wood. It was the natural place for Lilias to be. By this time the young man had forgotten everything except the girl, who was at once a little child appealing to all his tenderest sympathies, and a little visionary princess to whom he had vowed himself. She was both in the combination of the moment—a tired child whom he could almost carry away in his arms, who would not be afraid of him, or shrink from these brotherly arms; but, at the same time, the little motherwoman, the defender and protector of one more helpless than herself. Geoff's heart swelled with a kind of heavenly enthusiasm and love. Never could there have been a purer passion. He hurried through the wood, and through the wood, searching in all its glades and dells, peering into the very hollows of the old trees. There was nothing: was there nothing? Not a movement, not a sound, except the birds chirping, the rush of a rabbit or squirrel, the flutter of the leaves in the evening air. For it was evening by this time, that could not be denied; the last, long, slanting rays of the sun were sloping along the trunks and roots of the trees, and the mossy greenness that covered them. The day was over in which a man could work, and night—night that would chill the children to the heart, and drive them wild with fear—desolate, dark night, full of visionary terrors, and also real dangers, was coming. Geoff had made up his mind certainly that they were there. He did not think of a magician's cave or a hermit's cell, as Lilias had done, but only whether there was some little hut anywhere, where they could have found refuge—a hollow, unknown to him, where they might have hid themselves, not knowing a friend was near. The sun had lit up an illumination in the west, and shone through the red and yellow leaves with reflections of colour softer and more varying, but still more brilliant than their own. The world seemed all ablaze between the two, with crimson and gold—autumn sun above, autumn foliage below. Then tone by tone, and colour by colour died out from the skies, and the soft yet cold gray of the evening took possession of all. The paths of the wood seemed to grow ghostly in the gathering dusk, the colour stole out of the trees, the very sky seemed to drop lower as the night gathered in. Geoff walked about in a kind of despair. He called them, but there came no answer; he seemed to himself to poke into every corner, into the damp depths where the cold dew seemed to ooze out from the ground, weighing down every leaflet. He was sure they were there. Must they spend the night in the dark, and be frozen and frightened to death before the morning? Geoff's heart was full of anxiety and pity. It seemed to him that he must stay there to keep them company, whether he could find them or not.

When all at once he heard a sound like a low sob. It seemed to come from the ground close to where he was standing, but he could see nothing but a little tangle of wild brambles, long branches with still a solitary berry here and there, the leaves scanty, scarlet and brown with the frost. They were all clustered about the trunk of a big tree, a little thicket, prickly and impregnable, but close to the path. And was it the breathing of the night air only, or some wild creature in the brushwood, or human respiration that came soft, almost indistinguishable in the soft murmur of the wood? He stood still scarcely venturing himself to breathe, so intent was he to listen; and by and by he heard the sound again. A child's sob, the soft pathetic reverberation of a sob, such as

continues to come after the weeping is over. With trembling eagerness yet caution, Geoff put aside the long tangles of the bramble which fell in a kind of arch. It was a hard piece of work, and had to be done with caution not to disturb the poor little nestlings, if nestlings there were. Then Geoff disclosed to the waning light the prettiest pathetic picture. It was not the same green hollow in which the children had first taken refuge. They had been roused by the sound of passengers through the wood, and the voices of the people who were searching for themselves, and had woke up in fright. When these noises ceased they had strayed deeper into the wood to another and safer shelter, Nello being too frightened and miserable to go on as Lilias wished. At last they had found this refuge under the bramble bushes where nobody surely could ever find them, meaning to lie there all day and creep out at night to continue their journey. Lilias had seated herself first, spreading out her skirt to protect her brother from the damp. There, lying with his head and shoulders supported on her lap, he had gone to sleep again, while Lilias waked and pondered; very anxious, frightened too, and dissatisfied with the loss of time. She sat erect supporting Nello, and gazed up at the dark figure in the twilight with alarmed eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger as they shone in a passion of terror through the long tangles of the bush. Lilias had covered her brother with her shawl—she drew it over him now, covering the white little face on her arm. "What do you want with me? I am only resting. There is no one here to do any harm," she said, with the sob coming again in spite of her. She thought it was the cruel schoolmaster, the more cruel uncle who had condemned Nello to so many sufferings. She held her arms over him protecting him—resolute not to let him be taken from her. "Oh, do not meddle with me!" she went on, growing more and more desperate. "I have some money I will give you, if you will only—only leave me alone. There is—nobody—but me."

Oh that sob! if she could only swallow it down and talk to him, this robber chief, this Robin Hood, as if she were not afraid; for sometimes these men are kind and do not hurt the weak. Lilias gazed, nothing but her eyes appearing, glowing through the gathering shade: then suddenly threw her brother off her lap in a transport of wild delight. "Oh Nello, Nello, Nello!" she cried, till the wood rang. "It is Mr. Geoff!"

To be continued.

THE DISCOVERIES AT OLYMPIA.

"Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne,
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place."
BYRON.

THE English press has taken kindly notice of the excavations begun two years ago by the German Empire in the plain of ancient Olympia; but it is not easy to form from such scattered materials a connected idea of what has actually been rescued from a slumber of over 1,000 years; and thus while universal attention has been attracted by the discovery of Schliemann's treasures, too little has been known about the explorations at Olympia to excite interest even among cultivated people. And yet the Elgin marbles themselves were a scarcely greater gain to Europe than these discoveries at Olympia; and the circumstances connected with them are so singular and curious as to throw an entirely new light upon a period of history hitherto enveloped in complete obscurity.

Olympia differs essentially from all other places of antiquity which have been restored to the light of day. It was neither a city like Ephesus or Pompeii; a solitary monument like the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, or the Temple of Apollo at Phigaleia; nor a city of the dead like those of Etruria and some others lately discovered in Greece. It contained none but *sacred* buildings and monuments, and was the richest and most celebrated of all the ancient Greek sites consecrated to the worship of the gods and to national festivities. We have nothing like it in modern times. When we wish to assemble our own countrymen, or representatives from many nations, to some great Exhibition or Festival, we either erect a new building or adapt and decorate one already in existence. After the festival is over, the building itself retains no trace of solemnity. Thus it was not only in point of art that the ancients had the advantage over us; they had permanent establishments always ready for a festival on a grand scale, and peculiarly fitted for the exhibition of works of art of every description.

Various reasons might be assigned for this difference, but we cannot enter here into the social and political aspects of the subject; suffice it to say that such places as Delphi, the Isthmus of Corinth, and above all Olympia, were not only devoted to popular festivals, but were also the centres of a religious worship, and uninterruptedly recognised as such by all Greeks from the remotest antiquity. They may be compared to festal halls always in readiness for guests, and the very sound of their names calls up before us a picture of the lofty temples, solemn and silent; the costly gifts, symbols of an intimate intercourse between the gods and men, not only filling the temple, but standing under the open sky like the creations of Nature herself; the pillared halls, the shady groves in whose delicious twilight spring forth refreshing streams, while the incense from the altars rises in clouds towards heaven. And such was Olympia, which is now being systematically explored, and of which indeed the greater part has already been laid bare.

It was situated on the western side of the Peloponnesus, in Elis, a tract of land unlike any other in Greece, cut off from the surrounding country by a range of hills, and at some distance from the highroad, a circumstance which more than anything contributed to preserve its sanctity in the midst of the commotions and party quarrels so common in Greece.

The plain of Olympia lies in the

pleasant valley of Alpheus, in an angle formed by the rivers Alpheus on the south and Cladeus on the west, and bounded on the north by a hill somewhat like a Phrygian cap, which bore the name of Cronion, from the primeval worship of the father of the gods (Cronos), which went on there. The extreme length of the Altis—as the sacred plain was called, from ἄλσος, the grove of Zeus—does not amount to more than 400 metres (about 430 yards), and its extreme breadth to 200 metres. Any one accustomed to our modern exhibitions and places of that nature would be astonished at the smallness of these dimensions, but they are quite in keeping with those of other celebrated sites of antiquity, such as the Acropolis at Athens and that at Delphi, whose beauty consists not in absolute size but in relative proportion.

Zeus succeeded to the dominion of his father, Cronos, at Olympia, and indeed it was here that he is said to have fought and conquered him. A thunderbolt in his temple showed to later ages the form under which the god had manifested himself, and the special origin of his worship, for each flash of lightning was looked upon as a sacred sign from him.

The great Olympian festival rose by degrees from very small beginnings. The worship of Zeus on this spot seems to have been connected at an early date with games or contests which recurred at fixed intervals; but before 777 B.C. all is too uncertain for history. At that date the victors in the races, then the only form of contest, first began to be commemorated; the games were held every fifth year, and the reckoning by Olympiads, a period of four years, was started—a most important fact in ancient chronology. In time many other games were added to the races—in particular wrestling and boxing matches, chariot-races with two and four horses (the most important of all the added games), and even competitions between trumpeters and heralds. The Olympic games to a certain extent took the place of our public press. Before this assembly of their fellow-countrymen, authors read aloud their compositions—Herodotus was the first to do so—artists exhibited their creations, and despotic rulers, such as Alexander the Great and Flamininus, announced anything they wished to make known to the whole Hellenes. It is not too much to say that in the course of centuries this plain beheld all the great men of Greek antiquity.

So long as Olympia remained in the hands of the small neighbouring state of Pisa, it was a place of inconsiderable importance; but when, in the 50th Olympiad (about 577 B.C.), after innumerable feuds, it came finally under the dominion of Elis, the largest city in the district, it entered upon a period of exuberance, such as Athens alone equalled, and no spot in the ancient world surpassed.

It was the Eleans who made Olympia an appropriate site for festivals on a grand scale. They had already built the temple of Zeus, probably as early as the sixth century B.C., and afterwards (about 430–420 B.C.) for its completion and adornment engaged the services of Phidias and his companions, who had just finished their work at the Parthenon, and were at the zenith of their fame. Phidias himself carved the statue of Zeus in gold and ivory, a work which, according to the testimony of the ancients, gave a fresh impetus to religion, and as a wonder of the world, attracted the awestruck admiration of later ages. It was not till the final overthrow of heathendom, about the beginning of the fourth century after Christ, that this statue was removed from the place it had occupied for over 800 years to Byzantium, where it perished not long after in a conflagration. Phidias's companions adorned the entablatures of the temple with bas-reliefs, and the pediment with magnificent compositions of statues after the manner of the Parthenon, and these, as we shall presently show, have fortunately been discovered in a perfectly recognisable form.

In the course of time the Olympian plain became a dwelling-place for all the gods. In addition to the temple of Zeus, the Eleans consecrated large Doric temples to Hera, and the mother of the gods, and a sacred place for Pelops and Hippodamia. To meet the requirements of the games, other buildings sprang up—a council hall, a prytaneion, a gymnasium, and houses for the priests. Numerous gods also had altars, as the guests of Zeus, for it was necessary to consider the religious wants of each and all among the crowds, comprising the whole of civilised Greece, who during eleven centuries flocked here either as spectators or competitors; and each competitor hoping, if the gods were favourable, to receive the wild olive wreath, which was the only prize of victory awarded here. Any one who considers how highly the Greeks prized that perfection of bodily training which was required to make a man winner in these contests, will understand how such a victory cast a halo over the whole after life of the victor; how the city which had given him birth would receive him with almost intoxicating festivities, and reward him with the highest permanent honours.

For this reason, states, princes, and private persons vied with each other in showing honour to Olympia and the Olympian gods. The foot of Mount Cronion was studded with treasure-houses, erected by various single states, in the form of small temples filled with statues and precious things of all kinds; while even those who struck the severest blows at Greece, such as Philip of Macedon and Mummius, sought to propitiate the Olympian Zeus by rich presents, an example which was followed by the Roman emperors. A perfect host of statues of Zeus and other deities were dedicated on different occasions by states and private persons. One of the most characteristic features of this magnificent scene of temples, halls, public buildings, and monuments was formed by the statues which each victor at the games was privileged to erect on the sacred plain, a privilege which, by directing attention to the representation of the human body, contributed perhaps more than anything else to the perfection ultimately attained by Greek art.

A document of Pliny's time tells us that the number of statues at Olympia then amounted to 3,000, and there is no ground for supposing this to be an exaggeration. We know, from inscriptions and ancient authors, of statues of victors erected during a period of 900 years, from the sixth to the 229th Olympiad; in addition to which we have the testimony of Pausanias of Asia Minor, who in his work of ten books, describing his travels through Greece, about A.D. 170, mentions nearly 240 statues of victors at that time, adding expressly that he only notices the most remarkable.

Nearly a fifth part of Pausanias's Periegesis is devoted to Olympia, and we are indebted to him more than to any other author for enabling us to understand at once the meaning of the remains. It seems almost providential that this indefatigable "Periegetes" should have drawn up an inventory as it were of the works of more ancient times existing at that moment in Greece, for it was not long before the storm of barbarians burst in upon them, before triumphant Christianity systematically destroyed everything connected with the heathen worship, and before nature herself, by means of terrible earthquakes, seemed to conspire with those other elements to complete the ruin of the ancient world.

At the end of the fourth century, 394 A.D., a stringent law was passed, prohibiting the Olympian games for ever; but so indestructible was the attachment of Greece to the old faith, that the prohibition had to be re-enacted long afterwards. And it is probable that the assemblies were held there in secret even when the time-honoured spot must have presented a melan-

choly picture of desolation, for in A.D. 396 Alaric and his Gothic hordes encamped for the winter close by, and we tremble to think how many masterpieces may have been destroyed for the sake of the metal. For most of the statues at Olympia, and indeed in ancient Greece generally, were of bronze.

The smaller temples were probably wilfully destroyed for the sake of the materials; the large ones were overthrown by earthquakes, and also suffered from a fire which is reported to have taken place in the beginning of the fifth century; but stone buildings would not be essentially damaged even by such accidents as these.

For over a thousand years history tells us nothing of this once eventful spot. From this time Olympia sinks as it were into the earth, and no written record remains of a single event on a spot once so teeming with ideal life. Many centuries, nay, over a thousand years passed, before the world had arrived at a sufficiently advanced stage to recall to mind the treasures which in all probability lay buried, and awaiting their resurrection, beneath the Olympian plain. Meantime Greece passed, in the thirteenth century, from the decrepit hands of the Byzantines into the power of the Franks, and afterwards into that of the Turks, from whose dominion, as we know, it has been set free scarcely fifty years.

It is little more than a hundred years since the first European, Richard Chandler, visited the Olympian plain, and the state of things he found was melancholy indeed. The glories of the past were represented by a couple of Roman brick buildings, standing in the midst of an unhealthy swamp, which here and there bore traces of the holes dug by Turks and Greeks in search of stone wherewith to build their inartistic huts.

This first visitor was succeeded by Dodwell, Gell, and Leake, and then by Stanhope, who was the first to make an accurate plan of the spot. From a large fragment of a column which had risen to the surface in the middle of the plain, these travellers fixed the probable site of the temple of Zeus, and their conjectures were confirmed by the explorations of the French scientific expedition to the Morea in 1829, which determined the position and dimensions of the temple, and proved it to be that of Zeus by the discovery of some bas-reliefs representing the labours of Hercules, and which are named by Pausanias as among its ornaments.

After this the plain was again left to repose. The narrow trenches made by the French became overgrown by brushwood, and the inhabitants of Druva, a small hamlet nestling above the Cladeus valley, peacefully cultivated their maize, barley, currants, and vines above the old arena. Only towards the south the Alpheus occasionally broke away great pieces of the soil, and disclosed the remains of antique bronzes, greaves, helmets, and spears, evidences of departed glories in strange contrast with the poverty-stricken present.

At length Professor Curtius of Berlin took up the idea, originated by Winckelmann, of exploring the Olympian plain; and it was mainly owing to his exertions, warmly supported by the imperial family, that the German Reichstag voted in 1875 a grant of 171,000 marks (£8,550) for the purpose; afterwards adding another, of 190,000 marks (£9,500). The enterprise was a purely scientific one and eminently disinterested, since the Greek laws strictly prohibit the exportation of antiquities; and Germany will therefore reap no advantage from her discoveries beyond the casts and photographs which have been taken, and which are open to all the world.

The present writer, who had already travelled much in Greece, and to whom was intrusted the scientific direction of the expedition, arrived with his technical colleague, Adolf Bötticher, the architect, at the scene of operations on the 12th of September, 1875.

Level as the sea-shore the well-

cultivated plain lay stretched before us, and but for a few brick ruins indicating an earlier existence of some kind, we might have been in a virgin country. Indeed the soil looked so innocent as to draw from me the remark, that to keep up our hopes at all we must constantly bear in mind the undoubted discoveries of the French, and those often since made by accident.

The preliminary difficulties of our undertaking should not be overlooked. Pyrgos, the nearest town, lay at a distance of nearly three hours and could only be reached on horseback; the plain itself was entirely uninhabited, while the neighbourhood offered only the most scanty means of subsistence for a large body of workmen. As for our own manner of living that would require a special chapter. True, a house had been built on purpose for us, but during the first winter we were not even protected from wind and rain. Then, too, the plain is unhealthy for a lengthened stay, and both we and our workmen suffered from constant attacks of fever with all their consequences, while both our workmen and the villagers of the neighbourhood reminded us, by their almost daily demands for medicines, of the risks we were encountering from the climate.

We began our work on the 4th of October, 1875, with very few men at first, for the inhabitants could not understand our object, and therefore held aloof; but by degrees their confidence in us increased and then we had no difficulty in obtaining workmen. The Greeks, always ready for business, built huts at the foot of Mount Cronion and on the Cladeus for the men to eat and sleep in; we ourselves erected a smithy and a large hut for taking plaster casts; and at length the Greeks added a provisional museum. Thus, by the end of our first season—October to April, for work stops in May for the summer—we were employing one hundred and eighty workmen, and in the second year nearly three hundred. The Greek Government constructed a road from Olympia to the port of Katakolo; visitors came from far and near, and the Olympian plain once more became the scene of active, bustling life.

We took the temple of Zeus as the centre of our explorations, and dug on all its four sides, and at a distance of about a hundred feet, trenches which were gradually widened until the temple and its immediate surroundings were completely laid bare.

It was long before the silent plain spoke. For many long weeks our handbarrows carried away nothing but sand, which lay in compact masses under the thin layer of top-soil. Exploring has all the excitement of gambling, and it takes a great deal to quench hope even when it has been long deferred; but I must confess that our spirits sank as day after day revealed fresh heaps of sand and nothing more. At length, however, we were rewarded. Slowly and gradually the remains of *three* extinct races, piled one upon another like geological strata, were rescued from their death-sleep, and we could once more realise the varied and beautiful picture which the plain had presented before it was choked up with sand. At first the eye could distinguish nothing but a confused mass of fragments of columns and capitals, architraves and blocks of stone, inscriptions and remains of statues, terra-cottas and tiles; but it soon became evident that these fragments were not in the positions in which they had originally fallen or been thrown down, but that they had been used in constructing huts of a barbarous kind, which had spread like cobwebs over much earlier remains. This was the uppermost or latest stratum. The question occurs, Who and what manner of people could these have been, so utterly devoid of knowledge of the past and respect for its relics, as thus to have reduced one of the most richly ornamented and most celebrated sites of antiquity to a miserable village? But on going further we come upon traces still

more significant of events of which no history has reached us. Under the network of huts we arrived at the second stratum, which consists of strong, well-built walls, also of a date subsequent to the fall of the old world, since they are formed entirely of ancient materials, and are carried so close up to the temple of Zeus that it forms the corner, and the *point d'appui*, of a square fortress, covering an area of 10,000 square metres (about 10,900 square yards). This is not an isolated case. On many others of the ancient Greek sites—Athens for instance—an early Byzantine race concentrated themselves with all the courage of despair on some small space, which they fortified as best they could with the old materials ready to their hands, and there made a stand against the inroads of the barbarians, who poured in in ever-increasing numbers from the sixth century downwards. These Byzantines undoubtedly demolished many of the smaller buildings at Olympia to make their walls, and in this way an immense mass of the ancient materials have been preserved. Buried coins, of the wretched copper coinage of those degenerate days, seem to confirm the notion that, here as elsewhere, these hostile incursions took place towards the end of the sixth century, for we found none later than the immediate successors of Justinian. And indeed an account does exist of a great Slav invasion into the Peloponnesus in 589, when Elis is expressly mentioned as one of the districts ravaged.

The walls just mentioned are not the only traces of the early Byzantine population. It is natural to suppose that after the triumph of the Christian faith its followers would endeavour to set up the standard of the Cross on so important a stronghold of heathen worship as Olympia, and accordingly we unearthed, to the west of the temple of Zeus, an ancient building which had been converted into a spacious church, the interior arrangements of which are still perfectly recognisable in all their details, the whole bearing evident traces of long use. We also found the dead of the period buried in solid tombs formed out of antique slabs of stone and tiles, with Christian emblems, or with the base earthenware urns still used throughout Greece for the same purpose. It is strange to think of Byzantine priests upon the sacred plain of Zeus, moving slowly along in solemn procession, chanting their monotonous strains, or bearing their dead to the grave. Their surroundings—had they had the knowledge or the intellect to appreciate them—must have daily reminded them of the past; for when these strong walls were built at least half the temple of Zeus was still standing, and even the columns to the south and east, which had been overthrown—probably by the destructive earthquakes of 522 and 551—were still completely exposed to view. The Byzantine children played among the prostrate and broken bodies of gods and heroes, and no doubt often damaged out of mere wantonness objects which we now regard with the deepest reverence. These also passed away, their walls crumbled or were destroyed piecemeal, and both their buildings and the ancient relics they surrounded and entombed were obliterated beneath the miserable dwellings of the latest race — probably not of Slav but of Greek origin—who, if we may trust the evidence of some coins we discovered, were leading a peaceful if somewhat barbarous existence down to the eleventh century.

Such were the last inhabitants of the sacred Altis. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* They also died out or migrated. The unhealthiness of the plain increased, the woods had been cut down, no precautions were taken to protect the hills from the consequences of the peculiarly heavy rains of the district, and nature went on her way undisturbed. The earth was gradually washed down from Mount Cronion and the surrounding hills on to the

old soil, the Alpheus and Cladeus overflowed and left their deposits on the land, and this process went quietly on for centuries, until by the time of our visit a level surface of sand from ten to seventeen feet deep was spread above all the ancient strata.

But to return to our operations. Beneath the confused remains of these two later races the features of real antiquity began at length unmistakably to emerge.

Before us lay the temple of Zeus, ruined indeed by repeated shocks of earthquakes, but with almost all its constituent portions there, the broken columns lying each in front of its old position, and for the most part merely requiring the proper appliances to set them in their places again. The stone of which it is built is a shell-conglomerate of the country called by the ancients *poros*, which has been overlaid with a fine reddish stucco. The dimensions are extraordinarily large for Greece, exceeding those of the principal temple at Pæstum, and nearly equalling those of the Parthenon. It is, in fact—to take a familiar example—of larger area than the transept of Westminster Abbey. It measures 211 feet 6 inches long by 86 feet 6 inches broad. From the floor, which was surrounded by three steps, rose the columns, whose diameter is about 7 feet 10 inches, with a height of 34 feet 8 inches. There are thirteen on each side, north and south, and six at each end, east and west. Upon them rested the entablature, and then the pediments, the points of which brought up the extreme height of the building to 69 feet 4 inches. The pillars surrounded the *cella*, the temple proper, which had a vestibule at each end supported by two smaller columns, and was divided by two rows of columns into three aisles. Of all this part quite enough remains to show what the whole has been. The broad centre aisle led up to the Zeus of Phidias, of which nothing is left but the base. Another main ornament of the temple however, the statues in the pediments, are wonderfully perfect. They were found before the east and west fronts, some lying open on the ground, and some built over.

The only groups of figures on pediments which have come down to us from the ancients are those of the temple of Athena at Ægina, now at Munich, and those of the Parthenon, known as the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum. The first, representing a struggle over the body of a fallen hero, are in tolerably good preservation, but are not mentioned by any ancient author. Pausanias describes, though only very briefly, those of the Parthenon; of which the important centre groups are missing.

Of the statues at Olympia we know much more, for Pausanias has catalogued all the masterpieces there with a minuteness of which we have scarcely another example in ancient times. And again, while the artists who carved the statues at Ægina are absolutely unknown, and it is extremely difficult to determine the actual work of Phidias at the Parthenon, at Olympia we know not only the names of the sculptors of the figures on the temple of Zeus, but also that they were companions or pupils of Phidias himself. The east pediment is the work of Paionios from Mende in Thrace, and the west of Alkamenes, "the cleverest sculptor in the world after Phidias," as Pausanias's guides remarked.

This alone is sufficient to make the statues of Olympia of the utmost importance in the history of art; but their value is still further enhanced by the fact that we found large portions of every single figure, and a number of extraordinarily fine heads, particularly from the western pediment. Hitherto we possessed scarcely a head of that period in good condition; but here we have the faces of men, women, and gods portrayed in such a manner as to throw an entirely new light on that *first* grand period of Greek art, which

dates from the last third of the 5th century B.C. The dimensions of the pediments are almost equal to those of the Parthenon. The space to be filled with statues was as nearly as possible 82 feet 8 inches long, by 10 feet high in the middle. Thus the centre figures were 10 feet high, and from them the composition was carried right down to the corners, various devices of attitude, position, and size being resorted to in the figures in order to overcome the restrictions of space, both sides being at the same time in keeping with the laws of symmetry, which were strictly observed even in the latest times of ancient art.

Each pediment contained no less than twenty-one figures in beautiful Parian marble. In that to the east was represented the preparations for the chariot-race between Œnomaus, the old king of Elis, and Pelops, the new-comer from Asia Minor, who gave his name to the Peloponnesus, and by his victory won the hand of Hippodamia, daughter of Œnomaus, and with her the kingdom. This race was the prototype of the Olympian games. I will briefly describe the composition as it presented itself bit by bit to our eyes. The rescued portions are for the most part only *torsi*, and but three heads remain, the rest having been destroyed by fanatical hands. History tells us that at the beginning of the games the combatants were all sworn before the statue of Zeus Horkios; and accordingly here the commanding form of Zeus occupies the centre, with Œnomaus, Pelops, and their companions grouped around. Œnomaus stands on the god's left hand, with his wife Sterope, a dignified, matronly figure, by his side. Pelops and Hippodamia are on the right of Zeus; then follow on each side the four horses, with the charioteer seated in front, and a servant to rein them in behind. In this manner the direct and indirect participators in the race are brought into proximity with the god. In the corners, as in the west pediment of the Parthenon, the two rivers, Alpheus and Cladeus, are introduced as peaceful spectators, framing-in the composition as their prototypes inclose the Olympian plain. By the Alpheus sits a maiden—in all probability his beloved nymph Arethusa—and by the Cladeus the figure of a boy, the meaning of which cannot now be deciphered.

The figures in the pediment are ranged quite simply one after the other, and the whole is characterised by a calm solemnity thoroughly in keeping with the sanctity of the temple over whose main entrance it was placed. In the west pediment—by Alkamenes—no such considerations seem to have restricted the fancy of the artist. This pediment evidently fell at a later period than the eastern one, neither has it been built over since, so it is much less injured; and we found nine heads in very good preservation.

Alkamenes has chosen for his subject the fight between the centaurs and Lapithæ at the marriage between Pirithous and Deidamia. Here also the centre figure is a god—Apollo. So far we have found only the head, which is grand, and closely resembles the Apollo Belvedere in expression, though sterner and harsher. Here, as in the frieze from Phigaleia in the British Museum, the god is represented coming in wrath to the aid of his Greeks, who are in urgent need, for on each side two centaurs have already seized their prey, on the one hand the bride of Pirithous, and a Greek boy, and on the other two women, who resist desperately. On Apollo's right hand is Pirithous hastening to the rescue of his wife; on his left Theseus hewing down an intoxicated bearded centaur; while each of the other centaurs is engaged by an opponent. The battle rages over the heads of the kneeling and falling women, who fill in the composition of this tumultuous scene, which is wonderfully complete, though made up of so few elements. The corners, however, are peaceful; in each

lies a female figure quietly looking on, intended doubtless as a personification of the scene of action, like the river-gods on the eastern pediment. A union of grandeur and simplicity characterises the heads on this pediment; some of them taken alone look almost inanimate, but when set on their bodies their expression at once becomes overpowering. And such is the case throughout. All is coherent, all, as it were, stamped at one blow; and it is only by taking each work as a whole that we realise the extraordinary power of expression, the life, and the boldness of conception and composition, possessed by the great masters of that time.

The artists who created these grand and extensive compositions can naturally have had but a very small share in the actual execution of the figures. For this native Peloponnesian workmen must have been employed, which would explain both the inequality in the workmanship of the different figures, and the general poverty of the drapery, for the strong point of Peloponnesian artists was the nude. It is the same case with the bas-reliefs of the Metopes, of which we discovered large blocks—for instance an Athena and a Heracles bearing the globe, with Atlas and one of the Hesperides. When I add that we found an enormous quantity of the marble tiles from the roof, and a great number of lions' heads which served as gurgoyles to carry off the water from the roof to the gutters, enough will have been said to show the condition in which the temple of the Olympian Zeus has been restored to life.

In addition to sculptures connected with the architectural discoveries, we found independent works which bespeak a power of execution of the highest order. The first discovery we were fortunate enough to make was a work fully equal in value to the Elgin Marbles, and that not only from the period at which it was executed, but from its intrinsic merit. This was the Niké of Paionios of Mende, the sculptor, as we have already seen, who designed the eastern pediment of the temple of Zeus. Close by a fine block of marble inscribed with the names of the artist and of the Messenians who dedicated it—just as they were seen and read by Pausanias—lay the beautiful figure, broken into two pieces. It is true that such important portions as the head, the arms, the large wings, and the lower part of the left leg are missing; but what remains is worthy of the highest admiration. The statue was a gift from the spoil taken from the Lacedæmonians on the Island of Sphacteria, by the combined forces of the Messenians and Athenians. It accordingly represents the goddess in the act of flying down from heaven bringing victory; her right foot just touches a rock, which a flying sea-gull indicates to be an island, namely, Sphacteria; while her exquisite form is veiled but not concealed by a light drapery, the folds of which express so naturally the movement of flying, and the action of the opposing current of air, that we can scarcely believe it to be wrought in so stubborn a material as marble. For this latter effect we may indeed have been prepared by the Elgin Marbles, but the boldness of the composition at Olympia is something quite new and unexpected, and makes us suddenly realise the fact that hitherto we have had no adequate conception of the power and versatility of Greek art at its highest period of development.

Before the east front of the temple, where we found the Niké, we came upon another famous spot of the sacred plain. Here stand rows of bases, forming narrow streets leading from the south; and here we tread in the very footsteps of Pausanias, reading the inscriptions which he read, and which are still *in situ,* although the works they refer to have all disappeared. Between the bases just mentioned and the east front is an open space, sloping gradually up to the temple, and paved with marble slabs, in which small squares are

dotted about, showing the positions of the sacred trees — shady planes, which even in later days justified the name of Altis (grove). Before the centre of the east front is a platform, with the remains of an altar still recognisable, though destroyed by fanaticism. From this point the sacrificing priests would see before them a perfect forest of votive offerings—gods, heroes, and victors — all testifying to the greatness of the god.

The works hitherto mentioned belong to the first great period of Greek art, but in continuing our excavations we found specimens of other periods also.

Experimental trenches, dug from the temple of Zeus northwards towards Mount Cronion, laid bare first the foundations of the treasure-houses, and then a large niche containing more than a dozen statues, in Pentelican marble, of the families of Herodes Atticus and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

One of our chief treasures, however, was discovered by means of a trench dug northwards from the western half of the temple of Zeus, which, at a distance of 80 metres (about 260 feet) to the north of the temple, disclosed the very important ruins of the temple of Hera. This was of quite unexpected proportions, 52 metres long (about 171 ft. 6 in.) and 19·20 broad (about 58 ft.), with 16 columns on each side and 6 at each end. The main outlines are in perfect preservation, with nearly all the columns still erect for a height of from 6 to 10 feet, while the capitals and fragments of the upper portions lie uninjured below. Apart from its architectural interest, this temple is of great value in the history of art, for in it was found, so far in excellent condition, a Hermes (nearly perfect down to the knees) carrying the boy Dionysus (only half preserved)—the identical work which Pausanias saw in the temple, and which he calls *τέχνη Πραξιτέλους*, "a work of *Praxiteles.*" Even if we ascribe it to the school of Praxiteles rather than to the great master himself, this life-like statue is a priceless treasure.

Such, very briefly stated, are the main results—and only the main results—of the excavations at Olympia. But there are other items, hardly inferior in interest to statues and columns. Ancient Olympia was a kind of record-office, preserving the most important documents of several states, engraved on bronze or marble. Of these inscriptions we found not a few. An enormous number of small bronzes—figures, weapons, &c.; beautiful terra-cottas; especially roof-tiles exquisitely ornamented, and with the colours quite fresh; coins, and many objects in lead, iron, glass, &c., have fortunately survived. More of such objects, as well as of inscriptions and marble statues, will yet be discovered as the excavations are continued; of this our previous experience assures us, even if we must consider the chapter concerning the temples of Zeus and Hera as already closed.

The Olympian plain now presents a spectacle which some months ago few would have ever dreamed of beholding; that which was for centuries but an empty name is now full of life and meaning, and fresh light has been thrown on every phase of Greek existence. A unique portion of the ancient world has risen from the earth, its noble features bearing, like those of an aged man, traces of varied fortunes, hard usage, and the long lapse of time. While we cannot help renewing our lamentations because so much that is ideal has disappeared for ever, we unfeignedly rejoice at having been permitted to restore to the light of day, even if in ruins, so much that will yet exercise its civilising influence for many generations, and infallibly attract the admiration of all who have a real love for classic life and classic studies—the foundation of all our modern culture.

GUSTAV HIRSCHFELD.

ME AND MY MATE.

A WHITBY STORY.

MATES? ay, we've been mates together
 These threescore years and more;
Lord, how we used to lake and cuff
 In t' caves down there on t' shore.

Well, he were as bad as orphaned,
 His father were drowned at sea,
And his mother, poor fond dateless soul,
 Could do nought with such as he.

So my father, as were a kindly man,
 Though slow in his speech and stern,
Sent us both off to the whalery,
 Our bit and sup to earn.

And we were mates in the cold and the toil,
 And mates o'er a cheery glass,
Till we parted, as better men have done,
 For we'd words about a lass.

Poor Nance!—her red lips and bright blue eyes,
 And her smiles for one and another,
I wot those pretty ways of hers
 Came betwixt us, friend and brother.

And she wouldn't have neither him nor me,
 But took up with an inland chap
As daren't step in a boat nor haul a rope;
 But he'd brass—we hadn't a rap.

Still, for all we heard her wedding bells,
 Changed blows are bitter coin;
We're hard to part, we Yorkshire folk,
 But we're harder yet to join.

Well, it were dree work to meet on t' pier,
 Nor once "Well, mate" to say;
And one to start with the lifeboat crew,
 And the other to turn away.

To go alone for the Sunday walk;
 To smoke one's pipe alone;
For while we shunned each other like,
 We'd go with never a one.

Only when the herring got agate,
 And the lobster-pots were set,
We were partners in the *Nance*, you see,
 So we went together yet.

Together, but never a word we spoke
  Out on the dancing waves;
Under sunlight, or moonlight, or great white stars,
  As silent as men in their graves.

I tell you, we've sate as sullen as aught,
  One at t' sheet and one at t' helm,
Till the very ripples seemed to call,
  "Shame! shame!" in the sound of them.

Silent we pulled the fish aboard;
  Silent we turned her head,
And steered her home, and leaped ashore,
  And never a word we said.

The very bairns stood back afeard
  As we came glooming in,
And ever and aye I knew my heart
  Grew heavier in its sin.

One day the sky grew coarse and wild,
  And the wind kept shifting like,
As a man that has planned a murder,
  And doesn't know where to strike.

"Best stay ashore, and leave the pots;
  There's mischief brewing there;"
So spoke old Sam as could read the clouds;
  But I had an oath to swear,

And I muttered, "Cowards might bide at home,"
  As I glanced at Will the while;
And he swung himself aboard the *Nance*,
  With one queer quiet smile.

Out ran the rope—up went the sail—
  She shot across the bar,
And flew like a bird right through the surf
  As was whitening all the scar.

We reached the pots, and Will stretched out
  To draw the bladder near;
I looked astern, and there well-nigh broke
  From my lips a cry of fear.

For, flying over the crested waves,
  Terrible, swift, and black,
I saw the squall come sweeping on—
  All round us closed the wrack.

The boat heeled over to the blast,
  The thunder filled the air,
Great seas came crashing over us—
  Scarce time to think a prayer.

But 'mid the foam that blinded us,
  And the turmoil of the sea,
I saw Will seize the bladder up
  And heave it right to me.

Can you understand, you landsmen?
  It was all the chance he had;
Ay, thou mayst growl thy fill out there,
  But I'll tell the truth, old lad!

It was all the chance he'd got, I say,
  And he gave it to his mate;
I'd one hand on it, and one in his hair,
  When they found us, nigh too late.

For Sam had sent the lifeboat out,
  And they pulled us both aboard;
There was not a plank of the *Nance* afloat;
  But I've got the bladder stored.

And whenever I'm vext, or things go wrong,
  If Will should not be nigh,
I light my pipe, and sit nigh hand
  Where it hangs there safe and dry.

And I know through good and evil
  We are mates on to the end,
For the Book says, there is no greater love
  Than to give one's life for one's friend.

S. K. P.

PANSLAVISTS AND THE SLAV COMMITTEES.

So much has been said, both true and false, of the doings of the Russians and the Slav Committees, during the late war in Servia and the other Christian provinces of Turkey, that a few words at this season may not be otherwise than *à propos*. The sight of an absolute monarchy taking part with rebels against their rightful master is, indeed, surprising enough to attract universal attention. In modern times we have but one precedent for such a thing; viz., the assistance that France, under Louis XVI., gave to the Americans in their struggle against England. And, in fact, on examining closely the social condition of the two countries, the resemblance is somewhat striking. As France in 1789 pulled against the bit of absolutism, so does Russia now. France was then on the eve of her great revolution; and whoever is thoroughly acquainted with the present situation, and with public opinion in Russia, can scarcely hide from himself the likelihood of similar events soon occurring there.

The following remarks are the result of personal observations on the spot, and of a long and intimate acquaintance with the Russians of all classes; and, dark as some of the conclusions may be, they are not one shade too dark for the facts. All the reforms, all the concessions, of the Russian government will not avert the catastrophe; they will be too late, and will no longer satisfy any one. The Russian people will accept them as something to which they have a claim, and will ask more,—more than the government, of whatever kind, could possibly accord. On the other hand, to take such forcible measures as the Emperor Nicholas would have done, even if still feasible, would, in all probability, have no other result than to retard by a year or two the inevitable outbreak of the revolution. But that the Russian government even now has no longer the power in its own hands, has been amply shown by the events in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Servia, and by the more recent outbreak of the present war. The Russian government, the actual government, the Czar, did not wish for this war. It was forced on him. But how, by whom? By the people, by public opinion. Public opinion, however, in every country, above all in a country so little politically matured as Russia, does not exist of itself, it is formed. Who then has formed public opinion at present in Russia? The Panslavists,—*i.e.*, the liberals, the radicals, that enormous party which hates the Russian state in its present exterior form, whose ideal is a Slav confederation, and which has incorporated itself, and made itself a power, in the Slav Committees which almost every considerable town south of Moscow possesses—these, and not the Russian government, have lit and fanned the flame of insurrection among the Slavs of Turkey. It was they who urged on and sustained Servia and Montenegro in their late war; it is they who have brought about the present struggle; a war—not to take Constantinople, not to execute the supposed will of Peter the Great, not to destroy Turkey, or to deliver the oppressed Christians from the yoke of Islam; but a war to crush Russia in its present form of government, the absolute rule of the Czar.

We have heard Russian officers, not one but many, say that, "If Russia were to conquer with brilliant success in this war, it would be our greatest

misfortune. For it would apparently prove to the people that the government, its principles, and mode of proceeding, had been good, and that nothing required to be changed." Notwithstanding all this, however, let it not be supposed that the Russian army would fail to do its duty conscientiously. The Russian officers and men have too much pride and discipline for that to happen; and a war against the Turks, their hereditary enemies, is too popular, and of too religious a nature. But their opinions are significant, and cannot be without influence on the course of events. The Panslavists, and members of the different Slav Committees, will even here exert all their force, not to let the fruit of their trouble and intrigues, and the millions expended, escape them.

But what then are the Slav Committees? How are they formed? What end have they avowedly in view? What do they aim at in reality? And what means have they at their disposal?

We will endeavour to answer these questions. The Slav Committees, whose principal seat is at Moscow, and whose president is Mons. Aksakoff, a privy councillor, form the centre, and at the same time the head and arms, of the Panslavists,—in other words, the Revolutionists. The time when they were publicly constituted, in the form they now possess, coincides with the outbreak of the revolution in the Herzegovina.

The Russian government can scarcely doubt the important *rôle* that these Committees will one day play, and that, after a couple of years or so, these same innocent Committees, which exist in all the great towns, and the presidents of which are often women, will have become more powerful than the government itself. The Red Cross was their mask; and their collections, to which the Court subscribed largely, were made for the benefit of the poor rayahs and fugitives in Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Servia. But from the beginning the greater part of this money found its way to insurgents. As the director of the hospital at Cettinje, one of the principal hospitals in Montenegro, said to the writer, "In order to tend the wounded one must first procure them to tend. That will cost us half our money; the other half we will scrupulously employ in healing them."

At this period the Russian government seemed to believe that it was they who profited by the work of the Slav Committees; without having an inkling that, on the contrary, it was they who were being worked by others. The government made use of the Committees to occasion constant new difficulties to the Porte; to feed the insurrection incessantly; afterwards to bring about a new revolt in Bulgaria, and then to urge on the Servians and Montenegrins to take part in the *mêlée*. The Committees by their numerous partizans did exactly what they were ordered; and with the funds at their disposal were enabled to carry out their intrigues, by which they managed to entangle the government in their meshes. They adroitly drew on the government after them, step by step, till they forced it finally into the Turkish war, so much desired by them, so much dreaded by the Czar.

These revolutionists rely on force, that is to say, on the greater part of the army; on influence,—the clergy and nobility; on intelligence,—the youth of the country;[1] on power, for they have much money at their disposal.

Having attempted to portray the characteristics of the Slav Committees, let us see more in detail what activity they have displayed in connection with late events, and at the same time say a few words on the military force of the Southern Slavs; not so much concerning their tactical organization (of this one cannot reasonably speak, with

[1] In Russia only quite lately have schools been generally established; and education is not general among the fathers of the present generation.

the exception of the Servian force), but of their warlike valour and *morale*.

For various reasons, the insurrection had always more chances of success in Herzegovina than in Bosnia. First because in the former the proportion of the Christian semi-serfs to the Mohammedan begs, or landlords, was much larger; secondly, because of its proximity to Montenegro, whose inhabitants are much more capable of undertaking a guerilla warfare in its support, than the Servians are for Bosnia, since, although richer, they are far less energetic and warlike. Montenegro has also always enjoyed among the Southern Slavs a popularity and authority far greater than that of Servia; and if one of the existing dynasties had the prospect of giving a monarch to the Southern Slavs, united into one kingdom, it would never be the Obrenovitz or Karageorgevics, but the Pietrowitz Njegusch, the princely family of Montenegro and Breda; of which even its political opponents allow that it has given to this little state a series of distinguished and energetic rulers.

In Russia the fact was soon recognised, that the proper lever to upset the equilibrium of Turkey must not be sought in Servia, the larger country of the two, but in Montenegro. And as, on account of the features of the country, and bases of operation, the insurrection was divided into two parts, of which one, that of Bosnia, took part with Servia, the other, that of Herzegovina, with Montenegro; and as, moreover, the prince of the latter country was the real head of the revolt, and promised infinitely more than the Servian Prince Milan, Russia decided to favour Herzegovina first. When we say Russia, be it understood that we mean less the government than the people, the Panslavists and their Committees, which, as we said before, about this time assumed the form in which they now exist.

The first deputies of these societies began their more active labours in the early part of the winter of 1875, at Ragusa and Cettinje. The insurrection had commenced in the previous July, and had been directed, as all such undertakings are, during the first few months with a feverish activity, without being, for all that, more than a sort of brigandage organised on a large scale. Small expeditions against the Turkish convoys were undertaken, with more or less success. Several villages and farms, belonging to Mohammedans, were pillaged and burnt, and the inhabitants mostly killed. Numerous engagements took place against small Turkish detachments, generally terminating in the insurgents' favour.

Peko Pavlovitch and Lazar Sotschitza now began to take the lead. Ljubibratich was never so considerable and important a partizan as these two were. He was an ostentatious speaker, with a little more polish than the other chiefs, and would have made a fair agitator; but, for a leader, he was wanting in that personal courage which his rivals, above all Peko Pavlovitch, possessed in such a high degree.

At the beginning of the winter of 1875 the insurrection seemed to be dying out. Turkey had proclaimed an amnesty, of which many availed themselves. The insurgents, of whom there remained only a few hundreds, retired to the almost impassable mountains of the Suttorina. They were wanting in everything—arms, money, and even provisions. Montenegro, poor by nature, and scarcely able to support its own inhabitants, would assuredly have been compelled to withdraw from the insurrection; and this one, like so many others, would have been extinguished, had not help appeared at the supreme moment.

With the extinction of the insurrection Russia would have been little pleased, and the Panslavists still less. It was at this time that the Slav Committees judged it *à propos* to intervene, and appeared on the scene, apparently in concert with their government.

Their representatives were M. Wassiltschikoff, at Cettinje. and M. Wasselitsky Bogodarowitz, at Ragusa. Their most active agent there was the Russian Colonel Monteverde; their bankers, Messrs. Boscovitch, a well known firm at Ragusa. But the soul of every enterprise, the centre of all the intrigues, was the Russian consul-general, Jonin, at Ragusa. M. Wassiltchikoff was at Cettinje nominally as the director of the hospital for the wounded insurgents; and he it was who made the pleasing remark cited above as to the employment of funds for procuring wounded to tend. M. Wasselitsky was playing the philanthropist at Ragusa; he had merely come to distribute money and food among the families of the poor rayahs! Colonel Monteverde, afterwards subchief of the staff to General Tchernaieff in Servia, was there, writing as correspondent for the *Russki-Mir*, under the name of Peter Petroff, while M. Jonin had for his right hand Madame de Monteverde, by whom he was deeply captivated, one of those beautiful, accomplished women, of brilliant wit, who have already played so important a *rôle* in Russian diplomacy. The threads of the Panslavist agitation and confederacy were united in the *salon* of Colonel Monteverde, who, as confidential man of the Slav Committee, mandatory of the insurrectionary chiefs, and at the same time agent of the Russian consul, made himself the intermediary of all parties.

The small house which Monteverde occupied in the outskirts of Ragusa, was the scene of many piquant episodes of that time. Among others was an interview which occurred on New Year's Eve between the Russian consul-general, Jonin, and the chiefs of the insurgents. It is not difficult to guess what passed, when we remember that immediately after it the insurgents shook off their winter sloth, and again showed themselves active everywhere. There is also a very significant anecdote, in connection with this memorable night, about Peko Pavlovitch, the Voivode of Herzegovina, which has been often told, but of the authenticity of which there is no doubt. To testify to Madame de Monteverde his grateful sense of the hospitality he had received at her hands, Peko, on taking his leave, promised her the first Turkish head he should himself cut off; and, in fact, some weeks later a letter arrived, dictated by the gallant savage,—for he could not write—in which he announced his latest success, and ended with excusing himself for not having kept his word: but, though heads taken by himself were not wanting, yet he was fairly at a loss to know how to get one through the Austrian Custom House!

In January, 1876, the first officers actually serving in the Russian army arrived at Cettinje and Ragusa, either to take part in the engagements, or to watch the progress of the insurrection. The first of these, almost without exception, soon went away. European officers were rarely able to follow the Montenegrins and Herzegovinians on foot across their rugged mountains; and even if one was a sufficiently good mountaineer to keep up with them on their long marches—which was quite the exception—one found no opportunity of turning one's military knowledge to account, for there was neither tactical organization, nor any particular sort of arms; while the native chiefs, who knew the art of war in their own mountains thoroughly —and indeed showed an astonishing talent for it, and were most practical in resources—were so jealous of their position, and so distrustful of strangers that they would never ask or accept advice. Consequently, a European officer lost all *prestige*, had no authority, and instead of being a good chief, was likely to become a bad soldier. The arrival of these gentlemen, the activity of the Slav Committees, the direct encouragement of the Russian government,—for they cannot pretend

that M. Jonin, the consul-general, acted independently — together with considerable help in money, provisions, arms, and ammunition, at once effected the desired change in the general state of feeling; the direct consequence of which was the reanimation of the insurrection. Until that time the insurgents had been only peasants, malcontents, miserably armed Heiduks, patriotic brigands; they now became corps of volunteers, well-armed, and with some discipline, to whom the Montenegrins sent between 2,000 and 3,000 of their best warriors, to assist in many enterprises, such as the defence of the Duga Pass in the months of April and May. The Prince of Montenegro, supported by the Russian government, supplied with money and provisions by the Committees which he well knew how to make the most of, threw aside the mask assumed till then, and took part, more or less openly, with his oppressed brethren. The perfect accord existing between the Russian government and the Slav Committees with regard to the insurgents, showed itself at the time of the negotiations in the Suttorina, in April, 1876, when the governor of Dalmatia, Baron Rodich, endeavoured to negotiate between the rebels and the commissioners of the Porte, Ali and Mukhtar Pashas. M. de Wesselitsky arrived there, accredited by Prince Gortschakoff himself, to invite the insurgents, in unison with General Rodich, to lay down their arms, and state conditions which the Porte would be able to grant; at the same time knowing that some days before, Colonel Monteverde had started on one of his frequent journeys to the camp of the insurgents, with orders not to place any faith in Turkey's promises, and to submit such conditions as could not possibly be accepted. That that would necessarily lead to the outbreak of the war, for which Servia and Montenegro were preparing, no one doubted.

When that event did occur, these Committees had been actively at work for eight or nine months, until believing themselves sufficiently powerful and well organized, they threw aside the mask altogether, and openly enrolled troops to send to Servia, under the very eyes of their government, which remained neutral in the war.

It would be superfluous in this short article to enter into a detailed account of the proceedings of the Russians during the Servian War and in their occupation of Belgrade. Suffice it to say that, after being supplied by the Committees in the different towns of Russia with means to reach Belgrade, the volunteers on arrival reported themselves to the Slav Committee there, by whom they were enrolled and paid during the war, and drafted into the different corps; those recommended by the Committee as officers, receiving commissions from the Servian War Office.

There have been so many conflicting accounts of the number of Russians taking part in the campaign, that it may be well to mention here what may be taken as evidence of their true number. In a private conversation at Belgrade last January, after the evacuation of the Russians and of the hospitals, the secretary of the above Committee, in speaking of the severe losses the Russians had sustained in Servia, told us that, from the returns of the War Office, and of the hospitals, and their own sources of information, they had traced that out of 9,000 that had set foot in Servia, only 2,900—less than a third—had lived to return to their own country.

We have now shown some of the principal proceedings of the Slav Committees. Without them there would have been no insurrection in Herzegovina and Bosnia,—at least none of any importance; there would have been no revolt; no massacres in Bulgaria; no war in Servia and Montenegro; no long mobilisation in Russia; no war in the east. But also there would be no ruin of the Russian

governmental power; no general overthrow of the order of things—in a word, no realization of the Panslavist's ideals.

What will be the consequence of this war, should it terminate as fortunately for Russia as is even still possible? Russia will emerge ruined and exhausted; the misery and general discontent, already great, will increase each day, and we shall then see absolutism shivered for ever.

Only a rapid and very fortunate termination of the war, which until now has been anything but brilliant, could still upset the subtle plan of the Panslavist leaders, prepared with great foresight and cunning, and executed hitherto with consummate ability. But of such a termination there is little probability, for the government has fallen into the snares laid for it; it has made blunders which, without even these snares, are incomprehensible. Winter approaches, and even if the Turkish army should be beaten, the difficulties of the country, the vast expanse of the theatre of wár, the hardihood as well as the fanaticism of the Turkish soldiers, satisfy us that rapid triumphs, either on this or the other side of the Balkans, are not to be attained by the Russians.

N.

MY PET CORN.

I stood beside an awkward puddle,
And saw a lady opposite,
Who, suddenly across it bounding,
Upon my pet corn did alight!

At this promiscuous adventure
I felt not only hurt, but piqued;
And, caring not my voice to govern,
Unceremoniously I shrieked.

Then I, in explanation, added:
"You've trodden on a corn which shoots!"
And she, in counter explanation:
"I wanted not to wet my boots!"

At first, I more than half expected
That, on inquiry, I should find
The lady had escaped from Bedlam,
Out of her manners and her mind.

But now I've come to the conclusion
That people in their minds are born
Who, not to wet e'en their goloshes,
Would tread upon a neighbour's corn.

MOHL'S "LIVRE DES ROIS."[1]

The early history of a nation is always preserved in the form of ballads or popular legends; and these, related by generation after generation of rhapsodists, gradually assume more unity of form until some Homer arises and casts the whole into the shape of a connected epic poem. The origin of the ballad itself is nearly always involved in the obscurity of remote antiquity, and it is but seldom that the individual authorship of the epic version can be with any certainty traced. Persian literature offers us the curious spectacle of a single man, in comparatively recent times, undertaking, at his sovereign's request, the editing of the whole legendary history of his country in an epic form; and not only completing his task in a perfectly satisfactory manner, but producing a work which has taken as strong a hold upon the hearts and imagination of his countrymen as ever the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* did upon the soul of a Hellenic patriot. Scarcely less remarkable is it to find a scholar in Europe, after a lapse of nearly eight centuries, successfully combating the apparently insurmountable difficulties of such a task, and producing an accurate edition and translation of, and commentary upon, the gigantic work.

Persia, comparatively insignificant as the country is to-day, has played so important a part in the history of the human race, its conquests have been so widely extended, its empire so vast, and its monuments so magnificent, that we need not wonder if the memories of these past glories lingered in later times under the guise of popular legends and ballads, celebrating the exploits of heroes, who, mythical though they appeared, were real reflections of the figures of the kings, generals, and dynasties of a bygone age. Persia, in fact, had almost unrivalled memories of former greatness, and for that very reason had a wealth of popular tradition that few countries could boast.

Naushirwán, the contemporary of Mohammed, appears to have made some attempt to collect and preserve these legends, and ordered such as could be obtained to be reduced to writing, and deposited in the archives of his kingdom. Yezdegird, the last of the Sassanian dynasty, intrusted a learned noble of his court, named Danishwer, with the task of arranging the materials collected by Naushirwán, and of filling up the gaps in the narrative; both of which commissions he executed with the assistance of several *mobeds* or priests. This Danishwer belonged to the class called Dihkáns, or heads of the old county families of Persia; a class by which the ancient local and family traditions would naturally be preserved. Danishwer's work survived the fanatic iconoclasm of the Arab conquerors of Persia, and was subsequently translated from the Pehlavi into the current Persian dialect at the close of the ninth century of our era, by order of Yakúb ibn Lecs, founder of the Soffaride dynasty, and the first prince of purely Persian extraction, who detached himself from the caliphate. The Samanide kings, who next succeeded to the throne of Iran, carried on the historical researches of their predecessors, and Danishwer's book was again revised and amplified, this time by a Guebre poet named Dakiki. When the empire of the Samanides fell into the

[1] *Le Livre des Rois.* Par Abou'lkasim Firdousi; traduit et commenté par Jules de Mohl, &c. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, 1876. (London: Trübner.)

hands of the Ghaznavide, Mohammed ibn Sebuktagin, the second monarch of that race, about the year 1030 A.D., contrived to make himself entirely independent of his suzerain, and, although himself a fanatical Muslim, gave the greatest encouragement to the development of national Persian institutions, and especially to the study of the literature and ancient historical monuments of the country. His great ambition was to form a collection which should surpass those of the Sassanian and Samanian kings, and to have it turned into one complete and poetical whole. The princes and nobles in the various provinces willingly came to his aid, and he soon received a great number of manuscripts and family traditions, many of them from persons who had devoted their whole lives to such archæological researches. The mass of traditional and historical matter thus collected was ultimately intrusted for versification to a poet named Firdousi, who nobly acquitted himself of the task, and produced the *Shah-Nameh*, or "Book of Kings," a magnificent epic, consisting of more than 60,000 couplets. How this labour of a life-time was rewarded with base ingratitude and meanness by the monarch, through the jealousy of Firdousi's rivals; and how the aged poet died in exile of a broken heart, after penning one of the bitterest satires on his master that has ever been written, we have not space to describe.

From the preceding remarks, we see that the "Book of Kings" is, in a historical point of view, one of the most remarkable secular compilations in existence, and does really contain the whole of the Folk Lore of ancient Persia. From the very nature of the work, and the language in which it was written, it has scarcely received at the hands of historians the exhaustive searching which it deserves; but, thanks to the almost incredible perseverance of Jules de Mohl, whose loss the world of oriental learning has had recently to deplore, it is now completely translated into French. The work was undertaken in 1826, in consequence of an order from the king, who wished to publish the text, translation, and commentary of the *Shah-Nameh* in the grand series of magnificent folio volumes which were being issued in order to show of what wonders of typography the *Imprimerie Royale* of France was capable. Of all the works commenced for this sumptuous series, Mohl's alone has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The huge size and number of the volumes, and the high price which such typographical perfection required, naturally restricted its circulation; but the French version is now being published in a more popular and accessible form by the widow of the translator.

Jules de Mohl was born at Stuttgard on 25th October, 1800, and was the second of four brothers, all of whom rose to considerable eminence in politics and science. He was at first destined for the Evangelical ministry, and entered the University of Tübingen in 1818, where he gained more than one prize for theology. Although to the last a Christian in his faith as well as his life, he held broad and somewhat rationalistic views, which he considered incompatible with pastoral duties. He therefore turned his attention in preference to philology and philosophy. On leaving Tübingen, he wrote in an album the sentence which he took, and ever afterwards acted up to, as the motto of his life, "Truth in science and in life."

Turning naturally towards the East for the solution of the great problems with which his favourite studies deal, he commenced the study of oriental languages; and attracted by such names as Silvestre de Sacy and Abel Rémusat, who occupied the chairs of Arabic and Chinese at Paris, he took up his residence in the French capital.

In 1825, the Wurtemberg government offered him the post of Professor of Hebrew at Tübingen, granting him leave to reside some time longer in

France for the purpose of continuing his oriental studies. The attractions of the charming literary society in which he moved, were, however, too strong for him; and when the time came for him to commence his active duties at his own university, he found that he could not tear himself away from his French friends; and in 1831 he sent in his resignation, determined to fix his permanent residence in Paris, and subsequently took out letters of naturalisation as a French subject.

Until 1826, Mohl had made Chinese his principal study, and had already published several important works on that language; but he then began to turn his attention more exclusively to Persian; receiving at the same time the royal commission to undertake the publication of the *Shah-Nameh*. For fifty years this was his chief work; and the complete edition which he has left behind him is one of the most remarkable monuments of erudition and assiduity in the whole range of literature. When we remember the immense length of the poem, the number of the traditions, and the obscurity in which remote antiquity has involved many of them, the historical puzzles, and the archaic idioms which the *Shah-Nameh* contains, the feat appears almost unexampled in the annals of oriental research.

The principal hero of the *Shah-Nameh* is Rustam, whose exploits extend over several reigns, and whose life is of more than antediluvian duration. He is represented as a warrior of superhuman strength and courage, and is ever the ready champion of the Persian kings. His career in many respects resembles that of Hercules, although the Persian hero had only seven labours to perform, instead of twelve. One of the most touching episodes in the book is that of Rustam and his son Sohrab; a brief sketch of this will form a good specimen of the contents of the "Book of Kings."

Rustam being engaged upon a hunting excursion in the neighbourhood of Turan,[1] killed a wild ass, and while he roasted it in the forest allowed his faithful charger Rukhush to graze at liberty. Having satisfied his hunger, and refreshed himself by sleep, the hero awoke to find his incomparable steed missing. He at once went to Samengán, a small border state, and haughtily complained to the king that his horse had been stolen. The monarch promised to make careful search for the lost charger, and entertained Rustam with magnificent hospitality. When the Persian hero had retired to rest, a beautiful damsel appeared by his bedside, and telling him that it was she who had caused Rukhush to be stolen, in order to bring Rustam to the Court of Samengán, declared her passion for him, and begged him to demand her in marriage of her father. Rustam, himself smitten with the damsel's beauty, readily consented, and the fair Tahménah was wedded to him on the following day. Like the knights-errant of Christian chivalry, Rustam was constrained to depart again immediately upon his adventures, but before parting from his bride he left with her an amulet, directing her in the case of a daughter being born to him, to bind it on the child's hair; but in case she should have a son she was to bind it round his arm. In due course a son was born, and named Sohrab; he inherited his father's virtues and bravery, and at the age of ten years was the most doughty knight at court.

Tahménah, fearing to be deprived of her noble son, bade him conceal his father's name, and, in answer to a message from Rustam, sent word that a daughter had been born to him.

The youthful Sohrab, however, was in no way inclined to conceal his father's name; but, in spite of his mother's entreaties, set out himself in search of him, determined at the same time to do deeds of chivalry

[1] Turán is the general name for all countries but Irán, *i.e.*, the Aryan land, Persia proper.

worthy of his valiant lineage. For a war-horse he had a foal of his father's famous Rukhush, mounted upon which, and equipped with suitable armour, he sallied forth to conquer the King of Persia, and set his own sire upon the throne. Afrasiab, the Tartar king, sent an army to his assistance, with instructions to his two generals to bring Sohrab and Rustam, unrecognized by each other, to single combat, in the hope that the latter, the dreaded foe of the king, might fall before the more youthful warrior. On his way, Sohrab fought and conquered a famous warrior, named Hujir, whom he took prisoner. A young maiden, the daughter of the commandant of the fortress from which Hujir had sallied, then donned a helmet and coat of mail and engaged herself in combat with the stripling. Of course she was soon worsted in the fight, and her visor falling off, Sohrab discovered her sex, and became deeply enamoured of his beautiful foe. Before taking her captive, he yielded to her entreaty, and allowed her to re-enter the fortress, from whence, to his great disappointment, she escaped with her father on the following morning by means of secret passages. The fugitives soon spread far and wide the tidings of the approach of the invader, describing his youth, gigantic stature, and indomitable valour. Preparations were at once made for repelling the enemy, and Rustam, after a short delay occasioned by a quarrel with the King of Persia, at last joined the ranks, and at length the two armies were brought to close quarters, and a decisive battle appeared to be imminent. Sohrab, reconnoitring the Persian camp from a distance, was naturally anxious to ascertain if his father were present; but although he recognised all the marks and tokens of which his mother had told him, yet so well did his treacherous allies play their part, that he was made to believe that Rustam was absent from the field. His captive, Hujir, also, thinking to save Rustam from being attacked unprepared, favoured the delusion, and after various minor incidents, father and son at length stood face to face in mortal conflict, Sohrab as champion of the Turanian legions, and Rustam fighting for the Iranian side. A fierce prolonged duel ensued, which Firdousi describes in remarkably stirring and vigorous language; and in the end, as might have been expected, the youthful warrior succumbs, after having, however, several times gained the advantage, and been deprived of it by Rustam's superior cunning and experience. Mortally wounded, at last the youth breaks out into a passionate speech, from which the broken-hearted father discovers too late that he has killed his own brave son.

The dying warrior youth then exhibits the talisman, which Tahménah had received from his father, and bound upon his arm; the mutual recognition is complete, and the episode is shortly afterwards brought to a close with the description of the mother's anguish and death.

Those versed in German legendary lore will recognise in the story of *Rustam and Sohrab* the incidents of *Das Hildebrandslied*.

It is only necessary here to mention Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*—a poem of extraordinary beauty—in which the main incidents are those of the Persian tale, though in the speeches and other details Mr. Arnold has followed the bent of his own genius.

The reader will see from this slight sketch, that the *Shah-Nameh*, in addition to its undoubted historical and mythological value, possesses a great deal of real human interest, and has many passages of great poetic beauty. The edition now issued by Madame de Mohl, having brought the work within the reach of ordinary readers, it is sure to take a high place among standard popular works, and will long remain a striking monument of unexampled erudition, industry, and research.

E. H. Palmer.

STYLE.

A recent historian of Rome, towards the close of his famous attempt to undeceive the world at large with respect to the genius of Cicero, sums up his argument in the following words:—"Ciceronianism is a problem which, in fact, cannot be properly solved, but can only be resolved into that greater mystery of human nature—language, and the effect of language on the mind."

These words are suggestive—suggestive, too, of a wider question than at first sight appears. That men are influenced by language at least as much as by ideas; that power of expression is intimately associated with mental grasp generally; even that a fascination is exercised by style to which nothing equivalent is found in the accompanying thought—these are acknowledged truths, readily granted. But it is a most singular thing that they are so readily granted: it is singular that the question is not oftener asked — Why is this so?

How is it that language, which is but the vehicle of thought, comes to have a force which is not the mere weight of that which it carries? Even where this is not the case, where there is an equivalence of value in both style and ideas, great conceptions being nobly expressed, how is it that the matter and the form seem to have independent claims upon the attention? In a word, what is that in language which is not mere *expressiveness* of the obvious intentions of the writer, but is yet a merit?

At first sight there appears to be a simple answer to the question. Any of the numerous treatises on style or rhetoric abound with rules for the embellishment of discourse: the reader learns the importance of a choice of fitting words, of the judicious use of figures of speech, of the effect of melodious sentences and suitable cadences: he is instructed in the manipulation of complex constructions, and discovers the force of the gradation, the antithesis and the climax: in short, he is easily led to the conclusion that, besides *expressiveness,* language may have the merit of *beauty.*

That this distinction is a superficial one has been shown with great ability in an article by Mr. Herbert Spencer on the "Philosophy of Style."[1] He there traces all excellence of composition to two principles—Economy of the Attention, and Economy of the Sensibility of the recipient. Assuming that a reader can have at his command only a definite amount of power of attention, it is clear that whatever part of this is employed on the form of a composition must be subtracted, and leave so much the less to be occupied in the matter. In its popular aspect this is a truth familiar to all. If any author is said to have an obscure style, it is meant that his form obstructs his matter—that it absorbs an inordinate amount of the reader's attention. If he is tedious, it is because his language, by its monotony or redundancy, exhausts our energies, and leaves us correspondingly deficient in the mental vigour to be devoted to what he has to say.

But Mr. Spencer pushes his theory yet further. He shows, with great ingenuity, how various ornaments of style, at first sight most remote from mere utility, are in reality but devices of language which subserve the same purpose of economising attention. Thus the canon which prefers words of Saxon to words of Latin origin is justified by the greater familiarity of the former, recalling the associa-

[1] *Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative.* Vol. ii. Essay I.

tions of childhood, and their comparative brevity, which adds to their force what it diminishes from the effort required to recognise them. On the other hand, the occasional effect of polysyllabic words is attributed to their associated significance: for the effort involved in deciphering or using them, by hinting at a corresponding weightiness in the things implied, gives a force to an epithet which may do for a sentence. The same principle which explains the rules for choice of words is also found adequate to the solution of the reasons why some one order of words is more effective than another; why certain sequences of sentences are better than others; what are the respective merits of the direct and indirect style; and so forth. Then follows an analysis of the various figures of speech—Metaphor, Simile, and the like—in which their amenableness to the same law is established: and, finally, the applicability of the theory, even to the complex imagery of the poet, is exhibited in a passage which it would be an injustice to the writer not to quote at length:—

"Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force; but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built up, we may trace the same condition to effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them; and so, by saying a few things, but suggesting many, to abridge the description; is the secret of producing a vivid impression. An extract from Tennyson's *Mariana* will well illustrate this:—

'All day within the dreamy house
The door upon the hinges creaked,
The blue-fly sung in the pane, the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.'

The several circumstances here specified bring with them many appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. While the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence each of the facts mentioned, presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness; and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed, instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away that little impression of dreariness would be produced. Similarly in other cases. Whatever the nature of the thought to be conveyed, this skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest is the key to success. In the choice of competent ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words." [1]

But Mr. Spencer does not rest content with deducing what may be called the adventitious charms of poetry from this principle; he even thinks that its distinctive characteristic—the restrictions of metre—may be explained by the same law. "The pleasure," he says, "which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognised." [2] Most people will be startled at the first sight of this bold dictum, but Mr. Spencer is not the man to shrink from the logical consequences of his principles, and they lead to more than this.

Any one who has attentively read the article, or even the brief *résumé* of it just given, will have seen that the theory furnishes a canon for determining, with some degree of certainty, which of two styles is the better. To quote again: "The relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension." [3]

Clearly, then, there must, in every case, be some form of expression which is absolutely the best; in other words, there is such a thing as an ideal style. Mr. Spencer accepts the conclusion, but at the same time reminds us that style must vary with its subject-matter.

"The perfect writer will express

[1] *Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative.* Vol. ii. Essay I., p. 34.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 39. [3] *Ibid.* p. 33.

himself as Junius, when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood."[1]

The reservation is a proper one, and with it the argument seems unimpeachable. Yet when Mr. Spencer throws the conclusion into the form of an epigram, and tells us that "to have a specific style is to be poor in speech,"[2] he makes the utmost possible demand upon our loyalty to exact reasoning. Like Adeimantus in the *Republic*, we are "confounded by this novel kind of draughtsplaying, played with words for counters."

But if the foregoing theory be carefully reviewed, it will be seen that throughout it the treatment is what may be described as objective rather than subjective. Or, to avoid words in which there is a degree of ambiguity, the definite product language is more or less isolated from the agency using it, and viewed more in relation to the reader's than the writer's mind. But there is another aspect of the relation, which cannot be left out without producing a result which must be one-sided and may be inaccurate. The following pages will be an attempt to supply this omission by a consideration of the nature of the various devices of language, regarded as the outcome of the mind that employs them.

That "to have a specific style is to be poor in speech" has not been implied in the judgments which the world has from time to time passed upon its greatest writers. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that much in proportion as an author has reached a high eminence in his art there has been found in his productions a corresponding tendency to an individuality of expression. Is it not a common complaint against inferior artists, whether in prose or verse, in painting or music, that their compositions lack character and originality? Uniformity is the distinguishing feature of mediocrity, while the work of genius is at once recognised and attributed to the origin whose impress it bears. And a little reflection will show that this is exactly what is meant by "style." Various tricks of voice, gesture, and dress are associated by every one with his friends, glimpses of the hidden self being granted in such half-unnoticed revelations. The chief value, indeed, of such peculiarities rests in the fact that they are commonly unknown to the man himself. For all of us, even the most sincere, are to a certain extent actors in our intercourse with others, and play a part that has been self-assigned, often without due pondering of the player's power. Nature, however, peeps out in countless little traits of character, which find their expression in language, habit, and even in movements. By what subtle union such tricks of manner are linked with what Dr. Johnson has called "the anfractuosities of the human mind," is a curious and intricate question, but no one will doubt the fact of the connection. "That's father!" cries the child as she hears the well-known footfall in the hall; "How like the man!" we exclaim when some characteristic remark is reported to us. Spite of the progress in complexity from a sound to a sentiment, each obeys the same law; and the connection between the footfall and the foot, between the speech and the mind that conceived it, is one and the same.

Let us follow out the thought a little further. Not only, to put the fact in its popular aspect, has every one his peculiarities; but there are degrees of peculiarity accompanying degrees of individuality; as a man deviates in *character* from the type ordinarily met with, so are his *habits* singular to himself, till a point is reached where the personality is remarkable, and the behaviour eccentric. Where such manners are perfectly unaffected they are a reflection of a self that stands alone among many, so

[1] *Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative.* Vol. ii. Essay I., p. 47. [2] *Ibid.* p. 46.

that the common dictum, that genius is eccentric, has a philosophical foundation. There is no need to linger on the numerous and tolerably obvious reservations which make it impossible to convert the proposition, in other words, to infer unusual power from singularity ; the broad fact remains that where there is that marked originality called genius, it is an originality not of thought, emotion, or pursuits, but of the man.

The application of this to literary style is easy, and will be found to lead to some interesting results.

In its powers of direct expression, language is tolerably efficient, and were there nothing but facts, considered objectively, to be conveyed, even a simpler vehicle would suffice. Swift, in one of the most humorous passages of *Gulliver's Travels*, describes a set of philosophers, who, disdaining language as the ordinary means of expressing their thoughts, preferred to carry with them a pack of the things most commonly referred to in everyday parlance, by the dexterous manipulation of which they contrived to carry on long conversations. Now this represents, with the necessary freedom of caricature, a real truth with regard to a certain class of discourse. In any written composition, the less the author's personality is involved in the matter treated, the simpler the language which suffices. The extreme form of this truth is found in the case of Algebra, where the discourse is, so to speak, perfectly dispassionate, and the symbolism perfectly adequate. Similarly, the language employed in mathematical proof is found adequate in proportion as the statements are purely objective. As we ascend in the scale of literary composition the author's personality creeps in, and brings with it a corresponding complexity of language, not merely the complexity of structure of sentences, but of choice of words, use of figures of speech, and all the refinements of elaborate writing. It is true that much more than this has to be taken into consideration ; the subjects themselves are infinitely more complex as the scale is ascended, the distinctions are more delicate, the contrasts present more sides to view, the gradations are subtler. But is not this a corollary from the main principle? Is it not because we are then dealing either with facts of our own or the general consciousness; with ideas, emotions, desires, and so forth; or at any rate with external facts looked at from the point of view of an interested and questioning observer, that there is this increase in complexity, or, in other words, decrease in adequacy of language?

But this idea admits of yet further development. The facts perfectly expressed in algebraical symbols receive a nearly perfect expression in mathematical language. The terminology of science is found very tolerably sufficient, if strictly adhered to, and mostly where expository and descriptive. In history and biography what we may call the subjective element is strong, and there we find all the refinements of composition. These express, not only facts and aspects of facts, not only are there delicate implications of expression, embodied in all the recognised figures of rhetoric, the trope, the simile, and the metaphor; but there are the glimpses at the very self of the author which lurks in unconscious tricks of diction and turns of thought, and emerges in epithets, in repetitions, and in phrases. In poetry the author reigns supreme, and there too the imperfection of language is most manifest. In a very fine passage every word is charged with meaning and riveted to its place, in fact the vehicle is strained to its utmost to bear the load imposed upon it. Hence Coleridge's well-known definition of poetry as "the best words in the best order." Meanwhile the personality of the Poet pervades every line of every poem, a hardly recognised but unfailing presence. He colours each picture, and is a spectator at every scene ; he is beside Ulysses in the island of Calypso; with him he witnesses the death of Argus and the insolence of the suitors; he shares the recognition

of Penelope and the welcome to home; and when dire retribution seizes the usurpers he looks upon their fall.

Not that this personality is directly obtruded upon the hearer's notice; in the instance of Homer, it is markedly withdrawn, the characters speak of themselves, the descriptions are meant to serve no moral end. But what is never brought before us as an avowed element in the composition is everywhere present in the form of the narrative,—we never hear the accents of the voice, though we are always listening to its tones. Take as an illustration of this a passage of pure description from the Odyssey:—

Πῦρ μὲν ἐπ' ἐσχαρόφιν μέγα καίετο, τηλόθι δ' ὀδμὴ
κέδρου τ' εὐκεάτοιο θύου τ' ἀνὰ νῆσον ὀδώδει
δαιομένων· ἡ δ' ἔνδον ἀοιδιάουσ' ὀπὶ καλῇ,
ἱστὸν ἐποιχομένη χρυσείῃ κερκίδ' ὕφαινεν.
ὕλη δὲ σπέος ἀμφὶ πεφύκει τηλεθόωσα,
κλήθρη τ' αἴγειρός τε καὶ εὐώδης κυπάρισσος.
ἔνθα δέ τ' ὄρνιθες τανυσίπτεροι εὐνάζοντο,
σκῶπές τ' ἴρηκές τε τανύγλωσσοί τε κορῶναι
εἰνάλιαι, τῇσίντε θαλάσσια ἔργα μέμηλεν.
ἡ δ' αὐτοῦ τετάνυστο περὶ σπείους γλαφυροῖο
ἡμερὶς ἡβώωσα, τεθήλει δὲ σταφυλῇσιν·
κρῆναι δ' ἑξείης πίσυρες ῥέον ὕδατι λευκῷ,
πλησίαι ἀλλήλων τετραμμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλη.
ἀμφὶ δὲ λειμῶνες μαλακοὶ ἴου ἠδὲ σελίνου
θήλεον· ἔνθα κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἀθάνατός περ ἐπελθὼν
θηήσαιτο ἰδὼν καὶ τερφθείη φρεσὶν ᾗσιν.

Odyssey, v. 59—74.

An analysis of this passage which points out its beauties will be found also to draw attention precisely to those parts where the author's presence is latent. The smell of the cedar and the voice of the divine songstress accompanying the music of her loom, are, by the epithets "fragrant" and "sweet" made part of the real or imagined experience of the poet; while the word *ἐποιχομένη* suggests, and just suggests, glimpses that he catches of her form as she moves at her work within the cave. Then he describes the wood that shades her abode, implying, by an epithet, how that too appeals to another sense, joining with the incense that burns close by in a mixture of pleasant smells. Another feature is introduced: there are birds harbouring in the branches, and the word *εὐνάζοντο* that describes this, by an implied comparison with the sleeping-chambers of man, shows a sort of tender way of looking at nature. It is more than if it were merely said, "there were birds in the branches." Again, the allusion to the sea in the words *τῇσίντε θαλάσσια ἔργα μέμηλεν* is a direct reflection of the poet's, in no way forming part of a description merely meant to call up an actual scene, instead of a particular way of looking at a scene. The same is true of the words that describe the vine, bending with its burden of ripe clusters, of the labyrinth of streams, and the patches of violet and parsley round them: the accompanying adjectives draw attention to beauties the poet has noticed, and wishes us to notice as well. There is hardly need to point out how the words with which the whole concludes are but an exclamation of wonder and admiration on the part of the poet at the scene he has called up.

But this is not all, for besides the selection of these various elements there is the mode of their combination into a definite picture, the order in which the images follow one another, and the gradation and transition of ideas which are all part of the art, that is, of the mind—of the *self*—of the author. At a distance the senses of sight and smell are first caught by the glimmer of the fire and the fragrance of what is burning in it; as Hermes approaches he hears the sound of the goddess singing at her work; coming still closer, he has leisure to mark the minute details of the scene, the cavern, the grove, and the vine; while the words *ἀθάνατός περ* in the concluding lines leave him in amazement at the beauty of the whole.

Now this may sound like hypercriticism, and it would be hypercriticism if it were meant that all these points were before the mind of the poet, forming part of an intentional study of effect. On the contrary, the implication is the direct reverse. It is

because Homer was such or such a man, because he had been in the habit of regarding what he saw after a certain fashion of his own, that when he set himself to compose poetry he composed it as he did. Hence there is a deep meaning in the saying of Milton, that he who would write good poetry must make his life a poem. It is by virtue of a thousand minute traits of character, the gradual deposit of life's experiences, that any one speaks, writes, even walks and moves, as we see him do. For there must be some reason why, if two men set about describing a scene, or giving even a plain, unvarnished account of some event, the mode of their narration differs, differs, too, in such a way that each can be ascribed to its author, as we say, by internal evidence, that is, by its style. While, then, no better explanation appears, that theory of style may perhaps be provisionally accepted which identifies it with character — with unconscious revelations of the hidden self.

This conclusion needs a little further elaboration before it is compared with that view of what is called the philosophy of style, which resolves all the devices of composition into schemes for economising the reader's attention. It is necessary to point out, and this may be done briefly, how not only is style generally the impress of the author's self, but that there is a correspondence between the distinctive features of any particular passage and the points at which, in the manner just indicated, the writer's personality glides into the discourse. This is not difficult, if what has been already said be accepted. What indeed is meant by saying that an author is best where his writing is most natural?

Is it not implied that the happiest touches are those which are original— that those phrases and expressions are most welcome to the reader which set the matter they convey in a new light —and that the light in which the writer himself sees it? If the foregoing passage from the *Odyssey* be reviewed it will be found that its beauties are coincident with the parts where the presence of the poet seems to be hinted, and this is equally true, though not equally discernible in all writing that is at all elaborate.

Now, how does all this square with the dictum that "to have a specific style is to be poor in speech?" It will not at first sight appear so very incompatible. In a certain sense, style at all owes its existence to the imperfection of the vehicle of thought. Were language a perfectly adequate means of embodying ideas, what is now to be looked for in the *mode* of statement would be found directly declared in the statement itself. For the countless devices of language, the gestures and tones of discourse, the thousand rhetorical figures of written composition, are really one and all simple propositions not capable of exact expression in the body of the narrative. They are the lights and shades of the picture, or perhaps rather the finer touches, which are to tickle the imagination of the reader with suggested beauties. And it is exactly in these refinements of expression that the deepest meaning of any author, in other words, his *self* resides. There is something pathetic in the reflection that we walk this world half hidden from one another, a constant struggle going on to make known the thoughts, beliefs, and aspirations of the real but partly imprisoned being, which never can be known exactly as they are to any but the mind that conceives them. Like savages, we speak mostly by signs, which serve us well enough, but leave much uncommunicated. It is well, however, that this imperfection is an imperfection that produces beauty, that the grating of the machine is not harsh, but musical. Mr. Herbert Spencer is successful in showing that the various devices of language do serve to the economy of the reader's attention, and that beauties of style are beauties partly because they effect this end. But he has not raised a question which seems closely akin to the subject. Why is it needful to have recourse to these expedients at all,

and why is there an infinite variety in every man's use of them? The answer to these questions seems to give an insight into a higher law, to which Mr. Spencer's principle stands rather as an empirical generalisation. It is this:—that each man's inmost nature is a secret to all but himself—and that a secret which in no two cases is the same. Every attempt to communicate it partly fails, and so language is full of compromises and expedients; each nature to be revealed is different, and so there is a countless variety of styles. This then is not due to poverty of speech, rather it is due to multiplicity of individualities, each speaking its own language and telling its own tale.

The ideal style, then, is for an ideal being, but for an ideal being who is to be without personality. The perfect writer may write, now like Junius, now like Lamb, now like Carlyle, but like himself he can never write. He cannot, as we say, *express himself.* A significant phrase, for after all it is when a man, as far as he can, expresses *himself*, that his communication is most worth having. It is the one thing of which he certainly knows something, where he can indeed speak with authority. It is not so much what a man knows, as how he knows it, not so much the extent as the quality of his information, that gains him a right to be heard. Originality is far oftener originality of expression than idea, a fresh aspect of something old, not a discovery of something new. And so there starts up here an answer to the difficulties encountered at the outset, "Why men are influenced by language at least as much as by ideas;" and "Why power of expression is intimately associated with mental grasp generally." Partly, no doubt, because in language resides the personality of the speaker or writer, and men are influenced by personality—but far more for another reason. The highest form of ability is something which pervades the whole being; it is not restricted to an intellect preternaturally acute, to vividness of imagination, or fineness of feeling; but it is the manifestation of a nature—of a *self*, which is really great. And it has been seen that it is in expression, or style, that the self of the author is to be sought. That, then, is a true instinct which so intimately associates power of expression with power of character generally. Of this power, too, the distinguishing feature is its individuality. Just as in animal life the ascent of the scale of creation is a process of differentiation of functions; just as a higher form of life is marked off from a lower form by greater speciality of shape, by powers more accurately defined, by habits more peculiarly its own; so in the comparison of man with man, something similar to this law is traceable, pointing out that the superiority of genius in degree is mainly a consequence of its difference in kind.

Thus nature seems to speak in a continued protest against uniformity, by a thousand analogies insisting upon the supreme importance of the individual. And the critical verdict which pronounces that writing best which is the most natural can be affiliated to as wide a law as this. Whether or no it be thought that each man is put into the world the possessor of some particular truth, which his acts or words can set before his fellow-creatures, it is at any rate clear that the inevitable speciality of each man's experiences must present things to him in an aspect which can be exactly the same for no other. There are no real *doubles* in the world, no such thing as identity in constitution and circumstances. While, then, this is so, there is a significance in style, a value in the unconscious self-revelations of traits of personality. However a man may fail of the object he sets before him in what he does or says, yet if there has been in him that conscientious fidelity to his purpose, which is but an attempt to express *himself*, his work will not have been wasted, though its direct worth be unimportant.

T. H. Wright.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION AND ITS RESULTS.

When Livingstone was driven from Kolobeng, the missionary station in the Bechuana country, by the Boers, in 1852, his house plundered and all his belongings destroyed or carried off, it was little dreamed that in sending him homeless with his face to the north, the first step was taken towards opening up the vast continent beyond. Yet so it proved. By successive geographical explorations, continued through little more than a quarter of a century, the mystery of all ages was solved. The sources of the Nile were discovered, with the great lakes their feeders, while the Congo, fed by another group of great lakes a little further south, has been traced through its whole course to the Atlantic. As the great Missionary himself records in the preface to his first *Journals*, "the Boers resolved to shut up the interior and I determined to open the country, and we shall see who have been most successful—they or I." He may well have felt in after years, with some touch of pride, that an overruling power had by his humble instrumentality turned the short-sighted malevolence of the Boers into a means of attaining the very end they most desired to prevent. In destroying a civilising and Christian mission, they set free the Missionary who was destined, alone and defenceless, to brave successfully the dangers of the Kalahari desert—the forest and the jungle with their wild beasts, and still more savage tribes of natives,—and only end his life when a chosen band of kindred spirits had followed his example in generous emulation. Not indeed until these had revealed to the world the hidden sources of the great Egyptian river, with a vast system of inland seas and lakes, and another was in the field where he spent his last breath, ready to complete his glorious mission by solving the remaining problem of African geography. Stanley's latest achievements, identifying the Lualaba and Congo as one river, and tracing it in a course of more than 1,400 miles through the equatorial regions to the Atlantic, has crowned the work of so many illustrious travellers and scientific explorers, and fully realised the hope which so long sustained the failing strength and health of Livingstone in his latest journeyings. He was not destined to succeed himself, but to him belongs the merit of having led the way so soon to be followed by others younger and stronger, for whom that future glory was reserved.

As we look over the muster-roll, and those who formed this heroic band pass one by one before the mental vision, headed by the veteran martyr and missionary himself, and in the foremost rank Burton, Speke, and Grant, by whom the great lakes and "the mystic fountains of the Nile" were unveiled; Baker and Gordon following close, with the White Nile and Albert Nyanza emblazoned as the trophies of their prowess; Cameron, who spanned Africa in his stride; and Stanley, with the tribute of the Congo in its vast sweep to the Atlantic in his hand—it seems more like a dream than sober reality that such achievements have been crowded into a quarter of a century, and be the work of a single generation. Yet so it is; and if a feeling of doubt or incredulity should arise in any mind as to the vastness of the labour bestowed, and the distances traversed through pre-

viously unknown regions, both north and south of the equator, within that brief period, by adventurous explorers at the hazard of their lives, a glance at the map recently issued by the Exploration Committee of the Royal Geographical Society will suffice to dispel any lingering scepticism. On this sketch-map all the various routes taken by African travellers, singly or in expeditions, have been carefully marked in broad red lines. The effect is rather that of a railway map of a civilised country in Europe, with its many intersecting lines proceeding from every point of the compass, than the itinerary of routes taken by hardy explorers across vast regions of that *terra incognita* of which Dean Swift wrote in the last century—

> "Geographers in Afric maps
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er uninhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

Nor was the accusation wholly unfounded. The ancients apparently knew little or nothing of equatorial and Central Africa beyond some reports and traditions of great inland lakes, recorded by Ptolemy in the second century. In the days of the Pharaohs, we know from Herodotus that the rulers of Egypt and Ethiopia desired in vain to discover the sources of the Nile. The secretary of Minerva in the city of Saïs had merely a fable to relate about "two hills with conical tops, Crophi and Mophi, between which," he said, "are the fountains of the Nile, fountains which it is impossible to fathom; half the water runs northward into Egypt, half to the south towards Ethiopia." Diodorus Siculus, much later, could get no better information from the learned priests at Memphis. Neither Phœnicians, Greeks, nor Romans, when the latter held sway inEgypt, knew anything of the interior of Africa beyond a few unreliable reports of slaves, brought from unknown regions. Nero sent an exploring expedition up the Nile, which got no further than Khartoum. It was not until the Arabs, and after them the Turks came on the scene, and the introduction of the camel enabled the Arab traders to traverse the Great Sahara and penetrate to the Soudan with their caravans, that more positive knowledge was obtained. Some settled on the Niger, others wandered from kingdom to kingdom, while adventurers among them often established their rule over native tribes and their chiefs. Down the eastern coast as far as Zanzibar they founded royal dynasties still extant. They no doubt penetrated to the very centre of Africa and along the two coasts, as far as Senegal and Gambia on the west, and to Sofala on the east, and planted colonies at Mombas, Melinda, and other places. It was from the Arab sources of information, and from the Portuguese at a later date on the west coast—*teste* Duarte Lopez's map in Pigafelta's "*Congo*"—that Europe derived all the information as to the interior and great inland lakes, some of which found a place in the maps of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But even this was lost in the succeeding ages, and it was not until the great maritime discoveries of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, that Africa beyond the Mediterranean littoral assumed any importance. When it ceased to be the granary of Italy, and was covered by the Pashaliks of Turkey, it lost all its value. But the discoveries of the Portuguese along the west coast, under Prince Henry, first led to the importation of slaves to Europe, and subsequently, after the discovery of the New World and the West Indies, to the slave-trade on a vast scale for the labour market there. As far as history goes back the curse of Noah on Ham and his descendants seems to have received a literal fulfilment in the African race. They not only have supplied slaves to the descendants of Shem and Japheth, but have enslaved each other, and become the "servants of servants,"—for some are even slaves to slaves in their own land.

Their transportation to the western hemisphere did not create slavery in Africa, but it added all the horrors of the "middle passage"—in which every iniquity culminated.

For the next three centuries Africa became the slave preserve of the West, and supplied the labour for the American and West Indian tropic plantations. It has been estimated that more than 12,000,000 were exported in that period. How many perished in the capture and with unspeakable sufferings endured in the middle passage, who can estimate? If Livingstone's experience may be trusted, he believed that ten were slain, or died in the *journey to the coast* for every one shipped! In 1845 evidence was given to a Parliamentary Committee on the Slave Trade that, exclusive of any slave trade on the West Coast, 25,000 were annually shipped from the East Coast into Arabia, Persia, and Central Asia. How many in addition were transported down the Nile to Egypt and thence to Turkey it is difficult to estimate. It may well have been said therefore that Africa from time immemorial has been "one of the great labour-producing countries of the world." Under happier influences it might still perform that office by the free cultivation of the African soil, and supply cotton, sugar, rice, and every tropical product, as much as the world could take. In the meantime there is ground for hope that such a consummation is neither impossible nor far distant. The knowledge of the physical geography, resources, and climate of Central Africa, which has been so largely increased in the last twenty years, has revealed the vast capabilities both of the soil and the people. All Europe is alive to the possible future which is opening for Africa, and every nation is in movement to profit by the opportunity of claiming its share in a good work and a new market for its merchants. Great Britain alone, so long in the foremost rank in all that concerned the suppression of the slave trade and the exploration of the continent, hangs back as if indifferent. But it cannot be so in reality. Nor is it true in any sense of the government, whatever it may be with regard to the public. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that within the last month a convention with the Khedive of Egypt has been signed, provisionally defining the limit of Egyptian territory on the East Coast at *Ras Hafoun*, to the exclusion of all slave trade within such line. A previous convention of a similar kind entered into with the Sultan of Zanzibar, takes the coast from the point at which the Egyptian border now ceases down to the commencement of the long coast-line claimed, but only partially occupied, by the Portuguese. We must hope that if to Portugal belongs the unenviable distinction of having been the first of European States to commence the slave trade on the West Coast, she will all the more carefully avoid the odium of being the last to abandon it. And in that case the whole coast-line of Africa may now be considered closed to the most desperate or daring of the slave dealers. These are results which geographers and statesmen may alike rejoice in as their joint work, and worthy of both. These conventions are the crowning acts of a policy endorsed by all the great Western Powers at the Congress of Vienna so far back as 1815. The Plenipotentiaries there assembled signed the ever-memorable declaration that the slave "traffic is repugnant to the principles of humanity and universal morality"—that "the public voice in all civilised countries calls aloud for its suppression"—and that it was "the wish of their sovereigns to put an end to a scourge which desolates Africa, degrades Europe, and afflicts humanity." Great Britain, at a cost of 20,000,000*l.* paid in compensation to the slave-owners in the West Indies, had abolished slavery in her own dominions, in 1807; but to obtain the general support and cooperation of the other Great Powers

of Europe, was a victory over chartered injustice and wrong, and an imposing array of vested interests, often more difficult to overcome than armies in the field.

It cannot be doubted that such a victory would never have been won, had the state of ignorance on all subjects connected with the geography of the great continent and the condition of its people, which existed down to nearly the end of last century, continued. To Mungo Park, Houghton, Horneman, the Landers, and many more of the earlier explorers, is due the first impulse in this direction. The uncertainty and confusion that prevailed as to the interior of Africa was such, that in 1788 a few learned and scientific men were led to form a society, styled the African Association, for promoting the exploration of inner Africa. And it was under their auspices that these earlier travellers and missionaries prosecuted their travels. But many failures disheartened, and the loss of lives at length so discouraged the association, that feeling the inadequacy of their means for a work so costly, both in life and money, they merged in 1831 into the Geographical Society. This body, therefore, which now numbers between three and four thousand members, and has gathered many of its best laurels in the field of African discovery, may claim to be the heirs of these earlier patrons and promoters of geographical exploration in Africa.

Mungo Park proceeded in 1795 from the Gambia River on the West Coast to the Niger, and after following the river as far as the town of Silla, he explored the intervening countries, and determined the southern border of the Sahara, returning in 1797. In 1805 he started on a second journey in the same regions in which he lost his life, having been killed by the natives somewhere beyond Timbuctoo.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to give any recapitulation of the numerous and successive explorers of Africa, both north and south of the Equator, and from the East and the West Coast, towards the close of the last and the first half of the present century. It must suffice to say that they have been of many nationalities — Portuguese, French, Italian, German, and Dutch, besides English. Some of these expeditions have been despatched by our own and by other governments, as was the one sent under the command of Captain Tucker, in 1816, to the River Congo, which was at that time supposed to be the lower course of the Joliba or Niger. This, like the later one in 1841, under Captain Trotter, was a disastrous undertaking, and neither of them added much to our geographical knowledge. Both were failures indeed, and attended with a melancholy loss of life. The termination of the Niger (otherwise Joliba and Kawara) remained doubtful, until in 1830 it was settled by Richard Lander and his brother, who traced the river to its mouth.

In all these progressive steps of African exploration, so earnestly pursued and so speedily destined to remove the thick veil of darkness and ignorance that covered all the interior of Africa, there have been many agencies and several different influences at work. Geography and the discovery of new regions, would have little value if they merely gratified curiosity and enlarged the limits of our knowledge. The most enthusiastic votary of scientific exploration and geographical information, would scarcely keep up his interest in the work, if he did not believe it might bear fruit —that some time, far or near, it might and would be fruitful in good, though it could not always clearly be seen in what way, or at what time. Nothing that is really barren in the field of research can long survive, or make good its claim to human interest. It is impossible, therefore, that so many costly efforts, involving the sacrifice of health and life itself in numerous cases, should have been made continous, if the knowledge sought did

not point to some ulterior objects of utility and desire. To know that a vast continent existed, stretching from the Mediterranean to the Southern Ocean—or even that it contained some 180,000,000 of a black race scattered over its surface, divided by great deserts, rivers, lakes, and primeval forests, would not be an adequate motive for strenuous exertions and great sacrifices. But if this country, with its teeming population of millions, were known to be the scene of wrongs which were an outrage to humanity — and for which, in part at least, Christian nations and the whole civilised world were more or less directly responsible,—a desire to remedy the evil would naturally arise. If in addition it were ascertained that the greatest proportion of these millions of the human race were steeped in barbarism, and given over to the most hideous idolatry, cannibalism, and devil-worship, in furtherance of which human victims were annually and daily sacrificed by thousands,—are there any Christians who would not at some time of their lives feel that a duty was laid upon them, by the simple knowledge of the fact, to take some steps for the redemption of a whole race from such heathenism and revolting cruelty by the influences of civilisation and religion? The missionary feels this, and so devotes life and energy to that end. The humanitarian and philanthropist, even of the most lukewarm temperament, contributes his money to such an object; and the suppression of slave-dealing and of human sacrifices to idols, by the inculcation of a purer religion, becomes the common object of both missionary and philanthropist. But other and more mundane interests come also into play. Governments and states which formed colonies and settlements to promote a slave trade, found colonists and traders remained after the slave traffic had been abandoned, whom they were bound to protect. Colonial and political interests dictate exploratory expeditions, and demand geographical knowledge of territories beyond their limits. Commerce gradually increases, while geographical discovery opens up new fields for enterprise and legitimate trade to step in and take the place of the suppressed slave-traffic; thus promply utilising the work of geographical and scientific explorers. Without the knowledge which it is the special business of these to collect, the merchant is helpless and ignorant, and no exchange of goods or trade on a large scale can be established. The merchant and the manufacturer soon join their interests in appeals to the government for extension and more information, and that which began with purely scientific exploration and geography, ends in largely promoting religion and philanthropy, as well as meeting political requirements and the demands of commerce. Who is there that is wholly without interest in any of these objects, and what State can afford to despise or neglect them? To all of these, African explorers have rendered incalculable service during this last twenty-five years, and neither the extent nor the importance of this service can be reduced to a money value. For putting aside all considerations of justice and humanity, commerce has not had, since the discovery of a new world, so vast a field for profitable enterprise opened to it as Africa will soon present.

England more especially, as the first maritime and commercial nation in the world, with its power founded and maintained mainly by its commerce and colonies, is still dependent on these for the continuance of its wealth, and other elements of strength. At this moment especially, more than at any other epoch in our history, it is essential that new markets should be found for its manufactures. With strikes at home, increasing the cost of labour and its products—competition and protective tariffs abroad, even in our own colonies, the once unlimited field for our industries is rapidly narrowing to an alarming extent. The United States demand for our goods has diminished

nearly fifty per cent within the last few years.[1] Russia and China both adopt a policy the effect of which is to close Central and Eastern Asia to our trade. India even is giving signs of commencing a race of competition by native looms. Free trade is as abhorrent to Spain as it is to Russia, or the United States, and nowhere is in the ascendant, to whichever quarter of the globe we turn. It maintains a losing fight with protection in France and Germany, while it is repudiated utterly by our own offspring and descendants —with few exceptions of no great importance. Where, then, shall we look for customers unfettered by such restrictions, unless it be in Africa,—a country with millions of an uncivilised race capable of supplying cotton and sugar, sago and rice, with every other tropical product in demand, for the rest of the world, if required, in exchange for manufactured goods, and the produce of our workshops of every kind?

With these general data before us it seems worthy of serious inquiry how Great Britain may best secure this open market of the future, while taking her place among the nations of the world in efforts to bring about in Africa a new era of civilisation and commerce, in a way calculated to prove a blessing and not a curse, as both the one and the other have so often become to races of inferior civilisation.

As to the practical means of attaining the main objects of all these efforts there is a general consensus of opinion. One or more practicable waggon-roads from the East Coast to the lakes—or to one of them—safe from the tsetze fly, and through a line of country not made impassable by intractable or hostile natives. Such roads are already advancing favourably in at least two directions towards Tanganyika and Nyassa. The next desideratum is a steamer—one or more—upon each of the great inland seas. And this also is on the point of being realised. One is already on Lake Nyassa. Another must by this time be on the Albert or Victoria, if not on both, by the energetic action of Gordon Pasha, aided by the efforts of his predecessor, Sir Samuel Baker.

The third and more remote object which Mr. Stanley's brilliant exploit in tracing the Congo will do much to advance, is a continuous line of communication between the East and the West Coast of the Continent, south of the equator, with Nyassa or Tanganyika, midway, as central depôts and connecting-links. Subsidiary lines through the lake regions, which would connect the trunk road with the Nile basin—the lower course of the Congo to the north, and the Zambesi country to the south—might debouch at convenient points on the sea coast. Whether this great trunk road should be maintained by the establishment of a series of permanent posts under European superintendency, or whether it might be sufficient—at any rate as a commencement—to appoint native agencies at certain intermediate points, and to rely on the efforts of individual travellers and the influence of local traffic to keep up a regular communication along the line, would depend on the degree of public support accorded to the undertaking by Great Britain alone, or several countries in conjunction.

As to cost, if we take into consideration the money and lives already expended since this country first placed a squadron on the West Coast to prevent the export of slaves and protect our own settlements, any sum at all likely to be spent or asked for, in establishing stations and practicable routes across Southern Africa must be infinitesimal, and too insignificant to demand serious thought. It is now many years ago that a series of letters

[1] The *Statesman's Year Book* for 1877 gives the following totals of British home produce imports into the United States:—

1872 . . .	£40,736,597.
1873 . . .	33,574,664.
1874 . . .	28,241,809.
1875 . . .	21,868,279.

The imports having commenced to decline from the first of these years, 1872, in a rapidly increasing ratio.

were published, addressed to the late Lord Brougham by Mr. James Macqueen, who went in great detail into this subject. He says the expenditure is so great as to be almost incredible, and adds, writing in 1856,—"It runs in vast sums through every annual finance account and money return presented to Parliament during the last fifty-five years." Sir John Barrow, even twenty years earlier (*Quarterly Review*, 1825, p. 605), estimated the cost of the squadron on the African Coast alone, bounties for capture, and expense of Mixed Commissions, at 500,000*l.* yearly. Some Parliamentary returns later, carried the naval expenditure as high as 1,000,000*l.*, and in the Parliamentary Return, No. 670, of 1846 (see Fourth Report of Slave-Trade Committee, 1848), it is estimated at 706,450*l.* yearly. Taking this as a basis, and including a numerous list of other charges strictly consequent on our efforts during the fifty-five years to suppress the African slave-trade, Mr. Macqueen makes the total cost 52,023,684*l.*, irrespective of the 20,000,000*l.* paid to the West India proprietors of slaves for their emancipation. Over 70,000,000*l.* sterling! In view of this enormous expenditure, from which we have derived little or no commercial advantage, if we compare what would now be required to entirely suppress any slave traffic on the coast for foreign demand, and create a great and profitable commerce, equally advantageous to the Africans and ourselves, we cannot but be struck by the vast disproportion between expenditure and promised results. From 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* spent annually for the next few years, in surveying and exploration, it is estimated would go a long way, if not entirely suffice, to open one or more direct and practicable roads from the East Coast to the lakes and a trunk line across the continent,—1,400 miles of which might be by steam navigation on the river Congo, as we now know. Of course, the first cost of steamers and road-making would have to be provided in addition. What means might be required to connect the Congo and the Zambesi, or their tributaries, it would be premature yet to say. Cameron has spoken of a short canal; possibly a tram-road might be practicable in parts. In any case there is but this missing link to be filled up to establish direct though interrupted water communication (on account of the number of cataracts and necessary portages) across the continent. From the mouth of the Zambesi, on the eastern coast, to the mouth of the Congo on the western, the greater part may be traversed by navigable rivers. The lakes would in such a system become subsidiary, and stretch the lines of commerce from the Zambesi and Congo northward to the Nile and the Mediterranean, and thus put the three oceans—the Atlantic, the Indian, and the Mediterranean—in connection the whole length and breadth of the continent. Can this be, it will be asked? and is it possible such vast results might be effected in the next few years, and at an outlay of less than one-tenth of the sum this country has continued spending annually for more than fifty years, and for the attainment of only one of the objects here contemplated? Many sober-minded people will probably ask this question with more or less of incredulity. Yet not only is this possible, but railroads and telegraphic-lines would follow quickly on the steps of the pioneers who should make practicable waggon-tracks, though of course at a greater expenditure of capital. The trade that must spring up would, however, readily supply what might be needed.

No doubt there are some who will be disposed to treat all such forecasts of a possible future for Africa—and for Great Britain also, if its Government, its manufacturers, and merchants, will adopt the proper means—as purely visionary, or little better than the hallucinations of enthusiasm and a lively imagination. Perhaps the best corrective for such depreciatory

judgments will be a quotation from one of these letters written more than twenty years ago before there was any question of the brilliant discoveries of Livingstone, and his successors opened up a new vista, extending from the centre of Africa to the Mediterranean. Judging from the general tone and tenor of Mr. Macqueen's letters, he does not strike me as having been an enthusiast, or even a very sanguine man. Let us see what he says. Speaking of the small return and miserable results in trade or profit, of such a large and long-continued expenditure, he asks :—"Are all the enormous sums above mentioned to be lost? Certainly all will be so, unless something is wisely and effectually done for Africa, and in Africa." I quote this writer, though not agreeing with him on some important points, and more especially as regards our future policy, and the probable results of a large development of commerce upon the future destinies of the native population. He argues in one place, but very inconsistently, that the African chiefs, if they found a demand for tropical produce would set their slaves to cultivate it in order that they might sell or exchange it for such few imports as they covet or require. Finding that their slaves were becoming more valuable by the greater value of their labour, they would seek to increase this number at the expense of the next tribe who might be too weak to resist a raid; even if they were not further tempted to supply slave labour to the foreigner for the cultivation of tropical produce on African soil, by the offer of a price which would yield more money for the hands than he could realise by the sale of their produce. Certainly under either of these conditions the domestic or internal slave trade, which has always existed, would be rather increased than discouraged. But a demand for ivory, or any other product of Africa, is apparently open to the same objection. The greater the demand the greater the increase of labour to meet it. Hence he comes to the conclusion that legitimate commerce will not of itself redeem or civilise Africa. Livingstone, in one passage of his first, work, *Missionary Travels*, expresses a similar doubt, but at the close of the volume he says, "We ought to encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets, as the most effective means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation." And Mr. Macqueen himself argues elsewhere that only by commerce can slavery be suppressed. He would, however, encourage manufacturing industry in Africa, and it is difficult to see in what consists the difference, as to slave and free labour, between manufacturing and agricultural processes? He inveighs against the instructions said to have been given by the home government to Dr. Livingstone to promote the growth of raw material to exchange for foreign manufactures. It is with singular inconsistency therefore that he shortly after urges "the truth that the cultivation of Africa and the exportation of the productions so numerous and so valuable, raised by the Africans themselves, is the only true path to take to abolish, *not only the slave trade, but African slavery.*" He arrives, therefore, in the end at the point from which I took my departure, and he more especially urged upon Sir Robert Peel, the paramount importance of encouraging *the growth of cotton* in Africa, and so preventing our great dependence upon the United States for that staple of our greatest manufacturing industry. He then repeated his conviction that, "*African agriculture was the basis of African commerce and freedom.*"

In this conclusion I perfectly agree, and as to the results on the domestic slavery of Africa, of increased agriculture and demand for its products, we must I think carefully distinguish between the slave traffic for the supply of a foreign market and a domestic institution. Not only in Africa, but over the whole of Asia, domestic slavery has always existed, under

every form of government, native or foreign, and been legally sanctioned. With the Jews, in the time of Moses, as with other races, the legislation regulating slavery may have left much to be desired in the way of humanity, but still in affording a certain protection, it also legally authorised the bondage.

When it is said therefore that we should utterly repudiate any connection with this employment of slaves by native chiefs, it is neither more nor less than to require the cessation of all intercourse or relations with the African race. Slavery and a slave trade have existed in Africa from the days of Abraham and the Pharaohs—for aught we know, from the earliest population of the country in pre-historic periods, and twenty centuries before any Europeans ever visited either the West or the East Coast. And to all appearance slavery will continue to exist among the natives themselves, in despite of any efforts of European powers to suppress it, until Civilisation, Commerce, and Christianity all combined eradicate it by the same slow processes which led to the disappearance of feudalism and serfdom in Europe. Slavery and an internal slave trade are too deeply rooted in the customs and tribal laws, sanctioned, recognized, and submitted to by the whole population of every rank and degree, for any alteration to be effected by the will of a Foreign power. Every offence and every crime is readily commuted for slavery, and every prisoner taken in war becomes a slave—as was once the practice in Europe, and is still all over Asia. It has well been said, therefore, that we might as well try to dam up the Niger or the Congo, as attempt by our legislation or forcible interference, to root out slavery and an internal slave trade in Africa. It must be left to time and other influences to effect a change—as the same institution was left by the Founder of Christianity in Judea. The progress of knowledge, civilisation, and commerce will do much—the spirit of Christianity still more, once that free access into the interior can be obtained by the means now under consideration. That this is neither so hopeless nor remote in prospect, as many are disposed to think, may be inferred with certainty by much recent evidence from the most trustworthy sources, as to the actual state of the country and the population in large portions. Lieutenant Shergold Smith, writing to Dr. Kirk from Kagéi Usekuma so late as May 19th last, reports a rough journey from Nguru, and says that of 360 men with whom he left that place, only six arrived at the end of the journey; all the rest, from fear or bad faith, having deserted, in consequence of which they lost half their goods—beads and cloth —and were in danger of being stopped altogether for want of carriers. Notwithstanding such an untoward beginning, Lieutenant Smith adds that "the country is very productive, and provisions of all kinds exceedingly cheap. Cattle graze by hundreds on the plains, which are very extensive, offering at times a sea horizon. I have not met with a trace of slavery, nor do I see any signs of it here. The Arab Songoro, who is living and trading here, and has a bad name from Stanley, has not shown us anything but kindness. His trade seems perfectly legal in ivory." Take this, in connection with the equally recent satisfactory report of Dr. Kirk, of expeditions in other directions, and it is impossible to deny the encouraging prospect opened of rapid and permanent progress. We are surely warranted, by all that has preceded, in believing that, although we cannot by any exercise of power at once put an end to slavery, it will gradually cease by the operation of natural causes, if there be no facilities for shipping slaves away from the country.

Diplomacy has done much—perhaps all that is possible or needful—within the last two or three years to effect this object. The treaty lately entered

into with the Sultan of Zanzibar, and still more recently, one with the Khedive of Egypt, for the total suppression of the slave trade, give fair promise of being effective. The co-operation of Colonel Gordon in the Soudan and region of the Upper Nile is a further guarantee for good faith and success, while the no less zealous and able assistance of Dr. Kirk, our Consul-General at Zanzibar, is a sufficient pledge of loyalty in that quarter.

Mr. Stanley's second letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, dated from Nyangwe, October 20, 1876, before he started on his journey westward, which has appeared while this paper is in the press, contains much that is opposed to the view I have taken in the preceding pages, both as regards the slave trade, and the best mode of promoting the rapid development of commerce. In reference to the continuance of a slave trade on a wholesale scale, and with all its worst accompaniments of slave-hunting raids and destruction of life, Mr. Stanley charges the Sultan of Zanzibar with allowing his subjects, and especially Said bin Salim, the Governor of Unyamyembe, "an officer in the employ of Burghash, Prince of Zanzibar," to be actively engaged in this illegal traffic. This Said bin Salim, to the best of his knowledge and belief, is one of the principal slave-traders in Africa, and at the same time the most trusted agent of the authorities at Zanzibar. If this be indeed true, there is justification enough for the denunciation both of the principal and his agent. It constitutes an indictment against the Sultan himself, so dishonouring and fatal to all trust in any treaty engagements, that I cannot doubt it will lead to a searching inquiry, and further action on the part of Her Majesty's Government. Nevertheless, I am not disposed to modify what I have said above, until the parties so directly charged have been heard, and the result known. The defence of the Sultan of Zanzibar, or any of his agents implicated in the most iniquitous traffic which the wickedness and greed of man has ever devised, is no concern of mine. By their own acts they must stand or fall, and if even a small part of what is now alleged against them be proved, I trust they will fall never to rise again. But inasmuch as we have equally direct evidence from Dr. Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul-General at Zanzibar, of an entirely contradictory character, respecting the disposition of the Sultan Burghash, to open up the country to English trade, and to facilitate the making of roads into the interior, so far as his sovereign authority extends, we must give him the benefit of such testimony. Nothing could well be more inconsistent than for any authority, Arab or European, to directly sanction or promote by its own officers and agents a flagrant breach of treaty, and yet lend every aid to Englishmen to be the witnesses of his bad faith, and the evil done in his name. The same remark applies in great part to the suspicion attaching to the Khedive's *bona fides* in the treaty engagements recently entered into with us. The presence of Colonel Gordon, and the almost absolute power with which he has been invested over the whole Soudan and region of the Upper Nile should be strong evidence of the good will of the Khedive, even though it may for a time, and to a certain extent, be frustrated by the corruption of his officers, and the incorrigible vice of his subjects, long engaged in the slave trade.

On the other points of trade and missionary labours, and the direction which these should take, referred to in this letter of Mr. Stanley's, I am constrained to make one or two remarks, opposed, as his opinions are, to the plan of operations suggested in this article. Mr. Stanley speaks with the advantage which can hardly be too highly estimated, of personal observation and great experience as a traveller through Central Africa, from sea to sea, and in many regions never before trodden by the foot of a white man.

His opinions, therefore, are deserving of great consideration, and can only be called in question with some diffidence. He expresses, however, a very decided opinion against attempting to push trade from the east coast, based upon the condition of the tribes on the two sides of the continent. Gathered into large kingdoms, governed despotically, and subject to the rule of one chief, in East Central Africa, and infinitely subdivided in the West, from Lake Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo river, he says: "The people are gathered in small insignificant districts, towns, or villages, each governed by its respective chief, all animated by an intense thirst for trade; but equally distinguished for their idolatry, hostility to each other, and foolish pride." From these relative conditions of the eastern and western populations, Mr. Stanley arrives at the conclusion that the two sides of the African continent should be acted on by two different influences. The missionary would be the more powerful agent and by his labours afford the most fitting means of approach on the eastern side, while on the western side the trader should precede the missionary. But there are other conditions both of a physical and political character, which point to a somewhat different conclusion. The approach to the great inland seas of Central Africa would appear to be much easier, both for trader and missionary, from the east coast, than the mouth of the Congo on the west, with its numerous cataracts. For the labours of the missionary undoubtedly the great kingdom of Mtesa, with a population of 5,000,000, according to Mr. Stanley, would afford a very favourable basis. Mtesa himself might be converted by one effort, since he is so well disposed, and has asked for missionaries to be sent to him. All his subjects might be converted, in the same manner—as all barbarous nations of Europe were converted, after Constantine had led the way. There are besides the kingdoms of Ruanda with a like population, of Urundi, with 3,000,000, Asagara, and many others. By all means let missionaries hasten to prosecute their labours in these several territories. They can have no similar prospects in Western Central Africa. But it is as regards trade that I think Mr. Stanley may be mistaken in his conclusions. In the first place there are well-beaten trade routes approaching the lakes in several directions from the coast opposite Zanzibar. A bullock waggon road has already been formed by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and is being rendered practicable. Facilities for a barter trade have existed from old date in this direction, which can scarcely be found on the western side. The many subdivisions of the land among a thousand small tribes and petty chiefs, some ruling over "a hundred-acre field," and hostile to each other, must go far to make any combinations for a large trade or security practicable. The first condition of such a trade is a free transit, or the power of entering into valid engagements with those in possession of the land for a secure passage with regulated rates or duties of transit. This would seem to render the approach from the mouth of the Congo to the point where the uninterrupted navigation of steamers might begin, a slow operation, and one which for a long time must be of doubtful issue.

I would say in conclusion, that whoever earnestly and truly desires to benefit the millions of this slave-haunted continent, where all laws, human and divine, are habitually outraged—whoever hopes to heal this "open sore of the world," as Livingstone designated the slave trade, where "all the land is foul with monstrous wrong"—must join in the prayer that whatever be the cost or difficulty of the efforts now making, they may prove successful. Nor can I conceive any one interested in the prosperity and power of this country not feeling anxious to see trade advanced by the opening of a new market of such unlimited capacity, and so wholly unoccupied by hostile

tariffs and a protective policy. This war of "tariffs," to which Sir Stafford Northcote has recently alluded, as partly being waged, and partly threatened against us, denouncing it as an "antagonism offered to free trade by the nations of America and Europe, in regard to which Great Britain cannot afford to be neutral,"—points to a fundamental condition of our well being as a nation. Our interests, it cannot be too often repeated, are inseparably bound up with the development of commerce; and protective tariffs are established in direct opposition to the introduction of our trade. These can only be successfully met by finding new markets not subject to such injurious restrictions, and Africa offers a larger and a fairer field than either Asia, Europe, or America under the existing protective policy. It will be well to remember also that it offers this fair field only because it is not already pre-occupied by those with whom hostile and protective tariffs are in favour. If we desire to profit by this great market of the future, it behoves us to lose no time in occupying the ground ourselves, so as to render impossible the extension of the same system in Africa which now so generally and injuriously prevails elsewhere. Whoever desires therefore any of the great ends here indicated must no less earnestly desire to promote the continuous and systematic exploration of the African continent. They must desire it if for no other reason, because it is evident no step can be taken in any one of the above paths of progress and enlightenment for the benefit alike of the African race and the rest of the world, until geographers have first prepared the way, and by pioneer work removed impediments too numerous and full of peril to be successfully encountered by merchant, capitalist, or missionary, without such aid as trained and scientific explorers can alone afford.

RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

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THE EDUCATION OF AFTER LIFE.

(An Address delivered on the occasion of the new session of University College, Bristol, October 27, 1877.)[1]

It is said that the late King of Prussia, on seeing Eton College, exclaimed, "Happy is that country where the old is ever entwined with the new, where the new is ever old, and the old is ever new." That is most true; but if he had come to Bristol at this time, he might have even improved on his remark, and said, "Happy is that country where the old is ever giving birth to the new, where the new is ever springing from the old." For in the Cathedral he would have seen the Abbey Church of Robert Fitzharding, the fine old descendant of the wild sea-kings, awakening into a new life, and stretching forth a gigantic arm which had seemed to be paralyzed to its very socket. And he would have seen the new start of a young institution of teachers sent into this commercial city, in large measure by the energies of two ancient colleges, which a hundred years ago would have been thought the most retrograde and the most exclusive of all our academical communities. I have spoken of the Cathedral of Bristol in the proper place. Let me now say a few words on its new College.

I will not go back to the question of the utility of such institutions themselves. This was sufficiently set forth some years ago by my excellent friend, the Master of Balliol, who has done so much for Oxford and for Bristol, and by those many other distinguished persons who then addressed you. The college has been begun, and it is not of the college, but of its work that I have to speak. And, in so doing, it has been suggested to me that it might be useful to make a few general remarks on a commonplace subject—*the Education of After Life.* It is closely connected with the special functions of this institution, and it has this further advantage, that its consideration may not be altogether without profit to the more miscellaneous public.

In what sense can education be said to be carried on at all in an institution so rudimentary, so slightly equipped as this? You have no buildings, you have no antiquity, you have no traditions, you have no discipline, you have none of those things which in our older institutions are almost the atmosphere in which education lives, and moves, and

[1] University College, Bristol, was founded in 1876, "to supply for persons of both sexes above the ordinary school age the means of continuing their studies in science, languages, history, and literature; and more particularly to afford appropriate instruction in those branches of applied science which are employed in the arts and manufactures." The funds of the College are chiefly derived from local contributions; but the College receives subsidies from Balliol College and New College, Oxford, and from the Worshipful the Clothworkers' Company of London.

has its being. You have them not; and we do not for a moment underrate the loss. But there are here, at any rate, two materials of education, which may continue throughout life, and which are, perhaps, after all, the only two indispensable elements—the teachers and the taught.

1. The teachers—let me say something of them. When at Oxford, in my younger days, there were discussions about the reforms of the university; there was one want which we regarded as supremely felt, and this was the want of professors, that is to say, of teachers, who might be "as oracles, whereat students might come" in their several branches of knowledge. These were in consequence called into existence, and amongst you also they exist already. I am not now speaking personally of the actual professors, though doubtless your practical experience of them would bear out much of what I say. But I speak of the advantage to any community, to any young man or woman, of being brought into contact with higher intelligences. No operation in the way of external impulse, or stimulus, or instruction, in our passage through this mortal existence, is equal to the impression produced upon us by the contact of intellects and characters superior to ourselves. It is for this reason that a college like yours must always have the chance of contributing, directly and forcibly, to the elevation of those among whom it is placed. A body of men, brought together by the enthusiasm of teaching others, with a full appreciation of great subjects, with an ardent desire of improving not only others but themselves, cannot fail to strike some fire from some one soul or other of those who have the opportunity of thus making their acquaintance. It need not be that we follow their opinions; the opinions may vanish, but the effect remains. Socrates left no school behind him; the philosophers who followed him were broken into a thousand sections, but the influence and stimulus which Socrates left, never ceased, and has continued till the present hour. If we look for a moment at the records, on the one hand, of aspirations encouraged, of great projects realised; or, on the other hand, of lost careers, of broken hopes, how often shall we find that it has been from the presence or from the want of some beneficent, intelligent, appreciative mind coming in among the desponding, the distressed, the storm-tossed souls of whom this world contains only too many. To take the example of two poets—one whose grave is in the adjacent county, one belonging to your own city—how striking and how comforting is the reflection of the peaceful, useful, and happy close of the life of George Crabbe, the poet; for eighteen years pastor of Trowbridge. All that happiness, all that usefulness, he owed to the single fact, that, when a poor, forsaken boy in the streets of London, he bethought himself of addressing a letter to Edmund Burke. That great man had the penetration to see that Crabbe was not an impostor—not a fool. He took the poor youth by the hand, he encouraged him, he procured for him the career in which he lived and died. He was, it is hardly too much to say, the instrument of his preservation and of his regeneration. On the other hand, when, with Wordsworth, we think of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," how impossible it is to avoid the reflection, that if he had met with some congenial sphere, such as this college now presents, some kindly hand to lead him forward, some wise direction (over and above the kindness which he met from personal friends) that might have rescued him from his own desperate thoughts, we should have been spared the spectacle of the premature death of one whose fate will always rank amongst the tragical incidents of the history not only of Bristol but of England.

It is too much to expect that there may be a Burke amongst your profes-

sors, or a Chatterton amongst your pupils. But the hopeful and the melancholy lesson are both worth remembering.

2. And now, leaving the body of teachers, these two instances remind me to turn to the body of students. I can but plunge in the dark to give any advice, but this much is surely applicable to all of them. I will do my best, and perhaps here and there a word may be useful.

Bear in mind both the advantages and the disadvantages which the voluntary education of students in after life involves by the mere fact of the freedom of choice — freedom in studies, freedom in subjects, freedom of opinions. A self-educated man is, in some respects, the better, in some respects the worse, for not having been trained in his early years by regular routine. We have an illustration of both the stronger and the weaker side of self-education in the case of Mr. Buckle, the author of the *History of Civilization.* At the time of his greatest celebrity, it was often remarked that no man who had been at regular schools or universities could, on the one hand, have acquired such an enormous amount of multifarious knowledge, and such a grasp of so many details; while, on the other hand, no one but a self-educated man, feeding his mind here and there, without contradiction, without submission, without the usual traditions of common instruction, could have fallen into so many paradoxes, so many negligences, so many ignorances. It is enough to state this fact, in order to put you on your guard against the dangers of your position, and also to make you feel its hopes and opportunities. Over the wide field of science and knowledge it is yours to wander. The facts which you acquire will probably take a deeper hold on your minds from having been sought out by yourselves; but not the less should you remember that there are qualifying and controlling influences derived from the more regular courses of study which are of lasting benefit, and the absence of which you must take into account in judging of the more desultory and the more independent researches which you have to make. A deaf person may acquire, and often has acquired, a treasure of knowledge and a vigour of will by the exclusion of all that wear and tear, of all that friction of outer things, which fill the atmosphere of those who have the possession of all their senses. But nevertheless a deaf person, in order not to be misled into extravagant estimates of his own judgment, or of the value of his own pursuits, should always be reminded that he has not the same means of correcting and guarding his conclusions and opinions as he would have if he were open to the insensible influence of "the fibres of conversation," as they have been well called, which float about in the general atmosphere, that for him has no existence. Self-education is open both to the advantages and disadvantages of deafness; knowledge is at some entrances quite shut out, whilst such knowledge as gets in occupies the mind more completely, but always needs to be reminded that there is a surrounding vacuum. With this general encouragement, and this general warning, let us proceed.

3. There are in connection with this institution, two chief departments of human knowledge open to those who educate themselves—Science and Literature. Of Science, which provides for the larger part of your instruction, I can unfortunately say but little, for the simple reason that, from my own ignorance, I have nothing to contribute on the subject. Still, I cannot be insensible to the immense enjoyment which every branch of it must furnish to those with whom it enters, not merely into the pleasures, but into the actual work, of their daily life. It is hard, for example, to overstate the advantage which it must be to those who are immersed in the business and the commerce of a great town like this, that, amidst the fluctuations of specu-

lation, and the interminable discussions of labour and capital, they should have fixed in their minds the solid principles of political economy. It was with a thrill of delight, quite apart from agreement or disagreement, that I read not long ago of one of our chief public men in Parliament taking his stand aloof from his party, and in despite of his own interests, in defence of the dry and arid science of political economy, which he thought was unduly depreciated anomgst large classes of our countrymen. Dry and arid it may be, but I cannot doubt that it is, as it were, the backbone of much of our social system, and it gives a backbone to all into whose minds it has thoroughly entered.

Then in geology, astronomy, chemistry, and the natural sciences generally, what a large field is open before you for your pleasure and profit! When Wordsworth said in his fine ode that there had passed away "a glory and a freshness" from the earth, he little thought that there was another freshness and glory coming back, in the deeper insight which science would give into the wonders and the grandeur of nature. I have heard people say who had travelled with Sir Charles Lyell, that to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage, to watch the geological formations as he passed through a railway cutting, was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures.

4. Then, when we come to literature, what a world of ideas is opened by a public library, or even a private library —by such libraries, great or small, as have, by individual or corporate munificence, been opened in every quarter of Bristol. What a feast there is in a single good book!

We sometimes hardly appreciate sufficiently the influence which literature exercises over large phases of the world. By literature I mean those great works of history, poetry, fiction, or philosophy that rise above professional or commonplace uses, and take possession of the mind of a whole nation, or a whole age. It was pointed out to me the other day how vast an effect had been wrought by the famous Persian poet Ferdusi, in welding together into one people the discordant races of the Mussulman conquerors and the indigenous Persians, by his great poem on Persian history, which he, belonging to the Mussulman conquerors, wove out of the legendary lore of the conquered race. But, indeed, it is not necessary to go to Persia for an example. How vast an influence for good has been exercised on this century by the novels of Sir Walter Scott. It is not only that by superseding the coarser, though often vigorous, fictions of the last century they purified the whole current of English literature—it is not only that they awakened an interest in the past, and also gave a just view of the present and the future, beyond almost any writings of our time, but that they bound together, in an indissoluble bond, the two nations, Scotland and England, which before that time had been almost as far asunder as if one of them had been on the other side of the Channel, instead of on the other side of the Tweed. Often it has been said, and truly, that no greater boon could be conferred on Ireland than that a genius as wide-spreading, as deeply penetrating, and as calmly judging, as Sir Walter Scott, could be raised up to give a like interest to the scenery, the history, the traditions, and the characters of Ireland.

I have given these two examples of the national influence of literature, because they show, on a great scale, what can be effected by the finest thoughts put into the finest words. To be conversant with them is an education of after life which never ceases. We read such books again and again, and there is always something new in them. Spend, if possible, one hour each day in reading some good and great book. The number of such books is not too many to overwhelm you. Every one who reflects on the former years of his education, can lay

his finger on half a dozen, perhaps even fewer, which have made a lasting impress upon his mind. Treasure up these. It is not only the benefits which you yourself derive from them —it is the impression which they leave upon you of the lasting power of that which is spiritual and immaterial. How many in all classes of life may say of their own experience that which was said in speaking of his library, by one of your most illustrious townsmen, who was my own earliest literary delight, Robert Southey :—

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

"With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind."

And even perhaps some of the youngest or homeliest amongst us need not scruple to add—

"My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

5. But it is not only by books, whether of literature or science, that the self-education of after life is assisted. When Joan of Arc was examined before her ecclesiastical judges, and was taunted with the reproach that such marvellous things as she professed to have seen and heard and done were not found written in any book which they had studied, she answered in a spirit akin, and in some respects superior, to the well-known lines in which Hamlet replies to Horatio. She replied, "My Lord God has a book in which are written many things which even the most learned clerk and scholar has never come across." Let me take several examples, showing how education may be carried forward apart from books.

Let me touch on the experiences presented to our eyes and ears by travel. In this age it is one of the peculiar advantages offered to all classes, or almost all classes, which, in former times, was the privilege only of a few, that the great book of foreign countries and the phenomena of nature have been opened to our view. We hardly appreciate how vast a revelation, how new a creation has been opened to us in these respects within the last fifty years. A century ago not only were the scenes to be visited closed against us, but the eye by which we could see them was closed also. The poet Gray was the first human being who discovered the charms of the English lakes which are now able even to enter into a battle of life and death against the mighty power of a city like Manchester, because of the enthusiastic interest which they have enkindled in the hearts of all who visit them. The glories of the valley of Chamounix were first made known to the European world by two Englishmen at the close of the last century. Before that time the cherished resorts of such gifted personages as Voltaire and Madame de Staël were so selected as carefully to exclude every view of Mont Blanc and his great compeers. But in our time all these various forms of beauty and grandeur are appreciated with a keenness and sought with an enjoyment which must add new life and new vigour even to the most secluded amongst us.

6. Besides the education which distant travel may give there is also a constant process of self-education which may be carried on nearer home. It is not only that in each successive age, or at least in the age in which we

live, a new eye or faculty has been created by which we are enabled to see remote objects which to our forefathers were absolutely unknown; but, according to the familiar story which we read in our childhood, every human being may pass through the most familiar scenes with "eyes" or "no eyes." Let me illustrate this by the instruction which can be conveyed to an inquiring and observant mind by the city in which our lot is cast. "What a book!" as Joan of Arc would have said—"what a book of endless interest is opened to us in Bristol!" How it tells its own story of the long unbroken continuity of importance in which it stands second amongst British cities only to London. It is, as Lamartine says of Damascus, a predestinated city. Why was it of such early political eminence? Because, if I may use knowledge imparted to me since I came among you, it was the frontier fortress of the English race in the south, as Chester was in the north—to keep a watch on the wild Welshmen in their hills beyond the Severn. Why was it of such early commercial eminence, before the birth of Manchester, or Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Glasgow? Because it stood near the mouth of that great estuary by which alone at that time England was able to hold communion with the unknown West, with the Atlantic, and with the Transatlantic world. At the mouth of the Severn, yet what in those early days was even yet more valued, not quite at the mouth—parted only by that marvellous cleft of the Avon, up which the ships of old time came stealing, as by a secret passage, on the back of the enormous tide of the Bristol Channel, beyond the grasp of the pirate or buccaneer of the open sea.[1] And why did it become the scene of all those pleasant tales of Miss Burney, or Miss Edgeworth, or Miss Austin, in later days, which made its localities familiar to the childhood of those who, like myself, knew Bristol like a household word fifty years before they explored it for themselves? It was the gush of mineral springs, the "hot wells," now forgotten, but then the rallying-point of fashion and society, beneath your limestone rocks. And what makes it such an ever-growing, ever-inspiring centre of institutions, such as Clifton College, already venerable with fame, and this new University College? It is the unrivalled combination of open downs, and deep gorges, and distant views, and magnificent foliage —magnificent still, in the wreck and devastation which causes even a stranger almost to weep, as he passes through the carnage of gigantic trunks with which the late hurricane has strewed the park of King's Weston. These are amongst the lessons which the education of after life may bring out from the pages of this vast illuminated book of the natural situation of Bristol, which, more even than the Charter of King John or the Bishopric of Henry VIII., have given to it its long eventful history and its never-ceasing charm.

7. Apart from the education to be derived from inanimate objects, there is the yet deeper education to be derived by those who have senses exercised to discern between true and false, between good and evil, from the great flux and reflux of human affairs, with which the peculiarity of our times causes all to become more or less conversant. One of the experiences which the education of life brings with it, or ought to bring with it, is an increasing sense of the difference between what is hollow and what is real, what is artificial and what is honest, what is permanent and what is transitory. "There are," says Goethe, in a proverb pointed out to me long ago by Lord Houghton as a summary of human wisdom, "many echoes in the world, but few voices." It is the business of the education of after life to make us more

[1] "The ancient cities of Greece, on account of the piracy then prevailing on the sea, were built rather at a distance from the shore." (Thucydides, i. 7.)

and more alive to this distinction. Think of the popular panics and excitements which we have outlived—of the delusions which we have seen possess whole masses of the people, educated and uneducated, and then totally pass away. You have, many of you, I doubt not, heard the story of the conversation of the most famous of all the Bishops of Bristol as he was walking in the dead of night in the garden of the now destroyed episcopal palace. "His custom," says his chaplain, "was when at Bristol to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of year would afford, and I had frequently the honour to attend him. He would take a turn and then stop suddenly short, and ask the question, 'Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals? Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those tragedies of which we read in history.' I thought little," adds the Chaplain, "of the odd conceit of the Bishop, but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases."

Yes. Bishop Butler was right. Such madnesses have occurred many and many a time before, and they have indeed been enacted many and many a time since. The madness of the people of London in the riots of Lord George Gordon; the madness of the people of Birmingham when they burned the library of Dr. Priestley; the madness of the people of Bristol, which laid waste in 1831 the very garden in which Bishop Butler made the remark one hundred years ago; the innumerable theological panics which I have seen rise and fall away in my own day—are all examples of the danger to which we are exposed in public agitations unless by the stern education of after life we deliberately guard ourselves against it.

It is with no view of producing an undue distrust either of human nature or of popular judgments that I dwell on the deep conviction of the instability of temporary judgments which this experience of life impresses upon us. Like all insanity, it is best met by sanity. Like all falsehood and hollowness, it is best resisted by a determination on the part of those who know better, not to give way by one hairsbreadth to what they know in their own minds to be a fiction or a crime. If we all of us, as communities, as parties, as churches, are liable to these fits of madness, it is the more necessary that we should educate ourselves to be our own keepers. And as in actual insanity, so in those metaphorical insanities, it is encouraging to remember that one keeper, one sane keeper, is often quite enough to control many madmen. When one verger by his own stout arm and resolute speech saved Bristol Cathedral from the raging mob, he did what many a magistrate, or politician, or ecclesiastic under analogous circumstances might do, and what they have often failed to do and so have well nigh ruined the commonwealth. In these illusions of which we are speaking, it is not so difficult after all to detect the ring of a true or of a hollow word, it is not impossible to scent out with an almost infallible instinct the savour of the rotten or decaying or acrid element in human opinion, or to see wherein is to be found the light and glory and sweetness of the eternal future.

8. And this leads me to speak of that education which is given in our age and in our country more than in any other, namely:—education in public affairs or politics. I remember when in Russia that a Russian statesman was speaking of the important effects to be hoped from the endeavour to give more instruction to the people, "but," he said, "there is one process of education which has been more effectual still, and that is the reform in the administration of our courts of law and the introduction of trial by jury. This by bringing the peasants into the presence of the great

machinery of the State, by making them understand their own responsibility, by enabling them to hear patiently the views of others, is a never-failing source of elevation and instruction." Trial by jury, which to the Russian peasant is as it were but of yesterday, to us is familiar by the growth of a thousand years. It is familiar, and yet it falls only to the lot of few. I have myself only witnessed it once. But I thought it one of the most impressive scenes on which I had ever looked. The twelve men, of humble life, enjoying the advantage of the instruction of the most acute minds that the country could furnish; taught in the most solemn forms of the English language to appreciate the value of exact truth; seeing the whole tragedy of destiny drawn out before their very eyes, the weakness of passion, the ferocity of revenge, the simplicity of innocence, the moderation of the judge, the seriousness of human existence—this is an experience which may actually befall but a few, but to whomsoever it does fall the lessons which it imparts, the necessity of any previous preparation for it that can be given, leap at such moments to the eyes as absolutely inestimable. But what in its measure is true of the education which a juryman receives, and of the necessity of education for discharging the functions of a juryman, is true more or less of all the complex machinery by which the duties, the hopes, and the fears of English citizens are called into action. And here again the past history of Bristol furnishes so admirable an example of an important lesson of political education that I cannot forbear directing your attention to it. I mean Mr. Burke's speech in the Guildhall at Bristol, in which he refers to certain points in his parliamentary conduct in the year 1770. In making this reference you will not suppose that I am so indiscreet as to be entering on any political question, or taking the side of any political party. I am not favouring either the Anchor or the Dolphin. I am not giving any advice to either of your respected members, nor to any distinguished persons who may come here on the day of your great benefactor Colston.

No—but I am trying to impress upon you all the value of the education of after life in raising you to the height of that great argument in which you have to confront the grave emergencies of our time and country. Burke is speaking against the folly of electors trying to engage their representatives in matters of local or peculiar interest, as distinct from the great questions of national policy, "Look, gentlemen," he says, "to the whole tenor of your member's conduct. Try whether his ambition or his avarice has jostled him out of the straight line of duty, or whether that grand foe of the offices of active life, that master-vice in men of business, a degenerate and inglorious sloth, has made him flag and languish in his course? This is the object of our inquiry. If your member's conduct can bear this touch, mark it for sterling. He may have fallen into errors; he must have faults; but our error is greater and our fault is radically ruinous to ourselves if we do not bear, if we do not even applaud, the whole compound and mixed mass of such a character. Not to act thus is folly; I had almost said it is impiety. He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man." "When we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standard of rectitude, I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience. But if it may be doubted whether Omnipotence itself is competent to alter the essential constitution of right and wrong, sure I am that such things as they and I are possessed of no such power. No man carries further than I do the policy of making government pleasing to the people. But the widest range of this politic complaisance is confined within the limits of justice. I would not only consult

the interest of the people, but I would cheerfully gratify their humours. We are all a sort of children that must be soothed and managed. I think I am not austere or formal in my nature. I would bear, I would even myself play my part in, any innocent buffooneries to divert them. But I never will act the tyrant for their amusement. If they will mix malice in their sports I shall never consent to throw them any living, sentient creature whatsoever—no, not so much as a kitling to torment." "I could wish undoubtedly to make every part of my conduct agreeable to every one of my constituents. But in so great a city, and so greatly divided as this, it is weak to expect it. In such a discordancy of sentiments it is better to look to the nature of things than to the humours of men. The very attempt towards pleasing everybody discovers a temper always flashy, and often false and insincere. Therefore, as I have proceeded straight onward in my conduct, so I will proceed in my account of those parts of it which have been most excepted to. But I must first beg leave just to hint to you that we may suffer very great detriment by being open to every talker. It is not to be imagined how much of service is lost from spirits full of activity and full of energy, who are pressing, who are rushing forward, to great and capital objects, when *you* oblige them to be continually looking back. Whilst they are defending one service they defraud you of an hundred. Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!"

I venture to quote these words of everlasting wisdom from one of the greatest masters of the English language and of English political science, because they well express that kind of public education which the mere experience of life ought to give us, quite irrespective of the special political party to which one may be attached. No doubt, as Mr. Burke says, it is extremely difficult to know how far to concede to popular feeling, or, indeed, how far popular feeling is likely to be correct. We must all work with such instruments as are at hand. Yet not in politics only, but in all public affairs, not on one side only, but on both sides of public life, it is a peculiar danger of the generation in which our lot is cast that we are often tempted to abandon the lofty and independent line which Mr. Burke and the electors of Bristol then assumed. Often, more often, I fear, than in the days of our fathers, we meanly abdicate the function of leading the opinion of those whom we ought to lead, and prefer to follow the opinion of those who are no better —who are, it may be, worse than ourselves. Sometimes, instead of choosing courses which we believe to be for the good of the country or for the good even of the particular principles which we represent, we are weak enough to bow to the temporary exigencies of some passing war-cry on which we ourselves have no conviction at all, and which we only encourage for the purpose of acquiring power or influence to ourselves or our friends. It would be easy to illustrate this branch of public education by examples nearer home; but let us take the career of that distinguished French statesman who has just gone to his rest. M. Thiers had, no doubt, many faults, and upon his memory will always rest the burden of one or two of the greatest misfortunes which have overtaken his country; but it is to the later years of his course that I would call your attention. When during the German war of 1870 the condition of France had become well nigh desperate; when the passions, whether of the people or of their leaders, still refused to accept even the slightest proposals of peace, it was predicted by sagacious persons, both in France and in England, that the difficulty of arriving at any termination of that disastrous conflict

was enhanced by the circumstance that any statesman who ventured so far to resist the torrent of national frenzy as to make overtures to Germany, would be certain to forfeit every chance of future political success. One man, however, in that extreme emergency was found sufficiently patriotic to sacrifice the objects of his own ambition—vast as it was—to what he believed to be the good of his country. That man was Adolphe Thiers. And what was the result? All the predictions of which I have spoken were signally falsified. The act of pacification by which it was believed that his personal career was ruined became the stepping-stone by which, without dissent and with almost universal applause, he mounted to the highest place in the government of his country. And yet, once more, hardly had he been there seated when a second catastrophe overtook the nation, before which some of those who usually undertook to inspire and lead the masses turned and fled in dismay. The Commune was in possession of Paris; the working classes of that great metropolis had seized the citadel of the state. Again it was predicted that no minister who undertook the terrible task of suppressing that formidable insurrection could ever regain the confidence or the affection of the mass of the Parisian people. And yet what was the result? After a reconquest of the capital, accompanied by severities which I do not presume to judge, but which certainly were not calculated to conciliate the regard of those whose power was thus summarily broken, the same statesman was conveyed to his grave—lamented not merely by the upper classes of society which he had preserved from ruin, but with a singular and mysterious silence and solemnity of grief through the midst of the very population which he had thus rudely vanquished. I repeat that I do not refer to these incidents as an advocate of that remarkable man—he has much to answer for; and I am not here either to defend or to condemn—but these acts in the last great epoch of his life are an encouragement to all those who, in the spirit of Edmund Burke, are steadfast to the dictates of their own consciences, confident that they will reap their reward before God and posterity, but not without the just hope that they may even reap it in the gratitude of those whose folly they have resisted. These and the like acts are lessons to us that the people have, at the bottom of their hearts, more sense and more justice than we give them credit for. We may trust that the mass of our fellow-countrymen, if we have had the courage in a good cause to thwart their unreasoning frenzy, will acknowledge at last that they were mistaken, and that we were right. This is the education of public life, on which much more might be said—on which I could not say less; but on which, perhaps, I have said enough.

9. There is one more general remark on the education of experience which brings us back to our college. We live in these days more rapidly than our fathers did; we see more changes; we live, as it is said, many lives in one. Now, of this rapid growth and various experience, there is one important lesson. It shows us how great are the possibilities and capabilities of human existence. A friend of mine last year with singular courage accomplished the rare and difficult task of ascending Mount Ararat. Two days after he had come down, his companion explained to an Armenian Archimandrite at the foot of the mountain what my friend had done. The venerable man sweetly smiled, and said, "It is impossible." "But," said the interpreter, "this traveller has been up and has returned." "No," said the Archimandrite, "no one ever has ascended, and no one ever will ascend Mount Ararat." This belief in the impossibility of what has been done is uncommon, but the belief in the impos-

sibility of what may be done is very common; and it is one delightful peculiarity of the history of Bristol that it enables us to bear up against this natural prejudice. It might have been thought impossible that there should have been discovered a North America as well as a South America. Yet it was discovered by a Venetian seaman who sailed from the harbour of Bristol. It was thought that no steamer could ever cross the Atlantic. Dr. Lardner proved to demonstration in this very city of Bristol that such an event could never take place; and the late Lord Derby said that of the first steamer which crossed he would engage to swallow the boiler. Yet such a steamer started from the docks of Bristol, and safely reached New York. It might have been thought that there was something impossible in the idea of a beneficent institution, living from hand to mouth, supported by the indomitable faith of one man, living on Providence. Yet this also has been fulfilled on Ashley Down. It might have been thought impossible that the rough lads of Kingswood should ever be reformed or that the women of India should ever be moulded by European influences. Yet this also was accomplished in our own day, by the faith and energy of a wise and gentle woman, dear to Bristol—Mary Carpenter. It might have been thought impossible that an institution like this should ever have sprung into existence, that Oxford should ever have come to Bristol—that three hundred Bristol students should have been listening to lecturers from Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Yet it has been done. All these discoverers have ascended Mount Ararat, and though the most incredulous Archimandrite may shake his head and sweetly smile, and say that it cannot be, yet these things, great and small, have been achieved—and achieved in safety.

This is one of the best fruits of the education of after life. It encourages the hope that impossibilities may become not only possibilities but actualities. There is a great company here of the "Merchant Venturers," called so, I am told, because they made some of those mighty ventures in former times by which new lands were found—new wealth and knowledge poured into this ancient city. But there are still many voyages to be made, still much wealth to be expended, still new Ararats to be scaled. We are all of us *Merchant Venturers*—we all of us must venture something, if we would leave something worth living for, nay, if we would have something to look forward to hereafter. *Nil desperandum* must be written, as in the porch of the Redcliffe Church, so over the entrance of every stage of our existence.

Yes, over *every* stage. For this is the last word I will venture to say concerning the education of life. In the transformation of opinion which is imperceptibly affecting all our conceptions of the future state, and in the perplexities and doubts which this transformation excites, the idea that comes with the most solid force and abiding comfort to the foreground is the belief that the whole of our human existence is an education—not merely, as Bishop Butler said, a probation for the future, but an education which shall reach into the future. The possibilities that overcome the impossibilities in our actual experience show us that there may be yet greater possibilities which shall overcome the yet more formidable impossibilities lying beyond our experience, beyond our sight, beyond the last great change of all. Through all these changes, and towards that unseen goal, in the words of Mr. Burke, *let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!*

Arthur P. Stanley.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

GEOFF took the children home without let or hindrance. There was no inn near where they could pass the night; and as he had no legitimate right to their custody, and was totally unknown and very young, and might not awaken any lively faith in the bosom of authority as against the schoolmaster or the uncle, he thought it wisest to take them away at once. He managed to get some simplest food for them with difficulty—a little bread and milk—and made them lie down, propped amid the cushions of a first-class carriage, which was to be hooked on to the evening train when it arrived. Before they left the little station he had the satisfaction of seeing Randolph Musgrave arrive, looking sour and sullen. Geoff did not know that Randolph had done anything unkind to the children. Certainly it was none of his fault that Lilias was there; but what good partizan ever entered too closely into an examination of the actual rights and wrongs of a question? Randolph might have been innocent—as indeed he was—of any downright evil intention; but this availed him nothing. Geoff looked out of the window of his own carriage as they glided away from the station, and gazed with intensest schoolboy pleasure on the glum and sour countenance of the churlish uncle, who, but for his own intervention, might have wrought destruction to those new babes in the wood. He shivered when he thought of the two helpless creatures lying under the brambles, too frightened to move, and feeling to their hearts all the fantastic horrors of the darkness. Now, though still in movement, and undergoing still further fatigue, the absolute rest which had fallen upon their childish spirits from the mere fact that he was there, touched the young man to the heart. They were willing to let him take them anywhere; their cares were over. Nello had even made a feeble little attempt to shake his draggled plumes and swagger a little, sore and uncomfortable though he was, before he clambered into the carriage; and Lilias lay in the nest he had made for her, looking out with eyes of measureless content—so changed from those great, wistful, unfathomable oceans of anxiety and fear which had looked at him through the brambles! She put her hand into his as he settled himself in his corner beside her — the little soft child's hand, which he warmed in his strong clasp, and which clung to him with a hold which did not relax even in her dreams; for she went to sleep so, holding him fast, feeling the sense of safety glow over her in delicious warmth and ease. Through all the night, even when she slept, at every movement he made her soft fingers closed more firmly upon his hand. It was the child's anchor of safety; and this clinging, conscious and unconscious, went straight to Geoff's heart. In the dark, under the waning light of the lamp overhead, he watched the little face sinking into sleep, with now a faint little smile upon it—a complete relaxation of all the strained muscles—with a sensation of happiness which was beyond words. Sometimes, for the mere pleasure of it, he would make a movement wantonly to feel the renewed clasp of the little hand and see the drowsy opening of the eyes. "Are you there, Mr. Geoff?" she said now and then, with a voice as soft (he thought) as the coo of a dove. "Yes,

my Lily;" he would say, with his heart swelling in his young bosom; and Lilias would drop to sleep again, smiling at him with sleepy eyes—in what ease and infinite content! As for Nello, he snored now and then out of very satisfaction and slumbering confidence; little snores, something between a little cherub's trumpet and the native utterance of the tenderest of little pigs—at that age when even little piggies, by reason of babyhood, have something cherubic about them too.

At midnight, at the great junction, a tall, sunburnt, anxious-faced man walked along the line of carriages, looking in with eager looks. "Are these your children?" he said to Geoff, seeing the two little figures laid up among the cushions, and not remarking how young their companion was. He spoke abruptly, but taking off his hat with an apologetic grace, which Geoff thought "foreign," as we are all so apt to suppose unusual courtesy to be. A sudden inspiration seized the young man. He did not know who this was, but somehow he never doubted who it was the stranger sought. "They are the little Musgraves of Penninghame," he said, simply, "whom I am taking home."

The tall stranger wavered for a moment, as though he might have fallen; then, in a voice half-choked, he asked, "May I come beside you?" He sat down in the seat opposite to Geoff, after an anxious inspection of the two little faces, now settled into profound sleep. "Thank God!" he said. "They are all I have in the world."

Who could it be? Geoff's ears seemed to tingle with the words—"All I have in the world." He sat in his dark corner and gazed at this strange new-comer, who was more in the light. And the new-comer gazed at him, seeing, after a while, the child's hand clasped in his—a mark of trust which, sweet as it was, kept young Geoff in a somewhat forced attitude, not comfortable for a long night journey. "I do not know you," he said, "but my little girl seems to put her whole trust in you, and that must make me your grateful servant too."

"Then you are John Musgrave?" cried the young man. "Oh, sir, I am glad!—most glad that you have come home! Yes, I think she likes me; and, child or woman," cried young Geoff, clasping the little hand close with a sudden *effusion*, "I shall never care for any one else."

Serious, careworn, in peril of his life, John Musgrave laughed softly in his beard. "This is my first welcome home," he said.

Geoff found a carriage waiting for him at Stanton, his first impulse having been to take the children to his mother. He gave them up now with a pang, having first witnessed the surprise of incredulous delight with which Lilias flung herself at her waking upon her father. The cry with which she hailed him, the illumination of her face, and, Geoff felt, utter forgetfulness of his own claims, half-vexed the young man after his uncomfortable night; and it was with a certain pang that he gave the children up to their natural guardian. "Papa, this is Mr. Geoff," Lilias said; "no one has ever been so kind; and he knows about you something that nobody else knows."

John Musgrave looked up with a gleam of surprise and a faint suffusion of colour on his serious face. "Every one here knows about *me*," he said, with a sigh; and then he turned to the young guardian of his children. "Lily's introduction is of the slightest," he said. "I don't know you, nor how you have been made to take so much interest in them—how you knew even that they wanted help; but I am grateful to you with all my heart, all the same."

"I am Geoffrey Stanton," said the young man. He did not know how to make the announcement, but coloured high with consciousness of the pain that must be associated with his name.

But it was best, he felt, to make the revelation at once. "The brother of Walter Stanton, whom ——. As Lilias says, sir, I know more about you than others know. I have heard everything."

John Musgrave shook his head. "Everything! till death steps in to one or another of the people concerned, that is what no one will ever know; but so long as you do not shrink from me, Lord Stanton —— You are Lord Stanton, is it not so?"

"I am not making any idle brag," said Geoff. "I know *everything.* It was Bampfylde himself—Dick Bampfylde—who sent me after the children. I know the truth of it all, and I am ready to stand by you, sir, whenever and howsoever you want me——"

Geoff bent forward eagerly, holding out his hand, with a flush of earnestness and enthusiasm on his young face. Musgrave looked at him with great and serious surprise. His face darkened and lighted up, and he started slightly at the name of Bampfylde. At last, with a moment's hesitation, he took Geoff's outstretched hand, and pressed it warmly. "I dare not ask what it is you do know," he said, "but there is nothing on my hand to keep me from taking yours; and thank you a thousand times—thank you for *them.* About everything else we can talk hereafter."

In ten minutes after Geoff was whirling along the quiet country road on his way home. It was like a dream to him that all this should have happened since he last drove between these hedgerows, and he had the half-disappointed, half-injured feeling of one who has not carried out an adventure to its final end. He was worn out too, and excited, and he did not like giving up Lily into the hands of her father. Had it been Miss Musgrave he would have felt no difficulty. It was chilly in the early morning, and he buttoned up his coat to his chin, and put his hands in his pockets, and let his groom drive, who had evidently something to say to him which could scarcely be kept in till they got clear of the station. Geoff had seen it so distinctly in the man's face, that he had asked at once, "Is all right at home?" But he was too tired to pay much attention to anything beyond that. When they had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, however, the groom himself broke the silence. "I beg your pardon, my lord——"

"What is it?" Geoff, retired into the recesses of his big coat, had been half asleep.

Then the man began an excited story. He had heard a scuffle and struggle at a point of the road which they were about approaching, when on his way to meet his master. Wild cries, "not like a human being," he said, and the sound of a violent encounter. "I thought of the madman I was telling your lordship of yesterday."

"And what was it?" cried Geoff, rousing up to instant interest; upon which the groom became apologetic.

"How could I leave my horse, my lord? — a young beast, very fresh, as your lordship knows. He'd have bolted if I'd left him for a moment. It was all I could do, as it was, to hold him in with such cries in his ears. I sent on the first man I met. A man does not grapple with a madman unless he is obliged to——"

"But you sent the other man to do it," said Geoff, half-amused, half-angry. He sprang from the phaeton as they came to the spot which the groom pointed out. It was a little dell, the course of a streamlet, widening as it ascended, and clothed with trees. Geoff knew the spot well. About half a mile further up, on a little green plateau in the midst of the line of sheltering wood which covered these slopes, his brother's body had been found. He had been taken to see the spot with shuddering interest when he was a child, and had never forgotten the fatal place. The wood was very thick, with rank, dark, water-loving trees; and whether

it was fancy or reality, had always seemed to Geoff the most dismal spot in the county. All was quiet now, or so he thought at first. But there was no mistaking the evidence of wet, broken, and trampled grass, which showed where some deadly struggle had been. The spot was not far from the road—about five minutes of ascent, no more—and the young man pressed on, guided by signs of the fray, and in increasing anxiety; for almost at the first step he saw an old game-pouch thrown on the ground, which he recognised as having been worn by Bampfylde. Presently he heard, a little in advance of him, a low groan, and the sound of a sympathetic voice. "Could you walk, with my arm to steady you? Will you try to walk, my man?" Another low moaning cry followed. "My walking's done in this world," said a feeble voice. Geoff hurried forward, stifling a cry of grief and pain. He had known it since he first set foot on that fatal slope. It was Bampfylde's voice; and presently he came in sight of the group. The sympathiser was the same labouring man, no doubt, whom his groom had sent to the rescue. Wild Bampfylde lay propped upon the mossy bank, his head supported upon a bush of heather. The stranger who stood by him had evidently washed the blood from his face and unbuttoned his shirt, which was open. There was a wound on his forehead, however, from which blood was slowly oozing, and his face was pallid as death. "Let me be—let me be," he said with a groan, as his kind helper tried to raise him. Then a faint glimmer of pleasure came over his ghastly face. "Ah, my young lord!" he said.

"What is it, Bampfylde? What has happened? Is he much hurt?" cried Geoff, kneeling down by his side. The man did not say anything, but shook his head. The vagrant himself smiled, with a kind of faint amusement in the mournful glimmer of his eyes.

"Not hurt, my young gentleman; just killed," he said; "but you're back—and they're safe?"

"Safe, Bampfylde; and listen!—with their father. He has come to take care of his own."

A warmer gleam lighted up the vagrant's face. "John Musgrave here! Ah, but it's well timed," he cried feebly. "My young lord, I'm grieved but for one thing, the old woman. Who will take care of old 'Lizabeth? and she's been a good woman—if it had not been her son that went between her and her wits. I'm sorry for her, poor old body; very, very sorry for her, poor 'Lizabeth. He'll never be taken now, my young lord. Now he's killed me, there's none will ever take him. And so we'll all be ended, and the old woman left to die, without one—without one——!"

"My cart is at the foot of the hill," said Geoff, quickly, addressing the labourer, who stood by with tears in his eyes; "take it, and bid the groom drive as fast as the horse will go—and he's fresh—for the first doctor you can find; and bid them send an easy carriage from Stanton—quick! For every moment you save I'll give you——"

"I want no giving. What a man can do for poor Dick Bampfylde, I will," cried the other as he rushed down the slope. The vagrant smiled feebly again.

"They're all good-hearted," he said. "Not one of them but would do poor Dick Bampfylde a good turn; that's a pleasure, my young lord. And you—you're the best of all. Ay, let him go, it'll please you; but me, my hour's come."

"Bampfylde, does it hurt you to speak? Can you tell me how it was?"

The poor fellow's eyes were glazing over. He made an effort when Geoff's voice caught him as it were, and arrested the stupor. "Eh, my young lord? What need to tell? Poor creature, he did not know me for a friend, far less a brother. And mad-

ness is strong—it's strong. Tell the old woman that—it was not *me* he killed—but—one that tried to take him. Ay—we were all playing about the beck, and her calling us to come in—all the family; him and—Lily—and me. I was always the least account—but it was me that would aye be first to answer;—and now we are all coming home—Poor old 'Lizabeth—Eh! what were you saying, my young lord?"

"Bampfylde! has he got clear off again, after this? Where is he? Can you tell me—for the sake of others if not for your own."

"For mine!—Would it mend me to tell upon him?—Nay, nay, you'll never take him—never now; but he'll die—like the rest of us—that is what puts things square, my young lord—death!—it settles all; you'll find him some place on the green turf—we were aye a family that liked the green grass underneath us—you'll find him—as peaceable as me."

"Oh, Bampfylde," cried Geoff, "keep up your courage a little! the men will come directly and carry you to Stanton."

"To carry me—to the kirkyard—that's my place; and put green turf over me—nothing but green turf. So long as you will be kind to old 'Lizabeth; she'll live—she's not the kind that dies—and not one of us to the fore! What did we do—we or our fathers?" said the vagrant solemnly. "But, oh, that's true, true—that's God's word: Neither he did it nor his fathers—but that the works of God might be manifest. Eh, but I cannot see—I cannot see how the work of God is in it. My eyes—there's not much good in my eyes now."

Geoff kneeled beside the dying man not knowing what to do or say. Should he speak to him of religion? Should he question him about his own hard fate, that they might bring it home to the culprit? But Bampfylde was not able for either of these subjects. He was wading in the vague and misty country which is between life and death. He threw out his arms in the languor and restlessness of dying, and one of them dropped so that the fingers dipped in the little brook. This brought another gleam of faint pleasure to his pallid face.

"Water—give me some—to drink," he murmured, moving his lips. And then, as Geoff brought it to him in the hollow of a leaf, the only thing he could think of, and moistened his lips and bathed his forehead—"Thank you, Lily," he said. "That's pleasant, oh, that's pleasant. And what was it brought you here—*you* here?—they're all safe, the young ones—thanks to—. Eh! it's not Lily—but I thought I saw Lily; it's you, my young lord?"

"Yes, I am here—lean on me, Bampfylde. What can I do for you? what can I do?" Geoff had never seen death, and he trembled with awe and solemn reverence, far more deeply moved than the dying vagrant who was floating away on gentle waves of unconsciousness.

"Ay, Lily—d'ye hear her calling?—the house is dark, and the night's fine. But let's go to her—let's go; he was aye the last, though she likes him best." Bampfylde raised himself suddenly with a half-convulsive movement. "Poor 'Lizabeth—poor old 'Lizabeth!—all gone—all gone!" he said.

And what an hour Geoff spent supporting the poor head, and moistening the dry lips of the man who was dead, yet could not die! He did not know there had been such struggles in the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TRAITOR.

Mr. Pennithorne was at the Castle almost all the day during which so many things occurred. While the children wandered in the wood and young Lord Stanton went in search of them, the vicar could not leave the centre of anxiety. There was no possibility of going upon that quest till the evening, and good Mr. Pen thought it his bounden duty to

stay with John to "take off his attention," to distract his mind if possible from the object of his anxieties. It was all John Musgrave could do, by way of consideration for an old friend to put up with these attentions, but he managed to do so without betraying his impatience, and Mr. Pen thought he had performed the first duty of friendship. He suggested everything he could think of that might have happened; most of his suggestions going to prove that Lilias was in very great peril indeed, though she might be saved in various ingenious ways. And he took Mary aside and shook his head, and said he was afraid it was a very bad business. He believed, good man, that he was of the greatest use to them both, and congratulated himself on having stayed to discharge this Christian duty. But Mrs. Pen at the vicarage got cross and nervous, and did not think her husband was doing his duty to his home. When a telegram came in the afternoon, she was not only curious but frightened—for telegrams she thought were always messages of evil. What could it tell but harm? Perhaps that her father had been taken ill (Mr. Pen himself had no family nor anybody to speak of belonging to him); perhaps that the investment had gone wrong in which all their little money was. She tore it open in great agitation, and read as follows:—

"*John Musgrave is in the country and near you. Do you remember what is your duty as a magistrate, and what is the penalty of not performing it?*"

Mrs. Pen read the alarming missive two or three times over before she could understand what it meant. John Musgrave! by degrees it became clear to her. This was why her husband deserted her, and spent his whole day at the Castle. He a magistrate whose first duty it was to send John Musgrave to prison. The penalty—what was the penalty? The poor woman was in such a frenzy of agitation and terror that she did not know what to believe. What could they do to him if it was found out? She went to the window and looked for him. She went out and walked to the garden gate. She was not able to keep still. The penalty—what was it? Could they put him in prison instead of the criminal he allowed to go free? That seemed the most natural thing, and imagination conjured up before her the dreadful scene of Mr. Pen's arrest, perhaps when he was going to church, perhaps when the house was full of people—everybody seeing—everybody knowing it. Mrs. Pen saw her husband dragged along the road in handcuffs before she came to an end of her imaginations. Was there nothing she could do to save him? She was ready to put herself in the breach, to say like a heroine, "Take me, and let him go free!" but it did not appear to her likely that the myrmidons of the law would pay any attention to such a touching interposition. Then it occurred to her to look who it was, a thing she had not noticed at first, who had sent this kind warning. But this alarmed her more and more. It was some one who called himself "Friend," who had taken the trouble, from a distant place in the midland counties, to telegraph thus to Mr. Pennithorne. A friend—it was then an anonymous warning—a very alarming thing indeed to the vulgar mind. Mrs. Pen worked herself up into a state of intense nervous agitation. She sent for the gardener that she might send him at once to the Castle for her husband. But before he came another train of reflections came across her mind. John Musgrave was her William's friend. He was devoted to the family generally and to this member of it in particular. Was he not capable of going to prison—of letting himself be handcuffed and dragged along the public road, and cast into a dungeon rather than give up his friend to justice? Oh, what could the poor woman do? If she could but take some step—do something to save him before he knew.

All at once there occurred to Mrs. Pen a plan of action which would put

everything right—save William in spite of himself, and without his knowledge, and put John Musgrave in the hands of justice without any action of his which could be supposed unfriendly. She herself, Mrs. Pen, did not even know John, so that if she betrayed him it would be nothing unkind, nobody could blame her, not Mary Musgrave herself. When the gardener came, instead of sending him to the Castle for her husband, she sent him to the village to order the fly in which she occasionally paid visits. And she put on her best clothes with a quiver of anxiety and terror in her heart. She put the telegram in her pocket, and drove away—with a half satisfaction in her own appearance, and half pride in bidding the man drive to Elfdale, to Sir Henry Stanton's, mingling with the real anxiety in her heart. She was frightened too at what she was about to do—but nobody could expect from her any consideration for John Musgrave, whom she had never seen; whereas to save her husband from the consequences of his foolish faithfulness, was not that the evident and first duty of a wife? It was a long drive, and she had many misgivings as she drove along, with plenty of time to consider and reconsider all the arguments she had already gone over; but yet when she got to Elfdale she did not seem to have had any time to think at all. She was hurried in, before she knew, to Sir Henry Stanton's presence. He was the nearest magistrate of any importance, and Mrs. Pen had a slight visiting acquaintance of which she was very proud, with Lady Stanton. Had she repented at the last of her mission, she could always make out to herself that it was Lady Stanton she had come to visit. But it was Sir Henry whom she asked for, alarm for her husband at the last moment getting the better of her fears.

Sir Henry received her with a great deal of surprise. What could the little country clergyman's wife want with him? But he was still more surprised when he heard her errand. John Musgrave at home—within reach—daring justice—defying the law! His wife had told him of some supposed discovery which she at least imagined likely to clear Musgrave, by bringing in another possible criminal, but that must be some merely nonsensical theory he had no doubt, such as women and boys are apt to indulge—for if anything could be worse than women, Sir Henry felt it was boys inspired by women, and carrying out their fancies. Therefore he had paid very little regard to what his wife said. Mrs. Pennithorne had the advantage of rousing him into excitement. What! come back!—daring justice to touch him—insulting the family of the man he had killed, and the laws of the country! Sir Henry fumed at the audacity, the evident absence of all remorse or compunction. "He must be a shameless, heartless ruffian," he said, and then he looked at the harmless little woman who had brought him this news. "It is very public-spirited to bestir yourself in the matter," he said. "Have you seen the man, Mrs. Pennithorne, or how have you come to know?"

"I have not seen him, Sir Henry. I don't know anything about him, therefore nobody could say that it was unkind in *me*. How can you have any feeling for a person you never saw? I got—the news to-day when my husband was at the Castle—*he* did not tell me—he has nothing to do with it. He is a great friend of the Musgraves, Sir Henry. And I was told if he knew and did not tell it would bring him into trouble—so I came to you. I thought it was a wife's duty. I did not wait till he came in to show him the telegram, but I came straight on to you."

"Then you got a telegram?"

"Did I say a telegram?" she said, frightened. "Oh—I did not think what I was saying. But why should I conceal it? Yes, indeed, Sir Henry, this afternoon there came a telegram. I have never had a moment's peace since then. I thought at first I would send for him and see what he would

do, but then I thought — he thinks so much of the Musgraves. No doubt it would be a trouble to him to go against them; and so I thought before he came in I would come to you. I would not do anything without consulting my husband in any ordinary way, indeed, I assure you, Sir Henry. I am not a woman of that kind; but in a thing that might have brought him into such trouble——"

"And is this telegram all you know, Mrs. Pennithorne?"

A horrible dread that he was going to disapprove of her, instead of commending her, ran through her mind.

"It is all," she said, faltering; "I have it in my pocket."

To show the telegram was the last thing in her mind, yet she produced it now in impetuous self-defence. Having made such a sacrifice as she had done, acted on her own authority, incurred the expense of the fly, absented herself from home without anybody's knowledge (though William was far too much wrapped up in the Musgraves to be aware of that), it was more than Mrs. Pennithorne could bear to have her motives thus unappreciated. She held out the telegram without pausing to think. He took it and read it with a curious look on his face. Sir Henry took a low view of wives and women in general. If she belonged to him how he would put her down, this meddling woman! but he was glad to learn what she had to tell, and to be able to act upon it. To approve of your informant and to use the information obtained are two very different things.

"This is a threat," he said; "this is a very curious communication, Mrs. Pennithorne. Do you know who sent it? Friend! Is it a friend in the abstract, or does your husband know any one of the name?"

"I don't know who it is. Oh no, Sir Henry. William knows no one—no one whom I don't know! His friends are my friends. My husband is the best of men. He has not a secret from me. If I may seem to be acting behind his back it is only to save him, Sir Henry; only for his good."

"You are acting in the most public-spirited way, Mrs. Pennithorne; but it is very strange, and I wonder who could have sent it. Do you know any one at this place?"

"Nobody," she said, composing herself, yet not quite satisfied either, for public-spirited was but a poor sort of praise. She was conscious that she was betraying her husband as well as John Musgrave, and nothing but distinct applause and assurance that she had saved her William could have put her conscience quite at ease.

"It is very odd—very odd," he said; "but I am very much obliged to you for bringing this information to me, and I shall lose no time in acting upon it. For a long time—a very long time, this man has evaded the law; but it will not do to defy it—it never does to defy it. He shall find that it is more watchful than he thought."

"And, Sir Henry, of course it is of my husband I must think first. You will not say he knew? You will not let him get into trouble about it? A clergyman, a man whom every one looks up to! You will save him from the penalty, Sir Henry? Indeed I have no reason to believe he knew at all; he has never seen this thing. I don't suppose he knows at all. But he might be so easily got into trouble! Oh, Sir Henry! you will not let them bring in William's name?"

"I shall take care that Mr. Pennithorne is not mentioned at all," he said, with a polite bow; but he did not add, "You are a heroic woman and you have saved your husband," which was the thing poor Mrs. Pen wanted to support her. She put back her telegram in her pocket very humbly and rose up, feeling herself more a culprit than a heroine, to go away. At this moment Lady Stanton herself came in hurridly.

"I heard Mrs. Pennithorne was hear," she said, with a half apology to

her husband, "and I thought I might come and ask what was the last news from Penninghame — if there was any change. I am not interrupting—business?"

"No; you will be interested in the news Mrs. Pennithorne brings me," said Sir Henry, with a certain satisfaction. "Mr. Musgrave's son John, in whom you have always shown so much interest, Walter Stanton's murderer——"

"No, no," she said, with a shudder, folding her hands instinctively; "no, no!" The colour went out of her very lips. She was about to hear that he had died. He must have died on the very day she saw him. She listened, looking at her husband all pale and awe-stricken, with a gasp in her throat.

"Is here," said Sir Henry, deliberately. "Here, where it was done, defying the law."

Mary uttered a great cry of mingled relief and despair.

"Then it was he—it was he—and no ghost!" she cried.

"What! you knew and never told me? I am not so happy in my wife," said Sir Henry, with a threatening smile, "as Mr. Pennithorne."

"Oh, was it he—was it he? no spirit but himself? God help him," cried Lady Stanton, with sudden tears. "No, I could not have told you, for I thought it was an apparition. And I would not, Henry," she added, with a kind of generous passion. "I would not if I could. How could I betray an innocent man?"

"Happily Mrs. Pennithorne has saved you the trouble," he said, getting up impatiently from his seat. He resented his wife's silence, but he scorned the other woman who had brought him the news. "Do not let me disturb you, ladies, but this is too important for delay. The warrant must be out to-night. I trust to your honour or I might arrest you both," he said with a sneer; "two fair prisoners—lest you should warn the man and defeat justice again."

"Henry, you are not going to arrest him—to *arrest* him—after what I told you? I told you that Geoff——"

"Geoff! send Geoff to your nursery to play with your children, Lady Stanton," he cried, in rising wrath, "rather than make a puppet of him to carry out your own ideas. I have had enough of boys' nonsense and women's. Go to your tea-table, my lady, and leave me to manage my own concerns."

Then Lady Stanton—was it not natural?—with a white, self-contained passion, turned upon the other commonplace woman by her side, who stood trembling before the angry man, yet siding with him in her heart as such women do.

"And is it you that have betrayed him?" she cried; "do you know that your husband owes everything to him—everything? Oh, it cannot be Mr. Pen's doing—he loved them all too well. If it is you, how will you bear to have his blood on your head? God knows what they may prove against him or what they may do to him; but whatever it is, it will be a lie, and his blood will be on your head. Oh, how could you, a woman, betray an innocent man?"

Lady Stanton's passion, Sir Henry's lowering countenance, the sudden atmosphere of tragedy in which she found herself, were too much for poor Mrs. Pen. She burst into hysterical crying, and dropped down upon the floor between these two excited people. Perhaps it was as good a way as another of extricating herself out of the most difficult position in which a poor little, well-intentioned clergywoman had ever been.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MOTHER.

The afternoon of the day on which poor Bampfylde died was bright and fine, one of those beautiful October days which are more lovely in their wistful brightness, more touching, than any other period of the year. Summer

still lingering, the smile on her lip and the tear in her eye, dressed out in borrowed splendour, her own fair garniture of flowers and greenery worn out, but wearing her Indian mantle with a tender grace, subdued and sweet. The late mignonette overblown, yet fragrant, was sweet in the little village gardens, underneath the pale china roses that still kept up a little glow of blossom. Something had excited the village; the people were at their doors, and gathered in groups about. Miss Price, the dressmaker, held a little court. There was evidently something to tell, something to talk over more than was usual. The few passengers who were about, stayed to hear, and each little knot of people, which had managed to secure a new listener, was happy. They were all in full tide of talk, commenting upon and discussing some occurrence with a certain hush, at the same time, of awe about them, which showed that the news was not of a joyful character—when some one came down through the village, whose appearance raised the excitement to fever-point. It was the well-known figure of the old woman in her grey cloak—so well known up the water and down the water—which thus suddenly appeared among them—Old 'Lizabeth Bampfylde! The gossips shrank closer together, and gazed at her, with eager curiosity all, with sympathy some. They drew away from her path with a feeling which was half reverence and half fear. "Does she know—do you think she knows?" some of them asked; and exclamations of "Poor old body—poor woman," were rife among the kind-hearted; but all under their breath. 'Lizabeth took no notice of the people in her path; perhaps she did not even see them. She was warm with her long walk from the fells, and had thrown off her hood, and knotted her red handkerchief over her cap. She went along thus with the long swing of her still vigorous limbs, stately and self-absorbed. Whatever she knew her mind was too much occupied to take any notice of the people in her way. She had walked far, and she had far to walk still. She went on steadily through the midst of them without a pause, looking neither to the right nor the left. There was a tragic directness in the very way she moved, going straight as a bird flies, at least as straight as the houses permitted, minding no windings of the road. The people in front of her stood back and whispered; the people behind closed upon her path. Did she know? would she have had the fortitude to come walking down here all this long way had she known? was she going to Stanton where *they* were? Last of all, timidly, the people said among themselves, "Should not some one tell her? some one should speak to her;" but by this time she had passed through the village, and they all felt with a sensation of relief that it was too late.

'Lizabeth walked on steadily along the waterside. It was a long way that she had still before her. She was going all the way down the water to Sir Henry Stanton's, as Mrs. Pennithorne had gone the day before. The walk was nothing to her, and the long silence of it was grateful to her mind. She knew nothing of what had happened on the other side of the lake. Up in her little house among the hills, all alone in the strange cessation of work, the dead leisure which seemed to have fallen upon her, she had thought of everything till her head and her heart ached alike. Everything now seemed to have gone wrong. Her daughter dead in exile, and her daughter's husband still a banished man, all for the sake of him who was roaming over the country a fugitive escaped from her care. The life of her son Dick had been ruined by the same means. And now the cycle of misfortune was enlarging. The little boy, who was the heir of the Musgraves, was lost too because he had no one to protect him—Lily's child; and the other Lily, the little

lady whom she felt to be her own representative, as well as Lily's, who could tell what would become of her? It seemed to 'Lizabeth that this child was the most precious of all. All the rest had suffered for the sake of her madman; but the second Lily, the little princess, who had sprung from her common stock, nothing must touch. Yet it cannot be said that it was for Lily's sake that she made up her mind at last; it was nothing so simple, it was a combination and complication of many motives. He was gone out of her hands who had been for years the absorbing occupation of her life. Dick was after him, it was true; but if Dick failed, how was he to be got without public help? and that help could not be given until the whole story was told. Then her own loneliness wrought upon her, and all the whispers and echoes that circled about the cottage, when he was not there. Her son, ill-fated companion, the ruin of all who had any connection with him, absorbed her so much in general, that she had no time to survey the surroundings, and think of all that was, and had been, and might be. Was it he after all that was the cause of all the suffering? What did he know of it? The story of Lily and of John Musgrave was a blank to him. He knew nothing of what they had suffered, was innocent of it in reality. Had he known, would he not have given himself up a hundred times rather than the innocent should suffer for him? Was it he, then, or his mother who was the cause of all? Several times, during their long agony, such thoughts had overwhelmed 'Lizabeth's mind. They had come over her in full force when the children came to the Castle, and then it was that she had been brought to the length of revealing her secret to young Lord Stanton. Now everything was desperate about her; the little boy lost, the madman himself lost; no telling at any moment what misery and horror might come next. She thought this over day after day as the time passed, and no news came; waiting in the great loneliness, with her doors all open, that he might come in if some new impulse, or some touch of use and wont, should lead him back, her ears intent to hear every sound; her mind prepared (she thought) for any thing; fresh violence, perhaps; violence to himself; miserable death, terrible discovery. She thought she heard his wild whoops and cries every time the wind raved among the hills; if a mountain stream rushed down a little quicker than usual, swollen by the rain, over its pebbles, she thought it was his hurrying steps. It was always of him that her thoughts were, not of her other son who was pursuing the madman all about, subject to the same accidents, and who might perhaps be his victim instead of his captor. She never thought of that. But she was driven at last to a supreme resolution. Nobody could doubt his madness, could think it was a feint put on to escape punishment now. And God, who was angry, might be propitiated if at last she made Him, though unwillingly, this sacrifice, this homage to justice and truth. This was the idea which finally prevailed in her mind. She would go and tell her story, and perhaps an angry God would accept, and restore the wanderer to her. If he were safe, safe even in prison, in some asylum, it would be better at least than his wild career of madness, among all the dangers of the hills. She had risen in the morning from her uneasy bed, where she lay half-dressed, always watching, listening to every sound, with this determination upon her. She would propitiate God. She would do this thing she ought to have done so long ago. She did not deny that she ought to have done it, and now certainly she would do it, and God would be satisfied, and the tide of fate would turn.

All this struggle had not been without leaving traces upon her. Her ruddy colour, the colour of exposure as well as of health and vigour, was not altogether gone, but she was more

brown than ruddy, and this partial paleness and the extreme gravity of her countenance added to the stately aspect she bore. She might have been a peasant-queen, as she moved along with her steady, long, swinging footstep, able for any exertion, above fatigue or common weakness. A mile or two more or less, what did that matter? It did not occur to her to go to Mr. Pennithorne, though he was nearer, with her story. She went straight to Sir Henry Stanton. He had a family right to be the avenger of blood. It would be all the compensation that could be made to the Stantons, as well as a sacrifice propitiating God. And now that she had made up her mind there was no detail from which she shrank. 'Lizabeth never remarked the pitying and wondering looks which were cast upon her. She went on straight to her end with a sense of the solemnity and importance of her mission which perhaps gave her a certain support. It was no light thing that she was about to do. That there was a certain commotion and agitation about Elfdale did not strike her in the excited state of her mind. It was natural that agitation should accompany her wherever she went. It harmonized with her mood, and seemed to her (unconsciously) a homage and respectful adhesion of nature to what she was about to do.

The great door was open, the hall empty, the way all clear to the room in which Sir Henry held his little court of justice. 'Lizabeth had come by instinct to the great hall door—a woman with such a tragical object does not steal in behind backs or enter like one of the unconsidered poor. She went in unchallenged, seeing nobody except one of the girls, who peeped out from a door, and retreated again at sight of her. 'Lizabeth saw nothing strange in all this. She went in, more majestically, more slowly than ever, like a woman in a procession, a woman marching to the stake. What stake, what burning could be so terrible? Two of the country police were at the open door; they looked at her with wondering awe, and let her pass. What could any one say to her? An army would have let her pass—*the mother!*—for they knew, though she did not know. 'Lizabeth saw but vaguely a number of people in the room—so much the better; let all hear who would hear. It would be so much the greater propitiation to an outraged Heaven. She came in with a kind of dumb state about her, everybody giving way before her. The mother! they all said to each other with dismay, yet excitement. Some one brought her a chair with anxious and pitying looks. She put it away with a wave of her hand, yet made a little curtsey of acknowledgment in old-fashioned politeness. It never occurred to her mind to inquire why she was received with such obsequious attention. She advanced to the table at which Sir Henry sat. He too looked pityingly, kindly at her, not like his usual severity. God had prepared everything for her atonement—was it not an earnest of its acceptance that He should thus have put every obstacle out of her way?

"Sir Henry Stanton," she said, "I've come to make you acquaint with a story that all the country should have heard long ago. I've not had the courage to tell it till this moment, when the Lord has given me strength. Bid them take pen and paper and put it all down in hand of write, and I'll set my name to it. It's to clear them that are innocent that I've come to speak, and to let it be known who was guilty; but it wasna him that was guilty—it wasna him—but the madness in him," she said, her voice breaking for a moment. "My poor, distracted lad!"

"Give her a seat," said Sir Henry. "My poor woman, if you have any information to give about this terrible event——"

"Ay, I have information—plenty information. Nay, I want no seat. I'm standing as if I was at the judgment-seat of God; there's where I've

stood this many a year, and been judged, but aye held fast. What is man, a worm, to strive with his Maker? but me, I've done that, that am but a woman. I humbly crave the Almighty's pardon, and I've made up my mind to do justice now—at the last."

The people about looked at each other, questioning one another what it was, all but two, who knew what she meant. Young Lord Stanton, who was close to the table, looked across at a tall stranger behind, by whom the village constable was standing, and who replied to Geoff's look by a melancholy half smile. The others looked at each other, and 'Lizabeth, though she saw no one, saw this wave of meaning, and felt it natural too.

"Ay," she said, "you may wonder; and you'll wonder more before all's done. I am a woman that was the mother of three; bonny bairns—though I say it that ought not; ye might have ranged the country from Carlisle to London town, and not found their like. My Lily was the beauty of the whole water; up or down, there was not one that you would look at when my lass was by. What need I speak? You all know that as well as me."

The swell of pride in her as she spoke filled the whole company with a thrill of admiration and wonder, like some great actress disclosing the greatness of impassioned nature in the simplest words. She was old, but she was beautiful too. She looked round upon them with the air of a dethroned empress, from whom the recollection of her imperial state could never depart. Rachel could not have done it, nor perhaps any other of her profession. There was the sweetness of remembered triumph in the midst of the most tragic depths; a gleam of pride and pleasure out of the background of shame and pain.

"Ah! that's all gone and past," she went on with a sigh. "My eldest lad was more than handsome, he was a genius as well. He was taken away from me when he was but a little lad—and never came home again till—till the devil got hold of him, and made him think shame of his poor mother, and the poor place he was born in. I would never have blamed him. I would have had him hold his head with the highest, as he had a right—for had he not gotten that place for himself?—but when he came back to the waterside a great gentleman and scholar, and would never have let on where he belonged to, one that is not here to bear the blame," said 'Lizabeth, setting her teeth—"one that is gone to his account—and well I wot the Almighty has punished him for his ill deeds—betrayed my lad. Some of the gentry were good to him—as good as the angels in heaven—but some were as devils, that being their nature. And this is what I've got to say:" Here she made a pause, raised herself to her full height, and threw off the red kerchief from her head in her agitation. "I've come here to accuse before God and you, Sir Henry, my son, Abel Bampfylde, him I was most proud of and loved best, of the murder of young Lord Stanton, which took place on the morning of the second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five—fifteen years ago and more."

The sensation that followed is indescribable. Sir Henry Stanton himself rose from his seat, excited by wonder, horror, and pity, beyond all ordinary rule. The bystanders had but a vague sense of the extraordinary revelation she made, so much were they moved by the more extraordinary passion in her, and the position in which she stood. "My good woman, my poor woman!" he cried, "this last dreadful tragedy has gone to your brain—and no wonder. You don't know what you say."

She smiled—mournfully enough, but still it was a smile—and shook her head. "If you had said it as often to yourself as I have done—night and day—night and day; open me when I'm dead, and you'll find it here," she cried—all unaware that this same language of passion had been used

before—and pressing her hand upon her breast. "The second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five—if you had said it over as often as me!"

There was a whisper all about, and the lawyer of the district, who acted as Sir Henry's clerk on important occasions, stooped towards him and said something. "The date is right. Yes, yes, I know the date is right," Sir Henry said, half-angrily. Then added, "There must be insanity in the family. What more like the effort of a diseased imagination than to link the old crime of fifteen years ago with what has happened to-day?"

"Is it me that you call insane?" said 'Lizabeth. "Eh, if it was but me! But well I know what I'm saying." Then the wild looks of all around her suddenly impressed the old woman, too much occupied hitherto to think what their looks meant. She turned round upon them with slowly-awakening anxiety. "You're looking strange at me," she cried; "you're all looking strange at me. What is this you're saying that has happened to-day? Oh, my lad is mad!—he's roaming the hills, and Dick after him; he doesna know what he's doing; he's out of his senses; it's no ill-meaning. Lads, some of you tell me; I'm going distracted. What has happened to-day?"

The change in her appearance was wonderful; her solemn stateliness and abstraction were gone. Here was something she did not know. The flush of anxiety came to her cheeks, her eyes contracted, her lips fell apart. "Tell me," she said, "for the love of God!"

No one moved. They looked at each other with pale, alarmed faces. How could they tell her? Geoff stepped forward and took her by the arm very gently. "Will you come with me?" he said. "Something has happened; something that will grieve you deeply. I—I promised Dick to tell you, but not here. Won't you come with me?"

She drew herself out of his grasp with some impatience. "There's been some new trouble," she said to herself—"some new trouble! No doubt more violence. Oh, God, forgive him! but he does not know what he's doing. It's you, my young lord? You know it's true what I've been saying. But this new trouble, what is it?—more blood? Oh, tell me the worst; I can bear it all, say, even if he was dead."

"'Lizabeth," said Geoff, with tears in his voice—and again everybody looked on as at a tragedy—"you are a brave woman; you have borne a great deal in your life. He is dead; but that is not all."

She did not note or perhaps hear the last words. How should she? The first was enough. She stood still in the midst of them, all gazing at her, with her hands clasped before her. For a moment she said nothing. The last drop of blood seemed to ebb from her brown cheeks. Then she raised her face upward, with a smile upon it. "The Lord God be praised," she said. "He's taken my lad before me."

And when they brought to her the seat she had rejected, 'Lizabeth allowed herself to be placed upon it. The extreme tension of both body and mind seemed to have relaxed. The look of tragic endurance left her face. A softened aspect of suffering, a kind of faint smile, like a wan sunbeam, stole over it. The moisture came to her strained eyes. "Gone? Is he gone at last? On the hillside was it?—in some wild corner, where none but God could be near, no his mother? And me that was dreading and dreading I would be taken first; for who would have patience like his mother? But after all, you know, neighbours, the father comes foremost; and God had more to do with him—more to do with him—than even me."

"Take her away, Geoff," said Sir Henry. The men were all overcome with this scene, and with the knowledge of what remained to be told.

Sir Henry was not easily moved, but there was something even in his throat which choked him. He could not bear it, though it was nothing to him. "Geoff, this is not a place to tell her all you have got to tell. Take her away—take her—to Lady Stanton."

"Nay, nay," she said; "it's my death-doom, but it's not like other sorrow. I know well what grief is. When I heard for certain my Lily was dead and gone, and me never to see her more! But this is not the same: it's my death, but I canna call it sorrow; not like the loss of a son. I'm glad too, if you understand that. Poor lad!—my Abel! Ay, ay; you'll not tell me but what God understands, and is more pitiful of His handiwork, say than the like of you or me."

"Come with me," said Geoff, taking her by the arm. "Come, and I will tell you everything, my poor 'Lizabeth. You know you have a friend in me."

"Ay, my young lord; but first let them write down what I've said, and let me put my name to it. All the more because he's dead and gone this day."

"Everything shall be done as you wish," said Geoff, anxiously; "but come with me—come with me—my poor woman; this is not a place for you."

"No," she said. She would not rise from her seat. She turned round to the table where Sir Henry sat and his clerk. "I must end my work now it's begun. I've another son, my kind gentlemen, and he will never forgive me if I do not end my work. Write it out and let me sign. I have but my Dick to think of now."

A thrill of horror ran through the little assembly: to tell her that he too was gone, who would dare to do it? John Musgrave, whom she had not seen, stood behind, and covered his face with his hands. Sir Henry, for all his steady nerves and unsympathetic mind, fell back in his chair with a low groan. Only young Geoff, his features all quivering, the tears in his eyes, stood by her side.

"Humour her," he said. "Let her have her way. None of us at this moment surely could refuse her her way."

The lawyer nodded. He had a heart of flesh, and not of stone; and 'Lizabeth sat and waited, with her hands clasped together, her head a little raised, her countenance beyond the power of painting. Grief and joy mingled in it, and relief and anguish. Her eyes were dilated and wet, but she shed no tears; their very orbits seemed enlarged, and there was a quivering smile upon her mouth—a smile such as makes spectators weep. "Here I and sorrow sit." There was never a king worthy the name but would have felt his state as nothing in this presence. But there was no struggle in her now. She had yielded, and all was peace about her. She would have waited for days had it been necessary. That what she had begun should be ended was the one thing above all.

A man came hurriedly in as all the people present waited round, breathless and reverential for the completion of her testimony. Their business, whatever it was, was arrested by force of nature. The kind old Dogberry, from the village, who had been standing by John Musgrave's side, by way of guarding him, put up his hand to his forehead and made a rustic bow to his supposed prisoner. "I always knowed that was how it would turn out," he said, as he hobbled off—to which John Musgrave replied only by a faint smile, but stood still, as motionless as a picture, though all semblance of restraint had melted away. But while all waited thus reverentially, a sudden messenger came rushing in, and, addressing Sir Henry in a loud voice, announced that the coroner had sent him to make preparations for the inquest. "And he wants to know what time it will be most convenient for the jury to inspect the two bodies; and if

they are both in the same place; and if it's true."

There was a univeral hush, at which the man stopped in amazement. Then his eye, guided by the looks of the others, fell upon the old woman in the chair. She had heard him, and she was roused. Her face turned towards him with a growing wonder. "She here! O Lord forgive me!" he cried, and fell back.

"Two bodies," she said. A shudder came over her. She got up slowly from her seat, and looked round upon them all. "Two—another, another! oh my unhappy lad!" She wrung her hands, and looked round upon them. "Maybe another house made desolate; maybe another woman—Will you tell me who the other was?"

Here the labouring man, who had been with Wild Bampfylde on the hill-side, and who was standing by, suddenly succumbed to the strange horror and anguish of the moment. He burst out loudly into tears, crying like a child. "Oh, poor 'Lizabeth, poor 'Lizabeth!" he cried; he could not bear any more.

'Lizabeth looked at this man with the air of one awakening from a dream. Then she turned a look of inquiry upon those around her. No one would meet her eye. They shrank one behind another away from her, and more than one man burst forth into momentary weeping like the first, and some covered their faces in their hands. Even Geoff, sobbing like a child, turned away from her for a moment. She held out her hands to them with a pitiful cry, "Say it's not that, say it's not that!" she cried. The shrill scream of anguish ran through the house. It brought Lady Stanton, and all the women, shuddering from every corner. They all knew what it was and how it was. The mother! What more needed to be said? They came in and surrounded her, the frivolous girls, and the rough women from the kitchen, altogether, while the men stood about looking on. Not even Sir Henry could resist the passion of horror and sorrow which had taken possession of the place. He cried with a voice all hoarse and trembling to take her away! take her away!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TRAGEDY ENDS.

'Lizabeth Bampfylde went on to Stanton that same afternoon, where the remains of her two sons were lying. But she would not go in Lady Stanton's carriage.

"Nay, nay—carriages were never made for me. I will walk, my lady. It's best for me, body and soul."

She had recovered herself after the anguish of that discovery. Before the sympathisers round her had ceased to sob, 'Lizabeth had raised herself up in the midst of them like an old tower. The storm had raged round her, but had not crushed her. Her face and even her lips had lost all trace of colour, her eyes were hollow and widened out in their sockets, like caves to hold the slow welling out of salt tears. There was a convulsive trembling now in the pose of her fine head, and in her hands; but her strength was not touched.

"Oh, how can you walk?" Lady Stanton said. "You are not able for it."

"I am able for anything it's God's pleasure to send," she said; "though it's little even He can do to me now." The women stood round her with pitiful looks, some of them weeping unrestrainedly; but the tears that 'Lizabeth shed, came one by one, slow gathering, rarely falling. She put on her red handkerchief over her cap again, with hands that were steady enough till that twitch of nervous movement took them. "It should be black," she said, with a half-smile; "ay, I should be a' black from head to foot, from head and foot, if there was one left to mind." Then she turned upon them with again her little stately curtsey. "I'm not a woman of many words, and ye may judge what heart I have to speak; but I thank ye all,"

and, with once more a kind of smile, she set out upon her way.

John Musgrave had been standing by; he had spoken to no one, not even to Lady Stanton, who, trembling with a consciousness that he was there, had not been able, in the presence of this great anguish, to think of any other. He, and his story, and his return, altogether, had been thrown entirely into the background by these other events. He came forward now, and followed 'Lizabeth out of the gate. "I am going with you," he said. The name "mother" was on his lips, but he dared not say it. She gave a slight glance at him, and recognised him. But if one had descended from heaven to accompany her, what would that have been to 'Lizabeth? It was as if they had parted yesterday.

"Ay," she said, then, after a pause, "it's you that has the best right."

The tragedy had closed very shortly after that penultimate chapter which ended with the death of Wild Bampfylde. When the carriage and its attendants arrived to remove him to Stanton, he was lying on Geoff's shoulder, struggling for his last breath. It was too late then to disturb the agony. The men stood about reverentially till the last gasp was over, then carried the vagrant tenderly to the foot of the hill, with a respect which no one had ever shown him before. One of the party, a straggler, who had strayed further up the dell, in the interval of waiting, saw traces above among the broken bushes, which made him call some of his comrades as soon as their first duty was done. And there on the little plateau, where Walter Stanton's body had been found fifteen years before, lay that of his murderer, the madman who had wrought so much misery. He was found lying across the stream as if he had stooped to drink, and had not been able to raise himself. The running water had washed all traces of murder from him. When they lifted him, with much precaution, not knowing whether his stillness might mean a temporary swoon, or a feint of madness to beguile them, his pale marble countenance seemed a reproach to the lookers-on. Even with the aspect of his victim fresh in their eyes, the men could not believe that this had ever been a furious maniac or manslayer. One of them went to look for Geoff, and to arrest the progress of the other funeral procession. "There's another one, my lord," he said, "all torn and tattered in his clothes, but with the look of a king." And Geoff, notwithstanding his horror, could not but look with a certain awe, upon the worn countenance. It might have been that of a man worn with great labours, with thought, with the high musings of philosophy, or schemes of statesmanship. He was carried down and laid by the side of his brother whom he had killed. All the cottagers, the men from the fields, the passengers on the way, stood looking on, or followed the strange procession. Such a piece of news, as may be supposed, flew over the country like wildfire. There was no family better known than the Bampfyldes, notwithstanding their humble rank. The handsome Bampfyldes: and here they had come to an end!

Old 'Lizabeth as she made her way to Stanton, was followed everywhere by the same atmosphere of sympathy. The women came out to their doors to look after her, and even strong men sobbed as she passed. What would become of her, poor lonely woman? She gave a great cry when she saw the two pale faces lying peacefully together. They were both men in the full prime of life, in the gravity of middle age, fully developed, strongly knit, men all formed for life, and full of its matured vigour. They lay side by side as they had lain when they were children. That one of them had taken the life of the other, who could have imagined possible? The poacher and vagrant looked like some great general nobly dead in battle—the madman like a sage. Death had redeemed them from their misery, their poverty, the

misfortunes which were greater than either. Their mother gave a great cry of anguish yet pride as she stood beside them. "My lads," she cried, "my two handsome lads, my bonny boys!" 'Lizabeth had come to that pass when words have no meaning to express the depths and the heights. What could a woman say who sees her sons stretched dead before her? She uttered one inarticulate wail of anguish, as a dumb creature might have done, and then, her overwrought soul reeling, tottered almost on the verge of reason, and she cried out in pride and agony, "My handsome lads! my bonny boys!"

"Come home with me," said John Musgrave. "We have made a bad business of it, 'Lizabeth, you and I. This is all our sacrifice has come to. Nothing left but your wreck of life and mine. But come home with me. Where I am, there will always be a place for Lily's mother. And there is little Lily still, and she will comfort you——"

"Eh! comfort me!" She smiled at the word. "Nay, I must go to my own house. I thank you, John Musgrave, and I do not deserve it at your hand. This fifteen years it has been me that has murdered you, not my lad yonder, not my Abel. What did he know? And I humbly beg your pardon, and your little bairns' pardon, on my knees—but nay, nay, I must go home. My own house—there is no other place for me."

They came round her and took her hands, and pleaded with her. Geoff too—and his mother with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, my poor woman, my poor woman!" Lady Stanton cried, "stay here while *they* are here." But nothing moved 'Lizabeth. She made her little curtsey to them all, with that strange smile like a pale light wavering upon her face.

"Nay, nay," she said. "Nay, nay—I humbly thank my lady and my lord, and a' kind friends—but my own house, that is the only place for me."

"But you cannot go so far, if that were all. You must be worn out with walking only—if there was nothing more——"

"Me—worn out!—with walking!" It was a kind of laugh which came from her dry throat. "Ay, very near—very near it—that will come soon if the Lord pleases. But good-day to you all, and my humble thanks, my lord and my lady—you're kind—kind to give them houseroom; till Friday—but they'll give no trouble, no trouble!" she said, with again that something which sounded like a laugh. Laughing or crying, it was all one to 'Lizabeth. The common modes of expression were garments too small for her soul.

"Stay only to-night—it will be dark long before you can be there. Stay to-night," they pleaded. She broke from them with a cry.

"I canna bide this, I canna bide it! I'm wanting the stillness of the fells, and the arms of them about me. Let me be—oh, let me be! There's a moon," she added, abruptly, "and dark or light, I'll never lose my way."

Thus they had to leave her to do as she pleased in the end. She would not eat anything or even sit down, but went out with her hood over her head into the gathering shadows. They stood watching her till the sound of her steps died out on the way—firm, steady, unfaltering steps. Life and death, and mortal anguish, and wearing care had done their worst upon old 'Lizabeth. She stood like a rock against them all.

She came down to the funeral on Friday as she had herself appointed, and saw her sons laid in their grave, and again she was entreated to remain. But even little Lilias, whom her father brought forward to aid the pleadings of the others, could not move her. "Honey-sweet!" she said, with a tender light in her eyes, but she had more room for the children when her heart was full of living cares. It was empty now, and there was no more room. A few weeks after, she was found dying peaceably in her bed, giving all kinds of

directions to her children. "Abel will have your father's watch, he aye wanted it from a baby—and Lily gets all my things, as is befitting. They will set her up for her wedding. And Dick, my little Dick, that has aye been the little one—who says I was not thinking of Dick? He's been my prop and my right hand when a' deserted me. The poor little house and the little bit of land, and a' his mother has—who should they be for, but Dick?" Thus she died tranquilly, seeing them all round her; and all that was cruel and bitter in the lot of the Bampfyldes came to an end.

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUSION.

JOHN MUSGRAVE settled down without any commotion into his natural place in his father's house. The old Squire himself mended from the day when Nello, very timid, but yet brave to repress the signs of his reluctance, was brought into his room. He played with the child as if he had been a child himself, and so grew better day by day, and got out of bed again, and save for a little dragging of one leg as he limped along, brought no external sign of his "stroke" out of his sick-room. But he wrote no more Monographs, studied no more. His life had come back to him as the Syrian lord in the Bible got back his health after his leprosy—"like the flesh of a little child." The Squire recovered after a while the power of taking his part in a conversation, and looked more venerable than ever with his faded colour and subdued forces. But his real life was all with little Nello, who by and by got quite used to his grandfather, and lorded it over him as children so often do. When the next summer came, they went out together, the Squire generally in a wheeled chair, Nello walking, or riding by his side on the pony his grandpapa had given him. There was no doubt now as to who was heir. When Randolph came to Penninghame, after spending a day and a half in vain researches for Nello—life having become too exciting at that moment at the Castle to leave any one free to send word of the children's safety—he found all doubt and notion of danger over for John—and he himself established for ever in his natural place. Whether the Squire had forgotten everything in his illness, or whether he had understood the story which Mary took care to repeat two or three times very distinctly by his bedside no one knew. But he never objected to John's presence, made no question about him—accepted him as if he had been always there. Absolutely as if there had been no breach in the household existence at all, the eldest son took his place; and that Nello was the heir was a thing beyond doubt in any reasonable mind. This actual settlement of all difficulties had already come about when Randolph came. His father took no notice of him, and John, who thought it was his brother's fault that his little son had been so unkindly treated, found it difficult to afford Randolph any welcome. He did not however want any welcome in such circumstances. He stayed for a single night, feeling himself coldly looked upon by all. Mr. Pen, who spent half his time at the Castle, more than any one turned a cold shoulder upon his brother clergyman.

"You felt it necessary that the child should go to school quite as much as I did," Randolph said, on the solitary occasion when the matter was discussed.

"Yes, but not to any school," the vicar said. "I would rather——" he paused for a sufficiently strong image, but it was hard to find. "I would rather—have got up at six o'clock every day, and sacrificed everything—rather than have exposed Nello to the life he had there—and you who are a father yourself."

"Yes; but my boy has neither a girl's name nor a girl's want of courage. He is not a baby that would

flinch at the first rough word. I did not know the nature of the thing," said Randolph, with a sneer. "I have no acquaintance with any but straightforward and manly ways."

The Vicar followed him out in righteous wrath. He produced from his pocket a hideous piece of pink paper.

"Do you know who sent this?" he asked.

Randolph looked at it, taken aback, and tried to bluster forth an expression of wonder—

"I—how should I know?"

"What did you mean by it?" cried the gentle Vicar, in high excitement; "did you think I did not know my duty? Did you think I was a cold-blooded reptile like—like the man that sent that? Do you think it was in me to betray my brother? I know nothing bad enough for him who made such a suggestion. And he nearly gained his point. The devil knows what tools to work with. He works with the weakness of good people as well as with the strength of bad," cried mild Mr. Pen, inspired for once in his life with righteous indignation. "Judas did it himself at least, bad as he was. He did not whisper treason in a man's ears nor in a woman's heart."

"I don't know what you mean," said Randolph, with guilt in his face.

"Not all, no; fortunately you don't know, nor any one else, the trouble you might have made. But no less, though it never came to pass, was it that traitor's fault."

"When you take to speaking riddles I give it up," said Randolph, shrugging his shoulders.

But Mr. Pen was so hot in moral force that he was glad to get away. He slept one night under his father's roof, no one giving him much attention, and then went away, never to return again; but went back to his believing wife, too good a fate, who smoothed him down and healed all his wounds. "My husband is like most people who struggle to do their duty," she said. "His brother was very ungrateful, though Randolph had done so much for him. And the little boy, who had been dreadfully spoiled, ran away from the school when he had cost my husband so much trouble. And even his sister Mary showed him no kindness; that is the way when a man is so disinterested as Randolph, doing all he can for his own family, for their *real* good."

And this, at the end, came to be what Randolph himself thought.

Mrs. Pen, after coming home hysterical from Elfdale, made a clean breast to her husband, and showed him the telegram, and confessed all her apprehensions for him. What could a man do but forgive the folly or even wickedness done for his sweet sake? And Mrs. Pen went through a few dreadful hours, when in the morning John Musgrave came back from his night journey and the warrant was put in force. If they should hang him what would become of her? She always believed afterwards that it was her William's intervention which had saved John, and she never believed in John's innocence, let her husband say what he would. For Mrs. Pen said wisely that wherever there is smoke there must be fire, and it was no use telling her that Lord Stanton had not been killed; for it was in the last edition of the *Fellshire History* and therefore it must be true.

When all was over Sir Henry and Lady Stanton made a formal visit of congratulation at Penninghame. Sir Henry told John that it had been a painful necessity to issue the warrant, but that a man must do his duty whatever it is; and as, under Providence, this was the means of making everything clear, he could not regret that he had done it now. Lady Stanton said nothing, or next to nothing. She talked a little to Mary, making stray little remarks about the children, and drawing Nello to her side. Lilias she was afraid of, with those great eyes. Was that child to be Geoff's wife? she thought. Ah! how much better had he been the kind young husband who

should have delivered her own Annie or Fanny. This little girl would want nothing of the kind; her father would watch over her, he would let no one meddle with her, not like a poor woman with a hard husband and stepdaughters. She trembled a little when she put her hand into John's. She looked at him with moisture in her eyes.

"I have always believed in you, always hoped to see you here again," she said.

"Come, Mary, the carriage is waiting," said Sir Henry. He said after that this was all that was called for, and here the intercourse between the two houses dropped. Mary could not help "taking an interest" in John Musgrave still, but what did it matter? everybody took an interest in him now.

As for Geoff he became, as he had a way of doing, the son of the house at Penninghame; even the old Squire took notice of his kind, cheerful young face. He neglected Elfdale and his young cousins, and even Cousin Mary whom he loved. But it was not to be supposed that John Musgrave would allow a series of love passages to go on indefinitely for years between his young neighbour and his daughter Lilias, as yet not quite thirteen years old. The young man was sent away after a most affecting parting, not to return for three years. Naturally Lady Stanton rebelled much, she who had kept her son at home during all his life; but what could she do? Instead of struggling vainly she took the wiser part, and though it was a trial to tear herself from Stanton and all the servants, who were so kind, and the household which went upon wheels, upon velvet, and gave her no trouble, she made up her mind to it, and took her maid and Benson and Mr. Tritton and went "abroad" too. What it is to go abroad when a lady is middle-aged and has a grown-up son and such an establishment! but she did it: "for I shall not have him very long," she said with a sigh.

Lilias was sixteen when Geoff came home. Can any one doubt that the child had grown up with her mind full of the young hero who had acted so great a part in her young life? When the old Squire died and Nello went to school, a very different school from Mr. Swan's, the idea of "Mr. Geoff" became more and more her companion. It was not love, perhaps, in the ordinary meaning of the word; Lilias did not know what that meant. Half an elder brother, half an enchanted prince, more than half a hero of romance, he wove himself with every story and every poem that was written, to Lilias. He it was and no Prince Ferdinand whom Miranda thought so fair. It was he who slew all the dragons and giants, and delivered whole dungeons full of prisoners. Her girlhood was somewhat lonely, chiefly because of this soft mist of semi-betrothal which was about her. Not only was she already a woman though a child, but a woman separated from others, a bride doubly virginal because he was absent to whom all her thoughts were due. "What if he should forget her?" Mary Musgrave would say, alarmed. She thought it neither safe nor right for the child who was the beauty and flower of Penninghame, as she herself had been, though in so different a way. Mary now had settled down as the lady of Penninghame, as her brother was its lawful lord. John was not the kind of man to make a second marriage, even if, as his sister sometimes fancied, his first had but little satisfied his heart. But of this he said nothing, thankful to be able at the end to redeem some portion of the life thus swallowed up by one of those terrible but happily rare mistakes, which are no less wretched that they are half divine. He had all he wanted now in his sister's faithful companionship and in his children. There is no more attractive household than that in which, after the storms of life, a brother and sister set up peacefully together the old household gods, never

dispersed, which were those of their youth. Mary was a little more careful, perhaps, of her niece, a little more afraid of the troubles in her way than if she had been her daughter. She watched Lilias with great anxiety, and read between the lines of Geoff's letters with vague scrutiny, looking always for indications of some change.

Lilias was sixteen in the end of October, the third after the previous events recorded here. She had grown to her full height, and her beauty had a dreamy, poetical touch from the circumstances, which greatly changed the natural expression appropriate to the liquid dark eyes and noble features she had from her mother and her mother's mother. Her eyes were less brilliant than they would have been had they not looked so far away, but they were more sweet. Her brightness altogether was tempered and softened, and kept within that modesty of childhood, to which her youthful age really belonged, though nature and life had developed her more than her years. Though she was grown up she kept many of her childish ways, and still sat, as Mary had always done, at the door of the old hall, now wonderfully decorated and restored, but yet the old hall still. The two ladies shared it between them for all their hours of leisure, but Mary had given up her seat at the door to the younger inhabitant, partly because she loved to see Lilias there with the sun upon her, partly because she herself began to feel the cool airs of the north less halcyon than of old. The books that Lilias carried with her were no longer fairy tales, but maturer enchantments of poetry. And there she sat absorbed in verse, and lost to all meaner delights on the eve of her birthday, a soft air ruffling the little curls on her forehead, the sun shining upon her uncovered head. Lilias loved the sun. She was not afraid of it nor of her complexion, and the sun of October is not dangerous. She had a hand up to shade the book which was too dazzling in the light, but nothing to keep the golden light from her. She sat warm and glorified in the long, slanting, dazzling rays.

Mary had heard a horse's hoofs, and, being a little restless, came forward softly from her seat behind to see who it was; but Lilias, lost in the poetry and the sunshine, heard nothing.

> "She wept with pity and delight,
> She blushed with love and virgin shame,
> And, like the murmur of a dream,
> I heard her breathe my name.
>
> "Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
> As conscious of my look she stept—
> Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
> She fled to me and wept."

Mary saw what Lilias did not see, the horseman at the foot of the slope. He looked and smiled, and signed to her over the lovely head in the sunshine. He was brown, and ruddy with health and travel, his eyes shining, his breath coming quick. Three years! as long as a lifetime—but it was over. Suddenly, "Lily—my little Lily," he cried, unable to keep silence more.

She sprang to her feet, like a startled deer; the book fell from her hands; her eyes gave a great gleam and flash, and softened in the golden light of sunset and tenderness. The poetry or the life, which was the most sweet? "Yes, Mr. Geoff," she said.

THE END.

MODERN LIFE AND INSANITY.

The relation between modern civilized life and insanity cannot be regarded as finally determined while a marked difference of opinion exists in regard to it among those who have studied the subject; nor can this difference be wondered at by any one who has examined the data upon which a conclusion must be formed, and has found how difficult it is to decide in which direction some of the evidence points. Statistics alone may prove utterly fallacious. Mere speculation, on the other hand, is useless, and indeed is only misleading. It is a matter on which it is tempting to write dogmatically, but where the honest inquirer is quickly pulled up by the hard facts that force themselves on his attention. Nothing easier than to indulge in unqualified denunciations of modern society; nothing more difficult than a cautious attempt to connect the social evils of the present day with the statistics of lunacy. Nothing easier than to make sweeping statements without proof, nothing more difficult than to apportion the mental injury respectively caused by opposite modes of life; totally diverse social states of a nation often leading to the same termination—insanity. These are closely bound together in the complex condition of modern civilized society. No doubt if we care for truth, and avoid rash assertions, we do it at the expense of a certain loss of force and incisiveness. Dogmatic statements usually produce more effect than carefully-balanced and strictly logical positions. Honesty, however, compels us to speak cautiously, and to confess the difficulties to which we have referred.

We shall not enter at length into the question which is at once raised by an inquiry into the relation between modern life and insanity—whether lunacy is on the increase in England. Twenty years ago there was one lunatic or idiot officially reported to 577 of the population; the latest returns place it as high as one in 370. Were we to go further back, the contrast would be far greater. That the increase of known cases of insanity has been very great, no one, therefore, disputes. Further, that the attention paid to the disease; the provision made for the insane; the prolongation of their lives in asylums, and the consequent accumulation of cases, and other circumstances into which our limits forbid us to enter, account for the greater part of this alarming apparent increase, is certain. Whether, however, there is not also an actual increase, unaccounted for by population, or by accumulation, remains an open question, which statistics do not absolutely determine. At the same time we think that it is quite probable that there has been some real increase.

To what social class do the great mass of our lunatics belong, and to what grade of society does the striking apparent increase of the insane point? The large majority of lunatics under legal restraint undoubtedly belong to the pauper population. On the 1st of January, 1877, of the total number of patients in asylums and elsewhere (in round numbers 66,600), about 59,000 were pauper, and only 7,600 private patients. These figures, however, fail to convey a correct statement of the relative amount of insanity existing among the class of the originally poor and uneducated masses and the class above them, because in a considerable number of instances members of the middle and still higher classes have become paupers. Again, the wealthy insane remain very frequently at home,

and do not appear in the official returns. We believe this class to be very large. Probably we get a glimpse of it from the census of 1871, which contained 69,000 lunatics, idiots, and imbeciles (and we have good reasons for knowing that this return was very far short of the truth), yet it exceeded the number given by the Lunacy Commissioners in the same year by 12,000! A large number no doubt lived with their families because these could well afford to keep them at home. None would be in receipt of relief, or they would have appeared in the Commissioners' Report. Another most important qualifying consideration remains—*the relative numbers of the classes of society from which the poor and the well-to-do lunatics are derived.* Several years ago the Scotch Commissioners estimated the classes from which private patients are derived at only about an eighth of the entire population of Scotland; a proportion which would make them at least as relatively numerous as the pauper lunatics. No doubt in England the corresponding class of society is a larger one; but whatever it may be,[1] a calculation based upon the relative proportion of different social strata in this country would vastly reduce the apparent enormously different liability to insanity among the well-to-do and the poorer sections of the community, although, with this correction, the pauper lunatics would still be relatively in the majority.

The disparity between the absolute number of pauper and private patients has greatly increased in recent years. In other words, the apparent increase of insanity is mainly marked among those who become pauper patients. This is certainly in great measure accounted for by the disproportionate accumulation of cases in pauper asylums, for reasons into which it is not now needful to enter. It assuredly does not prove that there has been anything like a corresponding growth of insanity among the poor as compared with the rich.

In any case, however, the illiterate population does yield a very serious amount of insanity, and the fact is so patent that it shows beyond a doubt that ignorance is no proof against the inroads of the disease. The absence of rational employment of the mental powers may lead to debasing habits and to the indulgence in vices especially favourable to insanity, less likely to attract a mind occupied with literary and scientific pursuits. No doubt mental stagnation is in itself bad, but the insanity arising out of it is more frequently an indirect than a direct result. If a Wiltshire labourer is more liable to insanity than other people, it may be not merely because his mind is in an uncultivated condition, but rather because his habits,[2] indirectly favoured by his ignorance, and the brain he inherited from parents indulging in like habits, tend to cause mental derangement. It is conceivable that he might have had no more mental cultivation, and yet have been so circumstanced that there would have been very little liability to the disease. This distinction is extremely important if we are tracing causes, however true it would remain that ignorance is a great evil. A South Sea islander might be much more ignorant than the Wiltshire labourer and yet not be so circumstanced that he would be likely to transgress the laws of mental health. The ignorance of an African tribe and that of a village in Wilts

[1] We are informed by Dr. Farr that the proportion between the upper and middle classes on the one hand, and the lower classes on the other, is as 15 to 85. Calculated on this basis, the proportion of private and pauper lunatics to their respective populations would be 1 in 484 for the former, and 1 in 353 for the latter—a very different result from that obtained by the usual method of calculating the ratio of private and pauper lunatics to the whole population, viz., 1 in 3,231, and 1 in 415.

[2] Dr. Thurnam, the late superintendent of the Wilts County Asylum, found that the proportion of cases caused by drink in this county was very high—in one year (1872) amounting to 34 per cent.

may be associated, the one with very little, the other with very much lunacy. Mr. Bright's "residuum" of a civilized people, and a tribe of North American Indians are alike uneducated, but, notwithstanding, present totally different conditions of life. We have no doubt that in a civilized community there will always be found by far the larger number of insane persons. There are three grand reasons for this. First, because those who do become insane or are idiotic among savages, "go to the wall" as a general rule; the other reasons are to be discovered in the mixed character and influence of European civilization; its action on the one hand in evolving forms of mental life of requisite delicacy and sensibility, easily injured or altogether crushed by the rough blasts from which they cannot escape in life; and on the other hand in producing a state confounded, as we have said, with savagery, but which differs widely from it, and is, simply in relation to mental disorders, actually worse. Recklessness, drunkenness, poverty, misery, characterise the class; and no wonder that from such a source spring the hopelessly incurable lunatics who crowd our pauper asylums, to the horror of ratepayers, and the surprise of those who cannot understand why the natives of Madagascar, though numbering about 5,000,000, do not require a single lunatic asylum. We may add that they do not destroy the few insane and idiots which they have.

It is constantly forgotten that while there is nothing better than true civilization, there is something worse than the condition of certain savages, and that almost anything is better than that stratum of civilized society which is squalid, and drunken, and sensual; cursed with whatever of evil the ingenuity of civilized man has invented, but not blessed with the counteracting advantages of civilization. The conclusion, so far from damping the efforts of progress and modern developments of science, should stimulate us to improve the moral and physical condition of this class and so lessen the dangers to mental disorder among them. The belief that savages are free from some of the insanity-producing causes prevalent in modern civilized England is quite consistent with the position taken in this article that education, ample mental occupation, knowledge, and the regularly trained exercise of the faculties exert a highly beneficial influence upon the mind, and thus fortify it against the action of some of the causes of insanity.

The relative liability of manufacturing and agricultural districts to mental disease has excited much discussion. This has partly arisen from the assumption that the latter may be taken as the representatives of savages. As we have shown this to be false, the comparison between these two districts does not, from this point of view, possess any value. On other grounds, however, it would be very interesting to determine whether urban or rural lunacy is most rife. Here, however, the worthlessness of mere statistics is singularly evidenced, and the difficulty of accurately balancing the weight of various qualifying circumstances becomes more and more apparent. An agricultural county may be found here and there with less lunacy than a manufacturing county, but if a group of counties be taken in which the manufacturing element is greatly beyond the average, and another group in which the agricultural element greatly preponderates, we find 1 lunatic to 463 of the county population in the former, and 1 to 388 in the latter, showing an *accumulation* of more insane paupers in the agricultural districts. But it is very possible that if we knew how many *become* insane, the result would be very different indeed. This, in fact, has been found to be the case in Scotland, where the Lunacy Commissioners have taken great pains to arrive at the real truth. In a recent Report it is shown that while three Highland counties have, in proportion to the

population, a decidedly heavier persistent burden of pauper lunacy than two manufacturing counties which are chosen for comparison, the number of lunatics receiving relief—that is, actually coming under treatment—is proportionally larger in the latter than in the former. In other words, the proportion of fresh cases of pauper lunacy appearing on the poor-roll is higher in urban than rural districts. The Commissioners refer this result partly to the greater prevalence of the active and transitory forms of mental disorder—cases which before long are discharged—and partly to the greater facility of obtaining accommodation in an asylum free of charge in a city, from its being at hand; and the greater wealth of the urban districts offering no obstacle to admission. They attribute the above-mentioned persistent rural lunacy chiefly to the constant migration of the strong from the rural to the urban districts; the necessary exodus of the physically and mentally healthy leaving behind an altogether disproportionate number of congenital idiots, imbeciles, and chronic insane in the agricultural counties. Hence, returning to England, it is quite clear that the mere ratio of accumulated pauper lunacy to the county population, which is constantly relied upon, proves little or nothing as to the relative liability to insanity of the agricultural and manufacturing districts. One conclusion only can be safely drawn from such figures, until minute investigations have been made into the circumstances attending rural and urban lunacy in England as has been done in Scotland—namely, that while theory is apt to say that a country life, passed, as it seems to be supposed, in pastoral simplicity, will not admit of the entrance of madness into the happy valley, fact says that whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to the relative proportion of urban and rural lunacy, a large amount of insanity and idiocy does exist in the country districts, and that the dull swain, with clouted shoon, but too frequently finds his way into the asylum.

A glance at the annual reports of our lunatic asylums reveals the main occupations of the inmates and the apparent causes of their attacks. In a county asylum like Wilts the great majority of patients are farm labourers, with their wives and daughters; and next in order, domestic servants and weavers. The number of farmers, or members of their families, is small. The character of the occupations in the population of an asylum like that for the borough of Birmingham of course differs. Here we find mechanics and artizans heading the list, with their wives. Those engaged in domestic occupation form a large number. Shopkeepers and clerks come next in order. In both asylums are to be found a few governesses and teachers. Innkeepers, themselves the cause of so much insane misery in others, figure sparingly in these tables.

Among the causes, intemperance unmistakably takes the lead. This is one of those facts which, amid much that is open to difference of opinion, would seem to admit of no reasonable doubt. Secondly follows domestic trouble, and thirdly poverty. At the Birmingham Asylum, out of 470 admissions in three years, 11 cases were attributed to "over application"—a proportion much lower than that observed in private asylums.

Recently, Mr. Whitcombe, assistant medical officer at the Birmingham Borough Asylum, has done good service by publishing the fact that, during the last twenty-five years, out of 3,800 pauper patients admitted into that asylum, 524, or 14 per cent, had their malady induced by drink, and that the total expenditure thus caused by intemperance amounted, in maintenance and cost of building, &c., to no less than 50,373*l.* during that period.

Some years ago we calculated the percentage of cases caused by intemperance in the asylums of England, and found it to be about

twelve. This proportion would be immensely increased were we to add those in which domestic misery and pecuniary losses owed their origin to this vice. Although ratepayers grumble about the building of large lunatic asylums, it is amazing how meekly they bear with the great cause of their burden, and how suicidally they resent any attempt made to reduce by legislation the area of this widespread and costly mischief.

It is worthy of note that drink produces much less insanity in Warwickshire outside Birmingham than in Birmingham itself.

In connection with this aspect of the question, an interesting fact, recorded by Dr. Yellowlees, when superintendent of the Glamorgan County Asylum, may be mentioned: that during a "strike" of nine months, the male admissions fell to half their former number, the female admissions being almost unaffected. "The decrease is doubtless mainly due to the fact that there is no money to spend in drink and debauchery." High wages, however, would be infinitely better than strikes, if the money were spent in good food, house-rent, and clothing.

The diet of the children of factory operatives in Lancashire points to one source of mental degeneration among that class. Dr. Fergusson, of Bolton, gave important evidence not long ago which indicated the main cause of their debility and stunted development, whether or not they are worse now than they were. He does not consider that factory labour in itself operates prejudicially, and reports the mills to be more healthy to work in now than they were in years past. The prime cause producing the bad physical condition of the factory population is, in his opinion, the intemperate habits of the factory workers. By free indulgence in stimulants and in smoking, the parents debilitate their own constitutions, and transmit feeble ones to their children. Instead of rearing them on milk after they are weaned, they give them tea or coffee in a morning, and in too many instances they feed them upon tea three times a day. In short, they get very little milk.

Mr. Redgrave, the Senior Inspector of Factories, does not consider that this miserable state of things has increased—we hope not—but he admits that more women are employed in the mills than formerly, and that this is most disastrous to the training of children. Some curious figures have been published, showing the weight of children at various years of age in the factory and agricultural districts, the comparison being greatly in favour of the latter.

Another cause of deterioration mentioned is that at least one half of the boys in the mills from twelve to twenty years of age either smoke or chew tobacco, or do both; a habit most prejudicial to the healthy development of the nervous system. It was recently observed by Mr. Mundella that the lad who began at eight years of age in a mine without education, and who was associated with men whose whole ambition was a gallon of beer and a bull dog, was not likely to grow up to be a Christian and a gentleman. We may add he would be very likely to end his days either in a prison or in a pauper asylum. It is observed in a recent report of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum that "such coal and iron mining counties as Durham and Glamorgan produce, in twice the proportion we do, the most marked and fatal of all the brain diseases caused by excesses." It may be stated that the relation between crime and insanity, especially weak mindedness, is one of the most intimate character, both in regard to the people who commit criminal acts and their descendants. Our examination of the mental condition of convicts, and of their physiognomy and cerebral development, has long convinced us that a large number of this class are mentally deficient; sometimes from birth;

at other times their mental development being arrested by their wretched bringing up. From the reports of the English convict prisons generally, it appears that 1 in every 25 of the males is of weak mind, insane, or epileptic, without including those sufficiently insane to be removed to an asylum. The resident surgeon to the general prison of Scotland at Perth (Mr. Thompson) gives a proportion of twelve per cent; founded upon a prison population of 6,000 prisoners.

Having referred to the bearing of the habits of one large portion of the population upon the manufacture of insanity, we pass on to the consideration of the relation between higher grades of modern society and mental disorder. It has been observed in institutions into which private and pauper patients are admitted, that the moral or psychical causes of lunacy are more frequently the occasion of the attack with the former than the latter class. This is not always accounted for —as might have been expected—by there having been less drink-produced insanity among the well-to-do patients; for in the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, where this disparity strongly comes out, there is even a higher percentage of insanity from this cause among the private than the pauper lunatics. The history of the daily mode of life of many members of the Stock Exchange would reveal, in the matter of diet, an amount of alcoholic imbibition in the form of morning "nips," wine at luncheon, and at dinner, difficult to realise by many of less porous constitutions, and easily explaining the disastrous results which in many instances follow, sooner or later, as respects disturbances of the nervous system, in one form or other. In fact, by the time dinner is due, the stomach is in despair, and its owner finds it necessary to goad a lost appetite by strong pickles and spirits, ending with black coffee and some liqueur. When either dyspepsia or over business work is set down as the cause of the insanity of such individuals, it should be considered what influence the amount of alcohol imbibed has exerted upon the final catastrophe as well as the assigned cause. But whatever may be the relative amount of insanity produced among the affluent and the poor, of this there can be no doubt, that certain mental causes of lunacy, as over-study and business worry, produce more insanity among the upper than the lower classes. We have examined the statistics of six asylums in England for private patients only, and have found this to be the case. At one such institution, Ticehurst, Sussex, we find, from statistics kindly furnished us by Dr. Newington, that out of 266 admissions, 29 were referred to over study, and 18 to over business work. Only 28 were referred to intemperance. Allowing a liberal margin for the tendency of friends to refer the disease to the former rather than the latter class, the figures remain striking, as pointing to the influence of so-called over-work. We say "so-called" because there is an apparent and fictitious as well as a real over-work. Both, however, may terminate in nervous disorder. Over-work is often confounded with the opposite condition — want of occupation. Civilization and mental strain are regarded by many as identical, and in consequence much confusion is caused in the discussion of the present question. It is forgotten that an idle life, leading to hysteria and to actual insanity, is much more likely to be the product of civilization than of savagery or barbarism. This is quite consistent with the other truth, that without civilization we do not see evolved a certain high pressure, also injurious to mental health. A London physician, Dr. Wilks, when speaking of a common class of cases, young women without either useful occupation or amusements, in whom the moral nature becomes perverted, in addition to the derangement of the bodily health, observes that the

mother's sympathies too often only foster her daughter's morbid proclivities, by insisting on her delicacy and the necessity of various artificial methods for her restoration. It is obvious that such a case as this is the very child of a highly-organized society, that is, of a high state of civilization, and yet that such a young lady is not the victim of high pressure or mental strain in her own person, although it is certainly possible that she may inherit a susceptible brain from an over-worked parent. However, the remedy is work, not rest; occupation, not idleness. We certainly do not want to make her more refined or artificial, but more natural, and to occupy herself with some really useful work. A luxurious idle life is her curse. That insanity itself, as well as mere hysteria, is developed by such a mode of existence, we fully believe. The mind, although not uneducated, deteriorates for want of either healthy intellectual excitement, the occupation of business, or the necessary duties of a family. Life must have an aim, although to achieve it there ought not to be prolonged worry.

In the same way there is the lady instanced who eats no breakfast, takes a glass of sherry at eleven o'clock, and drinks tea all the afternoon, and who, "when night arrives, has been ready to engage in any performance to which she may have been invited." Clearly she is the product of a highly artificial mode of life, found in the midst of modern civilization. She is certainly not suffering from mental strain; at the same time she is the outcome of the progress from barbarism and the hardy forms of early national life to our present complex social condition. We have particulary inquired into cases coming under our own observation in regard to the alleged influence of over-work, and have found it a most difficult thing to distinguish between it and other maleficent agents which, on close observation, were often found to be associated with it. We do not now refer to the circumstances which almost always attach themselves to mental fatigue, as sleeplessness, but to those which have no necessary relation to them, as vice. Here we have felt bound to attribute the attack to both causes, certainly as much to the latter as the former. In some cases, on the other hand, we could not doubt that long continued severe mental labour was the efficient cause of derangement. In a large proportion of other cases we satisfied ourselves that over-work meant not only mental strain, but the anxiety and harass which arose out of the work in which a student or literary man was engaged. The over-work connected with business, also largely associated with anxiety, proved a very tangible factor of insanity. Indeed it is always sure to be a more tangible factor of mental disease than over-work from study, because of the much greater liability to its invasion during the business period of brain life, than the study period. At Bethlem Hospital, Dr. Savage finds that there are many cases in which over-work causes a break down, "especially if associated with worry and money troubles." Among the women, the cases are few in number. In one, where there was probably hereditary tendency, an examination, followed in two days by an attack of insanity, may be regarded as the exciting cause. Monotonous work long continued would seem to exert an unfavourable influence on the mind. Letter-sorting, short-hand writing, and continuous railway travelling are instanced. If diversified, hard work is much less likely to prove injurious. During a year and a half twenty men and eight women were admitted whose attacks were attributed to over-work. The employments of architect, surveyor, accountant, schoolmaster, policeman, and bootmaker were here represented. Seven were clerks, two of whom were law-writers; two were students, one being "an Oxford man who had exhausted himself in getting a double first, and the other a medical student preparing

for his second college." Of the women, five were teachers, one a school-girl, and two dressmakers. Three of the teachers were in elementary schools, one a governess and the other a teacher of music and languages. If over-work alone did not, strictly speaking, cause the mental breakdown, still the concomitants must be blamed for these melancholy results.

A late medical officer to Rugby School (Dr. Farquharson), in defending that institution from a charge of injury in the direction of which we now speak, considers that instances of mental strain are more common at the universities, "for not only are the young men at a more sensitive period of life, but they naturally feel that to many of them this is the great opportunity—the great crisis of their existence — and that their success or failure will now effectually make or mar their career. Here the element of anxiety comes into play, sleep is disturbed, exercise neglected, digestion suffers, and the inevitable result follows of total collapse, from which recovery is slow and perhaps never complete."—(*Lancet*, Jan. 1, 1876.) He thinks he has seen an increase of headaches and nervous complaints among poor children since compulsory attendance at Board Schools was adopted, and records a warning against too suddenly forcing the minds of wretchedly-feeble, ill-fed and ill-housed children, and against attempts to make bricks too rapidly out of the straw which is placed in our hands.

The psychological mischief done by excessive cramming both in some schools and at home is sufficiently serious to show that the reckless course pursued in many instances ought to be loudly protested against. As we write, four cases come to our knowledge of girls seriously injured by this folly and unintentional wickedness. In one, the brain is utterly unable to bear the burden put upon it, and the pupil is removed from school in a highly excitable state; in another, epileptic fits have followed the host of subjects pressed upon the scholar; in the third, the symptoms of brain fog have become so obvious that the amount of schooling has been greatly reduced; and in a fourth, fits have been induced and complete prostration of brain has followed. These cases are merely illustrations of a class, coming to hand in one day, familiar to most physicians. The enormous number of subjects which are forced into the curriculum of some schools and are required by some professional examinations, confuse and distract the mind, and by lowering its healthy tone often unfit it for the world. While insanity may not directly result from this stuffing, and very likely will not, exciting causes of mental disorder occurring in later life may upset a brain which, had it been subjected to more moderate pressure would have escaped unscathed. Training in its highest sense is forgotten in the multiplicity of subjects, originality is stunted and individual thirst of knowledge overlaid by a crowd of novel theories based upon yet unproved statements. Mr. Brudenell Carter, in his *Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System*, speaks of a large public school in London, from which boys of ten to twelve years of age carry home tasks which would occupy them till near midnight, and of which the rules and laws of study are so arranged as to preclude the possibility of sufficient recreation. The teacher in a High School says that the host of subjects on which parents insist instruction being given to their children is simply preposterous, and disastrous alike to health and to real steady progress in necessary branches of knowledge. The other day we met an examiner in the street with a roll of papers consisting of answers to questions. He deplored the fashion of the day; the number of subjects crammed within a few years of growing life; the character of the questions which were frequently asked; and

the requiring a student to master, at the peril of being rejected, scientific theories, and crude speculations, which they would have to unlearn in a year or two. He sincerely pitied the unfortunate students. During the last year or two the public have been startled by the suicides which have occurred on the part of young men preparing for examination at the University of London; and the press has spoken out strongly on the subject. Notwithstanding this the authorities appear to be disposed to increase instead of diminish the stringency of some of the examinations. The *Lancet* has recently protested against this course in regard to the preliminary scientific M.B. of the London University, and points out that the average of candidates who fail at this examination is already about forty per cent, and that these include many of the best students. This further raising of the standard will, it is maintained, make a serious addition to the labours of the industrious student who desires the M.D. degree. Whether this particular instance is or is not a fair example, we must say, judging from others, that it seems to be thought that the cubic capacity of the British skull undergoes an extraordinary increase every few years, and that therefore for our young students more subjects must be added to fill up the additional space.

The master of a private school informs us that he has proof of the ill effects of over-work in the fact of boys being withdrawn from the keen competition of a public school career, which was proving injurious to their health, and sent to him, that they might in the less ambitious atmosphere of a private school pick up health and strength again. He refers to instances of boys who had been crammed and much pressed in order that they might enter a certain form or gain a desired exhibition, having reached the goal successfully, and then stagnated. He says that the too extensive curriculum now demanded ends in the impossibility of doing the work thoroughly and well. You must either force unduly or not advance as you would wish to do; the former does injury, and the latter causes dissatisfaction.

Of mental stagnation among the poor we have already spoken; an analogous condition among the well-to-do classes, not to be confounded with that of the young lady already described as seen in the London physician's consulting-room, deserves a passing observation. Excessive activity and excessive dulness may lead to the same dire result. Hence both conditions must be recognised as factors in the causation of mental disease. We have said that the indirect action of the latter is more powerful than its direct action, but there are no doubt cases of insanity which arise from the directly injurious influence of intellectual inactivity. The intelligence is inert; the range of ideas extremely limited; the mind broods upon some trivial circumstance until it becomes exaggerated into a delusion; the mind feeds upon itself, and is hyper-sensitive and suspicious, or it may become absorbed in some morbid religious notions which at last exert a paramount influence and induce religious depression or exaltation. From the immediate surroundings of the individual, whether in connection with parental training or from ecclesiastical or theological influences, or perhaps a solitary condition of life, there may be a dangerously restricted area of psychical activity. Prejudices of various kinds hamper the free play of thought; the buoyancy of the man's nature is destroyed; its elasticity broken; its strength weakened; and it is in fine reduced to a state in which it is a prey to almost any assertion however monstrous, if placed before it with the solemn sanctions which from education, habit, or predilection it is accustomed to reverence. Fantastic scruples and religious delusions frequently spring up in this soil. Such persons have been saved from the

evils of drunkenness and vice; they have also been sheltered from worry and excitement, yet, to the astonishment of many, they become the inmates of a lunatic asylum. They have in truth escaped the Scylla of dissipation or drink, only to be shipwrecked on the Charybdis of a dreary monotony of existence. On this barren rock not a very few doubtless perish, and if parents they transmit to a posterity deserving our sincerest pity, mediocre brains or irritably susceptible and unstable nerve tissue.

On the dangers arising from waves of religious excitement, it would be easy to dilate, but we shall content ourselves with remarking that if they have been exaggerated by some, they have been improperly ignored or denied by others. They are real; and frightful is the responsibility of those who, by excited utterances and hideous caricatures of religion, upset the mental equilibrium of their auditors, whether men, women, or children.

One remarkable feature of modern life—Spiritualism—has been said to produce an alarming amount of insanity, especially in America. It has been recently stated by an English writer that nearly 10,000 persons, have gone insane on the subject, and are confined in asylums in the United States; but careful inquiry, made in consequence, has happily disproved the statement, and we learn that the amount of insanity produced from this cause is almost insignificant — much less than that caused by religious excitement.

Looking broadly at the facts which force themselves upon our attention, we may say that a study of the relation between modern life and insanity, shows that it is of a many-sided and complex character; that the rich and the poor from different causes, though certainly in one respect the same cause, labour under a large amount of *preventible* lunacy; that beer and gin, mal-nutrition, a dreary monotony of toil, muscular exhaustion, domestic distress, misery, and anxiety, account largely, not only for the number of the poor who become insane in adult life, but who from hereditary predisposition, are born weak-minded or actually idiotic; that among the middle classes, stress of business, excessive competition, failures, and, also in many cases, reckless and intemperate living, occasion the attack; while in the upper classes intemperance still works woe—and under this head must be comprised lady and gentlemen dipsomaniacs, who are not confined in asylums; that while multiplicity of subjects of study in youth and excessive brain-work in after life exert a certain amount of injurious influence, under-work, luxurious habits, undisciplined wills, desultory life, produce a crop of nervous disorders, terminating not unfrequently in insanity. In a state of civilization like ours, it must also happen that many children of extremely feeble mental as well as bodily constitutions will be reared who otherwise would have died. These either prove to be imbeciles, or they grow up only to fall a prey to the upsetting influence of the cares and anxieties of the world. A considerable number of insane persons have never been really whole-minded people; there has, it will be found on careful inquiry, been always something a little peculiar about them, and when their past life is interpreted by the attack which has rendered restraint necessary, it is seen that there had been a smouldering fire in the constitution for a lifetime, though now, for the first time, bursting forth into actual conflagration.

Lastly, modern society comprises a numerous class of persons, well-meaning, excitable, and morbidly sensitive. Some of these are always on the border-land between sanity and insanity, and their friends are sometimes tempted to wish that they would actually cross the line, and save them from constant harass. When they do, it is easier to make allowance for them and their vagaries.

Whatever uncertainty there may

attach to some aspects of this inquiry, unquestionable conclusions have been drawn; and if these only accord with results arrived at from other considerations, they are valuable as confirming them. Had there appeared to be among the poor and ignorant a striking immunity from attacks of insanity, a strong argument would have been afforded, and would probably have been employed, against the extension of education at the present day to the working classes. Nothing, however, in our facts or figures supports such an anti-progressive view; and if the educated classes did not sin against their mental health in so many ways, they would doubtless compare more favourably than they do, in fact as well as in mere figures, with the uneducated poor. So again with regard to intemperance and all that it involves, in spite of the difficulty of discriminating between the many factors which often go to make up the sum total of causes of an attack, we have no doubt of the large influence for mental evil exerted by drink—always admitting that where the constitution has no latent tendency to insanity, you may do almost what you like with it, in this or any other way, without causing this particular disease. A man will break down at his weak point, be it what it may.

Again, the lessons are taught of the importance, not of mere education, but a real training of the feelings; the evil of mental stagnation, not simply *per se*, but from the train of sensual degradation in one direction, and of gloomy fanaticism in the other, engendered, and the danger of dwelling too long and intently on agitating religious questions, especially when presented in narrow and exclusive forms which drive people either to despair or to a perilous exhaltation of the feelings. To true religious reformers, the physician best acquainted with the causation of mental disease will award his heartiest approval. Only as the high claims of duty, demanded from man by considerations of the dependence of his work in the world upon mental health, of what he owes to his fellow-men, and of what he owes to God, are fulfilled as well as acknowledged, will civilized man benefit by his civilization, as regards the prevention of insanity. Unpreventible lunacy will still exist, but a great saving will be effected for British ratepayers when that which is preventible shall have been reduced to a minimum by the widest extension of a thorough, but not oppressive and too early commenced education, by the practical application of the ascertained truths of physiological and medical science, and by the influence of a Christianity, deep in proportion to its breadth, which shall really lay hold of life and conduct, and mould them in accordance with itself.

D. Hack Tuke.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The incident I am about to relate occurred during the Franco-German war. The letter in which I gave an account of it never reached London, and consequently was never published in the paper I represented during the campaign in France. I have related the story to private friends, but it has never before appeared in print. My reason for publishing it now is that it may give people in general some idea of the perils and dangers which a special correspondent of a paper has sometimes to go through if he endeavours to do his duty towards his employers.

I was with MacMahon's army from the time it left Strassburg until the battle of Wörth. After that bloody and hard-fought engagement I was taken prisoner by the Germans, but released almost immediately upon giving my *parole* in writing that I would not join the French camp for at least seven days. To follow the retreating army through the defiles of the Vosges was almost impossible; all the more so as I should have had to pass through the German forces, which were following up the French, and to which I was not accredited, and my orders were to remain and accompany the French. The carriage, an old travelling britska, which I had bought at Strassburg, as well as two old screws of horses which I had purchased at the same place, together with all my personal baggage, and everything except the clothes on my back, were looted by the German camp followers after the battle of Wörth. To procure another conveyance either by purchase or hire was utterly impossible. I had therefore no choice left but to start walking to my destination, and in four days managed to accomplish the forty miles between Wörth and Carlsruhe. The trip was not a pleasant one. The road leading from Alsace into Germany was like Cheapside at high noon. There was one continual stream of carts, carriages, and ambulances going towards the frontier, and another coming out towards the army. The former contained numerous French prisoners, some thousands of wounded Germans, and regiments which had suffered so much at the battle of Wörth as to be utterly unfit for service. The string of conveyances coming from the Rhine were filled with provisions of all sorts, ammunition, medical stores, doctors, sisters of charity, a number of recruits on their way to the front, and some regiments which had not yet seen service, and which were pushing forward to join their respective brigades in France. As a matter of course every inn and tavern along the whole road was full night and day. As fast as one set of drivers or soldiers vacated a place of entertainment, they were succeeded by another batch of their comrades. Untold gold would not have procured a bed for any one. I slept four nights on the road, and on each occasion was glad to put up with a little dirty straw, shaken down in a corner of the same room where a score or more of German boors were carousing over their Lager beer. It is wonderful what three days without washing and three nights sleeping in filthy quarters will effect. When I arrived at Carlsruhe, on the morning of the fifth day I was so covered with vermin from head to toe, and was otherwise in such a state of dirt and filth, that I was ashamed to go into Grösse's Hotel. I went to the baths, sent a note across to the banker on whom I had a letter of credit, and that gentleman very kindly sent one of his clerks with the money I wanted.

I then had a thorough wash, had my hair and beard clipped short, and rubbed in with a certain powder, burnt the clothes I had on me, and sent to a shop where ready-made garments were to be had to purchase others. Unfortunately I could get nothing to fit me except the most impossible coat that the mind of man could conceive. It was light-grey in colour, a frockcoat as to its shape, very short in the waist, very long in the skirt, and with black velvet collar and cuffs. I note this vestment particularly, for, as it will presently be seen, it was the cause of much of my future trouble.

A couple of days' rest at Carlsruhe, two or three hot baths, plenty of soap, and some clean under-linen soon restored me to something like comfort. On the third day I was able to leave for Baden. Thence I went over the Swiss frontier to Basle, and by that time, as the limit given by my *parole* to the Germans had expired, I crossed the French frontier, made my way by rail to Laon, was arrested there as a German spy, released again after a few hours' detention, purchased a carriage and horses—the rail having been cut by order of the French authorities—to replace those I had lost at Wörth, and passing through Châlons and Epernay (of champagne notoriety), arrived at Rheims on the afternoon of the third day after leaving Basle.

The confusion at Rheims I shall never forget the longest day I have to live. Marshal MacMahon was about to commence what afterwards proved to be the retrograde movement by which he hoped to afford assistance to Bazaine and the garrison at Metz. In and about Rheims there were four divisions of the French army, amounting nominally to 60,000 men. But the muddle and mess in which the whole army appeared to be, the utter want of anything like discipline in any portion of the force, literally defies description. Officers and soldiers of all ranks seemed to come and go between the camp and the town how and when they pleased. In the camp a sentry was to be seen here and there; but the listless apathy of the soldiers, the eagerness with which every individual in the whole force seemed bent on providing for his own wants, utterly regardless of all matters of duty, must have been seen to be believed. And if I had the pen of a Dickens or a Thackeray to describe the state of the French camp that morning, my story would be simply looked upon as grossly exaggerated.

And yet, as everybody, military and civil, French or foreigner, in Rheims or in the adjacent camps, knew full well, the day was a most momentous one for France. Notice had been stuck up all over the town that at four P.M. the last train would take its departure for Paris, and that immediately after the rails would be cut for a considerable distance. The Uhlans of the German army had been seen that morning at Châlons, which was only about a dozen miles distant. The telegraph wires had been cut near Epernay, which was known to be in the hands of the enemy. In the evening, and it was already past noon, the Marshal would commence his movement towards Metz; and after that all who remained in Rheims would do so at their own risk, as the German army was certain to arrive there within the next twenty-four hours.

The scene at the railway station literally baffled all description. For every possible seat in the trains, which kept leaving every hour for Paris, there were at least fifty applicants. The better class of citizens seemed to have stowed away all their valuables in small handbags or portmanteaus, and were content to fly with their families, leaving their houses to the mercy of the invaders. Not so, however, with the workmen and labouring people. They seemed to think that not only were the railway officials bound to find room for them in the train, but also for their beds, bedding, chairs, tables, chests of drawers, cooking-pots, spades, hammers, and in many cases all the contents of their shops. I saw one old

woman perfectly furious because the chief of the station told her it was utterly impossible for the train to carry away two milch cows and a calf which belonged to her. Another individual was using the worst of bad language because the railway officials declined to book a horse and cart which he wanted to take with him out of reach of the Germans. When to scenes like this is added the fact, that—with that want of forethought which seems to have been the curse of the French throughout the war — not a single extra official or additional ticket-clerk had been added to the station on such an emergency, it may easily be conceived how everything went wrong, and nothing seemed to go right.

As regards the want of discipline and inexplicable *laisser aller* of the French army at this supreme moment of the nation's destiny, I may mention a circumstance of which I was eye-witness on that day at the camp near Rheims. A splendid hussar regiment—if I mistake not it was the Eighth Hussars—joined Marshal MacMahon's army that morning. They had come by forced marches all the way from Dijon, and both men and horses were greatly fatigued when they reached their destination. In an English or a German cavalry regiment not a soul would have been allowed to quit the lines of the corps until every one of the 850 horses had been cleaned, watered, fed, and their backs inspected. In other words, from the colonel to the junior cornet, and from the senior sergeant-major to the youngest trumpeter, one and all would have had to remain at "stables" until every charger in the regiment had been seen to and cared for. This would have lasted upwards of an hour. But not so in the French service. The horses had been hardly picketed when, with one single exception, namely, the officer of the day, every one of the commissioned ranks betook themselves off to breakfast, and the men very quickly followed the example set by their superiors. I will venture to say that, in the whole of that regiment, there was not a single horse properly inspected that morning. Some had their saddles taken off, some had them left on. Here and there a trooper, perhaps one of every twenty, might be seen going through a make-believe ceremony of languidly rubbing his horse with a currycomb. Some horses were fed before they were watered; others were watered before they were fed. They were all encrusted with mud and dust about their legs, hocks, manes, and tails. The grey horses looked a sort of dirty brown; the bays appeared powdered with grey hairs. The single officer who remained in the lines sat upon one of the baggage carts smoking a cigar. In short, from first to last I never witnessed such a decided case of irregular conduct amongst regular troops. And yet this was one of the finest cavalry regiments of the French service. It had not gone through any portion of the campaign, but had just arrived from provincial quarters, and had joined the army in the field at a moment when the efficiency of every man and every horse was a matter of vital interest.

As evening approached, and the time for the departure of the last train to Paris drew near, matters became more and more confused. How that train ever got off, leaving as it did at the railway station some two or three thousand persons who were anxious to get away, was always a matter of mystery to me. But it took its departure not more than an hour after the appointed time, leaving Rheims to await the coming of the German army on the morrow. MacMahon's army marched out on the road to Metz about four P.M., and, not wishing to be mixed up more than was needful with the troops, I took my departure a little later, going by another route to a village some ten miles from Rheims, where I slept that night, and the following evening reached the small town of Mouson, where I remained twenty-four hours, and then, wishing to get more exact

information as to the movements of the Marshal and his army, drove to Sedan, a small, fortified town, which, some ten days later, was the scene of the celebrated battle which may be said to have crushed the French nation and troops.

I found Sedan full of staff and commissariat officers, several of whom I had known at Strassburg, and others that I had been acquainted with a few years before in Algiers. The colonel who commanded the "place" was an old Parisian acquaintance. He received me most kindly—as, indeed, officers of the regular French army always do receive strangers—gave me all the information I required, endorsed my Foreign Office passport, entertained me very hospitably at an excellent *déjeûner*, and sent me on my way rejoicing, recommending me to go to a certain village in the valley of the Meuse, where I should be pretty certain on the following morning to meet with MacMahon's head-quarters.

I returned to the small *cabaret* outside the walls, where I had left my carriage and horses, and while paying for what the latter had consumed was not a little astonished at the surly insolence with which the people of the small inn spoke to me. My coachman, who was a German-Swiss, told me that he had been accused of being a Prussian spy, and that the people of the inn, as well as their neighbours, declared that the *commandant de place* must be a traitor to France if he did not imprison me for daring to come near a French garrison; intimating at the same time that they were perfectly certain that I was no Englishman, but a spy of Bismarck's. Knowing, however, that at this time the French in general were suffering greatly from "Prussian spy on the brain," and feeling certain that the commandant's endorsement of my passport would see me through any trouble, I paid little attention to the man's fears. The horses were put to, and I started on my journey, which, I very soon had good reason to fear would be the last one I should ever undertake on this side of the grave.

We had proceeded about four miles from Sedan, when suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, we came upon a body of men drawn up across the latter. They were armed with muskets, wore military pouches, and were dressed in a sort of irregular uniform, by which I knew them to be *Francs-tireurs*, that most undisciplined body of undisciplined troops which did so much harm to their own cause during the whole campaign. There were, as nearly as I could judge, some fifty or sixty of them. They had been evidently waiting for us. They surrounded the carriage in a moment, and, with frantic yells, among which the only words to be distinguished were, "*Le sacré espion Prussien!*" they pulled me on to the road, bound my hands with cords, and, had their arms been loaded, I believe they would there and then have shot me. I asked them where their officers were, but in reply they only vented on me the foulest abuse, saying they had no officers, and that when Frenchmen caught a Prussian spy they knew how to treat him. Why or wherefore they did not touch my coachman—whose accent betrayed very plainly his German origin—I never could make out. He was allowed to remain on his driving-seat, where he sat absolutely green with fear. In the meantime, the first excitement having subsided, about ten of them formed themselves into what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, and proceeded to try me for what they had already fully determined in their own minds I was guilty of, namely, of being a Prussian spy.

I asked again where their officers were, and whether I could speak to any of them; but they answered, with imprecations, that there were no officers present, that I was a Prussian spy, and ought to be shot at once. I was buffeted, knocked down in the most cowardly manner, and kicked when on the ground. When I asked

to be taken back to Sedan, that the *commandant de place* might judge my case, I was told that the *commandant* was like the rest of the French army—a traitor; and one ruffian, who was even more ruffianly than his fellows, seized his musket by the muzzle, and declared that, if I spoke again, he would brain me with the butt.

I need hardly say that the so-called trial was the veriest farce ever enacted under that name. The unfortunate grey coat with the black velvet collar was declared by one of my judges to be of German make. I was asked where I got it, and when I told them it had been purchased at Carlsruhe, a regular howl was set up, as if I had avowed myself to be an intimate friend of Bismarck. The very fact of having in my possession a coat that was purchased in Germany was deemed sufficient proof of my being a German and a spy. When I offered to show them my papers, and declared that I was an Englishman, with an English passport, they yelled at me in derision. One dirty-looking miscreant came forward and said he could speak English very well, and would soon find out whether or not my tale was true. He addressed me in some jargon which sounded like English, but of which I could make no sense, and in which, except the words, "You speak very well, Englishman," there was no meaning whatever. However, I answered him in my own language, thinking that, by doing so, I should at any rate raise a doubt in his mind. But, to my amazement, no sooner had I answered him than he turned round to his companions and declared I was a German, and had spoken to him in that tongue. This seemed quite enough, not merely to convince the rabble—for they had already been so—but it was more than enough to make them declare their sentence. "*À mort! à mort!*" went round the circle, and I was then and there condemned to death. I was taken to a dead wall, some ten yards off, put up with my back against it, twelve men were ordered to load their muskets there and then, two were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, should I require it; and, as a *finale* to my sentence, one of the scoundrels produced a watch, and told me they would give me ten minutes to prepare for death.

In the course of a not uneventful life I have passed through some moments which were far from pleasant. But in all my experiences nothing ever equalled, and I hope nothing ever will equal, the first few minutes of that time which they told me remained between me and death. To be shot with no more ceremony than a mad dog, and in all probability my fate never to be heard of by friends at home, seemed the hardest of hard lines. I have often heard how, under similar circumstances, a man's whole life passes in review before him. I cannot say that this was my experience. My feelings were almost too bitter for my ideas to form themselves into anything like shape. I had faced death more than once in my life, and had not on such occasions shown more cowardice than most men. But to die on the road-side, in an out-of-the-way corner of France, murdered by a pack of bloodthirsty ruffians, without even a fellow-countryman near me who could tell those I had left behind the whereabouts of my grave, seemed indeed a hard fate.

With some people, and I confess myself to be one of the number, the greater the dilemma in which they are placed, the more certain are they to invent some loophole by which to escape. Five out of the allotted ten minutes had already passed, when a thought struck me to try a plan, which I put into immediate execution. "*Voyez, messieurs,*" I called out, "you have condemned me to death; but according to the laws of France not even an assassin is executed without seeing a priest. I therefore ask you, *au nom de la France et de la justice*" (with Frenchmen you must always use high-sounding words if you want to get round them), "to send for M. le Curé of the nearest Commune, and let me see him before I die."

The attempt was a hazardous one, and might have ended—as it certainly would have done with the *Communards* of Belleville or Montmartre—by a curtailment of the five minutes which remained, or which I believed remained, between me and eternity. However, like many desperate attempts, it was successful. A dozen or so of my captors whispered together among themselves, and then, turning round, exclaimed, "*C'est juste! c'est bien juste; il a le droit de voir un prêtre avant de mourir. Envoyez chercher M. le Curé!*" And to search for the parish priest a couple of men started off in different directions.

As may be imagined, I was not a little pleased at this reprieve. In any case it would give me time to collect my thoughts; and there was every chance of the priest having some influence over the Franc-tireurs and persuading them to allow of my being taken before the regular civil or military authorities.

Few of my London acquaintances would, if they could have been brought to that dead wall, have recognised, in the dirty, dusty, half-stripped vagabond that sat there, their generally well-dressed friend. My captors had taken from me—and I have never seen it from that day to this—the light-grey coat with the black velvet collar that I had bought at Carlsruhe. My waistcoat had also disappeared. My captors had divested me of my shoes, in order, I suppose, to insure my not running away. My billycock hat lay by my side, and my fall and rollings in the dust had given me an appearance which, to say the least of it, was far from cleanly. In short, I looked altogether much more like one of those houseless creatures that are to be seen of an evening waiting for admittance into the casual ward of the workhouse than like the well-to-do correspondent of a prosperous English paper.

The time passed on, and M. le Curé did not arrive. My captors began to growl and grumble, and in more than one quarter I heard the ominous words, *il faut en finir*, muttered in a tone which left no doubt of their meaning.

All at once a new figure appeared on the scene. It was an old man, who, by his belt and the gun under his arm, was evidently the *Garde Champêtre* of the village, and on whose blouse the red ribbon of the legion of honour showed that he had served in the army. I accosted the old fellow with a civil salutation, and told him that I could see he had been a soldier, and that he probably could perceive that I also had once belonged to the profession of arms. The old fellow brightened up in an instant, and said yes, that it was very evident I had served; although, how he came to this conclusion I was at a loss to understand.

"Perhaps," I said to him, "you served with my compatriots in the Crimea?" (He was far too old to have done so, but it is always well to flatter a Frenchman.)

"*Oui, monsieur,*" he replied; "*j'ai servé en Crimée avec vos braves compatriots.*"

"And," said I, "you perhaps learnt their language?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur,*" he replied, "I can speak your language a little."

"And you can read it?" I said, giving him at the same time a look as I put to him what lawyers would call "a leading question."

The old fellow seemed to understand me at once, and replied that he could read English very well.

"Then," said I, motioning to him to take my Foreign-Office passport out of my pocket, "will you have the goodness to read these documents, and to inform *ces braves messieurs* that I am not a Prussian, and that I am not a spy; that I am an English officer of rank (I thought it better to colour the picture as highly as possible), travelling in France to witness how brave Frenchmen defend their native soil, and how these brave men, the Franc-tireurs, are always ready to die for their country."

The old fellow took my passport in

his hand, but I am afraid that when he said he could read our language at all he had somewhat economised the truth. He held the document in his hand *upside down,* gazing at it for about a minute. He then, with a suddenness which astonished me not a little, undid the cord which bound my hands, clapped my hat on my head, and, exclaiming in a loud tone, "*C'est vrai, c'est vrai, monsieur est un officier Anglais, un colonel très distingué,*" hurried me to the carriage, which was luckily only a few yards off, bundled me in, and, exclaiming to the coachman, "*Allons, cocher; fouettez, fouettez!*" sprang on the box himself, and in less time than I can take to describe it, we were tearing along the road at full speed, before my captors had recovered their astonishment at the old man's audacity. Some of them ran after us for a short distance, and two or three of those who had loaded their muskets for the purpose of shooting me fired after us as we sped on our way. Even then I had a narrow escape from these blood-thirsty ruffians. One of their balls went near enough to my head to make a hole in the crown of my billycock, which is to this day preserved by a friend in Brussels as a relic of the war.

The old *Garde Champêtre* went on with me to Mouson, where I had the pleasure of getting five hundred francs on my letter of credit, and making him accept the same. If ever one man by his presence of mind saved the life of another, that veteran saved mine.

M. Laing Meason.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1873.

(*An unpublished poem.*)

Oh! I wish I were a tiny browny bird from out the south,
Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by the stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and the sky,
And the tiny wife I meant to have in such a cosy nest;
And if some one came and shot me dead, why then I could but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their best.

Charles Kingsley.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

In a former article I endeavoured to describe the schools of Germany, compared them with those of England, and pointed out the features in which I thought that the German scholastic system was superior to our own. I then spoke of several different kinds of school—the Gymnasium, the Real-schule, the Bürger-schule, and the Gewerbe-schule, but directed my chief attention to the Gymnasium, or Classical school, which still enjoys the highest estimation, and the exclusive privilege of preparing boys for the universities; and which is, therefore, the only road to the learned professions and the service of the state.

I come now to a subject of greater difficulty as well as interest; for whatever differences may exist between the *schools* of Germany and England, they seem unimportant when compared with those which distinguish a German from an English *university*. Differences so fundamental and essential, that it seems strange that they should be called by the same name.

Whatever opinion a man may have formed of the German universities, whether he sides with their enthusiastic, and sometimes fanatical admirers, or their hardly less zealous opponents, he cannot deny that they are deserving of our most earnest consideration. Whether the waters which flow from them seem to us sweet or bitter, we know that they flow in abundance, that they are extremely potent in their effects, whether for good or evil, and that they find their way into every channel by which the streams of speculation and knowledge are conveyed to the minds of the present generation. No man of any country, in the present day, can advance far along the path of any science, without accepting, willingly or unwillingly, the aid of a German guide; and our most orthodox divines, as well as our most enthusiastic sceptics and pessimists, seek the weapons of their warfare in the German armoury. The tables of our classical scholars, historians, and physicists, groan under the weight of German editions and German treatises; our grammars have been completely remodelled on the German pattern, and our lexicons and dictionaries are, for the most part, compilations from German sources. Even our soldiers look to "the spectacled nation" as the best teachers of military science. It is hardly too much to say that the Germans are at present acting the part of pioneers in every advance of the great army of science. Nor is it only in England that this remarkable fact is recognised. "A little German university," says Renan, "with its awkward professors and starving *Privat-docenten*, does more for science than all the ostentatious wealth of Oxford." If we might substitute "*advance* of science" in this sweeping sentence, no one, I think would venture to deny it; though many would maintain that this, with all its importance, is not the only object of a university.

It is not altogether out of place, in speaking of the German universities, to refer to the origin of universities in general, because the former have preserved so much of the original type. The university, which in most countries is now regarded as an institution of the state, was originally of the nature of a private school. The natural impulse in the heart of man to display his knowledge and diffuse his opinions, induced the great scholars of the middle ages to become teachers, and in those days teachers were of necessity lecturers. Their fame attracted students from all quarters of the world, and the presence of hearers, again, was a powerful attrac-

tion to teachers. The University of Paris, which arose in this way as early as the eleventh century, was the model of the German universities, and the original form has been preserved with singularly little change to the present day. The students who thronged to Paris from all parts of Europe were classed according to their nationality, as "the French," "the English" (which appellation included the Germans), "the Normans," and "the Picards." Each nation chose its own Proctor, and the four Proctors, with a Rector at their head, governed the whole academical body. Originally there was but one Faculty, that of "Arts;" but as the sciences of Law and Medicine grew in importance, the Students of Theology, Law and Medicine, formed separate Corporations or Faculties; although the Faculty of Arts retained, even then, some of its ancient privileges, of which the new Corporations could only partake by graduating in Arts also, as "Masters of Arts." Such, in the main, was the form assumed by the first German University, that of Prague, in 1348. Others were founded at Heidelberg (1386), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1391), Würzburg (1403), Leipsic (1409), Rostock (1419), Greifswalde (1456), Freiburg (1457), Trèves (1472), Tübingen (1477), and Frankfort-on-the-Oder (1506), which was the last University founded before the Reformation. The custom of living in Colleges (Bursae), which the Germans had adopted from the French, generally prevailed down to the sixteenth century, and has partially maintained itself among the Roman Catholics down to the present time.

The first Protestant university was founded by Philip of Hesse at Marburg in 1527, and received a constitution in accordance with the free spirit of the new era, which enabled the Medical and Philosophical Faculties to emancipate themselves from ecclesiastical control. The sovereign himself became Rector of the Marburg university, and personally interested himself in its welfare. Universities of a similar character were successively founded at Königsberg (1543), Jena (1558), Kiel (1665), and Halle (1694), which last is distinguished as being the first at which the Professors enjoyed the full *Lehrfreiheit* (or full liberty of expressing their opinion on the subject of their lectures), and were allowed to use the German language, by which the non-academical world was drawn into the sphere of their influence. The University of Breslau was founded in 1702, that of Göttingen in 1737, Berlin in 1809, and Bonn in 1818.

There are now 21 universities in the German Empire with 1,250 Professors and somewhat more than 17,000 students. Of the German Universities in other countries, 7 are in Austria, with 676 Professors and 7,700 students; 4 in Switzerland, with 230 Professors and 1091 students, and one in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, with 66 Professors and 874 students.

The salaries of the Professors in ordinary range from 120*l.* to 450*l.*, exclusive of fees. In the case of very distinguished men they rise to 500*l.* or even 600*l.* per annum.

Referring to the amount expended on the universities, Mr. Gladstone in a recent speech at Nottingham, says; "I think about 70,000*l.* is the sum expended by *the Germans and the Government of Northern Germany* in producing that which is absolutely necessary in order to give efficiency to the higher education of the country." I do not know what "*the Government of Northern Germany*" exactly means, but Prussia *alone* spends 5,343,000 marks (267,150*l.*) a year on her universities; and the *extraordinary* expenses of the present year amount to 3,000,000 marks (150,000*l.*), chiefly for new university buildings. The total annual sum expended for educational purposes in Prussia is 38,068,000 marks (1,903,400*l.*), and the minister Falk asks for an additional grant of 12,000,000 marks (600,000*l.*).

The German University consists:—

I. Of the *Ordinary* Professors,

appointed by Royal patent and paid by Government; the *Extraordinary* Professors, named by the king's minister, who are not *entitled* to any salary, but often receive a small one; and the *Privatim docentes,* who derive their *Licentia docendi* from the Faculty to which they belong, and depend on fees alone.

II. Of the various directors and officers of the institutions connected with the university—the museums, observatories, anatomical theatres, laboratories, &c.

III. Of the matriculated students.

IV. Of the academical police, and the inferior officials, as secretaries, quæstors, bedells, &c.

The Professors and students are divided into the four Faculties of Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy (Arts), under which last head are included, not merely Mental and Moral Philosophy, but the Ancient and Modern Languages, History, Archæology, Mathematics, the Physical Sciences, the Fine Arts, Political Philosophy, Political Economy and Diplomacy, &c. The Minister of Education is represented at some universities by a resident "*Curator* and Plenipotentiary," who acts as a sort of resident Chancellor, and is the connecting link between the university and the government. The immediate government of the university is carried on by a *Senate*, composed in some cases of *all* the ordinary Professors, in others of a certain number chosen by and from them, with an annually appointed *Rector* at their head. The Senate generally consists of the Rector, the Ex-rector, the four Deans of Faculty, some, or all, of the ordinary Professors, and the University Judge. The Rector is chosen by the ordinary Professors, and is president of the Senate. He still retains the old title of "Magnificence," and derives a salary from a percentage on fees for matriculation, and the granting of testimonials and degrees. The *University Judge* is appointed by the Minister of Education, and transacts the legal business of the university. He is not a Professor but a practical lawyer, whose office it is to see that all the transactions of the Senate are in accordance with the laws of the land. He is also the connecting link between the academical authorities and the town police.

The courses of lectures (*Collegia*) delivered by the Professors are of three kinds:—

I. *Publica.* — Every ordinary or extraordinary Professor is expected to deliver, *gratis,* two courses (of at least two lectures a week), extending through the whole of each "semester," on some material point of the science he professes; and these are the "*Publica Collegia.*" They are but thinly attended by the students.

II. *Privata.*—The arrangement of which is entirely left to the different Faculties. These are the principal lectures, and the Professors receive fees (*honararia*) from those who attend them, varying according to the number of hours in the week which they occupy, the labour required in their preparation, the cost of apparatus, &c. These lectures generally occupy an hour a day, four, five, or six times a week. The most usual fee is about eighteen shillings.

III. *Privatissima.*—These are delivered to a select number, in the private houses of the Professors, on terms settled between them and their hearers.

The length of time (at least three years) which intervenes between matriculation and examination, has led to a practice amongst the students of taking down the whole lecture, in the manner of a reporter, in order to study it at home. And this, again, has induced the Professors to dictate their lectures in such a manner that they can be taken down almost word for word. It may easily be imagined how fatal such a habit must be to the graces of elocution, and it has not unfairly been made the subject of ridicule. A story is current of a German Professor at Marburg, who

went so far in his desire to meet the wishes of the students as to say at the end of one of his sentences: "Machen die Herren gefälligst ein Kommachen"—Here, gentlemen, please to place a comma. Goethe also alludes to it in his *Faust*, where Mephistopheles, in the garb of Faust, is giving advice to a young scholar respecting his behaviour in the lecture-room:—

> "Doch euch des Schreibens ja befleisst
> Als dictirt' euch der heilige Geist."

"But be sure you write as diligently as if the Holy Spirit were dictating."

No single thing has contributed more to injure the reputation of the German universities in the eyes of our countrymen than the unprincipled manner in which some of the most insignificant of them have exercised their right of conferring degrees. Those who are unacquainted with Germany naturally involve all her universities in the same condemnation with the two or three dishonourable corporations who have virtually sold their worthless honours to aspirants as base as themselves. A short account of the manner in which degrees are obtained in the more respectable universities of Germany, may help to rescue them from unmerited reproach.

Each Faculty has the exclusive right of granting degrees in its own sphere, although this prerogative is exercised under the authority of the whole university. The Theological Faculty grants two degrees, those of Licentiate and Doctor. The Philosophical Faculty also grants two, "Master of Arts" and "Doctor of Philosophy," which are generally taken together. The Medical and Judicial Faculties give only one degree each, that of Doctor.

Whoever seeks the degree of Licentiate in Theology, and of Doctor and Master of Arts in Philosophy, must have studied three years at a university, and must signify his desire to the Dean of his Faculty in a Latin epistle, accompanied by a short *curriculum vitæ*. Before he can be admitted to the *vivâ voce* examination he is expected to send in a *Doctor-dissertation*, an original treatise, generally written in Latin, in which he must manifest not only his proficiency in the subjects in which he intends to graduate, but some power of original thought and independent research. The Dean sends this treatise round to the other members of the Faculty, who have to declare in writing their opinion of its merits. If this be favourable, a day is appointed for the grand examination, which is generally carried on in Latin, and which all the members of the Faculty are expected to attend as examiners. The *Doctorandus* is then subjected to a *vivâ-voce* examination by each Professor in turn, after which it is decided by simple majority whether the candidate has satisfied the examiners or not. If he succeeds he is directed to hold a public "disputation" (in Latin), in presence of the Dean and Faculty, on *theses* of his own selection, which are posted at the gates of the University. After the disputation the Dean addresses the *corona*, in a Latin speech, and hands the diploma to the new graduate.

To obtain the degree of Doctor of Theology the candidate must have finished his academical studies six years, and have written some work, which, in the opinion of the Faculty, is a valuable contribution to Theological literature.

The degree of *Doctor utriusque juris* is taken in nearly the same way as those in Theology and Philosophy, except that the law student is sometimes subjected to a written examination previously to the oral one.

The Medical Faculty is the only one in which it is imperative on the student to take the degree of Doctor. In the other Faculties admission to the privileges and honours of a profession is obtained solely by passing the so-called State or Government examination.

The testimony of many distinguished German schoolmen, as well as my own

observations, incline me to think that one of the weakest points in the German university system is the method of examination. The *Staats-examina* in the Medical Faculty, for example, are conducted by a commission consisting chiefly of the Professors of one and the same university; so that, virtually, a student's teachers are his principal examiners. The case is very nearly the same with the so-called *Wissenschaftliche Prüfungs-commission* for masters in the Gymnasia and other schools. The necessary consequences of such a system need hardly be pointed out; and it speaks well for the professorial body in Germany that the results have not been sufficiently injurious to excite much public attention. An English examiner is as much above suspicion as an English judge; and though accident may place an Oxford or Cambridge man higher or lower in a class-list than he deserves, he never attributes his success or failure to a bias in the mind of his examiner. But should we (with all our trust in the conscientiousness of our university authorities) feel the same confidence if the examining board consisted mainly of the pupils' own tutors, and the heart sat in judgment side by side with the head? It cannot be denied that the German system tends to too great leniency on the part of examiners. The reputation of great severity would tell unfavourably on the number of students; for, as they may choose their university, they are likely to go where they can obtain their degrees with the least exertion.

Whoever wishes to enter the professorial career as *Privatim docens* must obtain leave of the Minister of Instruction to announce himself for *Habilitation* into one of the four Faculties. This permission cannot be obtained until three years after he has completed his studies at the university. He must also have taken the degree of Doctor. His application is made by a Latin epistle to the Dean, accompanied by a *curriculum vitæ*, and a treatise on one of the subjects on which he proposes to lecture. The Faculty appoints, by ballot, two commissioners, who subject the testimonials and treatise of the candidate to a rigid examination, and give a written opinion of his merits. The above-mentioned documents, together with the judgment of the commissioners, are then sent round to every member of the Faculty, and the fate of the candidate is decided at their next meeting by simple majority. If the decision is favourable he is directed by the Dean to prepare and deliver a lecture on some subject chosen by the latter, after which the members of the Faculty hold a *colloquium* with him on the matter of his discourse. He is then finally admitted as *Privatim docens*.

The Privatim docens *may* be raised to the rank of Extraordinary Professor at any time after his *habilitation*, but he can make no claim to such promotion until he has lectured for three years at the university. The academical teacher, having obtained the position of Extraordinary Professor, has full opportunity of proving his ability before the university and the country. He stands, as a lecturer, on an equal footing in all respects with the oldest and most distinguished of the salaried Professors, and his exclusion from academical offices must be reckoned rather as an advantage at the beginning of his career. His future fate is very much in his own hands, and it is scarcely possible, even to adverse ministerial influence, to keep him from obtaining the natural fruits of his exertions. The professorial chairs of all Germany, and even of many other countries—as Switzerland, Austria, Russia, &c.—are open to him, and the active rivalry of different States insures to the man of genius and learning a fitting sphere of labour.

The stimulus thus given to exertion, both on the part of those who seek for name and fortune, and those who have already attained it, is extraordinary, and the advantage accruing from it to

the students and the public correspondingly great. The Ordinary Professor, however great his attainments and his fame, cannot relax in his exertions or sleep on his laurels, if he would not yield his hearers and his fees to some "Extraordinary" brother or needy and acute Privatim docens. He must "keep moving," for there are numbers pressing on his heels. He must lead his pupils forward, or they, careless of his brilliant antecedents, will leave him to follow a less renowned but more active and skilful guide.

The foregoing outline may suffice to show the world-wide difference between the academical institutions of England and Germany in external form; yet they differ far more essentially in the spirit which animates them, in their *modus operandi*, and in the objects which they respectively pursue. The term university is hardly applicable to our great academies; for they do not even profess to include the whole circle of the sciences in their programme, and their mode of teaching differs in hardly any respect from that of a school. The German university, on the other hand, looks, at first sight, like a mere aggregate of technical schools, designed to prepare men for the several careers of social life. Something analogous would result from bringing together in one place our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, our Theological training schools, Inns of Court, Medical schools and hospitals, and our British and Kensington Museums, with their schools of art, and then dividing the whole body of teachers and students into four faculties, and bringing it under the control of Her Majesty's Government. Yet such mere juxtaposition would not alone suffice to form a German university. Such a collection in one place of professional training schools, whose only object is the rapid preparation of young men for their future callings, *does* exist in Paris; and yet Gabriel Monod could say, without contradiction, that, with the exception of Turkey, France was the only country in Europe which possessed no university in the proper sense of the word. The German Faculties are also technical schools, but they are intimately and inseparably united *by a common scientific method*, which makes the practical studies of each a medium of the highest scientific training. Preparation for a profession is indeed the main object of a German university; but it is not, as in France, the only one. The great principle of teaching in the former is *the continual blending of instruction and research*, and the German universities are such good schools, because they are not only places of instruction but workshops of science. The enlargement and strengthening of the mind which the English system aims at exclusively, the Germans endeavour to combine with preparation for the practical business of life. Their Professors have to supply the State with a sufficient number of young men capable of undertaking the duties of clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians, civil servants, &c., and we know that this practical end is fully attained. But the successful result is a matter of perpetual astonishment to us, with our ideas and our experience, when we come to consider the nature of the means employed. The Professor announces a course of lectures, which the student may attend or not as he pleases; and these lectures are not, as we might expect, a compendium of practical knowledge, which his pupils may commit to memory and reproduce at their examinations, and use at their first start in their professional career, but generally an original scientific investigation of some new field of thought, a peering from the heights of accumulated knowledge into the dim and cloud-shadowed horizon. In every lecture the Professor is supposed to be engaged in the act of creation, and the student to be imbibing the scientific spirit and acquiring the scientific method—watching the weaver at his loom and learning to weave for

himself. Whether the latter does his part or not is entirely his own concern. He is never questioned in his class or examined at the end of the term or year, and may pass his whole university life without any intimate personal acquaintance with the man whose business it is to cultivate his powers and fit him to serve his generation. The sources of the practical knowledge he needs are of course pointed out to him for private reading, but he is left to use them when and how he pleases, and to prepare himself alone, or in company with his fellow-students, for his distant examination. Nor is the higher work of the Professor supplemented, as with us, by private tutors, "coaches," or "crammers." In fact, there is no part of our collegiate system which is more universally reprobated by the Germans. "What we want for our students," they say, "is not the assistance of private tutors, but private independent study without assistance." "Away with all supervision and drilling! If you were to subject our men to private tuition, and regulate and inspect their studies, you would destroy at a blow the scientific spirit in our universities. The main object of a university, as distinguished from a school, is to foster independent thought—the true foundation of independence of character. The student must, of course, be fitted to gain his livelihood, but show him where the necessary information is to be acquired, and place an examination in full view at the end of his curriculum, and he will prepare *himself* far better than if he were crammed by others, in a manner not suited, perhaps, to his mental constitution."

The only institution in a German university which might seem, at first sight, to contain the element of private tuition, is the so-called "Seminary," now attached to all the four Faculties. The Seminary is composed of the older and more advanced students in their last year, who assemble periodically under the presidency of the chief Professors in each department. The Seminarists are encouraged to treat some subject (suggested by the Professors or chosen by themselves) independently, according to the scientific method which they are supposed to have learned from attendance at the lectures. These treatises are read and discussed in the class, and generally commented on in a kind of summing-up by the presiding Professor. Here, too, the main object is to foster private reading and independent research on the part of the pupil, who is not expected to display his knowledge of other men's views, but to go to the sources, and, as far as his powers and lights allow, to extend the field of science in some definite direction. Such treatises, like the *Doctor-dissertations*, may be, and generally are, of little value in themselves—*i.e.*, to the reader; but they are of the greatest use to the writer, who learns thereby the meaning of the word "science," and how scientific work is carried on. He is taught to follow out one problem, at least, to its ultimate consequences, to clear one field for himself, on which he can hoist his own colours and say: "Here I stand on my own ground, and on my own legs; here no one can teach me or direct me." The power acquired by such an exercise is an inestimable possession, the very foundation of spiritual independence, the great source of mental fertility. Nor does it necessarily lead, as we might fear, to one-sided narrowness of mind. No one can thoroughly investigate a subject, however special and limited it may seem, without coming into contact on every side with other apparently alien matters. The deeper we penetrate, the wider must we make the opening at the surface for the admission of air and light into the depths below.

At the risk of seeming to repeat myself, I will now recapitulate the principal characteristic differences between the German and the English university.

The former, as we have seen, is a

national institution, entirely supported by the state, subject to the supervision and control of the central government, frequented by all but the poorest classes of the community, and therefore immediately and directly influenced by political and social changes. The latter is a wealthy corporation enjoying a very large measure of independence, frequented chiefly by the higher and more conservative classes, but little influenced by political changes or the prevailing opinions and customs of the masses, dwelling in empyrean heights remote from the noise and heat of contending factions and all the changes and chances of the work-a-day world.

> "Semota ab nostris rebus sejunctaque longe,
> Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
> *Ipsa suis pollens opibus* nihil indiga nostri."

Again, the internal government of the *Corpus Acad.* in Germany is almost entirely in the hands of the actual teachers; and the most eminent professors are also the chief rulers of the university, as Rectors, Deans of Faculty, or members of the Senate. In Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, the lecturers and tutors, the working bees of the community, have but a small share of its wealth and power, which is for the most part in the hands of learned and dignified "Heads" and irresponsible Fellows, who are not expected to take much part in the actual teaching. The natural result is that we have many admirable teachers, and many very learned men, but few writers. No impulse of rivalry or hope of promotion irresistibly impels our scholars to give the fruits of their labour to the world, and they too often enjoy them alone. We have always the uneasy feeling that there are men at our universities who might well compete with German Professors, who yet do little for the advancement of science, and are almost unknown beyond their college walls.

According to the German view of the matter, the Professor ought to be a learner even more than a teacher. He is engaged in a constant race and rivalry with competitors, not only at his own university, but throughout the great republic of letters to which he belongs, and in which he seeks for fame, position, and emolument. In the choice of a Professor, therefore, the university (which has the right of proposing names to the Minister of Education) and the government are guided almost entirely by the comparative merits manifested in the published writings of the aspirants. The questions asked are: "What work has he done?" "What is he doing?" A vague reputation for mere learning, a good delivery, or a pleasing style will avail him little. They prefer, not the best teacher, as they would for the Gymnasium, but the greatest thinker, the most creative genius, and leave him to make himself intelligible to the students as he can. They are not disturbed at hearing that Professor M. or N. has but few hearers, and "shoots above their heads;" or by such cases as that of the Philosopher Hegel, who said that "only one of his pupils understood him, and he *mis*understood him." A light set on a hill, they think, cannot be altogether hidden, and some few may catch the prophet's mantle as he rises. They care far more for substance than form, for native gold than current silver coin; and hence it comes that so many German Professors and authors are, as compared with their French and English brethren, dull and awkward lecturers, obscure and unreadable writers. And thus the German scholar works directly under the eyes of the government, the lettered public, and indeed the whole nation. Every sound that he utters is immediately heard in the vast whispering-chamber of the temple of knowledge—weighed and discussed at a thousand centres. A new discovery in science, a new edition of a classic author, a light thrown on the history of the past, any proof, in short, of superior genius or talent, may not only give him the much-coveted "*Sitz und Stimme*" (seat and voice) in the general council of the republic of letters, but insure him a higher place in the social scale, and offers of a more lucrative post.

The English head, professor, or tutor, when once appointed, enjoys a kind of monopoly of authority or teaching, and may do his ministering zealously or gently, without fear of rivalry, without any immediate or certain gain or loss of reputation or emolument. He stands in no relation either to the government or the public, to both of which he may be almost unknown. He has no broadly-marked career before him, in which distinction and reward *necessarily* wait on great ability and great exertion, and if he is ambitious he generally leaves the university for some more extensive and promising field of labour.

The difference between the character of the English and German student is, if possible, still more striking. When an English boy leaves school for the university, he is not conscious of a very sharp break or turning-point in his life; he is only entering on another stage of the same high-road. He goes to pursue nearly the same studies in very nearly the same way as before. He expects to meet his old companions, and to indulge in his dearly-loved boyish sports on the river and in the field. He enjoys, of course, a greater degree of freedom, and receives a much higher kind of instruction, in accordance with his riper age and greater powers; but the subjects of his study are still chosen for him, and prosecuted, not for their so-called "utility," but for their value as gymnastic exercises of the mind. As at school he is directed in his course, and the instruction is still catechetical. Throughout the whole of his career at college he is subjected to examination in certain fixed subjects and even books, by the study of which he can alone escape reproof and obtain distinction and reward. His mind is still almost exclusively *receptive*, bound to take the food and medicine prepared and prescribed for him by duly authorised purveyors and practitioners. He is still, in short, in general training for the race of life, and is allowed no free disposal of his time and energy, no free indulgence of his peculiar tastes.

How different the feelings and experience of the German gymnasiast, as he passes from the purgatory of school to the paradise of college! In his boyhood he has been mentally schooled and drilled with a strictness and formality of which we have no conception. Every step he takes is marked out for him with the utmost care and precision by the highest authority, and he has scarcely a moment that he can call his own. It is continually dinned into his ears that he is not to reason or to choose, but to learn and to obey; and he does obey and learn with incredible docility and industry, and toils joylessly along the straight and narrow path, between the high and formal walls, from stage to stage of his arduous school-life, clearing one examination-fence after another, or falling amidst its thorns, till the last is surmounted which separates him from the German's heaven.

And what a change awaits him there! The cap of the student is to him the cap of liberty; his bonds are loosed, his chains struck off, he is introduced into the Eden of freedom and knowledge, "furnished with every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food," and told that he "may freely eat of all." The very same authorities, central and local, who have hitherto demanded from him dumb and blind obedience, and controlled his bodily and mental freedom in every possible way, now loudly proclaim to him that his chief duty, the chief principle and law of his being, is—to be free. The Professors contend for his applause and patronage, society allows him the greatest latitude as suited to his age and profession; the very police, so terrible to other men, looks indulgently on him, as a privileged being, and mutters as it sees him kicking over the traces, "*Es ist ja ein Student.*" For three or four long years no one has the right to dictate to him, or to bind him by any tradition or any rule. He must, of course, prepare for the inevitable examination at the end of his university

career, but he may do so how and when he pleases, and in the meantime he can rest from the exhausting toils of his school life, and cultivate at leisure the powers of which he is most conscious, and in the exercise of which he most delights. He has several universities from which to choose, and if one Professor does not please him he can generally find another who is lecturing on the same subject; and he is by no means slow in recognising which are the rising and which the setting stars in the academic firmament.

It is often remarked that much of the great work of the world has been done by self-taught men, and that the mind grows best on the food it chooses for itself. To a certain extent the German student seems to partake of the advantages of the autodidact, inasmuch as he is left to choose his own teachers, and work at the subject he likes best in the way he likes best; so that he enjoys, at the same time, the advantages of the highest instruction with the greatest freedom of self-development.

That such a system should have grown up in a red-tape country like Prussia, and been found compatible with the rigid formality of other German institutions, under a "paternal" government, is wonderful enough; and that it should succeed and maintain itself in such an atmosphere, is still more remarkable. The German press teems with proposals for re-organising the *schools* of Germany, and the controversy between Gymnasium and Realschule is hotly raging at the present moment; but hardly a voice is raised against the university system, and no one desires to curtail the unbounded freedom of the student. One and all the Germans love their university, as the English love their school, and look back with tender regret on the only period of their lives when they were free. "Every dog has his day;" (the English dog a good many days), and the day of the German dog is his life at the university. Many of the best and even grandest songs in his language were inspired by the free studies, the free pleasures, the free companionship of his college career; and when, in after life, great warriors, statesmen, and scholars meet together on some festive occasion, it is not as schoolboys, but as "*alte Burschen*" that they delight to regard themselves. It is true that the most uproarious dithyrambic songs and music of the students' *Commers-buch* have almost invariably a touch of Horatian pathos in them; but this arises, not from any feeling of dissatisfaction with university life, but from the consideration of its short duration, from the bitter thought that the student—

> "Muss auch Philister sein!"

must soon join the drilled ranks of the despised Philistines. And hence the so oft-repeated exhortation to prize and enjoy the fleeting hours:

> "Denkt oft Ihr Brüder an unsere Jugend-
> fröhlichkeit,
> Sie kehrt nicht wieder—die goldene Zeit!"

When we come to compare the results of the two systems, we find them such as we might expect. The Germans are the explorers in the world of thought, and the first settlers in the newly-discovered regions, who clear the ground and make it tillable and habitable. At a later period the English take possession, build solid houses, and dwell there. The Germans send their students out into the fields of knowledge, like working bees, to gather honey from every side. The English lead their pupils into well-stored hives to enjoy the labours of others. The German student cares little for the accumulated learning of the past, except as a vantage-ground from which to reach some greater height. He has little reverence for authority, and if he does set up an idol, he is very apt to throw it down again. His chief delight is to form theories of his own, and he can build a very lofty structure on a very insufficient foundation. As compared with the "first-class" Oxford man or Cambridge wrangler, he has read but little, and would make a very moderate show in a classical or mathematical tripos

examination; but he has the scientific method; he is thorough and independent master of a smaller or larger region of thought; he knows how to use his knowledge, and in the long run outstrips his English brothers. The English system produces the accomplished scholar, "well up in his books;" the reverent and zealous disciple of some Gamaliel; the brilliant essayist, whose mind is filled with the great thoughts and achievements of the past, who deals with ease and grace with the rich stores he has gathered by extensive reading; the ready debater, skilled in supporting his arguments by reference to high authority, and by apt quotations. But he is receptive rather than creative, his feathers, though gay and glossy, are too often borrowed, and not so well fitted for higher flights as if they were the product of his own mental organism. In the language of Faust, we might say of him—

"Erquickung hast du nicht gewonnen
Wenn sie dir nicht aus eigener Seele quillt"

The German has read less, but he has thought more, and is continually striving to add to the sum of human knowledge. He is impatient and restless while he stands on other men's ground, or sojourns in other men's houses; directly he has found materials of his own, whether they be stones or only *cards*, he begins to build for himself, and would rather get over a difficulty by a rickety plank of his own, than by the safe iron bridge of another. The same *furor Teutonicus* (the tendency to drive everything to extremes), which urges on the powerful intellect to great discoveries in the regions of the hitherto unknown, also goads the little mind to peer with fussy, feverish restlessness into every chink, to stir every puddle, "to dig with greedy hand for treasure."

"Und froh sein wenn er Regenwürmer findet."

The Englishman meanwhile looks on, and patiently waits until the new intellectual structure has been well aired and lighted, and fitted up for comfortable habitation. The German theologian or philosopher is often astonished, and not a little amused, to see some theory or system taken up by English scholars, who have just learned German, which has long become obsolete in the land of its birth, and been disowned perhaps by its very author.

In contemplating the past history and present state of the German universities, the question naturally arises whether the extraordinary mental fertility which characterises them has been owing to peculiar political and social conditions; whether it is likely, as many think, to be injuriously affected by recent important changes, and especially by the amalgamation of the different German states into one great empire, under the hegemony of Prussia. The literary fertility of their universities is generally accounted for by crediting the Germans with a certain disinterested love of knowledge for its own sake, as contrasted with our low material hankering after loaves and fishes! We need not seriously endeavour to refute so preposterous a theory, but only point to the facts that while the encouragement of learning and research at the universities has been one of the main objects of the state in Germany, there is no country in Europe in which science (in the widest sense of the word), has received so little encouragement from government, has been left so entirely to reward itself, as in England. In fact, since there is no career in our universities for men of learning and science, no reward for *literary* activity and successful *research*, the wonder is that they have done so much, and can count so many great names among their members. The pre-eminence of German learning is owing to no natural superiority in the Germans, either mental or moral. To understand the intense activity which prevails in their universities, we must remember that the academic career has, for more than a century, exercised a very powerful attraction on the most active and gifted minds of the nation. Debarred by the despotic nature of their govern-

ment from the arena of politics, and by class-distinction from any fair chance of promotion in the army or the service of the state, with few opportunities of acquiring wealth in commercial or industrial pursuits, the more ambitious spirits in the German *bourgeoisie* have sought the only field of honour in which the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong. We may smile at the small salaries of the German Professor, but when compared with other government officials in his own country, he is, or rather *was*, well paid, and his position in other respects is a singularly enviable one. He is in the most independent position in which a German can be placed, and enjoys a freedom of speech which is permitted to no other official, whatever his rank may be—a freedom which increases in exact proportion to his abilities and fame. His peculiar privileges are owing partly to the natural scarcity of great men, and the respect which they inspire into their countrymen, and partly to the keen competition for the possession of the most illustrious scholars between the universities of the numerous independent states into which Germany was, till recently, divided. This active rivalry enabled the distinguished professor to hold his own even against kings and ministers. When the late Duke of Cumberland, as King of Hanover (whose motto was that "Professors and harlots can always be had for money"), expelled the seven greatest men in Göttingen for a spirited protest against his *coup d'état*, they were received with open arms even by despotic Prussia. When the great Latin scholar Ritschl shook off the dust of his feet at Bonn, he was welcomed with the highest honours by the King of Saxony, and installed at Leipsic.

It cannot be denied that many of these circumstances, which tended to draw the best powers of the nation into connection with the universities have of late years undergone a very important change. Political life offers greater attractions; the "*Bürgerlicher*" has better chances of promotion in the army than heretofore. A larger proportion of the best intellects of the nation have turned their attention to commerce and manufactures as affording a better prospect of advancement in the world. Wars and rumours of wars, and the preparation for new contests, are not favourable to the calm concentration of mind indispensable to successful study. The position of a professor, moreover, is less attractive than it was. With the union of the German states into one great empire, the competition for great scholars has become less lively. The cost of living has increased in Germany more rapidly than in any other country in Europe, and the salaries of the Professors have not been proportionally raised.

The maintenance of the scientific spirit is endangered too by the very extension of the boundaries of science of which that spirit is the chief agent. The mass of strictly professional knowledge in each faculty is increasing every day, and the task of assimilating this engrosses more and more of the student's time and energy, and leaves him fewer and fewer opportunities for the independent prosecution of pure science. We hear it said on all sides that young men must spend at least four years at the universities, if they are not to sink into mere "bread-students;" and appeals have been made to the liberality of the German public to enable the more gifted students, by the establishment of small *Stiftungen*, to spend a longer time in study. Such appeals, by the way, meet with very little response in Germany. The liberality which has filled England with benevolent institutions of every kind appears to be almost unknown elsewhere. Complaints are heard in many quarters that the "*Nachwuchs*," the after-growth, the rising generation of Professors, is not likely to equal its predecessors. It is not long ago since a minister of education in Prussia complained of the difficulty of filling up vacant posts in the universities in a

manner satisfactory to himself and the students. How far this falling off is attributable to the causes mentioned above, or the general dearth of great men observable, at the present time, in every country in Europe, remains to be seen. One thing, however, is absolutely certain that neither in Germany nor England can a university be sustained by the exertions of "disinterested" votaries of science. With the exception of the *Dîs geniti*, the born priests of science, men will not spend long years in laborious study, without hope of adequate reward in the shape of money or position. Science has flourished at the German seats of learning, because it has been carefully fostered and judiciously rewarded by the state. It has not flourished at our universities because, while they richly reward the first fruits of the youthful intellect, they offer no career to the man.

The foregoing account naturally suggests a number of practical questions and considerations in connection with our own collegiate system. It is clear that we cannot have a university of the German type, which is the result of the whole history of Germany and the peculiar institutions and character of its people. We cannot move the inns of court, the London hospitals and museums, to Oxford and Cambridge, nor can we amalgamate the two last and transfer them to London. We cannot compel the whole ruling class of the country to pass through the university as a preparation for professional and official life. We cannot intrust the entire teaching to lecturers, and abolish all private tuition and coaching, all catechetical instruction and competitive examinations. And, above all, we should not venture to leave our young men without the moral supervision and religious influences now brought to bear upon them. But, we may ask, can *nothing* be done to foster the scientific spirit at our universities, and make the work done there more fertile of results? Might not more of the actual teaching in our universities be intrusted to professors, in the German sense of the word; and might not a career be opened to them sufficiently attractive to secure the services of the ablest men in the country, and excite the ambition of the rising generation of scholars? Might not greater efforts be made to bring great thinkers and investigators, whether natives or foreigners, into connection with our universities? Or must we be content that the latter should remain only great high schools, with no higher aim than the production of learned but too often barren scholars and accomplished gentlemen? Can nothing be done to encourage independent thought and research among our students? If it be answered that our men are so overburdened by the "getting up of books," and preparation for ever-impending examinations, that they have no strength left for the pursuits to which nature inclines them, would it not be worth considering whether assiduous cramming and perpetual examination *are* the best means of enlarging the mind, and inspiring it with a disinterested, fervid love of knowledge? The question is not an absurd one, for we know that the Germans, whose success as teachers we acknowledge, do entirely without competitive examinations and class-lists, and consider that hasty cramming too often produces sickness and a loathing for all mental food. Our system of racing our "blood" men for magnificent prizes may, they think, produce swift runners for a one-mile race, but not good roadsters for the journey of life.

The narrow limits of a magazine article are insufficient for the proper discussion of these and other questions of the deepest interest, and they are, no doubt, receiving due attention from those best fitted to answer them, at the universities themselves. These things, therefore,

"Spatiis exclusus iniquis
Prætereo, et aliis commemoranda relinquo."

WALTER C. PERRY.

THE REFORM PERIOD IN RUSSIA.

Our system of party government, whatever advantages it may possess, has the bad effect of making a great number of persons adopt cut and dried political views in regard to subjects which need not and ought not to be looked at in an exclusively political light. If an Englishman tells you what political party he belongs to, you may at once know almost certainly what he thinks of Russia at the present moment, and also what he thought of Russia fourteen years ago. If he has a bad opinion of her now, when she is demanding autonomy for Bulgaria, he had a good opinion of her fourteen years since when she was refusing self-government to Poland. If he applauds her action in 1877, when she is playing the part of a liberator in a foreign country where the work of liberation cannot but increase her own power, he condemned her conduct in 1863, when she was exercising the indisputable right of suppressing an insurrection within her own dominions. Each of these two sets of seemingly contradictory views is marked, nevertheless, by a certain consistency. To defend the Russian position in Poland, as fourteen years later to defend the Turkish position in Bulgaria, was in each case to show faith in the general utility of maintaining the *status quo*. To take, on the other hand, the part of the Poles in their contest with the Russian Government, to take the part of the Bulgarians against the Turks, was in each case to espouse the cause of an oppressed nationality. We are too active-minded a people, however, to lose much time in accounting for our opinions or in analysing our motives; and the great majority of those who are really interested in the present war take a keen sporting view of it, and in the character of the Russophil support the Russians, or in that of Turcophil back the Turks.

The Russophil, who is sure to be a Liberal, finds it convenient to forget the past history of his newly-adopted country, and will not allow even her recent misdeeds (as in the matter of the Greek Uniates) to be spoken of. The love of Russia, however, with which he is reproached by his enemies is chiefly shown in the detestation he expresses of everything Turkish. Similarly Turcophilism consists less in affection for the Turks than in hatred of the Russians. No Turcophil would wish Turkish marriage customs, or Turkish slave-dealing, or the Turkish method of administering justice to be introduced in Europe. But, putting all question of laws and customs aside, the Turcophils declare the Turks to be better men than the Russians, and ask ingeniously enough, "Whether a good Mahometan is not preferable to a bad Christian?" A bad Christian, as an individual, would certainly be a less desirable man to have dealings with than a good Mahometan. But, as a general proposition, it cannot be said by any one who believes in the Christian civilisation of Europe, that "a good Mahometan is preferable to a bad Christian"; since the latter will be in contact with European influences to which the former must, except in the rarest instances, remain a stranger.

The Russians may be, and in many respects, no doubt, are, bad Christians. They are Christians all the same; and although that constitutes no reason for supporting them in an unjust or unnecessary war against Mahometans, it explains why, as soon they had freed themselves from the Tartar domination, they entered into relations with various European nations, adopted useful European inventions, and encouraged

foreigners from various parts of Europe to visit and settle in their country. The movement of foreigners towards Russia became more marked with each succeeding reign. But it began with the accession of the first Tsar of Muscovy; an event which coincided nearly enough with the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Peter the Great is usually spoken of as the first Roman sovereign who endeavoured to Europeanize Russia; and his efforts in this direction were so much greater than those of his predecessors that the latter, by comparison, would seem to have been almost inclined to oppose European influences. But the Tsar Ivan married the daughter of a dispossessed Christian European sovereign; and Sophia, child of the last Palæologus, may have attracted the Byzantine architects, followed by the Italian architects, artists, and artificers who were among the first foreigners to visit Russia. Under Ivan the Terrible, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, were welcomed at Moscow. This monarch was so favourably inclined towards England, that he made a proposal of marriage to Queen Elizabeth, who declined the compliment through a special embassy, and at the same time offered—but in vain—the hand of one of her ladies of honour instead of her own. Alexis Michailwitch, father of Peter the Great, not only encouraged foreigners—like all his predecessors, except those who were too much occupied with domestic affairs to be able to look abroad—but considered himself so fully a member of the European family of kings, that he kept up a sympathetic correspondence with Charles I. during that monarch's troubles, and after his execution, offered money and men to his son in view of a restoration.

Peter the Great was a strange sort of Christian, and he had, in some respects, Mahometan tastes. But he considered himself a Christian; he had a Christian-European ideal in the matter of government; and precisely because he was a Christian he brought himself into contact with the Christian civilization of the west. This, to the misfortune of his subjects, he obviously would not have done had he been a Mahometan Tartar or Turk. Since Peter's time Russia has gradually been getting more and more European, and the Europeanized class has gradually been getting larger and larger. Not only has there been a constant current of educated immigrants (as of teachers and skilled artizans) from the west towards Russia; but the educated class in Russia has increased by its own natural force of expansion. The influence of the German nobility in the Baltic provinces conquered by Peter must not be forgotten. These descendants of the sword-bearing knights ("gladiferi") cannot well be dismissed as barbarians. Nearly all the great military, governmental, and foreign diplomatic posts fell into their hands; and though not generally liked in Russia, the German newspapers of the Baltic provinces must have exercised a good effect on high Russian society. They in any case swelled in a remarkable manner the numbers of the Russian educated class, which some years later was further increased by a good many Poles, from Lithuania and Ruthenia, who after the successive partitions of the Polish state, took service in Russia.

Since Peter's time, and especially during the reigns of Catherine II., and of Alexander I., Russia received a number of eminent men from Europe without, until quite lately, giving one in return. A Turcophil, however, would show himself a very ignorant Turcophil if, in the present day, he declared himself unable to name any Russian poets, prose writers, painters, composers, or executive musicians who had achieved a European reputation. The Germans, who translate everything, translated long ago the poems of Pushkin and Lermontoff, and the fables of Kriloff. The tales of Gogol have been translated into French by M. Louis Viardot, and his principal comedy by the late Prosper Mérimée.

Mr. Tourguénieff seems himself to translate his own admirable novels into French. The music of Glinka and other Russian composers has found its way to our concert rooms, and this master's best known opera is about to be produced at the Italian Opera of Paris. All this is no doubt as tinkling brass compared to the sounder and more solid civilization of England, France, and Germany. But only such names have been cited as are already familiar to large numbers of Englishmen; and these are cited simply as indications. Pianoforte-playing is not civilization; yet any one hearing Rubinstein play would rightly infer that he must have been born and educated in a civilized land.

Because Tourguénieff writes admirable novels, because Verestchagin's drawings are full of character, because Glinka's opera is about to be given at the Théâtre des Italiens, and because Rubinstein is a magnificent pianist, it does not at all follow that the Russians ought to be allowed to advance their frontier, for strategic purposes, as far as the Balkans. But it does follow that they are to be regarded as having given some proofs, accepted throughout Europe, of European culture. They have not, perhaps, made very important contributions to the literature and art of the civilized world, but they have contributed something. They have not been borrowers alone. Nevertheless their most important literary function has hitherto been to spread throughout Russia a knowledge of the literature of England, France, and Germany. This they have done chiefly through the medium of magazines and reviews, of which a greater number are published in Russia than in any other country except England. "Our reviews," wrote Alexander Herzen, a great many years ago, "penetrate to the borders of China, and enable the inhabitants of Simbirsk and Tobolsk to read the novels of Dickens and George Sand a few weeks after their publication in London and Paris." This was written in the days of the Emperor Nicholas, when there was far less literary activity in Russia than there is now.

The first time I visited Russia, just twenty-one years ago, I was much struck by the great development of its periodical press, and still more by the fact that in none of the numerous books on Russia which I had read was its existence so much as mentioned. Under the iron despotism of Nicholas no such thing as political journalism could exist. The *Moscow Gazette*, belonging to the University of Moscow, and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, the property of the University of St. Petersburg—now journals of real importance—were at that time petty sheets, containing little beyond official announcements, government advertisements, and scraps translated from foreign newspapers. Mr. Katkoff, who seven years afterwards was to become more popular and more powerful than any journalist has ever been in a free country, was still a professor at the Moscow University. The journals whose names our editors have at last learned to print in Russian—the *Golos*, the *Novoe Vremia*, and a dozen others—had not yet come into being. The monthly and half-monthly reviews, however, were in a flourishing condition, and Mr. Katkoff, aided by his eminent friend and fellow-professor, the late Mr. Leonteff,[1] had just started a new one, the *Russian Messenger*, which shared with the long-established *Contemporary* the honour of introducing into Russian periodical literature independent—if at first somewhat indirect—criticism of Russian internal affairs.

It was felt by all intelligent persons that serfdom must be abolished, and that the administration of justice must be reformed. The editor of the *Russian Messenger* wished, moreover, to see some measure of self-government introduced; of which desire signs might be seen in constant references to proceedings in the English Parliament, articles on the English Constitu-

[1] An interesting memoir of this gentleman appeared in one of the first numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

tion, and so on. There could be no question of meddling, for a long time to come, with Eastern affairs; and it was thought that Poland had lost all aspiration, or at least all positive hope, for a separate political existence. Thus the Russians could give themselves up to a consideration of their own necessities and wants; and the relaxed condition of the censorship allowed it to be seen that writers might now approach with comparative freedom subjects off which they would quickly have been warned in the Emperor Nicholas's time.

Side by side with translations from Grote's *History of Greece* and Motley's *Rise of the Netherlands* were appearing at that time in the half-dozen large reviews, published for the most part once a fortnight, numerous translations from contemporary English novelists, such as Dickens, Thackeray, and Mrs. Gaskell. This was surprising to a stranger as proving the existence of a very much larger reading public than was generally supposed to exist in Russia, and of a reading public possessing good taste and capable of interesting itself in serious studies.

The contents, however, of these reviews possessed significance of another kind, Tourguénieff, Gregorovitch and other native writers were contributing tales, nearly all of which turned on the miseries of faithful, all-suffering serfs cursed like the *Anton Goremyka* of Gregorovitch and the *Moumounia* of Tourguénieff, with cruel masters. Mr. Aksakoff, a member of the well-known Slavophil family, one of whom is now president of the notorious Moscow "Slavonic Committee," was publishing in *National Annals* sketches of country life, and of the relations between proprietors and peasants, under the title of *Family Chronicles*.

At least as remarkable as the studies in narrative form of the condition of the peasantry were some satirical pictures of provincial society by a writer calling himself Schtchedrin, in which the corruption of the various classes of officials was unsparingly and most amusingly exposed. Law at that time in Russia, instead of being a protection, was at once a terror and a trap. Persons who had been robbed preferred in many cases to keep the matter a secret. But if they took proceedings the police made them pay heavily, even though they proved their case; while if they failed to prove it the thief also made them pay. When a servant robbed his master—supposing the master not to be at the same time the owner—the best thing to do with him was to get him quietly out of the house, without making any charge against him, for to call a man a thief was a very serious affair, of which the police, instructed by the robber, would assuredly take notice. Whether as accuser or as accused, it was better to have nothing to do with the police, for under one pretext or another they could compel the attendance time after time of those who had once had the misfortune to come into relations with them, until it at last became necessary, at all cost, to terminate the connection. Schtchedrin, to make his readers laugh, showed how an ingenious police-officer might make money by carrying the body of a dead man first to one village, then to another, and by letting the inhabitants understand at each place that unless they came to terms they might be held answerable for the death. This story might have been borrowed from the *Arabian Nights*. Another, by the same author, of which some of the details are modern enough, though the whole in spirit is essentially Asiatic, had its origin in the law of compulsory vaccination. The functionaries entrusted with the duty of seeing that the peasants were vaccinated, summoned them to a room in which stood the surgeon, armed with an enormous sabre, ready to perform the sanguinary and possibly fatal operation on all who would not pay to be let off.

Satire of a slightly farcical kind was still the only weapon with which official abuses could be attacked. The utter inadequacy of this Harlequin's

lath, this Punch's *bâton*, had been proved in the case of Gogol's admirable comedy, at which the Emperor Nicholas had shown himself so unreservedly amused that the author had felt called upon to explain in a preface that "behind this laughter there were bitter tears." Schtchedrin's *Provincial Sketches*, then, were remarkable as containing an exposure, at once more direct and more complete than any that had previously appeared, of the monstrous and grotesque malpractices of the judicial and administrative authorities. So great were these that it seemed scarcely possible they could be put an end to by reforms in institutions alone. Reforms, however, of the most sweeping character, after being carefully prepared, were seven years afterwards introduced; and the publication of Schtchedrin's *Provincial Sketches* may be said to have marked the date at which the impossibility of maintaining the old system of law and police had come to be so fully recognised that writers enjoyed full liberty to expose its iniquity. Even then it had been decided in principle, that the courts should be open to the publ c, that oral instead of documentary evidence should be taken, that cases should be tried by jury, that barristers should be admitted to plead, and that newspapers should be allowed to publish reports of proceedings.

The reform, or rather the reconstitution, of the judicial system and the emancipation of the serfs are the two great peaceful measures by which the reign of Alexander II. will be remembered; to which may be added the introduction of local self-government in village communes, districts, and provinces, and in a few of the largest cities. It was thought at the time these assemblies were formed that as communal assemblies sent members to district assemblies, and as from district assemblies were elected the members of provincial assemblies, so from the provincial assemblies deputies might some day be called to sit in a central assembly for the whole empire. But the local assemblies seem to have been devised simply to meet an evident want, and to enable people in the country and in country towns to get streets paved and lighted, bridges built, granaries formed, schools established, and so on, without its being necessary at every step to make application to the officials of a highly centralised administration, which had its head-quarters at St. Petersburg and possessed no available funds. A blow was struck at Schtchedrin's corrupt and cruel functionaries as well through the local assemblies as through the new judicial institutions.

The Russians for a half-dozen years, from 1857 to 1863, worked at their reforms almost without a check; indeed the judicial reforms were introduced after the check had been already received. From the Emperor's accession until the actual outbreak of the long-threatened Polish insurrection the zeal for improvement went on constantly increasing; and now, looking back twenty years, one may see that the three important reforms most urgently needed were all indicated in the periodical publications that were appearing at the end of 1856 and the beginning of 1857.

England during this period was popular enough in Russia. Mr. Katkoff, who possesses a remarkable knowledge of English affairs and of the nature and operation of English institutions, wrote so much about England and the English constitution, and of the part played in politics by the English aristocracy, that the satrical journal of St. Petersburg represented him wearing a Scotch cap, and nicknamed him Lord Katkoff.

It is to be regretted that no one who now writes about Russia knew that country in the time of Nicholas. The Russians are a changeable people, and pass quickly from one mood to another. But at the very beginning of the reign of Alexander II. the condition of Russia and of things Russian can scarcely have been so very different from what it was at the very end of the reign of Nicholas. It was felt,

however, when Nicholas died, that a heavy weight had been removed, and it may be that the reaction by which the withdrawal of such an oppressive force would naturally be followed showed itself at once in people's conversation. The tyranny of the Emperor Nicholas was such that it would be difficult to exaggerate it; but it seemed to me on first arriving in Russia that it could not have had such a deadening effect on Russian society as was generally attributed to it; and the travellers who visited Russia in the days of the Emperor Nicholas must certainly have been wrong in declaring, as most of them did, that there was an entire absence of intellectual life in the country. The mass of the reading public must have been the same at the end of the last as at the beginning of the present reign; and in 1855, as in 1856, Russian readers, though they heard not a word about home politics, had all the chief productions of European literature brought within their reach through the large fortnightly literary miscellanies already spoken of.

There was a relaxation in the exercise of the censorship immediately after the accession of the present Emperor; and it has been shown that already at the beginning of 1857 Russian writers were allowed to approach such subjects as the condition of the peasantry, the effect in practice of the existing judicial and administrative systems, and so on. Some minor but far from unimportant reforms were at once introduced by a stroke of the pen. The price of foreign passports was lowered from something like forty pounds a year to about thirty shillings, paid once for all; and the restriction which limited the number of students at each university to three hundred was unconditionally removed.

Soon afterwards steps were taken for establishing railway connection between Russia and Western Europe. This last measure does not at first sight seem to be one of those which can be classed under the head of "reforms." The Emperor Nicholas, however, wished to have as little as possible to do with the West; and not to construct railways to the Western frontiers was as much part of his system as was the imposition of a fine of three hundred roubles annually on Russians travelling abroad. It was evident that if railways were made through Russia towards Prussia and Austria, Russians must travel by them or the lines would never pay their expenses. Accordingly the excessive tax on foreign passports could not but be abolished when it was decided to build railways.

The Emperor Nicholas's truly despotic regulation in regard to the number of students to be admitted to each university, besides being hateful in itself, could not be maintained in presence of any serious determination to reform the judicial and administrative systems. But four universities, with three hundred students at each university, would, according to Nicholas, supply Russia with a sufficient number of highly educated men to keep the machine of state going in its old grooves, and that was all he cared for.

Nicholas, from his own point of view, was perfectly right. He wished things to remain quiet in Russia; and though opportunities for travelling abroad and for obtaining superior instruction at home must have benefited the country, they have also proved causes of disturbance. If there had been no railways to Russia, Mr. Herzen's revolutionary journal, the *Bell*, would not have been introduced so largely as it in fact was between the years 1860 and 1863. Nor would so many Russians and Russian Poles have visited Mr. Herzen in London, where on certain days his rooms used to be crowded with visitors of all kinds from his native land.

Finally, if the number of students at the universities had been kept limited, the annual crop of—possibly not dangerous, but certainly trouble-

some—revolutionists turned out by these seminaries would have been considerably smaller than it now seems to be. The opinion of students may not be very important. Still less to be feared is their action. They have no hold on the peasantry. They cannot possibly move the army; and if the peasantry and the army are sound, what force is there in Russia to bring against the government? Still disaffection is a thing to be guarded against in a state; and the Emperor Nicholas was determined to have as little of it as possible. It was not only or chiefly by his ideas that the university student was thought likely to prove dangerous. The fact had also to be considered that if the universities turned out a very large number of students, many would experience great difficulty in finding a suitable career.

The reforms then of the present reign were a written and an unwritten reform:—1. Permission to go abroad for every one who chose to pay ten roubles; 2. Relaxation of the censorship.

New journals were rapidly started when it was perceived that affairs of the day, including home affairs, might be discussed with comparative freedom; and numbers of books on subjects previously forbidden were introduced and translated, when it was found that such translations could be offered for sale. Mill *On Liberty* would have been a popular book at this period, if only on account of its title. The word "liberty" was fascinating in itself. The thing also was prized; and the first Russian translation of Mr. Mills book was followed by a second, with notes, which occupied more space than the text, and were intended to show that the author's ideas in reference to liberty were narrow. Several works on representative government were translated, and a Russian author produced an account of the constitutions and charters of the various countries in Europe which possessed free institutions.

One of the door-keepers of the House of Commons told me a few years afterwards that it was astonishing how many Russians had of late looked in at the debates, and asked if I could explain this to him unaccountable phenomenon. The explanation was simple enough. The number of Russians visiting foreign countries had greatly increased; and of these a certain proportion had learned to take interest in our parliamentary proceedings.

Since Russia has been engaged in a war with Turkey, it is often said —what was never said before—that the important reforms introduced in Russia during the present reign have been ineffective. They have not, perhaps, given such beneficial results as were expected from them. What reforms ever did? But they have done good. Even if they had proved failures, they would have been honourable failures; for it was most desirable that the peasants should be emancipated, that the judicial system should be reconstituted after the model of West-European systems, and that, throughout the country, the inhabitants of districts and towns should be enabled to attend to local affairs and levy taxes for local improvements without being obliged on every occasion to address requests through various channels to a central administration. Russians are still liable to be arrested and exiled in virtue of an administrative order alone; and in a political case now being tried in St. Petersburg, though the principle of publicity is admitted in connection with it, the law on the subject is none the less evaded by so filling the court with prisoners, to the number of nearly two hundred, and their counsel, that there is no room for reporters nor for outsiders of any kind. To reform institutions is not to transform men, and the Russians of to-day are doubtless in many respects very like the Russians of twelve or twenty years since.

It was considered the proper thing from about 1860 to 1863 for Russians

of advanced liberal tendencies, who visited the West of Europe, to continue their journey as far as London, if only for the purpose of calling on Mr. Herzen. Those Russians who thought it more prudent not to show themselves at the house of this declared enemy of Russian autocracy (where spies easily penetrated) made a point all the same of bringing home copies of his journal. It was the fashion in Russia among people of a certain position to see the *Bell* (*Kolokol*) apart from all question of sharing its views. Those who suffered from its attacks, equally with those who sympathised with them, wished to see what revelations, what sarcasms, and what diatribes each next weekly number would contain; and stories, more or less fantastic, were told of the ingenious devices by which it was introduced. Some said it was passed through the custom-house in sardine boxes, others in bales of cotton. The entry into Russia must certainly have been facilitated by custom-house officers, who perhaps were bribed, perhaps shared Mr. Herzen's political opinions. It is certain that the *Kolokol* received contributions, and possibly, therefore, its circulation may have been helped by members of the administration, who either were anxious to see certain official abuses corrected, or who merely took pleasure in seeing their superiors ridiculed and blamed.

Mr. Herzen's genial tone prevented his journal from being classed with works directed not only against the evils of the Russian political system and the corruption of Russian functionaries, but against Russia generally. It is said that the Emperor Alexander read the *Kolokol* regularly; and a tale, very characteristic of this period, was told of a special *Kolokol* printed, through the aid of interested persons at St. Petersburg, for his Majesty's own particular reading, from which an article exposing these persons' misconduct had been omitted. But, as the story runs, the attack on the dishonest officials, cut from a genuine number of the *Kolokol*, was forwarded to the Emperor in an envelope; so that he learned at the same time not only that certain misdeeds had been committed, but also that the authors of these misdeeds had thought it necessary to practise upon him a gross deception, in order to keep from his knowledge the accusation made against them.

On one occasion, in 1862, a list of Russians, who had called on Mr. Herzen in London, and who were to be arrested on their return to Russia, was sent to the *Kolokol* office, and duly published in the journal; not, however, before some few of the visitors had been already seized.

In the year 1859 Mr. Herzen was calling out in every number of his journal both for reforms which even now are not in action, and for others which a few years afterwards were actually introduced. Emancipation of the peasantry, abolition of corporal punishment, trial by jury, were three of the points contained in Mr. Herzen's charter; which also contained liberty of the press, guarantees against arbitrary arrest, and the formation of a representative assembly. It would be a mistake to suppose that the *Kolokol* did much towards bringing about or even hastening serf emancipation, of which the reform of the judicial system was the natural accompaniment; and it might be difficult to say what the positive result of its influence really was. "*Vivos voco*" was its motto, and it certainly had an awakening effect. It showed itself a lively censor of the administration, and must have weakened in many minds the respect for state authorities. It encouraged the Poles to rise, under the delusion that Poles fighting for national liberty would be assisted by Russians aspiring to political liberty; and it may fairly be regarded as the natural progenitor of a number of revolutionary papers and broadsides which were circulated and stuck on the St. Petersburg walls in 1861 and in 1862, and which seemed to be connected with the St. Peters-

burg press of that period. Mr. Herzen was an admirable polemical writer, and his command of language, no less than the character of his fine sonorous voice, showed that under favourable circumstances he might have been a great orator. But, an exile in England, he could naturally take no part in elaborating the important reforms that were being prepared in Russia; and the part he played in connection with his native land was—for evil and for good—that of an awakener and a disturber.

Mr. Herzen, though by far the most powerful of the various writers who contributed to the *Kolokol*, had other assistants in Ogareff the poet, his coadjutor from the beginning, and Dakounin the revolutionist, who worked for the *Kolokol* from his arrival in London after his escape from Siberia, early in 1862, until the outbreak of the Polish insurrection and the formation of the western diplomatic league against Russia, when the *Kolokol* found itself all at once reduced to silence.

From the accession of Alexander II. until the Polish insurrection of 1863 a considerable number of Russian writers published abroad works more or less revolutionary on the subject of Russia. The most harmless of them, and, as many Englishmen will think, the most rational, was the late Baron Firck, better known by his *nom de plume* of Schedo-Ferrotti. He was not an exile, and—perhaps for that reason—was regarded by the exiles with a certain suspicion. Moreover, he was the "financial secretary" of the Russian Legation at Brussels; which justified those who thought his views too modest in saying that he was "in the pay" of the government. He proposed to pacify Poland—or at least to render it what he considered justice—by giving a constitution to the kingdom of Poland, Lithuania being regarded as part of Russia, which, also, was to have its constitution.

The late Prince Dolgoroukoff, author of a multitude of books on Russian affairs, desired nothing more for Russia than constitutional government of an aristocratic pattern. During the reign of Nicholas, being at the time a member of the Russian Embassy at Paris, he had offended his sovereign by some publication, and had therefore been ordered to return. With a gaiety which seldom deserted him he offered to send his photograph, but declined to go back himself; and at the same time begged the Emperor to remember that the ancestors of the Dolgoroukoffs were Tsars of Moscow when the forefathers of the reigning house were not even dukes of Holstein-Gottorf. It was a sort of tradition in the Dolgoroukoff family to demand constitutions; and partly perhaps for that reason, but also for more valid ones, which are to be found in his numerous and often very interesting works, the prince in question called upon Alexander II. to form a parliament. Prince Dolgoroukoff read Herzen's books, admired his talent, and was on good terms with him, but without sharing his views. Herzen, however, had followers who went far beyond their leader; and these advanced members of an extreme party had but a poor opinion of Prince Dolgoroukoff, who, on his side, had no opinion at all of them.

Herzen, though he could not well have gone back to Russia, had not been forced to leave the country, but had quitted it (towards the end of the Emperor Nicholas's reign) because he found it impossible to pursue there his vocation as a writer. He was a man of some property, which, by an ingenious device, and through the agency of Rothschild, he contrived to save from confiscation;[1] and his associate in the direction of the *Kolokol*, the poet Ogareff, had possessed considerable property in land, which he had voluntarily abandoned to his peasants—not, as I was assured by one of his neighbours, to the advantage of the peasants. However that may have been, Ogareff, like Herzen,

[1] See *L'Empereur Rothschild et le Banquier Nicholas*. Par A. Herzen.

was a thorough enthusiast; or rather while Herzen was an enthusiast, Ogareff was a fanatic.

Dakounin went further even than Ogareff. Ogareff, for instance, held that land belonged by right to those who cultivated it, but was willing, in view of serious difficulties, to see a compromise effected by which a portion of every estate should belong to the so-called proprietor. So, at least, Ogareff set forth in a little book on Russia, dedicated to an English friend. Dakounin, however, was not a man of compromises. He belonged by his family to a class of landed proprietors. But he appeared as a revolutionary leader in 1848; and in 1849, after the suppression of the various revolutionary movements in Germany, was made prisoner and delivered over to the Russian Government, which sent him to Siberia. After remaining eleven years in Siberia, where one of his cousins was governor-general, he profited by the liberty of locomotion which his good conduct and his apparent resignation had gained for him, to reach the coast and get on board an American vessel, which took him to Japan, where he was enabled by the French embassy in Japan to continue his voyage to New York, and ultimately to London.

Dakounin had a strong objection to everything. England, an aristocratic country, displeased him almost as much as Russia, the country of autocracy. In England, moreover, the peasants, being without land, seemed to him worse off even than the still unemancipated Russian serfs. He aimed not merely at destruction but at general disintegration. Countries were to be broken up into provinces, provinces into districts, districts into communes, while every commune was to be self-governing. Among other advantages, this system, as he once explained to me, would do away with patriotism, and with wars for national aggrandisement and the justification of national vanity. A critic of Mr. Dakounin's scheme pointed out that there could be no reason why the process of disintegration should cease at the commune. The self-governing commune, he suggested, might be divided into self governing groups, and the self-governing groups into self-governing individuals. Of course every one, according to Dakounin's system, was to have land; and all dignities, all offices, were to be abolished.

A German reformer, to whom it was objected that the reforms he was advocating could lead to nothing but anarchy, replied that "a genial anarchy" was not a thing to be despised. The anarchy, however, which Dakounin wished to bring about would have had nothing genial in it. The political sect of which he was a leading member believe neither in God nor in heaven, but only in the earth, of which every individual ought to have his own little piece.

H. Sutherland Edwards.

To be continued.

HELIOGOLAND.

THERE are few places in Europe where the traveller may feel so secure from the companionship of the ordinary British tourist as in Heliogoland. And yet it is a British possession, and has been one ever since 1814. Up to that date the steep rock in the North Sea, whose name is sometimes spelt Helgoland, or Heilgeland, but which we call Heliogoland, had remained in uncoveted and undesired possession of the Danes. Early in the beginning of the present century, however, when strange acts of appropriation were committed under the influence of panic, and justified by the rough-and-ready laws of self-defence, we seized upon this little group of islands lying in the German Ocean, right opposite the mouths of the great rivers Elbe and Weser. It consists of Heliogoland, Sandy Island, and several reefs and rocks, of which only two have been given the distinctive names of the Monk and the Steen. Heliogoland itself is barely a mile long, and its average breadth is only the third of a mile. Even these moderate dimensions are said to be subjected to a steady reduction by the encroachments of the sea. There is every reason to believe that the whole group of islets, which bear distinct traces of change in their physical geography, once formed a single island — large compared to the size of any of its existing fragments.

A bit of old Frisian doggerel describes vividly enough the impression of the traveller who first sees Heliogoland in its summer dress :—

> " Road es det Lunn,
> Grön es de Kaut,
> Witt es de Sunn ;
> Deet es de woaper vant, Helligeland."
>
> " Red is the land,
> Green is the grass,
> White is the sand ;
> These are the colours of Heliogoland."

And very bright and pretty these colours looked to our eyes, when we dropped the *Sunbeam's* anchor in the harbour last August, after a swift and safe run across — under sail — from Margate in forty-eight hours. The ordinary route is by way of Hamburg, and from thence by steamers making an eight hours' voyage three times a week. Only a couple of these hours, however, are spent at sea, the other five being occupied by a slow progress down the Elbe. Heliogoland is a favourite resort of Austrian and German families, who flock here during the summer months to enjoy the delicious sea-bathing, and the inexpensive, pleasant, *sans-façon* out-of-door life.

Indeed, the *coup d'œil* which first presented itself reminded me of nothing so much as one of the scenes from the opera of the *Flying Dutchman*. There was the same bright sea, the dark cliffs, and the sandy shore. The same sort of long wooden pier straggled out into the blue water, and was crowded with groups of sturdy, fair, North-Sea fishermen. They were idling about, too, in true theatrical fashion, dressed in loose trousers, light-blue striped sailor-shirts, and blue or red woollen caps. Nor did the women look less picturesque in their bright scarlet or yellow-bordered petticoats, light over-dresses, and black or chintz sun-bonnets.

Small as is the principal island, it yet boasts of two towns—one on the high land, and one on the low land. There is as much as 170 feet of difference between the two "lands," and the visitor must climb 203 steps, if he would reach the upper town from the sea-shore. On this "Ober-land" stands the Government House, the Church, the batteries and their magazine, and, higher than all, the splendid lighthouse, the lantern of which is 257

feet above the sea-level. This lighthouse not only serves as a warning from the rock on which it is built, but is of use to vessels entering the Elbe or the Weser, the Eyder or the Jade. There are about 350 houses on this high ground, and eighty on the lower portion of the island, called the "Unter-land," holding between them a couple of thousand inhabitants. These dwellings are so neat and clean, that their wooden walls and red roofs help to produce an indescribably comic effect of the whole place having been just taken out of a box of children's toys, and neatly arranged in squares and rows. But the combination of English comfort with Dutch cleanliness and German propriety is very agreeable to the eye.

The church is a curious building, and contains, suspended from the ceiling, several models of ships under full sail, presented, *ex voto*, from time to time. The women sit by themselves down stairs, in pews marked with their family names; the men sit in a gallery up stairs, round which has been painted, by no mean artist, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Some years ago the clergyman wished to paint these pictures out, which would have been a great pity; for, although the mode of treating the subjects has not been perhaps strictly ecclesiastical, they deserve to be retained as relics of a past age. It is to be hoped that some loving hand may even yet be found to copy or photograph these quaint old designs, ere time or progress deals still more hardly with them. The font, too, is especially curious. It is held up by figures so ancient that *cognoscenti* declare they must be the remaining supports of some ancient altar to a heathen deity. When a christening takes place there is a preliminary ceremony of filling this font, and it is pretty to see fifty or a hundred children advancing up the aisle in a procession, each bearing a little mug of water. The service is Lutheran. The clergyman reads from the communion-table, and above it is placed a little box from which he preaches. Besides this he possesses a pew of his own, exactly opposite that appropriated to the Governor's use, with the communion-table between. Both these pews are precisely like opera-boxes, and have windows to open and shut. It is not so long ago since prayers used to be offered up in this very church for wrecks; and it was an established custom, if the rumour of one arrived whilst service was being performed, for the clergyman to shut his book, seize the long hatchet-like pike placed in readiness for such an emergency, and lead his flock to their boats. But the mission was scarcely a Christian one, for no survivors were ever permitted to return and tell the tale of what sort of welcome they had received on these inhospitable rocks.

We must remember, however, in mitigation of such hard and cruel facts, that from father to son for many and many a bygone generation the trade and profession of each male inhabitant of Heliogoland had been that of a wrecker, with a very little exercise of the pilot's or fisherman's more gentle craft during the brief summer months. Indeed it has taken the strong repressive measures insisted on and strictly carried out by the present Governor, to at all subdue this inborn tendency to act on the saying of what is one man's extremity being another man's opportunity. The great improvement in wrecking morals and manners which has been accomplished with so much difficulty is, however, but skin deep, and will even now collapse on the smallest chance of escaping detection. Whilst the *Sunbeam* lay in one of the two good harbours of these islands, she was the object of much curiosity and interest. Amongst her numerous visitors were some of the coast-guard. They had been duly shown round the yacht, and during this process some wag inquired of the coxwain of their gig what he would like to take first if the vessel

were "sitting on the rocks." This is a euphemistic equivalent in Heliogoland for a vessel being cast away. A half-regretful gleam came into his bright blue eyes as the man answered, wistfully, "I hardly know, sir; but there is a good deal of copper about." As a matter of fact, we had already observed that the ventilators and bright brasswork of our little ship attracted special notice and many expressions of half-envious admiration. But it is only fair to add that we had other more peaceful and less professional visitors from among the islanders and the "Bāde-gäste," and I often found beautiful bouquets of flowers and graceful messages of thanks awaiting me on board when we returned from a long day on shore.

The present Governor of Heliogoland has indeed made enormous reforms in the system of legalised wreckage which he found in practice on the islands. He has established a volunteer corps of native coast-guards, superintended by eight picked coastguardsmen from England. *Now*, therefore, when a wreck takes place on the shore, the errand of those battling with the beating surf, the howling wind, and the blinding storms of sleet and snow, to where the poor ship lies stranded on the rocks, is one of succour and not of heartless villany. Formerly the very same men would have only hastened to the spot with their pikes and hatchets, to cut down the bulkheads, force open the hatches, take out the cargo, and break up the ship as quickly as might be for the sake of appropriating her timbers, copper, and ballast. As for the unhappy crew, their fate would probably be similar to that of some passengers by coach to "Frisco" in its earliest days, of whom Artemus Ward makes mention as being the objects of the driver's special attention. This worthy used to make his rounds, kingbolt in hand, as soon as possible after an accident, and proceed to act on his avowed principle that "dead men don't sue; they ain't on it." But in these more civilized days, if rescue has come too late, gentle hands have laid the unfortunate mariners to rest in this bleak spot, and, through the kindness of the Governor's wife, each grave in the pretty cemetery in Sandy Island, even though nameless, has been marked by a small black cross, bearing the name of the shipwrecked vessel and the date of its loss, whenever it was possible to ascertain them. The rocket apparatus has been used on many occasions, too, with the best results.

In spite however of the utmost vigilance, it sometimes happens that the old trade is still plied, and the Governor told me the following story himself:—

He was one day lately caught in a thick fog when out in a boat shooting wild sea-birds, and whilst waiting for the mist to lift, he heard a sound of hammering in the direction of a distant reef. His practised ears soon told him what it meant, and in spite of the difficulties raised on the spot by the crew of his boat, and the earnest efforts they made to dissuade him, he persisted in steering towards where he knew the reef lay. Just before reaching it, the fog lifted slightly, disclosing to some sentinel wrecker the swiftly coming boat. In a moment the most absurd stampede took place. Out of the cabin and hold of the unfortunate ship the disturbed pillagers swarmed like bees, hoping to reach their own boats and escape unrecognised. So rapid were their movements, that only two or three of the least agile were captured, but those who succeeded in getting away left behind them their large axes and other ship-breaking implements, on most of which their names had been branded, and which thus furnished the means by which the owners were captured and punished. Since this adventure the wreckers have had to acknowledge that, like Othello, "their occupation's gone," and they have taken every opportunity of enlisting themselves on the side of law and order.

There has been great difficulty too

in inducing the natives to use the life-boats brought from England. On more than one occasion the coast-guard men have found the air-boxes broken and the linings cut by the natives, whilst they have themselves been absent on a life-saving expedition. But these obstacles lessen every day, under the firm yet kindly rule of the present Governor, who takes the liveliest personal interest in every detail of his administration.

The Waal Channel separates the Downs or Sandy Island from Heliogoland, and both islands are but thinly covered with soil, which is hardly anywhere more than four feet deep. Still there is pasture for cattle and sheep; and fair crops of barley and oats can be raised in summer. The principal revenue of the islands is derived from fish, which are sent to London *viâ* Hamburg, and from a large oyster-bed. For the last fifty years it has also been the favourite summer bathing-place of Austrians and Germans, who come over in great numbers between June and September. The life led by these visitors is a very simple and informal one. Nobody seems to think it necessary to walk up and down at certain hours, or to do any particular thing at regular and stated periods. You may even if you like dig sand-holes with the children whilst you listen to lovely music played twice a day by a band from Carlsbad.

To enjoy Heliogoland you must be a good walker, for there are no horses on the island, and every place has to be visited on foot. There is a nice breezy walk across the highest point of the island to the north end, where a curious rock stands boldly out, almost separate from the mainland. The cliffs are full of caves and grottoes, which are illuminated twice a year. A reckless expenditure of blue lights and rockets takes place on these occasions, producing, I am assured, a very enchanting and magical effect. We were so unfortunate in the weather during our short stay, that one of these illuminations which was impending, and formed the staple subject of conversation during many weeks, had to be postponed over and over again, and we never beheld it.

The system of bathing at Sandy Island is organised to perfection, and it was impossible to help contrasting it with the sea-side manners of Ramsgate, where we had last bathed. The "Bāde-gäste" are taken across to Sandy Island in private boats or in omnibus-boats, which run every five minutes, from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. The bather provides himself with a ticket before starting, and has no more trouble. Ladies and gentlemen bathe on different sides of the island, and in different places, according to the wind and tide. We landed in our own boat, and I was much amused at the respectful distance at which the old pilot, who was carrying my bathing gown, stopped. In his dread of approaching too closely to the forbidden precincts, he made the "Bāde-frau" walk at least a quarter of a mile to meet us. It certainly was a treat to bathe in such pure and clear water beneath so lovely and bright a sky. One feels like a different being afterwards. Part of the programme consists in taking a "Sonne-bad," and basking in the balmy air on the little sand-hills, sheltered by the rocks from too much wind or sun. The bather has no trouble or anxiety on his mind about machines or towels. They are all provided for him, and the price is included in his original ticket. After the bath it is *de rigueur* to go and breakfast at the Restaurant Pavilion on the beach, where you feel exactly as if you were sitting on the glazed-in deck of a ship. The food is excellent, and Heliogoland lobsters fresh out of the water are as different from the familiar lobster smothered in salad and sauce, as caviare, newly taken from the sturgeon and eaten on the banks of the Volga, is from caviare eaten on the banks of the Thames out of a china jar. Then after this excellent breakfast, if the Bāde-gast is inclined for exercise, he may stroll about very pleasantly to the point of the reef,

where he will hardly be able to turn his head without seeing the ribs of some unfortunate vessel sticking up out of the sea-sand; or he may return to the mainland and listen to the sweet music of the Carlsbad band, and even do a little mild shopping. The *specialities* of the island consist of hats, muffs, tippets, and many pretty things made from the plumage of the grey gull and other wild sea-birds which nest among the rocks. Besides these there are various ingenious little articles manufactured by the inhabitants during the long, cold, dark winter evenings.

The "Ober-land," or upper part of the town, can boast of several good hotels and restaurants, and in summer some two or three hundred guests sit down daily at the principal *table d'hôte*. For evening amusement, there is a bright, cheery little theatre, where a really good company plays nightly the most sparkling and pretty pieces with a *verve* and finish which reminds one of a French play-house. An occasional ball at Government House is a great treat, and warmly appreciated by the fortunate guests.

There is a generally received fable to the effect that Heliogoland is overrun with rabbits, which are rapidly and surely undermining the whole of Sandy Island, and will eventually cause it to disappear beneath the sea. But, as a matter of fact, there is not a single rabbit on the island, nor has there been one in the memory of the present generation. The wild-fowl afford excellent sport. The guillemots breed in immense quantities among the picturesque rocks of the west coast, and in the autumn large numbers of woodcock land here on their way south in search of summer climes. In the town itself two large poles are erected at the corner of every street, and between them a net is suspended, by means of which many birds are caught during their flight. Mr. Gätke, the permanent Secretary to the Government, has a most interesting ornithological collection, consisting entirely of birds that have been shot *on* the islands, but embracing specimens of numerous foreign varieties. Many of those we saw must have found their way hither from Africa, from the Himalayas, and even from Australia, besides a peculiar kind of gull (Ross's gull) from the arctic regions, of which even the British Museum does not possess a specimen. Mr. Gätke talks of publishing a book on this collection of feathered wanderers whose flight has ended here.

During the winter the rocks swarm with wild-fowl of all kinds—swans, geese, and ducks, but only two of the species breed there, the razor-hawk and the guillemot. In the spring, when the rocks are literally covered with these birds, the effect must be inexpressibly droll, and the noise tremendous.

Insignificant as the place seems to most of us, Heliogoland has given a great deal of trouble in her day. Barely ten years ago she was the bugbear of insurance offices and shipowners, and a well-known refuge for masters desirous of getting rid of their vessels in a comfortable manner. No vessel once on the neighbouring reefs, or on the main island, was ever allowed to depart, while those wrecked in the Elbe or the neighbouring rivers were simply plundered by the Heliogoland fishermen and pilots under the plea of salvage. The remuneration for discharging or pilfering a cargo used to be settled in full assembly of the Vorsteherschaft, whose members, being principally pilot officers and wreckers themselves, were naturally interested in the amount of the reward received for salvage.

No debts could be recovered in the island, no legal decrees enforced, and a creditor had to wait for the death of an obstinate debtor, on the chance of his property coming before the court. The credit of the island, until lately, was at a very low ebb indeed, and, in order to increase its funds, contracts for public gambling were entered into between the Vorsteher-

schaft and some German lessees, which had the desired effect for the moment. It is difficult to imagine that so small a place could, in the few years between 1815 and 1868, have involved itself in a public debt to the extent of 7,000*l.* At present, in spite of the abolition of the gaming tables and a great outlay on public works, this sum has been reduced to somewhere about 3,000*l.* To the wise and prudent administration of the present Governor, this, as well as every other improvement, is due. Under his beneficent rule, Heligoland has changed so much, that the visitor of even fifteen years ago would not recognise in the orderly, neat, thriving little settlement, the ruinous, lawless, bankrupt island of those comparatively recent days.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

AUTUMN.

THE dying leaves fall fast,
Chestnut, willow, oak, and beech,
All brown and withered lie.
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now sodden under foot—they teach
That one and all must die.

This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my poor heart,
Whose youthful hopes are fled.
The darkening days are drear,
Each love once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss?—no gain remote?
Monotony of pain?
Ah no! I hear a lay
The robin sings—how sweet the note,
A pure unearthly strain.

And, of all flowers the first,
Beneath these leaves in spring shall blow
Sweet violets blue and white.
So all lost loves shall burst,
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In Heaven upon our sight.

M. C. C.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1878.

NATURAL RELIGION.

X.

The instinct on which we pride ourselves in political contests seems to desert us in religious. In politics we firmly grasp the principle that the issue must always be practical, never merely logical or speculative. We steadfastly put aside the question, Is this or that true? and as steadfastly keep before our eyes the question, Ought this or that to be done? It is curious to see that in the great religious debate of the day the opposite course is followed, and that it is supposed to be a proof of a masculine way of thinking to put aside the question what ought to be done until the public has made up its mind what is true.

We find ourselves surrounded in religion, as in polity, with a vast and ancient system of institutions. Each system has its practical object. If by the political system we defend ourselves against our enemies, and preserve order and shelter industry, so by the religious we have been in the habit of cherishing by co-operation the higher life among us, of worshipping together, of receiving instruction together in the highest matters. Now as to the political system, we have been perfectly well aware that it was a makeshift, that other systems elsewhere might be intrinsically better—nay, we have had no objection to admit that the theory upon which our political constitution was for long periods supposed to rest, might be radically false. And yet we have always steadily refused to entertain the question of pulling this system down and building up another in its place. For a long time we absolutely refused to reform it, for fear of shaking its foundation; and now that we have overcome this timidity, we find that a process of gradual reform may save us the risk and anxiety that would attend all schemes of destructive criticism and fundamental reconstruction.

It would have been possible to proceed in another way. We might have given to dogma the same importance in politics that it has had in religion. Suppose we had formulated in the sixteenth century the principles or beliefs which we supposed to lie at the basis of our national constitution. Suppose we had made a political creed. A very strange creed it would have been! The doctrine of divine right and the power of kings to cure disease, possibly too the whole legend of Brute and the derivation of our state from Troy would have appeared in it. This creed once formulated would have come to be regarded as the dogmatic basis upon which our constitution rested. Then in time criticism would have begun its work Philosophy would have set aside divine right, science would have exploded the belief about the king's evil, historical criticism would have shaken the traditionary history, and each innovation would have been regarded as a blow dealt at the constitu-

tion of the country. At last it would have come to be generally thought that the constitution was undermined, that it had been found unable to bear the light of modern science. Men would begin publicly to renounce the constitution; officials would begin to win great applause by resigning their posts from conscientious doubts about the personality of King Arthur; and those who continued orthodox would declare that they felt more respect for such persons, much as they deplored their heresies, than they could feel for other officials who continued to receive the emoluments of the State when it was suspected that they had altogether ceased to believe in the cure of the king's evil, and when they explained away with the most shameless laxity the divine right of the sovereign. If any of this latter school, whom we may call the Broad State, should argue that the State was a practical institution, not a sect of people united by holding the same opinions, that it existed to save the country from invasion and houses from burglary, they would be regarded as impudent sophists. Was not the creed there? Were not all officials required to subscribe it? How then could it be affirmed that the State did not stand upon community of opinion, upon dogma? And if any of these sophists were evidently not impudent, but well meaning and high-minded, they would be regarded as wanting in masculine firmness and the courage to face disagreeable truths. It would be generally agreed that the honest and manly course was to press the controversy firmly to a conclusion, to resist all attempts to confuse the issue, and to keep the public steadily to the fundamental points. Has the sovereign, or has he not, a divine right? Can he, or can he not, cure disease by his touch? Was the country, or was it not, colonised by fugitives from Troy? And if at last the public should come by general consent to decide these questions in the negative, then it would be felt that no weak sentiment ought to be listened to, no idle gratitude to the constitution for having, perhaps, in past times saved the country from Spanish or French invasion; that all such considerations ought sternly to be put aside as irrelevant; that as honest men we were bound to consider, not whether the constitution was useful or interesting, or the like, but whether it was *true*, and if we could not any longer say with our hands on our hearts that it was so, then, in the name of eternal truth, to renounce it and bid it farewell!

In spite of its logical appearance, we should all feel that this course was not only practically absurd, but actually illogical. It does not follow because a creed has been put forward as the basis of an institution and this creed has been disproved that the institution has been deprived of its foundation. There is another alternative. An ungrounded claim may have been made for the creed, and the institution may really stand upon quite a different foundation. When we are told now-a-days, See how the tide of scepticism has risen round the creeds of the Church, until the very first article of all is just disappearing beneath the waves! what can possibly remain of the Church, or of Christianity, in this spiritual deluge? It is obvious to answer, Christianity at any rate is older than the creeds; is it not possible that a mistake was made when it was supposed that those creeds contained the very essence of Christianity? Surely this is a thing not even unlikely; for history shows that great societies or institutions, rising out of profound needs dimly felt, commonly give a more or less unsatisfactory account of their own origin. It was never supposed that imperial Rome was destroyed when doubt was thrown on the story of the Asylum or Papal Rome, when it was questioned whether St. Peter was ever in Italy.

But what we feel most when we are considering political questions is the practical absurdity of this scholastic, dogmatic way of proceeding. To ask a

large public to constitute itself into a jury to decide philosophical or critical questions is to put it into a false position. *Ignoramus* is the only verdict which, if it is modest, it will venture in such a case to return. Their views on such matters people must take with what caution they can from those who know better, and they may be sure that they will modify them in the taking, so that the most carefully stated philosophical propositions will acquire something of a mythological character in passing into popular creeds. We are aware in politics that we are only safe in discussing what ought to be done, and that we must carefully avoid raising the question, What is philosophically true? And so, though we are well aware that the State must have a philosophical basis, that there must be some theoretical ground both for authority and liberty, yet we carefully put all these questions aside, and feel that the State is real and indestructible only so long as we see that it defends us, that it gives us prosperity and well-being.

It is not equally easy to maintain this position with respect to our religious constitution. The wants which the State supplies are so urgent and palpable, that in comparison with them all mere political doctrines seem secondary; but the wants of the higher life, on the contrary, are by most of us but dimly felt, and seem shadowy, or, as we call it, sentimental, in comparison with theological dogma. Hence the same public which despises doctrinairism in politics is just as decided and united in despising everything but doctrinairism in religion. It is, in fact, so decided on this point, that it will scarcely listen to argument about it, and seems incapable even of a passing suspicion that it may be wrong. With the same contemptuous laugh with which in politics it puts aside abstract theories for practical needs, it refuses in religion to listen to practical views, and thinks it masculine to look only at articles of technical theology attacked and defended by controversial specialists.

Yet a time will naturally come when men's eyes will be opened to their enormous mistake. Perhaps, indeed, this time is now coming, for it is necessarily brought nearer by every apparent victory of the attacking party in the controversy. So long as the reigning theology maintains itself successfully, no practical question comes in view; but no sooner does it appear shaken than the question occurs, What is to be done? and the assailants themselves, embarrassed by their own success, are compelled, if only for decency's sake, to offer some equivalent for what they destroy. In such moments it flashes upon us all that religion belongs just as little as politics to the schools, and that the concern of practical men in the one department as much as in the other is not with scholastic controversies but with urgent practical needs, and that they deal not with a *tabula rasa* on which a new spiritual house might be built up from the foundation on a new design, but with an ancient house in which we have all lived for centuries, and which it would be exceedingly troublesome and uncomfortable, if not impious, to pull to the ground.

The doctrinaire method might indeed be justified by necessity if certain assumptions which are popularly made were true. If the clergy were right in supposing that they were commissioned to defend an immovable fortress of dogma, that in the original scheme of their religion no allowance was made for such a thing as progress, then indeed it would be impossible for them to regard the spiritual wants of man in the same plain practical way in which the politician studies those more material wants which are supplied by the State. On this question, however, we need say nothing more; we have dwelt long enough already on that which is too evident to be mistaken, that in the original scheme of Christi-

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anity nothing is so grand and admirable as the treatment of progress, no point so capital as the further development which is reserved for the system, and the indefinite vista which is opened in the future of new dispensations not less divine than the old. It is too evident to be mistaken, that so far from the clerical school being fettered by the terms of their original charter so that they are not allowed to be progressive though they would, it is the narrowness of their own prejudices, the exclusiveness of their own professional pedantry, which reads itself into the Bible, and petrifies and fossilises what is there full of vitality. But there is a misconception on the opposite side which hinders the attacking party from taking practical views, just as this hinders the clerical party of defence. They think that, though in the State it is quite possible to leave speculative questions in abeyance and proceed at once with practical reforms, this is only because those speculative questions do not affect the essence of the State, about which there is really no difference of opinion; but that it is not possible in the Church, where the question in dispute concerns those fundamental beliefs without which there cannot be a Church, actually the very existence of God and of a future life. However we might decide our disputes in political philosophy, they think it would be still necessary to have law-courts and policemen, still essential to pay soldiers to keep off the enemy, and still highly convenient to have a post-office to carry our letters; but if on the contrary the religious debate should go against the Church, we should be obliged at last to pull down our pulpits and sell off our communion-tables, inscribe "eternal sleep" upon our cemeteries, suppress the clerical profession, add the Sunday to the working-days, turn our churches into halls for local business and our cathedrals into county markets or concert-halls, and explain to boys at school and youths at the university that, owing to an unfortunate oversight, the human race had taken a wrong path for about eighteen centuries, during which time it had been practically under a sort of mental derangement, and that now it was necessary to forget as soon as possible that idle dream, cancel the whole library of ecclesiastical history and ecclesiastical literature, and begin again at the point where Greek philosophy and classical literature stood when the oriental inundation submerged them. This fancy too begins to seem a misconception the more the moment draws near for realizing it. There is really no more question of destroying religion than of destroying the State. The wildest innovators in their wildest fit have recognised this. They always set up some goddess of Reason, some image of Nature if not some supreme Being, in place of the objects of worship which they renounced; and since that time how many more concessions of the same kind have been made by those who have been most uncompromising in their attacks on the reigning theology! Churches of the Future have been planned in which the old Church has been freely used as a model, the centuries of Christian history have been found to be replete with admirable instruction—instruction to be found nowhere else; it has been discovered that our modern civilization has grown up, not in spite of the Christian Church, but out of and by means of it. Forms of worship adapted for the Church of the future are in preparation or expected, and it is thought that even though death be in reality an eternal sleep, yet it will not in the long run be advisable to say so; but that we must resort again to those "evasive tropes," of "subjective immortality," or "posthumous activity," or the like, which poor humanity has positively never had the fortitude to dispense with since the day when the shade of Achilles reproved Ulysses for "calling death out of its name."

Assuredly many more concessions of the same kind will be made in the future. As the sceptics, who hitherto

have had all the irresponsibility of opposition, begin to familiarize themselves with the practical aspect of the subject, they will discover that many dogmas, many phrases to which they have urged abstract objections, may yet practically be quite well allowed to pass, and at times they will feel ashamed of the tastelessness of their captiousness, which has mistaken poetry and prophecy for logic, and criticised the visions of enthusiastic hope as if they were meant for simple matter of fact. Their conversion would be greatly hastened by a little more generosity on the part of their opponents. If it were acknowledged not merely that much of what is urged in the name of modern science may be true even though it seems opposed to clerical formularies, but that it may be actually that addition to our religious knowledge, that further revelation which Christianity itself promises, then it would become still more readily comprehensible that the religious controversy of the age is not the internecine thing it seems to be, and tha there is no reason to suppose that it ought to take precedence of all practical religious reforms, and ought to be settled before they can be seriously attended to.

Much has been said of a reconciliation between Religion and Science upon the ground of speculative controversy; but the terms proposed have generally involved the complete submission of one side or the other, with just some slight salve for its wounded vanity. In speculative controversy, where the only object is speculative truth, all such transactions are corrupt and illusory. What is needed is no such reconciliation between the specialists on both sides, but a proper contempt for the specialists on the part of practical men. Just as in great political crises the lawyers have been pushed on one side, so in great religious crises should the theologians and and the scientists. And this would promptly be done if we had the same grasp of the substance of religion which in some countries men have had of the substance of politics. For then we should know that it is the nature of the specialist to be one-sided, that he pays for his special knowledge in a peculiar ignorance of the value and the bearings of it, and that he can scarcely escape, even if he would, from the position and views of an advocate. Do we suppose that religion will be the better for being made the subject of an endless professional litigation? Will not the estate be swallowed up in the costs of the suit?

What this substance of religion is, these papers have been intended to make clear. They have laboured to show that no dogmas whatever, not even that of a future life, not even that of a (so-called) personal God, are of such importance that religious life must be suspended, practical religious reforms adjourned until the professional disputants can come to a conclusion about them; nay, that Christianity itself does not depend upon them so absolutely as is supposed. It is true, that if there is no future life for man the value of the present life sinks so much, that any kind of earnestness begins to seem affected and uncalled for, all moral systems and disciplines seem a waste of trouble; but even then we should remain Christians rather than anything else; even then, practical men would call it wise to make the best of a spiritual constitution, in which "nineteen hundred years have garnered up their hopes and fears," which has actually brought together, nursed and educated to civilization, all the progressive races—which has amassed for mankind an inestimable treasure of sacred memories, sacred thought, sacred imagination—rather than to supersede it by another, which after all the exhausting convulsions of the Revolution could teach nothing which could not be equally well taught now if the progressive character of Christianity were once restored to it. But if we stop at all short of the absolute negation of a future life—if we only think with Mr. Mill the hope of it worth studious

cherishing, then it becomes at once frivolous to allow the disputes of the schools to interrupt us in the work of removing the corruptions and improving the machinery by which the higher life, by which religion, is kept alive and spread among populations always gravitating downwards towards the life of the beaver, or fox, or swine.

There is but one consideration that could make us think otherwise, and it need not affect us much in England. When a religious system, great and true in its first conception, has merely fallen into the hands of a profession, and so been crippled and made petty, sentimental, and childish, nothing is needed but to rescue and restore it. But it may no doubt sink lower, so that its intrinsic merits can no longer save it, nay, positively increase the necessity of destroying it. If we looked at Christianity with the eyes of a French Liberal, if we saw it not merely hampered by a feeble clericalism, but made the tool of a powerful and subtle sacerdotalism, the case would be very different. Then we might say, it concerns us little what the original character of Christianity may have been. It comes before us as part and parcel of a system which crushes us. If it was originally beautiful and glorious, so much the worse; our enemy is made all the more mischievous by being dressed in such charms. We cannot afford to do it justice when we meet it in company with that which threatens us with destruction. An echo of this is heard in our English religious controversies. Charges are brought against Christianity which have no meaning here, but would be quite reasonable where Christianity is practically convertible with Ultramontanism and Jesuitism. English Liberalism confounds its cause too much with the Liberalism of the Continent, and talks wildly, as if it were struggling with an organized cosmopolitan priesthood; nay, it actually turns against a Church dependent on the State the arguments and the invective which were originally used against a Church whose offence it is to have practically deprived the State of its independence. A foreign definition of Christianity has crept in among us which identifies it with the organized Church of the Middle Ages. Such a definition is wholly out of place in a country which has for centuries drawn its religious inspiration from the Bible. To our people, the Church of the Middle Ages, that Church against the survival of which continental Liberalism struggles, is a thing which would be unknown, even by tradition, but for some cathedrals which witness of its glory, and for Smithfield memories, which attest the fierceness of its last struggles. The Christianity which has influenced us so powerfully, and is still so fresh in all our minds, has scarcely anything in common with that mediæval Church. It has, in fact, scarcely any connection with the Middle Ages. Its Bible is not a mediæval book, but a book of the ancient world restored to general use and knowledge in the Renaissance. Our popular Christianity has its beginning where mediævalism ends; its earliest traditions are of a struggle like that of modern Liberalism against spiritual tyranny; the great occurrences in its history are emancipations, resistances, heroic achievements, the defeat of the Armada, the Covenant, the voyage of the *Mayflower*, the emancipation of the slave. Priestly influence has here and there played a great part in it, as in Scotland; but the staple of its history, as of its Bible, deals with a resistance to priestly influence, and sets up the prophet against the priest or the scribe.

Let us not passively echo the party brawls of other countries as if we had not party brawls enough of our own. And let us not allow our own religious life to sink into a mere party brawl. Party life just now is at a low ebb among us, as well as religious life. There is a strong feeling that each may be enlivened a little by contact with the other. Sometimes we think we could almost feel religious again if we had a

good squabble about a conscience clause. Sometimes, on the other hand, we feel that we should have more enjoyment of our Liberalism if there were a Church to disestablish. Surely cynicism could scarcely be carried to a greater length than in the recent suggestion that the Liberal party might get back to office if the Nonconformists could see their way to an organized onslaught upon the Church.

If we sweep away the cobwebs of inherited prejudices and inveterate partisanship, we shall see at the bottom of these Church controversies a practical question of vast importance which there is hope of solving by union, but not by disunion. We see the struggle of the lower with the higher life.

If this phrase, lower life, or the old religious phrase, world, seems vague, let us translate them into the language of plain facts. We mean then that each class of society shows in its own way that when the mere cares of livelihood are satisfied, or if they are not felt, it does not know how to pass the time. In other words, it has no life beyond that of the animal. Is it vague to say that the lower classes *will* go to the public-house? This means that when they have their wages they can think of nothing else which they would like to do but to drink and chat. Is it vague to say that the middle class in general is given up to money-making, that the small part of their life which is otherwise occupied falls into humdrum uniformity without charm or freshness; that they measure men's worth and importance by their wealth, and that in choosing the occupation by which money is to be made they are generally ready to renounce any inborn preference or vocation for the chance of making a larger sum? Is it vague to say of the higher classes that they appear to have lost the high ambitions which used once not to be uncommon among them, that they are neither performing great public services nor setting the example they might set of a dignified, beautiful, and beneficent life, but, their animal wants being satisfied, appear to desire nothing further except amusement for the passing hour, and strong sensations that may keep off *ennui?*

This is the want; what is wanted is the higher life. Now all Church organizations whatsoever exist for no other purpose than to supply it, to foster the growth of such life in men, to give it food and exercise. Churches are *not* societies of men bound together by holding the same opinions. No fancy more idle ever passed into a commonplace. Holding the same opinions is not in itself a tie to bind men together. If they agree, why should they come together? It is rather when people differ that they desire to meet. Churches are united as other societies are by a practical object, which is the desire to save men's souls. If indeed we allow a clergy to garble this phrase, and to persuade us that our souls are not threatened by the danger which is visible to all, the danger of being drowned in worldliness or animalism, but by quite another danger which we should never have found out but for a supernatural revelation, and which is to be avoided, not by the means which our higher instincts point out, but by quaint processes which seem to have something of magic about them, then no doubt a Church will come practically to mean the society of people who have been induced to believe this story. But this too is a consideration which is of little importance in England. The religious writers of the last age—a Maurice and others—have broken the neck of that superstition. It is widely diffused through all schools, and has passed into our religious atmosphere, that the heaven beyond the grave and the higher life here are identical, and that the revelation of Christianity is not different in substance from the revelation which comes everywhere in advanced societies to the higher minds. "Soul," and "saving the soul," mean the same thing in a Christian mouth, and in the mouth of any one who takes a high view of life. Without signing

any articles we may all take our place in the organizations which have this for their object.

If so, then let us look to see what progress they have made in their work. The vast achievements of the great spiritual heads of humanity strike the eye at once. They have removed the first great difficulties which philosophy might have continued always powerless to deal with. They have cleared a free space for the higher life to expand in. They have made room for it both in time and space. They have claimed for man's higher life a seventh part of his lifetime. They have set up everywhere the church, the Parliament-house of the Spiritual State, and they have created the clergy, the official class or administrators of the higher life. The beginnings are made here, but it should have been a matter of course that these were only beginnings. It should have been a matter of course that the work thus begun would need to be developed through centuries, that innovations and changes would be needed in each successive age, that the higher life itself would be found subject to variation and development, and that into ecclesiastical machinery as into political, abuses would creep, that here too usurpations of authority would be committed, and that there would be need to investigate a science of spiritual as of civil government.

But we have adopted quite another and perfectly irrational view of the subject. When we meet with deficiences or abuses in this department, instead of considering how they may be supplied or corrected, it is our habit to wash our hands of the whole matter, sanctimoniously expressing our regret that we have not found ideal perfection where for some inexplicable reason we had looked for it. We adopt the same vicious method which we love to reprobate in the politics of foreign countries. Instead of persistent activity, unwearied good temper and timely reform, we adopt a policy of cold abstention and ironical reticence calculated to end in revolution. When we find the clergy monopolising, as an official class will always strive to do, all functions, we do not resist them but take our revenge by remarking to ourselves with malicious pleasure that in reducing the laity to ciphers they are committing an unconscious suicide, and are destroying themselves by destroying the Church. When rival priesthoods tear each other to pieces, we are not alarmed lest the higher life itself should suffer, but rather amused because it gives us occasion to furbish up again some rusty sarcasms. And yet we do not really, if we will ask ourselves the question, wish to see all Churches fall into ruin; we do not really think that it would be convenient to begin again from the beginning; we shrink, when we take the trouble to reflect upon it, from the infinite discomfort that such a revolution would involve, from the despair it would cause to thousands at the time, and the well-nigh incurable prostration and debility it would leave behind it.

The practical question, if we can bring ourselves to take a practical view, is this :—Religion or the higher life starts with two great acquisitions, —what is the best use that can be made of them? There is the Sunday, and there are all the churches and chapels in Christendom with the machinery and *personnel* attached to them. We are not to begin by adding the Sunday to the week-days, secularising all the churches and unfrocking all the parsons in order that perhaps afterwards we may create a new set of institutions which will certainly be of the same kind. And if not, then it follows that we are not to help the Churches to destroy themselves. We are not to make a ring round the clerical pugilists and applaud their pugnacity; nor are we to say with studied decorum that we decline to assume any responsibility, only if the Churches see their way to committing suicide we are ready to lend them any assistance in our power and to place our party organizations at their disposal. But we are to consider how

these great institutions may be put to the best use, how they may be most wisely reformed; and if we find that clerical cliques have got complete possession and control of them, then to resist such usurpation by ordinary temperate methods.

Why then do these two great institutions, the Sunday and the Church, fail of their object? In a country where all enjoy them, why should the higher life remain asleep? A large space is cleared for it. Business is forbidden to absorb the whole field of our life. Why should nothing better grow there? Why should nothing but frivolity, or dulness, or, in a lower class, drinking, fill the hours that are not spent in labour? It is evident, surely, that though we have cleared the field we have not tilled it, though we have got the room we have not furnished it. The Sunday is there, but how terribly dull it is! The Church is there, but who can bring himself to listen to the parson? And yet it is not any defect in the quality of the food offered to it that makes the higher life languish. If not the parson's sermon, yet the sublime Book, the work of ages, and many a lofty Liturgy devised in later times, are precisely what one could wish and much more than one could expect. The deficiency is in quantity and variety. The Book itself, though it contains so much, yet does not contain all that is needed. However elevated its language may be, yet it was written two thousand years ago. We confess its insufficiency when we supplement it with a fresh discourse from a living mouth, but what a melancholy contrast between the inspired words of some ancient prophet, words for uttering which he suffered persecution from the professional orthodoxy of his time, and the modern sermon dictated and controlled by that very orthodoxy! But even if an Isaiah could speak from the pulpit as well as from the lectern, do we suppose that that alteration would suffice? Do we suppose that the higher life can live merely on exhortations, however true and impassioned.

When we complain of the deadness of the higher life among us, what is it that we want? What changes would satisfy us? It is when we ask this question that we recognise the pitifulness of the clerical ideal. Those devoted evangelists, whether of the High Church or the Low, are labouring to bring the population into what condition? If they could succeed, the doctrines of Darwin and Strauss would be forgotten as though they had never been broached. In other words, we should think of the Universe and the Bible precisely as our fathers did, and all the thought and genius of the past age would appear to have been thrown away. Science would become a Bridgewater Treatise, Poetry would imitate the *Christian Year*, and popular literature would be governed by the Religious Tract Society. Who can picture this without seeing at the same time the irresistible mutiny that would follow in the next generation? Meanwhile our working class, instead of being jolly drunkards, would come "under concern" about the state of their souls and listen to revival preachers; young men of the middle and upper classes would begin to take orders freely, legislation would begin to take an ecclesiastical tinge, and the public mind would be convulsed with new Gorham Cases. Is this really what we want? Are these really the signs of His coming, and of a new birth of the higher life among us?

All this was pretty well realized about thirty years ago, and we have seen the insufficiency of it, and, what is more, we have lost it again. It is a paltry ideal, and one which cannot be held when it is grasped, simply because it is so flimsy. We are now all of us asking again, how shall the people be kept from the public-house? And some of us are asking also, how shall the dull Philistinism or emptiness of the other classes be healed? And we have made some steps towards the true solution. We say, it is not

enough to tell people to be religious, you must occupy their minds and give them a taste for something better than drinking. And we get up Penny Readings and Popular Lectures and Working Men's Colleges. Dimly at the same time we see that the deficiencies of the better classes are radically of the same kind and require the same remedy. What takes the working man to the public-house is the same defect which ties the city man to his desk and makes his life monotonous and unlovely. It is the ignorance of anything better,—the want of occupation for his higher life. And something begins to be done for him too. We have begun to purify the idea of culture, and to understand that we must present it for the future as something precious and beautiful in itself, and no longer merely as a means of success and money-making.

These are the new convictions which practical reformers have lately acquired. They have led to a practical rebellion against the clerical revival of the last age, for they amount to a conviction that no such revival can by itself regenerate the country. And the clergy are acknowledging this by enlarging their field, by taking into their province much which hitherto they regarded as secular. They do so under the plea that that which is in itself secular, such as music, architecture, popular science, may be made indirectly serviceable to religion. But meanwhile a great change and advance of opinion has been taking place among the professors of the so-called secular pursuits thus newly patronised. The future historian, describing the present age of English history, will mark it as the period when the English mind first clearly grasped the ideas of Art and Science. Look at our present clear conception of Art in its different varieties all equally to be honoured, the poet recognising himself as the colleague of the painter or musical composer in the same great guild, and see what a space has been traversed since music was scarcely known and painting regarded as an ungentlemanly pursuit, while poetry acknowledged no connection with the sister arts, but rather classed herself with wit or with learning. In like manner, what a change since science asserted herself with the commanding self-consciousness which now distinguishes her! Not long since she lay huddled up indistinguishably with metaphysics and Greek scholarship and theology. Now she proudly stands aloof from all such association, and declares herself called to regenerate the world. Both in the case of Art and of Science it is a consequence of the new distinctness with which they are now conceived that their dignity is greatly raised. They take a religious character. The artist would be ashamed to speak of himself as a humble caterer for the public amusement, as, for instance, a Walter Scott always did. He is now in a manner bound to exalt his art if not himself, and to call himself a priest of the religion of Beauty. Nor can the latter any more be content to speak of science as an elegant and liberal pursuit; it is a point of honour with him now to proclaim himself a votary of the religion of the future.

It has been the object of these papers to piece together all these glimpses which in different quarters are opening upon the world, and divine the whole wide prospect which will shortly lie before us. When we see on the one side the clergy confessing the insufficiency, so to speak, of the fund upon which they draw, and adding to it, under various pretexts, much which they do not acknowledge to be religion; when we see, on the other hand, that precisely this new matter, which the clergy find they cannot do without, is at the very same time declared by those to whose province it belongs to have the character of religion, we are forced to some such conclusion as this:—

The old distinction between sacred and profane, religious and secular, was a perfectly just one, but a mistake

was made in drawing the line. The line was so drawn as to leave Art and Science among things secular, whereas they belong properly to things religious. And consequently the great religious reform for which our age is ripe consists in the full and free admission of Art and Science, their independence being at the same time preserved, to the honours of Religion.

I remind the reader that this reform is only a restoration of the primitive view. In the vigorous periods of religion it is inseparable from science, and finds its manifestation in art, and the traces of this are clearly visible in our own religion. Our Bible begins with a cosmogony which was the science of the Jews. All our earliest art is about us in our cathedrals and churches. The schism that has happened since has not really arisen from any wish on the part of Art or Science to put off their religious character, but only to become independent of the religion of morality or humanity by which they were controlled. They did not wish to be secular, but to be independent religions. And independent they must still be, only they must be once more recognised as religions.

Practically, what would such a reform involve? It means that all our penny readings and well-meant but too humble efforts to keep the people out of the public-house by amusing them, should be developed into that which they implicitly contain, namely, a full initiation of the whole people in the religion of Art; and in like manner that all our popular lectures, schemes of technical education, and so forth, should be developed into such a general initiation as is possible into the religion of Science. It means also that Art and Science in being recognised as religious should be made free of the Sunday; and that, in order to avoid a most deplorable breach with all that is sacred in the past, a most sad quarrel with our dead forefathers, the new institutions should not conquer their place by aggression upon the parish church and clergy, but should be welcomed to it by their cordial invitation.

How many hesitating steps are constantly taken in this direction! Even evangelicals admit what High Church men have so long held, that religious services must become what they call more attractive. Here and there we have seen Science Classes opened in connection with cathedrals, clergymen lecturing on Political Economy. Something has even been attempted towards a reconciliation between religion and the theatre. And there is one conspicuous case in which the attempt, made in this case centuries ago, has had most important consequences. By means of the Oratorio a really fruitful alliance between religion and music was long since concluded. But it is not precisely such an alliance as this that is here contemplated. The question is not how Christianity may draw the Arts as captives in her triumphal procession, but of setting up the Arts in perfect independence to co-operate with Christianity in that work in which, whatever may be their quarrel with Christianity, they are her natural allies, namely, the work of stemming worldliness and fostering the higher life. In the recent discussion of the Sunday question it might be plainly observed how near the settlement of it was now felt to be, and it was also instructive to see in what confusion of words the opponents of the proposal took refuge.

Who now seriously argues that the Sunday is desecrated by attention to Art and Science? But it is strongly felt that the Sunday must not be abandoned to money-making, and an attempt was made to confuse the two things by pointing to the money that passes at the entrance to theatres and concert-rooms. Certainly, if Art and Science are not distinguishable from money-making, nothing will be gained by throwing open the Sunday to them, for it is precisely because they are antagonistic to the spirit of money-making, because they are wanted to fill the room which it vacates on Sunday, and prevent it from returning in

tenfold force on the Monday morning, that we call them in. We call them in in aid to Religion, or more properly as having themselves the nature of religion, and if they cannot be active on the Sunday without a little clinking of coin being heard, and an official here and there losing his Sunday freedom, the same is true of religion itself. A new church cannot be opened without increasing the amount of work done on Sunday, work for which money must be paid; and if it has nevertheless been found possible in the main to protect Religion from being corrupted by the spirit of money-making, there is no reason why Art and Science should not be protected in the same way.

And as Religion should share its day with Art and Science, so should it share its local vantage-ground and endowments. Hitherto it has done this in some degree. It has been the patron of primary education; but it has not yet had the courage to hold out the hand unconditionally both to Art and Science, and give them, without encroaching on their independence, an introduction wherever it has penetrated itself.

We are all anxiously considering how we may better the condition of the working class—whether for their own sakes, that they may get more out of their lives, or for the sake of the State, that it may be protected from the discontent that undermines it. What good thing can we give them? The suffrage? Increase of wages? Organization to protect them against capital? Or some share in the profits of capital? Or some share in the land? But all these benefits belong to the lower life. The utmost result of them will be more of that leisure, more of that spending-money which the public-house is always waiting to absorb. A much greater gift, rather the only gift worth the giving, would be the gift of new occupations, new pursuits belonging to the higher life. And when once we recognise, not faintly or fitfully, but with decision, that these pursuits are not exclusively what we have hitherto called Religion, that they are not exclusively church-going, or hymnody, nor listening to clerical oratory or philanthropic projects; but that they include the two grand pursuits of Art and Science, religious also in the strictest sense, surely the prospect of a redemption for poverty and labour grows more distinct before our eyes. It becomes more clear along what road we are to travel, and we perceive the meaning of certain indications which have recently been given us. We have been told of popular amusements in use among other nations, which have often the nature of art, and which make the English traveller blush for the joyless life of labour in his own country; nay, when we have been told of the Ammergau Mystery, it has flashed upon us that Art itself may be born again, by being associated with Labour, as much as Labour by being inspired with Art. And what isthe moral of that story of the Scotch peasant-naturalist? Even if you cannot perceive that that eager study of Nature is religion in its purest form, if it almost shocks you to hear it asserted that the Object of his worship was actually the True God, still you can hardly help admitting that such worship belongs to the higher life, and is the true counter-charm of the public-house.

Nor is it only for the sake of a disguise under cover of which they may make their way into the Sunday that we would represent Art and Science as having the nature of Religion. It is quite as much because they will never be rightly cultivated until they are recognised as in some sort sabbatical pursuits. When the clerical party brand them as forms of money-making, they only take advantage of the corruption which has fallen upon them from being treated as secular. Here again we only follow plain indications which the history of Art gives us. The work of Goethe and Schiller was principally directed to asserting a certain sacredness in Art, and to rescuing it

from the curse of commonness or vulgarity. So long as it is bandied about in the market, it does not perform its true function; it does not elevate. And is not this its fate among us? Who among us ever speaks of the elevating effect of Art? It is a conception quite foreign to our minds. We think of Art as amusing, or exciting, or thrilling, but not as elevating. And because we never question that it is a commodity to be bartered against other commodities, we make it up like other commodities for the market; and hence come works of the Dickens school, in which the most startling effects succeed each other without repose.

But will not Religion, in the old sense, or at least will not Christianity disappear, when so much hitherto deemed secular throngs into the precincts which were sacred to it? Would not this enlargement of the idea of religion prove a step to the destruction of it? Religion larger would be also fainter, until it was lost to view. Does not the truly religious man resent the suggestion that there is any connection whatever between what he calls Religion and Science or Art? Has not Religion a warmth, antipathetic to the hard and cold grandeur of Science? Has it not an awful solemnity still more alien to the frivolity of Art? Yes! but the fact that Christian feeling has a quality which is all its own does not prevent it from having another quality which it shares with Science and Art. Christianity has, and always will have, a jealousy of both which tends to become hostility; nevertheless, it is one with them in its resistance to worldliness and to the dominion of the lower life. It would gain much by freely recognising this affinity. In the first place, it would escape their attacks. Those negations of Science which are now so terrible would be very much qualified, if not wholly explained away, if Christianity appeared as the zealous friend of Science and the mediator between her and the people; and the half-concealed rebellion of Art might be appeased in the same way. But it would gain also a more solid advantage. There is much too sharp a contrast between the insipid vulgarity of an ordinary English life and the height of the moral sublime in the New Testament. The higher life cannot be taught by presenting only ideal examples, or supreme moments of it. It is not all rapture and devotion, but has its routine and its ordinary occupations. These are wanting in our English religion, just as in our English Sunday there is nothing between dulness and divine service. And this routine of the higher life should be furnished by Science and Art, that is, by pure contemplations into which self-interest does not enter, while admiration and curiosity, the lower forms of worship, are kept awake. Formed in such a routine, would men appreciate the New Testament less than they do? Is it not evident that some such preparation, some such use of happy and peaceful thoughts, is absolutely demanded of those who would enter into the Christian view of life?

But suppose the population on Sunday flocking into picture-galleries and museums, and concert-halls; suppose even plays performed, not indeed the vulgar burlesques or loose comedies that pleased the theatre in its unregenerate days, but such as a Christian Æschylus might write for a Christian Athens, is it not evident that the parson, with his commonplaces, would be left to preach to himself in the deserted church? If it were so, if the church and the parson held their ground by means so purely artificial, would there be any hope of protecting them, or would they be worth protecting? But the considerations here urged do not lead to the conclusion that Art and Science, because they have the nature of religion, ought to take the place of what has hitherto been called religion among us. This has been asserted over and over again, but the view here taken is different. There is

another religion, which is neither Art nor Science, and which is more important to mankind than either, the religion of morality, or of the human Ideal, which in its historic form is Christianity. No rebellion would have arisen against this religion, still less would it have been possible to represent it as a womanish sentimentalism, if it had rested on its own merits, and not on the one hand turned Art and Science into enemies, by trying to tyrannise over them; and on the other hand, suffered itself to fall into the hands of a profession. Give back to Christianity the elasticity and the modesty of which clericalism has robbed it, and it will appear again in its proper place, that is, the highest place among the religions which compose the Higher Life. But, as religion is larger than Christianity, even when Christianity is most justly conceived, so is the true Christianity far larger than the clerical perversion of it. If it is the religion of the human Ideal, and of the human race, evidently the material of it must be all human history, and all the sciences that deal with man. It must not confine itself to a narrow strip of history, the chronicles of a single tribe, or to the narrow thought and science of that tribe. The founders of Christianity connected with their religion, at least, the whole history of the race to which they belonged. They drew no distinction between ecclesiastical and civil history. We, with our wider knowledge, should take not narrower, but still wider views. While we see in the origin of Christianity the highest point in the history of humanity, the simultaneous revelation of the Ideal and of the Race, we ought to reject no part of the history of humanity, nor to imagine that some of that history is sacred and some profane. In like manner, while we regard one type of humanity as the highest, we ought not to imagine that only one type is worth study or imitation. And when these narrownesses have been avoided, why should the preacher of Christianity fear to be dull? Why should he want topics, or dread the rivalry of Art and Science? The whole history of mankind is open to him; or, if such catholicity is beyond his conception, at any rate he has the whole history of Christian nations. In what sense can Jewish history be sacred in which the history of Christendom is profane? Teaching on the duties of men, illustrated by history, and connected with a grand consecutive view of the plan running through human history—why should we fear that men would turn a deaf ear to this? They would not do so if they could once rid themselves of the suspicion that the teacher is fettered, or but half sincere, or but half competent.

This view of the coming phase of religion is realistic, and therefore has its shadows. It exhibits religion not as a kind of sacred asylum from all the anxieties and almost all the activities of the mind; not as giving all that the intellect desires while it absolves the intellect from trouble—conclusions without reasoning, knowledge without investigation, and poetry without imagination;—but only as an asylum from worldly and material cares. More than this: it does not promise that religion will, in its next phase, render with any certain efficiency that service for which alone many have valued it. Religion may become less potent in consolation, and less able to inspire the hope of immortality into souls not naturally ardent. Those cold misgivings which hitherto have been thought incompatible with all religious beliefs, that there is, after all, nothing "behind the veil," will beset the religious as well as the worldly, as they seem to have done in Old Testament times. In that voyage towards a colder zone on which we are all bound, the story of some discoverable North-West passage will be less universally received, and some will affirm that no land, after all, is to be found about the Pole, but only a Sea of Ancient Ice. Is it possible, it will be said, that any religion worthy of the

name can subsist amid such uncertainties? And yet religious faith and peace have lived on all this time in spite of an opinion about the future infinitely more appalling than that. Meanwhile, this very uncertainty about immortality, this very aversion of the religious life from the future, will lead to one good result, which perhaps could hardly have been attained by any less painful means. Religion will now, for the first time, fairly undertake that regeneration of the present life and of actual society which it always promised, yet always indefinitely postponed; and in doing so it will, as we have seen, reunite itself with those other inspiring influences from which it ought never to have been separated. Religion will once more be understood as the general name for all the worships or habitual admirations which compose the higher life. We shall no longer be told of high feelings which make men unselfish and pure-minded, and raise them above vulgar cares, but which, nevertheless, have nothing to do with religion. We shall no longer hear it said of some man of science, whose mind is possessed, beyond most men's, with the thought of the eternal laws by which the universe is governed, that "it is to be feared that he is an atheist," nor of some artist, whose heart is touched by a thousand sights which leave other men cold, that "he has no religion." All such high enthusiasms will be recognised as having the very essence of religion, and they will be prized the more rather than the less for appearing in the instinctive, inarticulate state. But of all such enthusiasms it will still be held that the highest and most precious is that which has man for its object, and which manifests itself neither in works of Art nor discoveries of Science, but in emancipations, redemptions, reconciliations, and in a high ideal of duty; and this is the religion which bears the name of Jesus of Nazareth.]

DOCTEUR LAVARDIN; A SKETCH.

I.

"Patitur qui vincit."

Docteur Lavardin had succeeded in his profession in a way that made more aspiring men envious, his success being due in a great measure to his want of any low ambition. The lamp in his room might be seen burning until the small hours, as he bent over his books and microscope, patiently and enthusiastically searching out the secrets of pathology. His contemporaries pitied him as a man of brilliant promise, stifling his chances by living the life of a hermit. One eminent Parisian doctor, a good deal his senior, took him to task in a kindly, patronising way, and remarked that he would never get on unless he gave good dinners, and gathered around him a fashionable *clientèle.* "When I was your age, I was apparently as successful as I am now, though I had then to think a good deal more about my creditors than my patients; but the game was worth the candles—nothing succeeds like success; behold me now, physician in ordinary to His Majesty the Emperor, cross of the legion of honour, and received in all the best houses of the *beau monde* of Paris. You have the same chances, if you go the same way to work." Any one less self-satisfied than this counsellor would have observed the half-suppressed ironical curve on the lips of the younger man, as he gravely and shortly thanked the elder for his well-meant advice. Ten years later the emperor was not, and his physician in ordinary, having got into serious money difficulties, through his extravagant living, had borrowed largely from Dr. Lavardin, who had then attained a foremost place among the medical men in Paris by sheer hard work.

He had learnt to perfection the great professional art of listening, and treated every case that came before him, whether of gentle or simple, as the most important in hand. He rarely claimed sympathy from others; when he did sacrifice his natural reticence, it was more to place himself in closer communion with the suffering, than for any other reason. There were some who pre-supposed that beneath his simplicity and truthfulness there lay unfathomed regions of astuteness and worldly wisdom. It was not so, however, he had simply the wit to know how to play the card of truth with tact. In his dealings with sick men, he found it necessary to be abrupt, sometimes to harshness; in most cases cutting them off from a good many selfish pleasures, and frankly telling them that keeping to their work would answer as well, if not better, than a visit to Monaco, or a trip to Vienna. "As for me," declared a spoilt boy of forty, "I can do nothing unless I am in perfect health." "If all acted on that principle, I fear there would be little work accomplished in the world," the docteur had unfeelingly replied. Women, whom he influenced, looked and felt invigorated by his medical advice; those of them who expected him to order their lives according to their wishes always came away with their fees unaccepted, and in time these ladies drifted into the hands of more amenable practitioners.

The relation of such a human being to the world around him must always be full of peril. But the peril is infinitely increased when the protected character of the physician comes into play. It was not until he had reached middle life that Dr. Lavardin felt any danger to himself in his position.

The young wife of one of his staunchest friends had come to him for help and comfort in her wretchedness. Her husband, M. D'Hauteville, and Dr. Lavardin had been at school together, and each had achieved a brilliant reputation, D'Hauteville especially had been in the habit of carrying all before him. Later on, success had become not only a habit, but a necessity to his nature. He lived on the excitement of it. During the final examinations, however, at the École Polytéchnique he could not keep step with Lavardin's steady pace; he became worried and discontented, and soon dropped from even his second place. Lavardin little cared for these competitive successes. He wanted to know things well, because he really cared for the knowledge, but not for the sake of out-distancing his friend. At last came the examination for the coveted mathematical prize—the race was between Lavardin and D'Hauteville. Lavardin knew the prize lay within his own grasp, but, to the surprise of every one, he did not send in his papers on the plea of ill-health, and to D'Hauteville the honours were awarded.

"You were ill on purpose," said D'Hauteville, but the other only laughed it off. "Take my word for it, you will never get on in life if you cede to others—if you let your heart take the place of your head."

"We will see," replied Lavardin, with quiet confidence. "You lay too much stress, D'Hauteville, on the prizes of life; remember there is always a price to be paid for them."

D'Hauteville was now an overworked rising *avocat;* his rich marriage was generally looked upon as one of his successes, yet he had not filled the wide blanks in his wife's passionate, purposeless existence. She had found that her union with him, instead of being the realisation of all her young dreams, was but the abrupt awakening to a series of disillusions, to sterner responsibilities and duties, to additional perplexities and fears. She had no children to occupy and engross her, no method of life, no pressing necessity to live for others. Her husband, too busy to be with her much, and trusting in her innate goodness, left her free and unquestioned liberty, while he drowned his own heart's disappointments in the absorption of his daily labours—in his hard-won successes. But she had no absorbing work, and her health gave way.

"Go and consult Lavardin, he will put you right; he is the best friend I have," said her husband, hurrying away with his briefs, after bestowing a passing kiss on her pale, cold brow. So to the physician she went.

She was very lovely, very pathetic, very desolate; with a wide capacity for happiness, for loving, for living. Dr. Lavardin's heart was touched and thrilled. He would fain have dismissed the case, and so guarded his own inward peace. But he could not. He was at first severe, introduced philosophy, told her that happiness is not a thing to be claimed, but that life is both possible and bearable without it. He spoke of Time as the Great Healer, the great modifier, and that we must have compassion one for another. But as visit followed visit, these truths seemed to heal her wound but slightly. Feeling he had been too harsh, he spoke again more gently, until she lifted up her eyes to him with a look he never forgot; then his breath came quick and short; he turned towards her passionately, advanced, checked himself, and wearily sat down in the furthest corner of the room. He occupied himself for a moment in writing, and as Madame D'Hauteville passed out, and the next patient came in, it would have been impossible to discover from his calm manner that he had passed through any inward conflict. *Patitur qui vincit.* Dr. Lavardin suffered, yet he was loyally true to his friend. He became more tolerant, however, to all strictly human and momentary weaknesses. As a young man he had been very hard against any lapse from his own high, untried

standard. All young people are pitiless, until they learn through experience the truth of that wise saying — *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

The next news that his patients heard of him was that he had quitted Paris and gone to Amiens, where the cholera was raging, and where doctors were needed. "What a quixotic fool the man is to throw away such a practice to get killed off by pestilence in the provinces. A capital first plunge for beginners, no doubt (to be killed off), but for a man like Lavardin!" So exclaimed the faculty, so mourned his *clientèle.* It was not quixotism, however; doctors are human, though the fact seems sometimes to be forgotten; and no power would have induced Dr. Lavardin, in his calm senses, to remain in a position where he had the slightest doubt of himself. No one was dependent upon him in Paris; his private practice, though very lucrative, was not what he cared for most. His heart was in hospital work, and he was eager to try new remedies for stamping out the prevailing epidemic. The cholera did not cut him off as his friends predicted, and he lived to experience in himself what he had taught to others, that life is both possible and bearable without any particular happiness. He got greyer, however, and settled more decidedly into a scientifically-abstracted middle-aged man, and after the excitement of the cholera had subsided, he in a measure gave up general practice and lived a studious, though a benevolently useful life. The good people of Amiens were very grateful to him for his self-sacrificing devotion during their time of trial, and highly gratified that he was content to take up his abode among them. It showed how quickly appreciative he was of their high moral and intellectual standard, and the generally advanced opinions of the town. Dr. Lavardin became very popular in the *cercle,* though he neither played high nor gossipped, and was very often asked out to dinner, though he was not a professed talker, and had no self-assertion. Those who gave him the benefit of their ideas would remark in a delighted way, *Il est vraiment fort spirituel;* though the docteur had in all probability confined himself to expressions such as *bien possible, mais oui, mais non, cela s'entend, précisément.* From his sympathetically genial manner he seemed but to refrain from carrying all before him in order, benevolently, to give younger ones a chance. It was only Sidonie, his housekeeper, who knew how much of ease and energy, sweetness and strife, there was in his nature, and she loved, feared, and respected him for his self-control. The townsfolk thought it a mighty piece of good luck his getting such a treasure; even M. le Curé had not a better cook, and at the same time it was considered a great chance for Sidonie being under such a master, *un homme comme il y en a peu.*

Sidonie's father had been a well-known manufacturer of the town; long failing health and unfortunate speculations had reduced him to a state of bankruptcy, and obliged his children to make their own way in the world. On the whole, his family had done well, walking uprightly along the straight high road of life, every one of them except Sidonie (whose character was a mixture of pride and impulse); she had taken, alas! a wrong step on that hard, pitiless road. Her lover died, and for a time she felt all the bitterness of lonely poverty and all the anguish of a proud, dumb despair. Other ways of gaining a livelihood failing her, she succeeded at last in becoming a first-rate *cuisinière;* and as time went on it was she who superintended all the grand repasts served in the town, and recipes revised by her were considered of priceless value. She maintained herself and her child with reticent dignity and independence; indeed there were some people who quite resented this steadiness of behaviour, deeming it an irreconcilable inconsistency. It was only the more liberal-minded who recog-

nised that she was no ordinary woman; in fact, with her reputed book-learning, and her grave, dignified manner, she passed as a rather awe-inspiring personage. When Dr. Lavardin first saw her, in a formidable high cap, completely hiding the shape of her head, and her heavy grey cloak, he gave a little inward laugh, almost misdoubting the rumours he had heard concerning her past life, doubting too whether this delicate-minded lady, with her deep-set eyes and tensely closed mouth, would exactly suit h's situation, would unquestioningly obey his behests: for our docteur, though mild, was a mild despot. As Dr. Lavardin stood, with his plump sunburnt hands crossed meditatively behind him, reading by slow but sure degrees the characters of her face, he startled her self-distrust by abruptly offering extravagantly high wages. Her pale cheeks flushed, but with more pain than pleasure.

"I am not worth that," she said; "I cannot take so much."

"I think differently," he answered; "those are my terms; I shall not change them."

She looked up in his face with wounded pride.

"You are doing it because you are benevolent; but I am not a subject for benevolence; I wish to stand alone, and take but what I rightly earn. I ask only for justice."

"And I consider I am barely doing you justice. Believe me, I am not acting under the impulse of benevolence, I am only giving way to my instinctive knowledge of character." This he said with diffident persuasiveness. "None of us have justice done us," he went on, dropping his eye-glasses, and looking down at her smilingly, but with dimmed eyes; "we are always either over-rated or under-rated; for instance, you have under-rated me, in considering me more generous than just."

Still she protested, still he insisted; she would have her way, he his. It was the first and last battle between them. Of course the stronger gained the victory, and to Sidonie there only remained the hope that, by her devotion to his interests, she might in some small degree repay her master's generosity. When the interview was over, and she had passed out of sight into outside darkness, the severe mouth relaxed, and as hot tears sprang into the impetuous eyes, she bowed her head, crying out as if in pain, "My boy, my boy."

For this satisfactory arrangement with Dr. Lavardin necessitated a mother's separation from her child. What money, or what assured position could make up to her for her son's loving caresses? As she passed through the lamp-lit streets, her cloak in the sleeting rain clinging damply round her, more than one wayfarer paused, but passed gravely by, on observing the maternal solicitude imprinted on her face.

II.

"He cared not only for 'cases,' but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth."

MOTHERS recognised at once that Dr. Lavardin was too staid a subject for any matrimonial project, so were happy and at ease with him, and guilelessly expansive, making what use they could of him. Passing over their daughters, they enlarged to him about their difficulties with their sons. One or other of them would naively ask him to find some situation in Paris that would suit her eldest boy—a berth with good emolument, little work, advancing prospects: her son, she was sure, would make a good *attaché*, a rare diplomat, a wise leader of men, if only he had an opening. Dr. Lavardin, as he listened to this fond mother, looking over his spectacles with a serio-comic gleam in his eyes, would never fail to soothe her by gentle compliments, sometimes even unwittingly stroking the fair hand in a grandfatherly way. And however elderly or stout the

lady might appear to other eyes, she was sure to have an agreeable consciousness that the docteur admired her, and in truth he did admire the maternal love that made her courageous to ask favours. He did what he could, for no woman ever appealed for help to him in vain.

He would tell the husband in his business-like way of a cashier's place, or a vacancy for a medical student. There were no flatteries in his speech to the man. "The duties are hard; but all work is hard." The father might think that it was very easy for him to talk thus, living in ease and comfort with Sidonie as housekeeper. Yet, after toiling all day, had not the evening of life set in for Dr. Lavardin? Why should he not enjoy complete and remorseless leisure? It was not by chance that he had gained his money and position, but by the sweat of his brow, rising with the dawn, and working far into the night. And now he was supposed to have lived his life, and was going to devote himself to the study of scientific subjects. So the Amiens folk glibly explained the situation. How very ready we all are to shelve our friends, while for ourselves—ourselves — how difficult to realise that we have in truth lived the best part of our lives—we expected so much, and we have?—what we have worked for. We reap?—what we have sown. But why should Dr. Lavardin ever admit or allow others to assert that the fulness of life was over for him? Surely as long as the beating of his heart goes on evenly and strongly, existence with its mysteries and miracles, its passions, and pains, is still before him. What though he has gained a certain amount of philosophic calm—he can still feel the sunshine and the shadow, the blue sky still bends above him, the world surges around him. There is twilight and night, and the long lonely hours of dawn, when his heart feels desolate — ill at ease—longing for something which has not come to him, has not been attained—dead to scientific problems—

> "Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace;
> Blind to Galileo on his turret."

So mused Dr. Lavardin as he wended his way to one of his lady patients, who had neither daughters to dispose of nor sons to settle in life. She was not, however, one of the women whom the docteur influenced, nor yet was she of those who retired from his consulting-room with their fees in their hands, for the very good reason that she never brought hers; she was one of those licensed ladies who "remember to forget" to bring their purses on special occasions.

En revanche, her welcome to Dr. Lavardin in her own house was of the sweetest and easiest. She was charming and amiable, wishing no one ill, except those, of course, who stood in her way, and all she did then was to push them gracefully but promptly aside. Though left a widow in comfortable circumstances, she, like many others, would have liked more money, could have easily disposed of it, on herself as the jewel, and on her house as the setting of the jewel. As it was "she did her best," as she often told Dr. Lavardin with a plaintive sigh; and he, looking at her and her elaborate setting, sadly re-echoed that sigh. Once on his return from visiting the wretchedest part of the town, amid vice, fever, and death, he had been simple enough to preach her a little sermon—invigorating, impetuous, fervent; inveighing against the temptations of unshared riches—the banefulness of egoistic lives. As he talked he got white and tremulous, walked about the room, looking fiercely in earnest, his face luminous, searching. He stretched out his big brown hands as if to shake her out of herself. An answering movement, a glance of understanding, a checked utterance of impulsive sympathy, might at that moment have

subdued and thrilled him, perhaps captivated him for ever. But the widow was calculating, not listening —"His voice is too loud; he is too large for ordinary-sized rooms; I should hate to have scenes like this; I like repose and darkness, and it is simply *agaçant* his drawing up all the blinds." This she said to herself consolingly, feeling him drifting out of her reach—beyond her depth. "Decidedly he has passed his first youth," was her after deliberate comment, as she gracefully set herself to answer him, and to enlighten him with her own ideas of life and love, duty and friendship—her aspirations, her hopes, her fears, her sensations—herself (for she, too, could perorate on her own pet subject). But she had let slip her moment. It was not given her to interpret the expression of eyes intrenched behind their spectacles, nor the movement of lips covered by so thick a moustache.

Such were the little shocks that Dr. Lavardin received on his passage through life. Yet his faith in human nature did not die out; he still went on hoping and believing that "there's perfect goodness somewhere;" always attributing his disillusions to some want in himself. He still continued to visit the widow in her scented and softly-cushioned boudoir, listening with a wonderful patience to her monologues, and prescribing mild *tisanes* against a too introspective and luxurious life. Perhaps he hoped in time to influence her—or was it that she was gradually converting him to darkness and repose?

Sidonie had a strong conviction that even the best of men are apt in the end to fall victims to a woman's persistent flatteries; and as the visits went on she trembled for the fate of her master; for what are poor mortals to do but accept, in default of better, something lower than the angels—accept the graceful acting of a feigned love in lieu of the unbecoming and benumbing diffidence of a deep reality. She was aware of this possible phase in men's lives, and in silence waited for what was to come. Being one of those who have felt the heavy clouds of suffering, she was quickly grateful for passing sunlit gleams, and therefore was not going to "forestall her date of grief;" but by fulfilling the claims of every day as it passed maintained her own inward peace. In accepting God's will, knowing that He was great and good, she prayed for the welfare of her master, believing him also to be great and good; and thankfully remembered how she had been sheltered and set on high from the world's rough ways, from women's hard looks, and from men's light words; she had basked securely in the sunshine, and she was not now going to complain because the clouds were again gathering around her.

Possessing still a rich mine of wealth in that maternal love which no one could take from her, she found courage and strength in watching the vigorous young life unfolding itself before her. In her boy's innocent prattle and broad, trustful smiles she drew her comfort, feeling she had her share of love. When the day's work was done her child would occasionally be brought to her, and in a little sanctum opening out of the kitchen the mother and son would have quiet play together in the dancing firelight. They were sitting thus beneath the shadow of the great clock-frame when Dr. Lavardin returned home from one of his visits to the widow sooner than was expected. She did not hear the door open, and was softly singing—

> "Dis, quel est l'amour véritable?
> Celui qui respire en autrui.
> Et, l'amour le plus indomptable?
> Celui qui fait le moins de bruit."

It was the same Sidonie. The only difference in her was that she had her child on her knee and had forgotten all household cares. Her cap had fallen off, and her usually tightly-imprisoned hair fell in heavy masses on either side of the fine outline of a

noble head. One of the boy's hands had fast hold of a twisted plait, while the other lay sleepily upon her bosom. Dr. Lavardin did not speak, but stood leaning against the doorway, watching, fearing to break the spell. He had seen women under many phases—under the influence of various conflicting passions—radiant with the might of love—dimmed and shrunken with the strain and conflict of self-suppression—glorified with victories over temptations—repellent with the pre-occupation of an intriguing mind. But never before had he beheld a face so transformed as was Sidonie's with a pure maternal love. All the severe outlines had disappeared, giving place to dimples and smiles, while the unconscious cooings made a happy rift in the austere line of her mouth. The child took it in gravely and as a matter of course: for when had his mother's eyes looked at him otherwise than softly, or when was her voice other to his ears than the sweetest of all music? Only he nestled closer in the infolding arms, and beat time with his fingers on the gently-heaving breast. But to Dr. Lavardin it did not come as a matter of course.

"You must always have your child with you, Sidonie," he said, speaking and drawing near, though he had meant to have kept silent and retired. "I ought to have thought of it before; but it is your fault; you spoil me and make me selfish. See how the little one has clasped my finger and will not let me go, recognising a friend, though a tardy one. You know we have plenty of room for him. I make one condition, however, of his becoming a member of our household."

Sidonie looked up shyly perplexed, into a grandly beautiful face, into love-lit, compassionate eyes.

"Which is," he went on, in a mock voice of command, "that you never again wear a cap."

She bowed her head, and touched with trembling, fervent lips the hand held prisoner by her child.

III.

"All people have sometimes a season of mental desperation and aberration, when they do exactly what their friends would least expect."

It was the early, buoyant morning. The widow's casement was open, and in a loose luxurious wrapper she was leaning out, resting her languid elbows on the window cushion. Beneath, in the busy street, amid odorous piles of fruits and flowers, bright costumes, and shrill voices, passed Sidonie on her way to market, her crown of glistening braids wound round her well-poised head, her dark, subdued face illumined with an intense inner light. She was in the crowd, but not of it. There was a new rhythm in her carriage, a stately cadence in her walk, that at once arrested the widow's attention, who, after gazing intently down at her, suddenly closed the window, and, with a sharp energy and dangerously sparkling eyes, began the mysteries of an elaborate toilet. It was not the toilet of a woman in dubious anxiety, with passionate pulses, intent on beautifying herself for the sake of him she loves, nor yet that of a gentle, guileless maiden, watching in the mirror the reflected curves of her white arms, as she lingeringly gathers up the glory of her tresses. It was rather the deliberate adornment of an experienced coquette, where there was neither innocence nor passion. The widow was not readily prepared to part with her newly-acquired liberty, nor to withdraw the plausible veil that screened her self-indulgent life; she only felt the need of a more piquant interest in that life—a fresh proof that her powers of fascination were not on the wane. If she did not greatly care for Dr. Lavardin, she at at any rate greatly cared that he should not go to another. As she put the finishing touch to her reddened lips and the delicate shadow beneath her eyes, she had worked

herself up to a pitch of almost righteous indignation. To save Dr. Lavardin from his impending fate would be a deed of charity—an act of grace.

Before Sidonie had returned from market the widow was in the docteur's study.

"I am going the round of my friends, begging for this sad case of starvation," she said, in soft, persuasive accents.

The appeal had been drawn up that morning by herself—the work of her ready imagination—the quick inspiration of a moment. Though the case detailed was a purely fictitious one, she truly meant to give the money she received to the needy, and in after-confession to her priest would omit no tittle of the lies told for so good a cause, believing, as she did, that the end justifies the means.

Dr. Lavardin received her with open arms; he felt that morning as if he could take the whole world into his embraces. He did not sermonise; indeed, was quite touched by this newly-awakened consideration for the poor, and felt remorsefully that he had perhaps done her injustice—had been too hard upon her with his sledge-hammer. Here she was, up and dressed betimes, looking almost lovely, and was bestirring herself for others. He himself had idled away the morning hours; Sidonie had not yet shown herself; all night he had dreamed fitfully of a mother and child—of a tangible happiness for himself—of sweet, flickering smiles on a chastened face. And now he was impatient — expectant, feeling alternately joyous and irritable; and there was nothing and no one to wreak his passing spleen upon until she appeared—this lightly-glancing, softly-speaking fairy, scented and furbelowed.

After perusing her document he looked down at her searchingly, hesitated an instant, and then, as if ashamed of his hesitation, blushingly placed a bank-note upon the paper.

"Thanks, thanks," she exclaimed, drawing close to him, and placing her hand in his. "Do you know," she went on, in a broken, die-away whisper, "that they are talking of you and me in the town? They say you are going to marry at last."

The hand that inclosed hers burned; but before he could speak Sidonie came into the room with the morning letters.

"Adieu, then, and thanks for your contribution," concluded the fairy, disappearing amid soft undulations of drapery. "I need not have taken so much trouble nor have gone so far," she thought, as her careless glance fell upon the grave, colourless face of Sidonie, whose faint voice seemed to come from some difficult distance as she answered the other's complacent salutations.

After leaving Dr. Lavardin's house the widow's intention had been to go direct to the alley so graphically described by herself, and there have persuaded some one or other into the belief that they were starving. But the heat was excessive, the way was long and uncertain, and her breakfast waited for her at home; besides, her reception by Dr. Lavardin had been most flattering. What need for further trouble?

Sidonie had certainly paled under the other's glance, seeming no longer the same woman that had passed on her way rejoicing, illumined with the gladness of the morning; yet, in the might of her love, she felt strong. As she shut herself up in the kitchen, which looked in the garish daylight so bare and commonplace, she began at once her round of duties — the wholesome necessary daily work that makes life possible to so many crushed spirits. For a moment she held her breath, as she heard Dr. Lavardin's step in the hall—a quick, eager footfall—but he did not come to her; he passed out by the front door. For a moment she gave a stifled sob, and then, arrested by a little echoing cry from the cot in the chimney corner, she turned to

meet her child's wide, wondering eyes; awakening from his dewy sleep, he was ready to take his cue from her for laughter or for tears. She smiled at him, and talked his childish language, while he answered in his piping treble. She would not take him up, however, till she had finished her work in hand; he must have patience, and she too. And when afterwards she bent to raise him, and felt his rosy lips pressing hers, and the eager little arms twined about her neck, she told herself she had been ungrateful for the wealth she already possessed.

Dr. Lavardin lost much time that day in the town, trying in vain to find the name of the starving people for the purpose of administering instant relief. On the other hand, he gained a good deal of interesting information about himself.

The widow had certainly been correct in her statement concerning the rumours afloat of his contemplated marriage.

"Yes, I certainly am thinking of taking unto myself a wife; *mais vous autres*, you seem to know more about it than I do myself."

This he said laughingly to his friends at the *cercle;* then he was about to hurry home, but was called back for a consultation, and did not regain his liberty till late in the evening. In his own house his study looked bright and inviting, but he passed on to the room beyond, paused for a moment on the threshold, and then entered.

Sidonie was sitting on the same low chair by the fire under the tall clock, but instead of her boy on her knee, she was deep in the study of Pascal's *Pensées.* She had forgotten her cares and herself, and, like a child entranced with the newest story-book, she sat isolated and absorbed in the pages of the closely-printed volume.

"That is mine," said Dr. Lavardin, coming behind her, and taking the book gently out of her hands. He drew in a chair, and began reading it aloud. But his voice failed him. "I am tired," he said, carelessly; "you go on with it." And he threw his head back into the shadow, and watched her while she read. Clearly and firmly, and with unhesitating distinctness, she began at once, her sweet soothing contralto forming a marked contrast to his uneven bass. He had been self-conscious, and had had truant thoughts, but her mind was dipped deep in the subject-matter, and she was only conscious of obeying his behests. And so the reading went on, filling the room with reposeful harmony, until the lamp flickered, flared, and finally went out.

"Now we have only the firelight," said Dr. Lavardin, leaning forward, and again possessing himself of the volume and the hand that held it. "Sidonie," he went on, "I came home worn out and worried, and this hour has been so full of rest and refreshment. You have been much to me already—very much; will you not be more, and crown my life with blessedness by becoming my wife?"

She lifted her sorrowful face to his.

"I am not worthy to be your wife," she said, trying to withdraw her hand from his firm clasp; but he only held her closer.

"Listen!" he went on. "I have traced and learned by heart your life from the time you were left motherless, and with a father powerless to protect you—there have been headstrong impulses at work—much self-sacrifice—sorrow which purifies. What has been — has been." His voice broke, and he pressed her hand over his burning eyes. "Ah, would to God we had met earlier in life, when we could have helped one another."

"But it is too late now," she said, with mournful resignation.

"No, it is not," he replied, turning upon her suddenly, with a radiant countenance. "It is never too late.

You have already attained that peace that comes only to the few who

> "'Have learned to tread the narrow way
> That leads through labour to the light of day.'

Help me to find it; let us labour together. For I too have had experiences that might make me unworthy of your love; but we cannot judge one another by isolated acts; we must look to their whole lives—the standard they set before themselves, even though they fail to attain it—the truth and sincerity of their motives, though circumstances and the world's harsh judgment may set against them like the relentless currents of a strong tide."

He did not press her for an answer, but they sat together through the darkening hours, hand clasped in hand, like way-worn travellers, who have at last reached a longed for bourne of safety and repose.

Dr. Lavardin's parting words to his friends at the *cercle* caused quite a stir of excitement; the news spread like wildfire, with additions and emendations — "Impossible!" "Who is she?" "An old friend?" "No, the widow; I foresaw it long ago." "It is an arrangement." "On the contrary, it is entirely a love-match, with some one quite young, in fact a long attachment." "I don't believe there is a word of truth in it; Dr. Lavardin is only laughing in his sleeve at us—these Parisian fellows will say anything—*capable de tout.*" And so there was confusion and discussion, every one professing to know the ins and outs of the case better than his neighbour.

The news was a nine-days' wonder, and before the mystery was solved the two whom the gossip most concerned passed amid the clatter of tongues and sabots, and the clanging of many-toned bells, quietly and unnoticed on their way to church, there to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

When the travelling carriage containing the newly-married pair had rolled out of town, the loungers shrugged their shoulders, and touching their foreheads, indicated significantly that "the season of mental aberration" had set in for the docteur; while the women in their *salons* began tardily to realise the fact that this clever, kind, good man had been veritably looking out for a wife all the time he was among them. What was the use of old maiden ladies with their powers of contracting matrimonial alliances if they thus let slip so good a *parti*, and what was the pleasure of hospitably entertaining influential priests if they did not look better after the interests of their flock?

"*Tranquillisez-vous, mes chères âmes,*" gallantly replied one of these much-abused agents; "Sidonie was the only woman who would have suited our friend, and in marrying her he has shown himself neither so clever nor so subtle as we believed him; and as for his goodness! he seems to have trifled inexcusably with the widow's affections. The fact is, concluded this *débonnaire* prelate, "that he is not quite up to our Amiens standard."

The docteur little dreamed that while he was giving himself his first holiday in life, and, like a boy released from school, revelling in the delights of new scenes and cities, new languages and faces, that he was the subject of so much comment and speculation at Amiens.

In due time he returned with his wife to his own country, and settled once again in Paris. Many men—most very successful men—would have shrunk from the idea of coming back to the scene of their former triumphs, taking the risk of being forgotten—of being overlooked. But our docteur was very philosophic on such matters, and quietly returned to his old house, and to the same life, "but with such a mighty difference," as he gleefully remarked to Sidonie, who one day was shyly and anxiously questioning him if he did not regret the former excitement of occupation.

"Your voice and the boy's voice are

what I care for most in life, and after that to be supreme in the biggest hospital, and I have got my ambitions gratified, and am very happy; the world takes up a fashionable medical man at forty, and may whirl him along till fifty-five, if he can stand the strain, and then he is dropped as suddenly as he is taken up. Now I have dropped myself, and yet somehow I feel that I have risen. I am wedded to you, my Sidonie, and not to a fashionable *clientèle*. A great English poet has said that those 'who love in age think youth is happy because it has a life to fill with love.' You and I are not so young that we can afford to waste the time before beginning to "fill our lives with love."

Gradually the old patients began to return, and the doctor had to limit the number of his new ones, in order to give himself time for his beloved hospital work. Among his friends came D'Hauteville, leaning on the arm of his wife. The brisk, hard energy about him had given place to a softened, touching languor. "I am shattered, Lavardin, somewhat shattered," he said, holding out friendly, though emaciated hands. "I want you to send us for our second honeymoon; our first, you know, was a signal failure—flashed in the pan, didn't it, dear?"

But his wife interrupted him. "I want you to do him as much good physically," she said, turning to the doctor, "as you once did me morally—you roused me out of my selfish lethargy, and from a spoilt child you have made a woman of me."

"And I have come to acknowledge to you, Lavardin, that the prizes of life are not worth striving for, if one sacrifices for them the welfare of those nearest and dearest to us; in our haste to be rich and to be foremost, we may sever the closest ties, and miss all restful happiness."

"Well," said Dr. Lavardin, looking over his spectacles, half-comically, half-solemnly, "my sentence of punishment to you both is—exile from Paris for the winter to the warm south, and after that" (turning to D'Hauteville) "resumption of your work in a modified degree. We all overwork at one time or another, and then we are apt to fly off at a tangent, and doom ourselves to the penalty of a life-long holiday; in the same way we make mistakes and suffer from misconceptions, deeming them, in our low estate, irretrievable—everlasting, whereas these faults and failings in our lives perhaps help us to a wiser knowledge of ourselves, and to a more perfect sympathy with our fellow-beings."

MARY CROSS.

EARS AND EYES.

The laws and phenomena of nature have such an oneness in their diversity and are so exquisitely intertwined, that it is possible for us in the consideration of any new aid to a proper understanding of the world outside ourselves to help our conceptions by mental images derived from the older sciences or ordinary phenomena. This is especially true for that new eyesight, so to speak, with which the spectroscope has endowed us, an eyesight which enables us not only to revel in the beauties of distant universes, but in addition

"To feel from world to world,"

and thus grasp the inner material essence as well as outward form.

It now and then happens in the history of the human race upon this planet, that one particular generation gathers a rich harvest of knowledge, this advancement generally coming from an exceeding small germ of thought.

Several such instances suggest themselves. How once a Dutchman experimenting with two spectacle-glasses produced the telescope; and how the field of the known and the knowable has been enlarged by the invention of that wonderful instrument. How once Sir Isaac Newton was in a garden and saw an apple fall; and how the germ of thought which was started in his mind by that simple incident fructified into the theory of universal gravitation. Each step of this kind has more firmly knit the universe together, has welded it into a more and more perfect whole, and has enhanced the marvellous beauty of its structure.

Future times will say that either this, or perhaps the next, generation, is as favoured a one as that which saw the invention of the telescope or the immortal discovery of Newton: for as by the invention of the telescope the power of the eye was almost infinitely extended, so far as form was concerned; as from Newton's discovery we learned that like forces were acting in like manner everywhere; so in our time does the spectroscope, by enabling us to subject visual phenomena to a most searching analysis, reveal to the eye like matter acting in like manner everywhere.

I propose in the present paper to endeavour to state what this new language of light enables the eye to do, and to lead up to the new work of the Eye by referring to the action of the Ear, and even to other actions more familiar still.

We thus begin by elementary notions which, when fully comprehended, enable us to build on them conclusions which will be so many further steps.

By means of post-offices, railways, and electric telegraphs, we have the idea perpetually brought before us that in one place a man or a thing sends; that somewhere else, it may be near, or it may be far off, we have a man or a thing which receives; and that between the man or the thing which sends, and the man or the thing which receives, there is a something which enables the thing sent to pass from one place to the other. There does not seem to be any deep science in this, nor is there; but these considerations enable us to make an important distinction. In the case of two boys playing at ball, one boy throwing the ball to the other, we have also a sender and a receiver, and the thing sent goes bodily from the one who sends to the one who receives. So in a parcel sent by train, but *not* so in the case of a telegraphic message. In the electric telegraph office two instruments may be seen—

one the *receiving* instrument, the other the *sender*. Between the office in which we may be and the office with which communication is being made, there is a wire. We know that a thing is not sent bodily along that wire in the same way as the boy sends the ball to his fellow, or as the goods train carries the parcel. We have there in fact a condition of motion with which science at present is not absolutely familiar; but we picture what happens by supposing that we have *a state of things* which travels. The wire must be there to carry the message, and yet the wire does not carry the message in the same way as a train carries a parcel, or the air carries the ball.

Take another case. I burn my foot, I instantly raise it. To make me conscious that my foot had been burnt, a message (as we know now) must have gone from my foot to my brain, and a return message must have gone from my brain to my foot, to tell it to change its position so as not to be burnt any more. Now it is known that this internal transit of messages is not managed by electricity, but it is imagined that although electricity is not here at work, still that there is something which behaves very much after the manner of electricity. No one imagines that the *pain* travels up the leg and then back again; it is, in fact, a *state of things* which travels up from the nerve of the foot to the brain; and then there is another *state of things* which travels back again from the brain to the foot, along another set of nerves. A rope will here afford us a useful mental image. By shaking a rope we can send that *state of things* we call a wave along it without the rope itself travelling as a whole; this will help to give us an idea of what is meant when we say that a state of things travels along a wire or along a nerve and brings about either those electrical disturbances which result in the conveyance of a message, or that nerve action which generates the action of the brain.

Next to dwell more especially upon the word *wave*, and the idea which that word most generally calls forth. Let us find a piece of tranquil water and drop a stone into it. What happens? —a most beautiful thing, full of the most precious teachings. The place where the stone fell in is immediately surrounded by what we all recognise as a wave of water travelling outwards, and then another is generated, and then another, until at length an exquisite series of concentric waves is seen, all apparently travelling outwards—not with uncertain speed, but so regularly that all the waves all round are all parts of circles and of concentric circles.

Let us drop two stones in at some little distance apart. What happens then? We have two similar systems each working its way outwards, to all appearance independently of the other.

Now these appearances are as if there were an actual outpouring of water from the cavity made by the stone; but if we strew small pieces of paper or other light material on the water surface before we drop the stone, we find that it is not the water which moves outwards, but only the state of things — the wave. Each particle of water moves in a circular or elliptic path in a vertical plane lying along the direction of the wave, and so comes again to its original place. Hence it is that only the *phase* goes on.

Let us now pass to a disturbance of another kind, from two dimensions to three, from the surface of water to air, and consider the question of sound.

We hear the report of a gun or the screech of a railway whistle, or any other noise which strikes the ear. How comes it that the ear is struck? Certainly no one will imagine that the sound comes from the cannon or from the railway whistle like a mighty rush of air. If it came like a wind we should feel it as a wind, but as a matter of fact no rush of this kind is felt. It is clear, therefore, that we

do not get a bodily transmission, so to speak, as we get it in the case of the ball thrown from one boy to the other. We have a *state of things* passing from the sender of the sound to the receiver; the medium through which the sound passes being the air. A sounding body in the middle of a room, for instance, must send out shells of sound, as it were, in all directions, because people above, below, and all round it would hear the sound. Replace the stone by a tuning-fork. To one prong of this fasten a mirror, and on this mirror throw a powerful beam of light. When this tuning-fork is bowed, and a sound is heard, the light thrown by the attached mirror shows the fork to be vibrating, and when the tuning-fork is moved we get an appearance on the screen which reminds us of the rope, or we may use the fork in another way, and obtain a wavy record on a blackened cylinder.

Experiment shows that we have at one time a sphere of compression—that is to say, the air is packed closely together; and, again, a sphere of rarefaction, when the particles of air are torn further apart than they are in the other position. The *state of things*, then, that travels in the case of sound is a state of compression and rarefaction of the air. Hence the particle of air travels differently from the particle of water; it moves backwards and forwards in a straight line in the direction in which the sound is propagated.

This backward-and-forward movement results in the compressions and rarefactions to which reference has been made, in consequence of the impulse having been imparted to one molecule after the other. In consequence of the pendulum-like motion of the molecules their relative positions vary at each instant of time.

Each particle merely moves a little forwards and backwards, and always comes back again to its starting-point; but the condensations and rarefactions are gradually transmitted through the whole series of air particles from one end to the other.

In dwelling upon sound phenomena, we have the advantage of dealing with things about which science says she does know something: from a consideration of these known facts we shall be able, slowly, but surely, to grasp some of the much less familiar phenomena with which the eye is especially concerned.

We all know that some sounds are what is termed high, and others low, a difference which in scientific language is expressed by saying that sounds have a difference in pitch. We know that the difference between a sound which is pitched high and a sound which is pitched low is simply this, that the pulses or waves, as we may call them for simplicity's sake, which go from the sender-forth of the sound (which may be a cannon, a piano, or anything else) to the receiver, which is generally the human ear, are of different lengths. What in physics is called a sound wave is constructed as follows: We have a line which represents the normal condition of the air through which the sound is to travel, and curves which represent to the eye—first, the relative amounts of compression (+) and rarefaction (−) brought about by the sound in the case of each pulse, and secondly the relationship of this to the actual length of the wave, or, what is the same thing, the time taken for the pulse to travel. Thus we may have long waves and short waves independently of the amount of compression or rarefaction, and much or little compression or rarefaction independently of the length of the wave. We know that the difference between a high note and a low note, whether of the voice or of a musical instrument, is, that the high note we can prove to be produced by a succession of *short* waves—such pulses as have been described—and the low note by a succession of *long* waves.

Now the loudness or softness of a note does not alter its pitch, that is,

it does not alter the length of its waves or the rate at which they travel. I can send a wave along a rope either violently or gently, but with the same tension of the rope we shall find that the length of the waves is about the same. Hence then the other idea added to the idea of pitch.

There is another point which is worth noting, although it is not needful to refer to it in any great detail, and that is that we know that sound travels with a certain velocity, and that this rate is subject to certain small variations owing to different causes.

We not only have to deal with amplitude, that is, the departure of the + and − parts of the curve from the line, and velocity, but we have this most important and very beautiful fact (for fact it is), which some will have observed for themselves. If a person in a room in which there is a piano presses down the pedal which removes the damper from the strings, and sings a note, the string of the piano tuned to that particular note will respond, and if he sing another note, then another string will reply, the first string being silent. If the experimenter were skilled enough to sing one by one all the notes to which the strings of the piano are tuned, all the strings would be set into vibration one by one, note for note. Nor is this all. Helmholtz has shown that the real *raison d'être* of articulate speech lies in the fact, first, that each vowel sound consists not only of a fundamental note, but of a varying addition of overtones, and, secondly, that our ears are so constructed that we can pick up these overtones as well as the fundamental in a whisper, as well as when we are listening to a full orchestra.

Hence if we sing the open vowel sounds, not only the fundamental but the overtones come back to us. The piano *speaks* so far as vocal chords can speak. The Italian *a* is especially rich. It is a very striking experiment to sing rapidly, *ah*, *o*, *ah*, *o*, damping the string between each note. This fact may be explained in this way:—A piano wire, or similar sonorous body, which is constructed to do a certain thing—in this case to sound a particular note—always sounds that note when it is called upon *in a proper way* to do it. Now this is the point. The proper way may be either (1) that a particular vibration should fall upon it, or (2) that it should be set to work to generate that vibration in itself. If the piano wire only gives the same sound when struck either hard or soft, it is because it is manufactured to do one particular kind of work, and it can do no other.

Now we may pass from the piano back to the tuning-fork. We find that by using different quantities, or different shapes, of metal, these instruments give out different notes. If all be of the same metal, the different quantities of metal will give us a difference in the pitch. This demonstrates that the pitch of a note is independent of any particular quality of the substance set into vibration. Now although a great many musical instruments can sound the same note, yet the music, the *tone*, which one gets out of them is very different. That is, the pitch being the same, the quality of the note changes because the wave, or rather the system of waves, which we obtain is different. For instance, if we sound a note upon the violin, or the French horn, or the flute, or the clarionet, anybody who knows anything of music will tell which is in question, so that here we have, in addition to wave length and wave amplitude, another attribute, namely, that which in French is called "timbre," in German "klangfarbe," and in English, "tone" or "quality." This comes from variation in the overtones as in the case of the vocal sounds before referred to.

To sum up, then, what we have already stated with regard to sound. When we deal with the phenomena of sound, we find that they are composed

of disturbances or vibrations connecting the sender with the receiver; that the sound may vary in pitch; that the amount of the sound depends upon the amplitude; that the sound is independent of the material of the sender or the kind of disturbance, so far as pitch goes, but that, so far as timbre is concerned, it is to a certain extent dependent upon the nature of the material and of the kind of disturbance.

So much for the present about the phenomena on which the use of our ears depends.

We have now to consider that kind of disturbance to which we owe the sensation of light—light being to the eyes of the human race very much what sound is to the ears.

Again, for simplicity's sake, let us look at the question in the threefold point of view. Let us deal with the sender, the receiver, and the medium which connects the sender with the receiver; first observing that, so far as we know at present, not to go too much into detail, there are three kinds of receivers.

There is, first of all, that marvellous instrument, the human eye. There is next also a very marvellous thing, the photographic plate.

How is it that a few words will awaken in each one of us many memories of our childhood? Because we saw certain things in our childhood by means of our eyes; and the impressions which we received by means of our eyes were recorded in our brains, and we possess the faculty of being able to call them back—to *recollect* them—again. We have there a permanent method, so to speak, of recording things which are seen by the eye—of recording messages from a certain sort of sender. In the photographic plate we have also a permanent record of a certain condition of things—whether a face, a house, or a ship, or a particular state of the sea or sky; presented to a particular set of chemical conditions at some past time, which brings back some pleasant remembrance of friends now perhaps far away. There we have two receivers which more or less accurately, and more or less permanently, record the disturbance which once impinged upon them.

Then besides the eye and the photographic plate, we have everything else in nature—the houses we live in, the furniture, the familiar faces around us, this page and everything else on the planet. And not only these, but everything in the Cosmos which does not shine by its own light. These form the third class of receivers—that is to say, those which do not record, at all events obviously, the impressions made upon them, and more or less perfectly reflect light, producing light echoes.

So much, therefore, for receivers of this kind of vibration. We must bear in mind that at night, or in a dark room, the things mentioned, and such like become invisible. Our eyes fail to see them, a fact which shows that the receiver plays a very important part. On the other hand, everything in a bright summer's day receives light from one light source—the sun. How is it, then, that with the first class of receiver, the eye, we are enabled, unless indeed we be colour-blind, to see all the beautiful and glorious varieties of nature in its ten-thousandfold hues; while the other receiver, the photographic plate, gives us but black and white? Why are roses red, and why are leaves green? There is the same light in the sky, and the same absence of form—the same absence of visibility—in the dark; yet, with the light coming from one and the same light-source, we get all these different effects. How is this? It drives us to the conclusion, either that the receivers, to which our attention has been particularly directed, deal with light in very different ways, or that by some means or other they manage to get hold of different kinds of light.

Here, then, we must seek for some explanation of the various colours that our eyes reveal to us We have referred to the receivers, including those that

reflect the light which they receive; now, let us consider the things which send out the light. Among these are the sun, the moon, the stars, gas, and candles, which are most familiar to us as sending out light. And it will be well to remark here, and the reason why will be clear by and by, that the light which all these senders give to us is white light in the main. But we get other kinds of light.

We have, for instance, that of the electric arc—a very powerful source of light, only a very little less powerful (as some people think) than the sun itself. It proceeds from two carbon poles, which are rendered intensely incandescent by means of an electric current.

By inserting different metals between these poles, we find that we get light not only from the poles of the lamp itself (a source of white light), but that we obtain various-coloured phenomena by this addition.

It is not alone by means of the electric arc, or spark, that these phenomena can be produced. On putting salts of different metals into the flame of the Bunsen burner, we observe that the colour of the flame will depend upon the substances put into it. Sodium will give us a yellow flame, lithium will impart a certain redness to the flame, and thallium a green tinge. Now, if instead of dealing with metallic salts, we prefer to take certain gases, and render them brightly luminous or glowing, by means of the passage of an electric current, we shall in that case also get differently-coloured effects. Some of these gases are red, some are green, some are violet, and so on.

All these coloured phenomena of which we have spoken, are things which we can and do produce with chemical or physical instruments; but, in addition to those, we have various colour-giving bodies in the skies, in the same way as we have the sun, the moon, and those stars which are not brilliantly coloured. All who were fortunate enough to see that beautiful comet which was visible in July, 1874, must have noticed that it was a yellow-looking comet—not so yellow as a sodium flame, but still distinctly yellow. Those who have had the opportunity of observing some of the stars through a telescope, or, what is nearly as good, those who have been across the Line and seen some of the stars of the Southern Hemisphere, know that some of the stars in the heavens are as beautiful, and, so to speak, as majestic for their colour, as others are for their brilliancy. Again, those who have seen a total solar eclipse, will have seen a large and interesting portion of the sun which we cannot see at any other time—a region of beautiful colours as well as of grotesque forms. So that we see that both in the heavens and on the earth we get instances of light which is white, and of light which is coloured.

So much for the senders. Now one word about the medium; for, as we shall understand, in the case of light, as in the case of electricity, about which we are uncertain, and as in the case of sound, about which we are absolutely certain; there is no transmission of anything but a state or a condition of things, a disturbance or a vibration, between the sender and the receiver. The light, for instance, which appears to be given out by a candle, and which is received by our eyes, does not come bodily from that candle, like so many small bullets, any more than bits of a sounding body impinge upon our ears. The sender—in this case the candle—is simply a something which puts something else into motion. And then there is a something which conveys that motion. By striking a bell and ringing it, a noise may be made; but if that bell is put into a glass vessel, and the air exhausted, and the bell is then rung, we do not hear it at all. How is this? Because the carrier of the sound waves is the air; and when we take the air away we take away all chance of getting

sound transmitted from one place to another. We know, for instance, that in our moon there is absolutely no sound. If the moon were teeming with life to-morrow, no one could hear another person speak. No sound, either loud or soft, could be heard by any inhabitant of the moon, because the moon practically has no atmosphere, even if she possesses one at all. Still, notwithstanding that there is no air all the way between us and the moon, or all the way between us and the sun, yet we get light from the moon and from the sun. How, then, is this?

Physicists imagine that there is a something which they call "ether," infinitely more attenuated than air, which pervades all nature and permeates all bodies; and that the disturbance or light wave produced by a light sender, or radiator, is transmitted along the ether very much in the same way as the sound state is transmitted along the air, or the state of motion is transmitted along a rope. Associated with this ether we have the undulatory theory of light, which supposes that everything which sends out light sets the ether—this subtle, imponderable air, so to speak—in vibration; and that those vibrations travel, without any transmission of the substance of the ether, from each sender of light to each receiver of light. Here we have one of the great triumphs of modern science, because, as many of us know, so great a man as Sir Isaac Newton started (and he was quite justified in so doing, with the facts at his disposal in his day) what was called the "corpuscular" theory of light, which supposed that little shots of light, so to speak, like little shots out of a cannon, were emitted from every sender out of light; in fact, that the ether carried light as a train carries a parcel, and not as a telegraphic wire carries a message. That, however, is not the opinion which men of science hold now. They have changed that opinion because their basis of facts has been enlarged. Such must ever be the condition of science, and science can never be so flourishing as when she is changing her opinions, because her opinions can never be changed unless she has acquired a new truth.

Although, then, it is not generally supposed that there is anything in the nature of an atmosphere extending all the way between us and the sun, yet, because we see the sun, we suppose that there is some medium present, which medium has been named the ether. As there are ninety-one millions of miles, or so, between us and the sun, and ninety-one millions of miles multiplied millions of times between us and some of the stars that we can see, we are bound to imagine that this medium is almost, if not quite, perfect in its capacity for transmitting light, and does not make the light pay any appreciable toll on its passage. We know that our atmosphere is sometimes so constituted that sound travels along it with very great difficulty. This idea will enable us to appreciate the other—that light can have no great difficulty in travelling across the ether, seeing that it reaches us from stars immensely distant. We may, therefore, say that in the case of light we have ether as a general and almost perfect medium or transmitter of the disturbance produced by a radiating body to those various classes of receivers to which attention has been drawn.

How, then, are we to picture to ourselves the motions of the particles of ether in a light wave? We are already familiar with the circular orbits of the molecules of a water wave in a vertical plane in the direction of motion, and of the forward and backward motion of a particle of air in the direction of motion of a sound disturbance. The motion of the particles of ether, as imagined by modern physicists, is widely different.

In the first place, the motion is transverse to the path of the disturbance — that is, the vibrations take

place in planes perpendicular to the direction of the ray.

What, then, is the motion of the ethereal molecules in this plane? It varies, depending doubtless upon the vibration of the sender. The molecule may describe a straight path or an orbit—*i.e.*, its path may be straight, circular, or elliptical—but in all cases the path or orbit lies in a plane at right angles to the direction of the ray.

A row of balls in a straight line may be taken to represent particles of ether at rest. If we imagine the balls to start successively, and vibrate uniformly up and down, we shall get a wave system finally established along the whole line; we shall have crests and hollows, and we at once get the same introduction of the ideas of wave length (the length from hollow to hollow, or crest to crest), and of amplitude, as we got in the case of the sound waves.

Here, then, we have one form in which the mutual attraction or elastic cohesion of the ethereal particles conveys a disturbance.

Now, in ordinary light, the paths and orbits are not all similarly situated. That is, the straight lines described by the particles may pass through the central line at different angles, and the major axes of the orbits of those which have elliptic paths may also cut the central line at different angles; so that, to quote Mr. Spottiswode,[1] "although there is reason to believe that in general the orbits of a considerable number of consecutive molecules may be similarly situated, yet in a finite portion of the ray there are a sufficient number of variations of situation to prevent any preponderance of average direction."

A word now as to the length of light waves, so that the scale on which the motions of the molecules of ether—our medium—take place may be comprehended. A comparison with the waves of sound will again bring out other similarities between the two classes of phenomena brought home to us by our ears and eyes.

First, then, with regard to sound. The average velocity with which a sound disturbance is propagated through the air is 1,140 feet in each second. It has been demonstrated by experiment that the lowest effective note we can appreciate as music is one in which the disturbances enter the ear at the rate of 16½ per second.

Imagine then a column of air 1,140 feet long with sixteen compressions and rarefactions along its length. It is clear that this whole wave system must beat upon our ears each second, and that the length of the wave, *i.e.* the distance from maximum compression to maximum compression, or from minimum rarefaction to minimum rarefaction, must be nearly 70 feet.

The highest appreciable note, according to Helmholtz, is one with 38,000 vibrations per second.

Between these extreme limits, then, we have all the glorious world of musical sound which our ears are tuned to appreciate. The air is also teeming with sounds both below and above our range.

Now as regards light waves. As the ether is infinitely more subtle and more elastic than our grosser air, so are the disturbances propagated with a velocity which quite baffles our comprehension. The latest measurements tell us that a light disturbance travels at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second of time. Imagine the molecular agitation depending upon this statement, and then remember that a glowworm can set it all going, and that, when once in full swing, the distance of the most remote star is traversed as it were at a bound, and without sensible loss of energy.

Then as to the dimensions of the light disturbance. The length of the longest wave that we can appreciate is

[1] *Polarization of Light.* Nature Series (Macmillan).

·00076009 of a millimetre[1] (76,009 hundred-millionths of a millimetre, or about $\frac{1}{39000}$ of an inch). The length of the shortest is ·00039328 of a millimetre (39,328 hundred-millionths of a millimetre, or about $\frac{1}{57000}$ of an inch). The longest waves are red, the shortest violet. Now, as in 186,000 miles there are 298,000,000 metres, or 29,800,000,000,000,000,000 hundred-millionths of a millimetre, and as all the disturbances must enter the eye in a second, we have for the number of disturbances (or wave crests) per second

$$\frac{29,800,000,000,000,000,000}{76,009} = 392,000,000,000,000$$

that is 392 billions of disturbances entering our eye each second in the case of red light, and

$$\frac{29,800,000,000,000,000,000}{39,328} = 757,000,000,000,000$$

that is, 757 billions in the case of violet light.

We must next observe that light is not necessarily limited to transmission through the ether in free space. If a glass of port wine is held up to the sun, the light passes through it and seems red. In that case the light has had to pass through the ether *plus* the port wine, and there we can see that the new medium has made an enormous difference in the light which was originally sent us. Supposing the light from an electric lamp were thrown upon a screen, we should see that it is a white light, that is, the same kind of light as we obtain from the sun. Imagine that the light is really coming from the sun; by interposing a piece of blue or red glass (adding these substances to the ether, as it were), we at once alter the condition of things, and get a blue or a red light upon the screen. So it is clear, that if we want to study light phenomena completely, we must not only take into account the different circumstances connected with the sender and with the receiver, but also the different circumstances connected with the medium through which the light passes, or, as we shall see by and by, with those media which *absorb* light; for, although we do not know that ether absorbs the light, yet practically we know that everything else does. We know the redness of the sun at evening arises, not from absorption by the ether, but from the absorption of the blue waves by the aqueous vapour in the air, through a great thickness of which the sunlight has to pass at that time, which practically does for the light of the sun what the piece of red glass did for the light of the electric arc in the experiment above suggested.

We see then, still dealing with our complicated medium (that is, ether + matter in some cases), that this association leads to an absorption of light, so that the receiver does not get all the disturbance set up by the sender, in consequence of the vibrations of the ether being used up by the molecules of the various bodies through which they have to pass.

This result is not the only one which follows from the entanglement, so to speak, of the ether waves among the molecules of matter. If the disturbance is travelling in such a direction that it passes into a substance denser than air—such as water or glass—at an angle, the direction of disturbance is changed, the wave, so to speak, has changed front, and the greater difference there is between the density of the two kinds of matter, such as air and water, or air and diamond, thus passed through, the greater will be this change of front, that is to say, the more will the direction in which the light travels be changed.

But the change of front is accompanied by something else which is very much more important for our present purpose, and this can be studied best when we make the disturbance enter and leave the denser molecules at the same angle.

[1] A millimetre is 0·03927 of an inch.

This can be accomplished by using in the first instance glass as an illustration of the material addition to the medium, and shaping it into the form of a prism. The effect observed was described by Kepler, and an explanation first afforded by Newton; but it has required the undulatory theory of light to render a complete understanding of it possible.

The addition of the molecules of glass, presented in the way referred to, to the ether disturbance, results (1) in turning the ray out of its course, and (2), if it be a ray of white light, in splitting it up into its constituents, each constituent being represented by a different colour, or (3) if the ray be of any special colour, in causing it to travel in a direction which is constant for the same colour, but different for each.

Glass affords us an instance in which the dispersion of colour thus obtained is *normal,* that is, the order of the colours obtained is as follows:—

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, indigo.

But there are substances the action of the molecules of which upon the ether is very different, and we get *abnormal dispersion* so called because the above order is changed.

The prism tells us that a beam of white light is, so to speak, not a simple thing, but that it may be likened to a rope with an infinite number of strands. If, for instance, by some concerted action all the keys of a piano are pressed down, a certain sound results, made up of a combination of all the sounds upon the keyboard. This then is the sound representative of a ray of white light. The reasoning which lies at the bottom of all the new researches which have made us as familiar with matter millions and millions of miles from us as we are with the matter around us, arises from the perfect establishment of the idea, that a ray of white light is universally composed of waves of light of various lengths, just as that clang upon the piano was also composed of different true musical notes, that is to say, of waves of sound of various lengths, and that each light of special colour is composed of a single wave-length, or of a special combination of wave-lengths.

If, then, instead of letting the white light which we get from the sun or the electric lamp travel through a fine slit straight from the sender to the receiver, we insert a prism and lens in its path, we observe an effect of a complex nature; the light is thrown out of its course, and instead of the lens painting a single image of the slit through which it emerged, as it did before—instead of the image of the slit, which was white and small before—we shall have a rainbow-coloured image stretching across the screen. By adding a second prism to aid the action of the first, we get the same effect increased, as might be expected. That rainbow-coloured band is what in scientific language is called the spectrum.

Now, the difference between the blue light at one end of the beautifully coloured band, and the red at the other, is nothing more or less than a difference almost identical with the difference between a low note and a high note upon the piano. The reason why one end of the coloured band, which in future we shall call the spectrum, is red, and the other blue, is that in light as in sound we have a system of disturbances or waves; we have long waves and short waves, and what the low notes are to music the red waves are to light, and what the high notes are to music, the blue waves are to light.

There is a strict analogy between the world of sound and the world of light. Ears are tuned to hear different sounds—some people can hear much higher notes than others, and some people can hear much lower notes than others. In the same way some people can see colours to which other people are blind; indeed, the more we go into this matter, and the more complete we

make our inquiries, the more striking becomes the connection between these two classes of phenomena.

Hence it is that we can with advantage utilise the phenomena brought home to us by our ears as a sort of subsoil plough, to enable us better to understand in what manner our eyes, perfectly trained, now enable us to cultivate fields which modern science has annexed to the region of the known—fields wonderfully rich in facts dealing not only with the action of the eye itself and the various qualities of matter, but with the physical bases of matter itself; with this beautiful and undreamt of expansion, that it is indifferent whether that matter is in the hand of the experimenter in his laboratory, or whether it is sending out light to us upon this earth from the very confines of the universe. Nature is so absolutely and universally true and regular in all that she does, and modern science is of itself such a slight regarder of time and space, that when it is a question of studying the smaller aggregations of matter, the spectroscope enables us to tell not only what kind of matter is at work, but it tells us a great deal, and will tell us a great deal more, about the actual conditions of that matter. Indeed, it is probable that in a few years we may know very much more about matter very far removed from our own planet than we do of a great deal of it on the very planet itself on which we dwell.

Let us assume that we are now prepared to take what we know about sound as representing, with more or less accuracy, some of the things that we know about light, and recapitulate the points which have already been touched on.

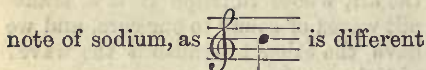
Both with regard to sound and light we may consider different substances, first as senders, then as receivers, and then as media. First, as to the senders with regard to sound—sound is set up or produced by bodies such as a tuning-fork, and we know that sound is due to the vibrations or oscillations of that tuning-fork imparting a regular disturbance to the air; the sound which that or any other body produces depending upon the kind of disturbance which it sets up. With regard to light-sources, a body which gives out light does for light exactly what the tuning fork does for sound. A bell ringing is the equivalent of a fire burning or a star shining. Both with regard to sound and to light there are various kinds of receivers. We can, for instance, by preparing certain surfaces receive and place on record the shape and length of waves of sound—we can make a sound disturbance permanent. Photography provides a means of rendering light disturbances permanent. Here we have two receivers, one of sound, the other of light, which give a more or less permanent record.

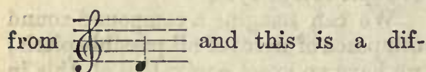
With regard to the medium—always to keep to our phraseology—we have the air, whose function it is to transmit waves of sound to our ears, and we have the ether to transmit the waves of light to our eyes.

We can imagine a compound sound composed of notes of all possible pitch; we have an exact equivalent of this in the case of white light, which gives us a continuous spectrum, that is, one in which from the red end to the blue or violet end there is no break in the light; like an army going into action, there are no vacant places in the line.

If we press down first one note of the piano and then another, we get an effect due not to a complete mixture of all possible sounds, but to each sound by itself. Now the new science of spectrum analysis, which has so enormously extended the field of observation open to our eyes, depends upon this, that what any one note of a piano which you choose to touch does for sound, each particle of matter does for light. Experiment has shown us that the "light-note," so to speak, given out by the sim-

plest particles of different kinds of matter, differs for each kind of matter. If we examine the spectrum of the light sent out by particles in a state of vapour, such as the vapour of sodium, for example, we shall have the equivalent of what we get when we strike a single note upon the piano. We have a spectrum composed principally of a very decided line in the yellow. It is very important that the connection between the yellow line and the single note of the piano, and between the continuous spectrum and the sound produced by sounding all the notes of the piano at once, should be perfectly understood. Suppose we now take a metal which gives us a line not in the yellow but in the green; the metal thallium. What, it may be asked, is the difference between the light being in the yellow and the light being in the green? The quality of the "light note" of thallium is different, so to speak, from the quality of the light

note of sodium, as  is different

from  and this is a difference (about which we know very little) which enables us to tell in a moment whether we have to do with sodium or thallium, when we make each vapour send out its light.

We have already got out two very different characteristics among our light senders. We have first of all, that light source which gives us a continuous spectrum, that is, a series of waves quite complete so far as the simple spectrum goes, and we have next that particular kind of light source which instead of giving us a continuous spectrum, affords us one with bright lines, that is to say, parts only of the complete spectrum are represented in the light, because parts only of a complete system of waves is given out. We get light which is only competent to give us a few images of the slit instead of light which is competent to give us an unbroken series of such images. Here we deal with the giving out of light, or radiation phenomena.

We have already seen that the medium which a light disturbance employs to get to us is the ether, and the ether has no effect upon light except to transmit it; that if in the path of the light which is sent to us, and received by us, we place something else besides the ether, then we may to a very large extent destroy the qualities, so to speak, of the light disturbance.

By superadding the transmission through glass coloured red and blue, to the transmission through the ether, we get a distinct difference in the effect. In the red glass something is introduced in addition to the ether, which will only transmit red light; the blue glass transmits the blue and stops the red—and this is the reason why blue glass appears blue.

Here we are dealing with a class of experiments which provide us with what are termed absorption phenomena; that is, the differences are due not to the sender but to the medium, and the medium never adds, it always subtracts or, as it is termed, absorbs. If, instead of using coloured glasses, we take a solution of potassic permanganate—we shall observe certain dark bars across the spectrum, indicating that there is in Nature a class of bodies which have this very distinct effect upon the spectrum. Another experiment will enable us to get a much more definite effect. It will be recollected that sodium vapour was the vapour which, when added to the flame of the Bunsen burner, gave an intensely yellow light. Let us study the effect of using sodium vapour as the medium—not as a source of light but as an absorber. This we can do by sending the white light of the electric arc through some sodium vapour as well as the prism upon its way to the screen. In place of the bright yellow

line we saw before, we shall see a dark line upon the screen.

This experiment gives us an idea of a class of spectra of which we have very few natural representatives upon this earth, in consequence most probably of the complicated molecular conditions found in a cool planet—a class for which we have to search the skies, and which we can find in almost every star which shines on the face of heaven.

Here again an analogy drawn from sound will help us.

Suppose we have a long room and a fiddle at one end of it, and that between it and an observer at the other end of the room there is a screen of fiddles, all tuned like the solitary one. We know that in that case, as a matter of fact, the observer would scarcely hear the note produced upon any one of the open strings of that fiddle. Why? The reason is that the open strings of this fiddle, in unison with all the other fiddles, would set all the other open strings corresponding to it also vibrating, and upon the principle that you cannot eat your cake and have it too, the vibration of the fiddle cannot set all those strings vibrating, and still pass on to the other end of the room as if nothing had happened.

The work, in fact, which the air, the medium in this case, would have to do to make its vibration audible to the ear, would be locally done, so to speak, upon the screen of fiddles; the work done would decrease the amplitude of the vibration, and the effect on the ear would be weakened.

Now this, as Professors Stokes and Angström were the first to point out, is the real explanation of the result above mentioned.

Here we have a striking parallel instance of the fact that light phenomena are due to vibrations of light sources, communicated to us not by anything coming bodily from the light source, but by corresponding vibrations set up in the mysterious ether. If a sound wave travelling along the air to the ear, or a light wave travelling along the ether to the eye, finds in its path a vibrating body which is ready to receive the vibration, *whether it be already vibrating sufficiently to give us the impression of sound or light or not*, that vibration is arrested or lessened, the sympathising body taking up the vibration in whole or in part.

Light-senders are really particles of bodies in vibration, and if there be no vibration, there will be no sending out of light. The reason why things such as gas, flames, candles, the sun, and other bodies send us out light is this, that they are in a state of energetic vibration—in that state which we generally call hot.

The hotter a thing is, or, in other words, the more energetic are its vibrations, the more complete, stable, and strong are the vibrations of the parts of which that thing is composed. The modern physicist tells us that the stones of which St. Paul's Cathedral is built consist of millions upon millions of small particles called molecules; and although St. Paul's Cathedral seems to be absolutely at rest, as if it would last for ever, and although each particular stone seems equally so, yet when we get down into the intimate structure of each stone, and of every part of the fabric, we get nothing but a multitudinous ocean of motion—that what appears to us solid, and at rest, is absolutely in a perpetual state of unrest; in fact, its stability consists in its state of unrest.

The difference between a source of light, such as a glowing solid or liquid, which, when analysed, gives us a continuous spectrum, and a gas or a vapour which does not give a continuous spectrum, and which does not therefore give us white light, is simply this, that in the case of gases and vapours which are produced by the atom-dissociating power of electricity and of heat, those molecules which give us those coloured phenomena differ only from the larger ones, which give us a

continuous spectrum, in that, owing to the action upon the one hand of electricity, and upon the other hand of heat, they are much simpler than the others.

As we melt a metal such as sodium, or even other metals of a very much more refractory nature; all of those metals which give us the beautiful rainbow band called the continuous spectrum to start with, come at last to a stage at which the spectra consist of one, two, four, eight, or more lines, as the case may be. But there are between those stages other intermediate spectra, which seem to show us that as the action of electricity or of heat is allowed to go on, those particles, whatever they may be, of which solids are built up, and which give us white light when we get solids or liquids to radiate, really become more and more simple, until at last we get that line spectrum to which reference has been made. Here the eye enables us to follow changes which are most difficult to detect in any other way.

In regard to elementary matter, we have first of all this fact, that if the particles under examination send us white light, we get a continuous spectrum from it; therefore when we have to deal with white light, we know that we are dealing with matter in a solid, or liquid, or densely gaseous state, but we do not know what matter it is; it may be any of the metals; it may be any of the compounds which will stand a high temperature; but whether it is bismuth, or oxygen, or nitrogen, or lime, we do not know. But when we have got the matter simplified, so that its particles, instead of being complex enough and self-contained enough to give us this white light, are broken up, and give us coloured light, then we find that no two substances with which we are acquainted give us the same sets of lines.

Hence the origin of the term *spectrum analysis,* as the study of the spectrum thus enables us to tell one substance from another.

These coloured senders, these particles of matter otherwise called molecules, which send out coloured light, which, being analysed, gives us these lines, are really and truly things infinitely small beyond our conception, but yet absolutely and truly vibrating bodies, and the spectrum is the result of the vibrations.

That idea leads us further, and it enables us to say not only that such and such a spectrum is given by such and such a substance, but also that such and such a spectrum is given by that substance within a certain range of temperature, while other conditions are not without their influence.

Hence, with vapour as a sender out of light, we learn from the spectrum its quality, its density, roughly its temperature. The same vapour, when, instead of being used as a sender, is used as a medium, gives us exactly the same spectrum reversed, so that, to take an example, we can detect the presence of sodium vapour when it is sending out light, by means of its vibrations set in motion by heat, and when it is between us and any sender whatever which can feed it with those same vibrations; and we have in both cases the same means of determining that it is more or less of a certain temperature, and that its density is within certain limits.

It is by following out considerations of this kind that all the stars in heaven have revealed to us their constitution—that is to say, the elements of which they are built up, at what temperature they exist, and a great deal of their meteorology, by which term I mean the nature and extent of their atmospheres, and the way in which their atmospheres vary from cycle to cycle.

Here indeed we are in the presence of a new music of the spheres, to which our *eyes* are rapidly becoming attuned As in the old one—

"Cycle on epicycle, orb on orb,"

are still the vibrating chords in the heavenly chorus; but the cycle is the cycle of the atom, and the orbs are no longer distant suns dwarfing our imaginations by their vastness, but the ultimate molecules of matter.

In this new world of the infinitely little as in that of the infinitely great, the eye is now beginning to read the mysterious and enthralling hieroglyphs which are unfolded before it in the inner recesses of nature. My labour will not have been thrown away if I have proved that one way of getting into this inner temple is to enter its outer inclosure by the Portal of the Ear.

J. Norman Lockyer.

GREEK MOTHER'S SONG.

I.

O where is peace in all the lovely land?
    Since the world was, I see the fair and brave
    Downward for ever fighting toward the grave.
A few white bones upon a lonely sand,
    A rotting corpse beneath the meadow grass
    That cannot hear the footsteps as they pass,
Memorial urns pressed by some foolish hand
    Have been for all the goal of troublous fears.
    Ah! breaking hearts and faint eyes dim with tears,
And momentary hopes by breezes fanned
    To flame that fading ever falls again
    And leaves but blacker night and deeper pain,
Have been the mould of life in every land.

II.

O is there rest beneath the meadow flowers?
    Or is there peace indeed beside the shore
    Of shadowy Acheron? nor any more
The weary rolling of the sickening hours
    Will mark the interchange of woe and woe;
    Nor ever voices railing to and fro
Break the sweet silence of those darksome bowers?
    But there a sorrowful sweet harmony
    Of timeless life in peaceful death shall be
In woodlands dim where never tempest lowers
    Nor branding heat can pierce the sunless shade.
    O sweet for ever in that dreamful glade,
If there indeed such deepest peace be ours!

SCHLIEMANN'S MYCENÆ.

It is a long time since any book has been more eagerly expected by historians and archæologists than the complete record of Dr. Schliemann's work at Mycenæ. The main facts have long been familiar to the public through the columns of the *Times*, and through the published discussions of learned societies. But these were only foretastes of the fuller and more deliberate work which has now appeared, and which adds an all-important element hitherto almost completely withheld—I mean an adequate reproduction of the treasure by illustrations. We tire of a long description, and fail to grasp its details; but a picture brings the object before us in an instant. It is from this point of view that the present book will be found completely and thoroughly satisfactory. The beauty of the engravings, and the care with which they have been executed, exceed all praise, and this feature makes the work an epoch in archæology, and gives it a solid value which nothing can destroy. Any careful inquirer will at once feel the faithfulness of the reproduction, wherever accurate reproduction was possible; and I can testify from a personal examination of the objects themselves at Athens last April, that in most of the cases (such as those of engraved rings) where the reproductions are indistinct, the originals were equally obscure. There is, moreover, a profusion of illustration which is quite beyond the limits of strict necessity, and betokens the large and liberal spirit with which the publication of the work has been conducted. It is but bare truth to assert that the English public owe a real debt of gratitude to Mr. Murray for this very splendid and costly undertaking.

The literary qualities of the work are by no means so high, if we except the ingenious and elegantly written preface with which Mr. Gladstone has introduced the work. Dr. Schliemann, as a mere observer, seems to me singularly unequal. Thus, in examining the lions on the gate of Mycenæ, he was the first to perceive, and, I think, rightly, that the faces of the lions had been riveted on, and were therefore of metal. Though many other travellers had seen them, they did not perceive this which now strikes me as certainly true. On the other hand, he describes this very piece of stone as the same hard breccia of which the rest of the gate is built. This is certainly wrong. At least, all other observers differ from him. Dodwell and Leake thought it basalt, others marble of some foreign kind; to me it appeared a grayish blue limestone of hard grain, and very smooth, but quite different from the adjoining blocks. Curtius quotes the French expedition to the same effect, and agrees with them. We have here, then, a very acute and a very careless observation combined concerning the same object.

It is of course not to be expected from a discoverer that he shall also be a logical or forcible writer, and perhaps many people will think that the mere reprinting of the chronicle of his work as it appeared in the *Times*, with trifling additions and explanations, is the best and most valuable record he can give us of his labours. But the subject must have gained greatly in interest and in clearness, if the author had rearranged his materials, and brought them into logical order. The very task of doing this would have excluded many repetitions and inconsistencies, and also such trivialities as the visits of the Emperor

of Brazil, which might be tolerable in a daily paper, but are unworthy of a permanent record. There is, moreover, one passage, at least, in reference to M. Stamatakes (p. 352), which betokens an amount of spleen very unworthy of the book, and which ought surely to have been rewritten.[1] Dr. Schliemann has accordingly not made the most of his great subject. It requires constant reference to the maps and plans to follow his involved descriptions. His historical inferences are hasty, and formed without any careful balancing of evidence. We also miss greatly a full and accurate index, in which the student would find a clue to the many details which are presented in the mere accidental order of their occurrence. More especially such important processes as *riveting* and *soldering*, or substances such as *linen* and *porcelain* find no place, or an accidental place, in the poor and hasty list which does duty for the index. In a book which retains the form of a journal, such a key is simply indispensable.

Yet is it not ungrateful to utter these criticisms upon the man who has done more than all the men of our day in furthering Greek archæology? Let us rather thankfully accept the facts he has furnished, and endeavour to draw them together into some sort of unity. It will then remain to inquire whether we can venture any conclusions at all from their relations to our former knowledge upon the subject.

The historical notices of Mycenæ[2] are collected by Dr. Schliemann, and put together with the poetical allusions at the opening of his third chapter. I will here repeat them with such modifications as seem to me necessary to rectify the impression produced by his account.

The Homeric poems speak of the city as well situated, broad-streeted, and rich in gold—the latter epithet only being in any respect peculiar to it. It was the residence of Agamemnon, the leading king in Greece, who is recognised as the leader of the Trojan expedition. Nevertheless, this mighty king has his dominion even over the neighbouring plain curtailed by the power of Diomede, King of Argos, whom Dr. Schliemann conveniently calls his vassal, but who, all through the *Iliad*, acts quite independently, and is a far more important hero throughout the larger portion of the poems. This indication of the rising power of Argos, whose antiquity is attested by massive cyclopean remains of the same kind as those of Mycenæ, is assumed as an acknowledged fact by the traditions of the Dorian invasion, for from that time on Argos is named as the main city of the district, and even lays claim to a primacy among the cities of the Peloponnesus. It was probably in connection with this transfer of power that the legends of the terrible domestic horrors in the family of the Atridæ became popular, as it is always convenient to justify usurpation by the moral principle of a providential retribution of the crimes of deposed rulers. The Homeric poems only mention the murder of Agamemnon by his wife, and the revenge of Orestes. The Cyclic poets indulged in a long catalogue of murders and of incest, and this awful indictment against the fallen house of the Mycenæan kings became a favourite subject with the tragic poets of the fifth century B.C. at Athens.

But so completely had the city itself disappeared from the list of historical cities in Greece, that the poet Æschylus, writing a play about 457 B.C., in

[1] If M. Stamatakes was really the responsible officer appointed to watch the explorations, and take charge of any treasures when found—if, in fact, as I understood at Athens, he was sent as a check on Dr. Schliemann, the passage to which I refer may be more easy to understand, but more difficult to characterise by its proper epithet.

[2] The limits of this article compel me to pass over in silence Dr. Schliemann's preliminary investigations at Tiryns, which are very interesting. It was likewise impossible to enter into any detail about the style and form of particular ornaments, of which the book exhibits a wonderful profusion.

which the central object upon the stage is the tomb of Agamemnon, actually places it at Argos, and completely ignores Mycenæ.[1] And yet, in the poet's youth, he had fought against the Persians, perhaps in company with people calling themselves Mycenæans, as is attested both by an extant inscription, and another copied by Pausanias. These documents at Delphi and at Olympia enumerated the cities which had joined the patriotic side in the great Persian war. The succeeding poets, Sophocles and Euripides, distinguish Argos and Mycenæ, and often mention the latter. But the opening scene of Sophocles's *Electra* contains so vague a picture of the Argive country, that the poet can hardly have had clear notions about it,[2] and though Euripides knew something of the cyclopean walls of Mycenæ, and mentions them so particularly, that Dr. Schliemann thinks he must have visited them, it is very remarkable that he never corrects or censures Æschylus's inaccuracy about Agamemnon's tomb, and throughout his *Orestes* confuses Argives and Mycenæans systematically.[3]

From this time onward the very name of Mycenæ disappears, though the site was for a time reoccupied, till the days of the geographers and historians of Roman times. Strabo shows by his absurd remark "that not a vestige of it remained," that he was writing at second-hand. Diodorus and Pausanias, on the contrary, give a definite account of its destruction by the Argives, which they agree in placing after the Persian wars in 468–4 B.C. They all assert that it was in their day—that is, in the first and second centuries A.D.—a mere ruin. Pausanias, in describing the place, speaks of the subterranean treasure-houses of Atreus and his sons, one of which has been open since the beginning of the present century, and perhaps very much longer. Another has recently been explored by Mrs. Schliemann, and some in ruins still remain to be unearthed. Pausanias further speaks of the tombs of Atreus and of Agamemnon and his friends who were slain by Ægisthus. He apparently mentions four tombs — one of Atreus, one of Cassandra, which was disputed by the people of Amyclæ, one of Agamemnon, and one of his charioteer and Cassandra's two children, and of Electra (this last may have been a separate tomb); then outside the wall, tombs of Clytemnestra and of Ægisthus. But from the general character of Pausanias's book, I do not think we can at all infer that his enumeration was meant to be exhaustive. It has likewise been disputed whether the wall to which he alludes was the wall of the citadel or the wall of the town, nor does his text admit of this point being settled. But in one respect I think we may be positive. The tombs which he mentions were clearly tombs which he *actually saw.* He mentions them in the same breath with the treasuries still extant. He specifies their relative position. He says that the Amyclæans disputed the monument of Cassandra. Of course they could not have disputed about a mere tradition, when Pausanias says they disputed about a *monument.* Dr. Schliemann has proved that all the tombstones and tombs he discovered must have been hidden beneath the surface which Pausanias saw. He is therefore obliged to assume that Pausanias is speaking of a traditional site, and not of the actual monuments. This theory seems to me quite untenable.

Such being the whole of our historical evidence about Mycenæ, I will add, before leaving it, that I do not believe the evidence of either Diodorus or Pausanias, who lived many hundred years

[1] In his extant plays and fragments he *never* mentions Mycenæ—a remarkable fact.

[2] As a specimen of Dr. Schliemann's reasoning, I may mention that he supports the notion of Sophocles's ignorance of Mycenæ, but on the ground (p. 347) that the poet calls Agamemnon's tomb a *mound*, whereas he ought to have known that it was a deep grave! It is, indeed, hard on Sophocles to accuse him of ignorance because he did not anticipate Dr. Schliemann's theory!

[3] For an example cf. vv. 97—103.

after the events, as to the date of the destruction of Mycenæ. I think they were misled by the name Μυκᾶνες on the Delphic tripod and on the pedestal at Olympia, and thought this to be conclusive evidence of its endurance up to that date. But I will show, in the forthcoming number of *Hermathena*, sufficient reasons from Pausanias's own words to conclude that this destruction by the Argives took place long before, and that Mycenæ was no Hellenic city in the days of Æschylus, who could not else have ignored it so remarkably in his play. Furthermore, I do not attach the smallest weight to the tradition repeated by Pausanias, about A.D. 170, that the tombs of Agamemnon and his party were at Mycenæ, and inside the walls, when I find Æschylus and his compeers completely ignorant of the fact—nay, even when the critical Euripides, who loves to note defects in Æschylus, and who may have seen the place, is ignorant of it. I take the report of Pausanias's cicerones, who told him this story, to be of the same value as that of the Egyptian cicerones, when they told Herodotus that the Great Pyramid was built by the shepherd Philitis. There were old tombs then visible. Nobody knew to whom they belonged; of course they were assigned to the most celebrated characters known in Greek literature as resident at Mycenæ. But if there be any legend in Pausanias which seems to me certainly late and artificial, it is this account of the Mycenæan tombs. The inferences which I have so far drawn are purely historical inferences, based on a critical survey of our Greek tests. I now proceed to inquire how far they are corroborated or refuted by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries.

One monument at Mycenæ had attracted attention as early as the beginning of the present century. The treasure-house of Atreus, as it is commonly called after Pausanias, but "tomb of Agamemnon," as the modern inhabitants designated it—this remarkable subterranean chamber, which was probably opened and rifled ages ago, was again investigated, apparently by Lord Elgin, before the year 1806. This is proved to demonstration by the description and drawings of the chamber, both exterior and interior, given by Dodwell,[1] whose travels did not extend beyond that year. He began to examine the antiquities of Greece in 1801, but does not specify at what part of his tour he visited Mycenæ. His account of the treasure-house is quite full and accurate, and it is indeed surprising that Dr. Schliemann should have given credence, in spite of this demonstration to the contrary, to the cock-and-bull story told him about Veli Pasha, and his excavation of the untouched sepulchre or monument in 1810 (pp. 49-51). Dodwell and Leake speak of "Lord Elgin's excavators" having found certain very interesting and archaic carved stones about the entrance, which the former reproduces, and which are very remarkable for their similarity in design to some of Dr. Schliemann's gold treasure, and still more to the carved fragments of marble found at the entrance of the second treasury excavated by Mrs. Schliemann.[2] Ernst Curtius also refers to Lord Elgin's excavations in his account of the building. I have not been able to ascertain any details as to Lord Elgin's work here, but fancied it could be made out from the collection of views and drawings which passed into the British

[1] There are equally accurate views of the treasury, both inside and outside, by Gell (*Argolis*), and a parallel description by Clarke, who visited the place about 1805, and who adds (*Travels*, vi. p. 492): "this chamber has evidently been opened since it was first constructed, and thereby its interior has been disclosed, but at what time this happened is quite uncertain—*probably in a very remote age, from the appearance it now exhibits.*" Most unfortunately, Chandler, travelling some thirty years earlier, missed the place by accident on his way from Argos to Cleonæ. I can find no earlier account of the treasury, though it may be mentioned in some book I have overlooked. It would seem that Dr. Schliemann, though he refers to these books, has hardly any knowledge of them.

[2] Cf. the plates of these, p. 140.

Museum along with the Parthenon marbles. Dodwell, indeed, says expressly that one of the sculptured stones which he reproduces was then in the Museum. Mr. A. S. Murray now informs me that the evidence I had expected is not to be had in the Museum, and is therefore still buried in the unpublished journals of Lord Elgin.

The Greeks asserted that Veli Pasha found bodies covered with gold ornaments, as well as statues outside the mouth of the chamber. Discarding the latter statement, it seems odd that they should have invented the former fact altogether. I fancy it is either the report of a far older raid upon the chamber, or is derived from the rifling of some other ancient tomb where such things were really found.

But it is high time to turn to Dr. Schliemann's more splendid excavations. Led by his interpretation of Pausanias, that the tombs of Agamemnon and his friends were within the Acropolis,[1] he began to dig where the accumulated earth was deep, the bare rock within most of the area precluding any hope of old deposits. I will endeavour to summarize his discoveries, not in the order in which he attained them, but rather in the probable order of their antiquity.

At an average depth of nearly thirty feet below the present surface, he found, in chambers cut into the rock, five tombs, containing fifteen bodies of various ages and sexes, covered with all manner of arms, vessels, jewels, and rich gold ornaments, including six gold masks upon the faces, and several thin plates covering the breast, with indications of the face and figure worked upon them. Dr. Schliemann habitually speaks of these as *massive*, whereas they are really very thin plates, beaten very fine, and of no great weight. In fact, the general impression produced by the treasure is that the men who made it wished to create the greatest possible display of the gold they possessed. There are, no doubt, both massive gold rings and massive jugs, but the general character of the treasure is such as I have described. My reasons for thinking these tombs far the oldest record found at Mycenæ is not only their depth, but the fact that they seem to have been, to some extent (perhaps altogether), ignored by the prehistoric Cyclopean builders of the large house south of the main group. For, in close connection with the foundations of this house, was found a sixth tomb, partly rifled by the builders of a Cyclopean water conduit, which led past it, and of which only a small but most precious corner was left for M. Stamatakes to discover. This tomb was only twenty-two feet under the soil, and yet was barely within the ken of these builders. The walls of the tomb are alleged by Dr. Schliemann (p. 352) to be far ruder than those of the Cyclopean house. Among all the other tombs, one body only in the first sepulchre had been rifled, but apparently by people digging without method or knowledge. Dr. Schliemann's account of the pottery found here is so brief (p. 295), that I cannot understand it; but he places the act of robbery in very ancient times.

At a distance of ten or twelve feet above this old and splendid group of sepulchres were found a group of skeletons, which had not been burnt, and various traces of possible stone coffins, and other evidences of tombs, which seem to have been less rich, and differently constructed. And here there seems to me some evidence in the scattered condition of the stones, and of various small gold and obsidian objects, that a considerable number of tombs may have been disturbed, which were originally over the older, and perhaps in no relation to them. People digging for treasure, when they came

[1] This inference, which is opposed, as he justly notes, to the opinions of many learned travellers, is not, as he implies, peculiar to himself. Dr. Clarke (*Travels*, vi. p. 494), in a learned argument, most of which is unsound, seems to hold the same view.

upon this shallower layer, would not think of hunting deeper, and so the safety of the deeper tombs was secured. Above these, possibly, later tombs, come a certain number of stone slabs, with very primitive carving upon several of them, and which Dr. Schliemann supposes to have been intended to mark the royal tombs far beneath.

There seem to have been twelve or fifteen of these tombstones at least. In some cases the unsculptured stones were found ten feet below the ornamented ones, in others they were on the same level; but Dr. Schliemann is so positive that they were all exactly over the five royal tombs, that he adopts the theory of their being renewed periodically, according as they became covered with the accumulation of years (p. 337). But if the place was an agora, with no building upon it, and with no other interments made in it, such an accumulation is inconceivable. It seems far more likely that the higher tombstone covered a later tomb, and that we have to do with an ancient necropolis, in which interments were made, at least occasionally, for centuries.

Apparently on a level with the highest and most elaborate of the tombstones,[1] which have very archaic war and hunting scenes carved upon them, such as the Assyrian kings delighted in, is a double circle of upright stone slabs, with transverse horizontal slabs joining them at the top by means of a carefully cut mortice. Dr. Schliemann tells us that these slabs, which were carefully set into the ground, and were loftier, according as the ground was lower, so as to keep the circle even, are all inclined slightly inward, so that a man sitting on them would find room for drawing in his feet.

I confess I was surprised when I first read this statement, for it did not agree with my own observations on the spot last April. It seemed to me that only a few of the slabs were slanted, and this by the accidental pressure of accumulated *débris* against them. Many of them stood quite straight.[2] When Dr. Schliemann first describes them, he admits this (p. 117 note), and gives a special reason why, at the north side, the slabs must all be set perpendicularly. But when he has advanced to the theory of their being seats round the agora, he tells us (p. 124), "that it must be particularly observed that *the whole arrangement* of slabs slopes inwards at an angle of 75°." This appears to me a gradual and unconscious accommodation of the facts to his theory.

As I have already said, his theory is, according to Mr. Simpson's suggestion, that it was the agora of Mycenæ, and that this double row of slabs was set up to afford seats round it, upon which the elders or nobles used to sit. In corroboration of this, he quotes various ancient authorities on the circular seats, or circular form of ancient agoras,[3] and assumes that Agamemnon and his friends were buried as heroes in this sacred public place of the city, according to a custom elsewhere observed in the case of founders of cities. This theory, that the agora of Mycenæ was in the Acropolis, seems confirmed by two passages in the Iliad (Β, 788, Η, 345), which he has noted (p. 339), and which speak of the Trojan agora as being at the door of Priam's palace. Then the large Cyclopean house, which he thinks the palace, is close beside the circle.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that this inclosure cannot possibly have been a Greek agora, and must have

[1] Dr. Schliemann does not specify the depth of the stone circle below the surface, but I should guess it at about ten feet.

[2] An independent observer, Mr. Simpson, who saw the site in March last, and who describes it in a very able article in *Fraser's Magazine* for last month, though he was the originator of the agora theory, does not mention the sloping of the slabs.

[3] Some of the passages adduced, such as that of "Artemis sitting upon the famous circular throne of the agora," only prove that there were circular seats for gods in the agora, and, indeed, the triple figures of Hecate still extant at Athens and Argos actually stand upon a circular base.

been a sepulchral circle, such as those erected in Ireland and elsewhere by primitive people to mark the graves of their chiefs. All the passages about the circles of stones in Homeric agoras seem to show nothing in favour of the *whole* agora being circular and closed in, but rather that there was in every agora a sacred circle of stone seats on which the elders sat and judged. I take these stones to have been large, single blocks, such as those still at Athens in historical times, and called Jove's voting pebbles, and also *πεσσοί* [1] The people, of course, crowded round outside this circle, which was kept clear by heralds, and in the middle of the vacant space lay the fine, or money at stake. Such I conceive an agora to have been.

But here we have the whole possible space inclosed with a complete double circle of slabs, so that there is only one way in. From the so-called royal palace, *there is no way for entrance*, so that the king would have been obliged to walk round to the opposite point of the circle, next to the gate. Is this conceivable? If the people did enter and occupy the agora, how could the elders sit round on the outer margin and debate across the crowd? Still worse, the crowd must have been standing upon and about sepulchres, and leaning on tombstones, upon spots where the charred remains show that sacrifices were frequently offered. To imagine that a protruding rock in the centre was a *bema* or platform for the orators, is to make confusion worse confounded, for, so far as I know, the custom of speaking from a bema is completely foreign to heroic times, when chiefs rise in turn from their seats, and speak, as it were, in council from their places, not addressing the crowd, though heard and applauded by it. Dr. Schliemann actually cites passages to prove the existence of the bema, which have nothing whatever to say to it, except so far as they prove its absence (cf. p. 125 and notes). To me such suppositions seem absolutely untenable. We have a few exceptional cases of public benefactors, such as Brasidas, being publicly buried close by the agora. The Greek expression is generally either *before* or *at the end of* the agora. But there is evidence that such tombs were specially inclosed with a *θριγκός* or fence, and hallowed by sacrifices, nor did people ever walk about over them. I see, therefore, the most insuperable objections to this theory, and everything to support the notion of its being a sacred sepulchral inclosure. We know that in historical times there was a strict law against burials within the walls, but this very prohibition points to an older custom, mentioned by Plato and others, of burying the dead in the city and close by the ordinary dwelling-houses. We find that in or about this inclosure a considerable number of bodies have been laid. We find its soil very much disturbed, as if it had constantly been dug and replaced. We find no traces of any houses within it. We even find foreign earth brought to it to fill the tombs.

All these facts, brought to light by Dr. Schliemann, seem to point to the necessity of some different explanation than his. It seems not impossible that, when the Argives destroyed Mycenæ—probably in the days of Pheidon, or even earlier—they may have thought it necessary to maintain religious offerings and other observances on a site long since hallowed, and regarded as the resting-place of heroes. If so, when they partly pulled down the wall, and dismantled the city, they might have erected this carefully-built, but not very substantial, fence, and left some family in charge of the sacred rites. Such a proceeding would be in accordance with Greek feeling, if all the heroes of Mycenæ could not be transferred to Argos. But what is here ventured is of course mere conjecture, and only

[1] Cf. *Ἔνθα Διὸς μεγάλοι θῶκοι, πεσσοί τε καλοῦνται* (Cratinus), also—

πεσσοὺς προσελθὼν ἔνθα δὴ παλαίτατοι
θάσσουσιν (*Euripides, Medea*),

and the Lexica on *Διὸς ψῆφος*.

intended for a counter conjecture to what the author proposes, somewhat too confidently, in his book.

There are, indeed, such colossal difficulties in the way of any theory, that it would be safer and more modest to press no suggestions, but merely state fully and clearly the puzzles, and let them wait for their solution. Here are some of them:—(1) The manner of burial of the royal personages is quite foreign to the Homeric descriptions, and in some respects foreign to anything we have yet found. There are, indeed, cases of gold masks even in Peru, according to Mr. Squier. But there is no case of such lavish use of them along with breast-plates of gold, except, perhaps, in the tombs found at Kertch and Alexandropol, which were even more profuse in large plates of gold. I did not consider the Mycenæan masks, when I examined them, to be in any sense personal likenesses, but conventional faces prepared beforehand, and kept ready for the occasion. But the laying of the bodies into a deep rocky chamber below the level of the earth, the packing of them into a compressed bed in threes and fives, and the piling in of earth and pebbles on splendid treasures — these things are, indeed, passing strange. Both Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Schliemann think this crushing of the bodies into a close space[1] a sign of hurry or ignominy, but I would remind them that the large rocky chambers were filled in with care by artificial walls, so that this arrangement must have either been prepared beforehand by the builders of the tomb, or, if done at the time of the funeral, required additional labour and time, thus directly contradicting their hypothesis. This building in of the walls of the chambers was therefore undoubtedly part of an established system of burial, and the evidence goes to show that all the bodies were entombed with great pomp and circumstance—in fact, in a manner the very reverse of the legendary burial of Agamemnon. Besides, the Homeric heroes were buried on the level earth, and mounds raised over them; nor might the shrewdness of Homeric sentiment have tolerated such an expenditure of gold, had they even possessed it.

Again, if the so-called treasuries at Mycenæ are tombs — a theory which I am disposed to accept—we have the curious contrast of an immense chamber, and even two chambers, being allotted to a king, into which access was preserved by means of its giant portal. If this be so, these great chambers are the work of a different age, or of a different sort of men, from the tomb-builders in the Acropolis. It is a great pity that Dr. Schliemann did not give us accurate drawings of the bodies *in situ*, and how they exactly lay in the tombs,[2] for I do not think he offers any satisfactory proof that they were burnt *simultaneously*, even in each tomb. He says (p. 336), "*Owing to the enormous depths of these* sepulchres, and the close proximity of the bodies, &c., separate interments in each

[1] I used to think that the bodies originally lay higher in the tombs, with some wooden structure under them, and that the artificial narrowing at the bottom of the tombs was for the purpose of making a better fire under the bodies, which were lying at full length above it. With the burning of the fire the bodies would sink down, and then the weight of material lying over them would crush them into the narrow bottom. But Mr. A. S. Murray has lately shown in the *Academy*, that in the Hallstadt tombs bodies seem deliberately crushed into narrow beds.

[2] A writer in last month's *Blackwood*, apparently under the guidance of *Signor* Stamatakes, as he calls him, not only speaks of the caldrons and weapons having been laid in a fixed order beside the bodies, but even of "a complete case [of gold] for the tender limbs of an infant, which lay folded in the embrace of its mother." This latter is not mentioned in the book before us, I did not see it in the bank at Athens, and it is possibly an exaggerated account of the small child's mask (p. 199). But the hint of some order in the laying of the ornaments is very important, and points, I fear, to such enthusiastic haste in the first moving of them, as to destroy valuable evidence concerning the exact nature of the burial.

tomb must be impossible." But in another place he tells us that he found a tombstone only 3½ feet above the tomb; there is much probability of a gradual accumulation, and I am convinced that when the bodies were laid there, the tombs (as the possibility of burning in them proves) were close to the surface. Moreover, as to the proximity of the bodies, we are distinctly told that there were "separate funeral piles" (p. 155).

The reader's attention should be called to the important fact that the size of each tomb is in direct proportion to the number of bodies interred in it.[1] The smallest (11 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 8 in.) has one body. Three of somewhat the same size (21½ ft. by 11½ ft.) have three bodies each, except that the one which contains women's bodies is smaller than the others (16 ft. 8 in. by 10 ft. 2 in.). The largest (24 ft. by 18½ ft.) has its much greater breadth occupied by five bodies, of which two are at right angles with the other three, and thus lie exceptionally north and south.[2] The other bodies all lie *across* the length of the tombs. These facts prove to demonstration that either the tombs were specially hewn out for a fixed number of bodies—which makes all hurry out of the question—or that the bodies were distributed so as to fill previously constructed tombs. In the latter case a gradual filling of them is infinitely more probable than a series of deaths of great people in opportune groups.

(2.) As to the *antiquity* of the tombs, no man pretending to any insight can doubt their being very old; and the whispers I heard at the Society of Antiquaries last spring about a possible Frankish origin are completely silenced. It is far more likely that their age is still underrated, and that they date from a period long anterior to what is called the Homeric epoch.[3] This is plain if we consider that an accumulation of twenty-five feet of soil separates them from the surface of Mycenæ when it was destroyed by the Argives, and that the sculptures upon this latter surface—the latest work of old Mycenæ[4] are so rude and archaic as to be fairly called still prehistoric. The strangest fact about them seems to be their want of advance upon the oldest work deep beneath. Even the very walls built close to the circle of slabs are mostly poor and wretched, made of little stones and badly fitted, so that we ask in wonder, Can the builders of such walls be the same as the great Cyclopean masons of the circuit walls, and of the treasury of Atreus?

But if the remains on the surface of old Mycenæ are rude and primitive, the products of the tombs are in many respects most beautiful and highly finished. There is work in these tombs, such as the bull's head (p. 215), the alabaster vase (p. 246, which is far more beautiful than appears in the woodcut), the jugs and bracelets reproduced all through the book, which would be thought very perfect at any epoch. But this is not all. Among the *processes* used are frequently soldering,[5] plating,

[1] This shows the value of Dr. Schliemann's remark (p. 345), that "the graves were mere deep, irregular, quadrangular holes, into which the royal victims were huddled by three, and even by five!" Not to speak of the extraordinary plenty of "royal victims," nothing could be more orderly than the laying of them in their tombs.

[2] In the Scythian tombs slaves seem to have been laid across the feet of their masters.

[3] This view is favoured by the writer of the interesting article in *Blackwood*, to which I have already referred. He seems also to have abandoned the prevalent theory about the agora, to judge from his silence on the point.

[4] Dr. Schliemann was the first to discover that the site was reoccupied in the Macedonian times, but evidently for no very long period. The remains of this later occupation, which lie near the surface, are quite distinct from the remains of the older city.

[5] The index, which is very poor, does not give this head at all. The reader will find examples on pp. 164, 194, 206, 227, 231, 236, 251, 280. The plates accompanying the descriptions make it certain that the process was used, along with the older and simpler riveting, which is often applied as an ornament on the various objects.

and even the incrusting of gold with crystal. Among the *substances* are fine woven linen, porcelain, glass, alabaster, amber, ivory, and even ostrich-eggs! How are we to account for the perfection of the oldest, and the rudeness of the latest remains of Mycenæ? Apparently by two hypotheses, both of which I put forward with no great confidence.

In the first place the old city was destroyed, not in 468 B.C., as Diodorus and Pausanias tell us, but some centuries earlier, so that the latest inhabitants would still be in the most archaic condition as to the arts they practised, hardly in fact more advanced than the Homeric age. On the other hand, the beauty of the execution and variety of material in the older tombs are only to be explained by a very ancient and lively transmarine commerce, especially with Egypt. We underrate the communications among prehistoric peoples. We forget that Egypt, long before this period, was in no "prehistoric" condition, but the mother of arts and sciences, and teeming with manufactures. Though the index is almost silent about it, any careful reader of Dr. Schliemann's book will notice how perpetually he resorts to Egyptian analogies. I fancy there is a great deal more of the treasure imported than is usually imagined, and that as soon as this commerce decayed, the native artists and handicraftsmen found themselves very helpless, and rather fell back than developed in their skill. Thus there is no improvement in the manufacture of glass. With the bodies are found glass objects with tubes one within the other, and also coloured. These were, I suppose, imported from Egypt. In the later strata there are not even found the glass bottles common elsewhere. In fact the native manufacture of glass was never practised there, and so it is with many other objects. With the exception of a single inscription,[1] I cannot find one object in the whole book which compels us to refer it to Greeks of the opening of the fifth century B.C. Nay, rather the absence of what such people ought to have left is a demonstration of my first hypothesis. The very archaic nature of the pottery found on the highest level of the old Mycenæ seems to corroborate it.

(3.) The *artistic character* of the various ornaments is no less a subject for discussion and doubt. If, as I hold, a large portion of it was imported from abroad, possibly from Egypt, why is it that we cannot trace this foreign element more distinctly in the type and style of the ornaments? An attentive observer cannot study the treasures of the Palestrina tomb now in the Collegio Romano at Rome, without being struck by the Phœnician or Phœnico-Egyptian style of the work, and their foreign origin seems at once stamped upon these remains. But we are here in a much later epoch, and a Phœnician inscription on one of the vessels gives us a kind of evidence wholly missing in the vastly more ancient treasures of Mycenæ. Nevertheless there are not wanting a few strange parallels. Dr. Schliemann mentions (p. 332) too briefly a small wooden box, upon which, he says, were carved in relief a lion and a dog. This box appeared to me, on careful examination, to have been bound round the sides with thin plates of silver cut square, and the little animals, of which two dogs were very plain, seemed to me not carved in relief upon it, but stuck on it. In the Palestrina treasure there is a closely similar box, with wooden animals riveted on, I think, to the sides in the same way. But there are no rivets visible on the Mycenæ box. I take both

[1] The iron keys, figured on p. 74, strike Dr. Schliemann as late, and may perhaps have strayed down to the place in which he found them, in Macedonian days. He unfortunately does not mention the depth at which they were found; the very case in which such detail would have been most important. The inscription is exactly such as might be derived from the cult of the old heroes of the city after it had been otherwise abandoned.

objects to have been the work of the same school of art.

Again, Mr. Newton has pointed out that the vases are to be matched in style and execution with those of an ancient tomb at Ialysos; and now we hear that the ornaments at Spata are very similar. An ornament in the third tomb, marked μ, 46, representing a female face surrounded with leaves, appeared to me thoroughly Egyptian, and I am very sorry the directors of the Bank would not allow me to note down its peculiarities at the time.[1] But after making all allowances, after discounting the alabaster, the ivory, the ostrich egg, the blue glass, and even such perfect work as the great bull's head in gold and silver, there still remains a vast quantity of cups, jugs, buttons, and caldrons, which seem to have a peculiar stamp, and which, from the likeness they bear to early Greek work, strike us as being plainly its direct progenitor. Thus the splendid vase, No. 213, which has a row of armed warriors upon it, is essentially an old Hellenic vase in character. Even the extraordinary signet-rings and engraved gems which would certainly seem imported, have a character quite peculiar, and which, I fancy, is not easily to be matched in other ancient treasure. Yet if I am right about the very great antiquity of the tombs, and if the legends which bring the house of Pelops from Asia are to be believed, there may have been models for all this work in the old civilizations of Asia Minor which are now lost.

(4.) Perhaps the most salient feature in all the treasure, regarded as a whole, is the rich and varied use of *spiral ornamentation.* Any one acquainted with the old Irish gold work, or illuminated manuscripts, is astonished to find that what was regarded a peculiarity of Celtic ornamentation reappears as the strongest characteristic of this pre-historic Greek work. The likenesses between the Mycenæan and Irish spirals are not actual sameness of pattern, for I compared them by means of the catalogue of the Irish Academy, which I carried with me. There seemed only one ring in both collections made on the same pattern, and if there are other exact coincidences they are but few. Nevertheless, the general character of the ornaments, the beating out of fine gold plates for diadems, and then decorating them with *repoussé* patterns, the use of riveting for ornament, the scarcity of soldering, the general aim of making the greatest display with a small quantity of gold—all these things afford striking analogies. If Dr. Schliemann had examined early Irish ornamentation he need not have been astonished (p. 85) at the contrast between the accuracy and symmetry of the patterns, and the rudeness of the figures on the Mycenæan tombstones. This very contrast is, in a far higher degree, the characteristic of the famous *Book of Kells,* in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

But it does not seem that any inference can be drawn from all this, except that primitive people—perhaps primitive Aryan people—will develop the same sort of ornament under similar conditions. It would, however, be surprising if any special kind of ornamenting were really proved Aryan. I may add that, though Dr. Schliemann perpetually talks of the *svastika*—a cross with bent ends—being the pattern introduced in the Mycenæan ornaments, I cannot find a single honest specimen of it in any of the engravings through the book.

(5.) But what was the relation of the great builders of the cone-shaped chambers to the builders of the tombs in the Acropolis? This seems to me really the greatest of all the puzzles presented by Mycenæ. In the so-called treasuries we have great solid roomy chambers, built with

[1] The strictness with which the Greek officials, who were most courteous, forbade the taking of notes or sketches when visiting and handling the treasure, proved a serious obstacle to any accurate or minute criticism of the multitude of objects exhibited together.

splendid and colossal masonry, apparently as resting-places for the dead. Within the Acropolis, and within a circuit of similar great masonry, though in some places ruder, we have the dead, with all their jewels, buried in small rock coffins, with layers of pebbles and earth covering them. There seems no trace whatever of a passage into the tombs through the Cyclopean wall on their west side, though the rapid fall of the hill would have made it not difficult. But Dr. Schliemann has so hidden the great Cyclopean wall here by throwing over his rubbish, that all inquiry into such a solution is at present impossible.

Assuming all his descriptions to be accurate, and these tombs to be really mere holes in the ground, how can the same people have built the House of Atreus? Let me add, what Dr. Schliemann has kept out of sight all through his book, that the walls he unearthed round the stone circle are mostly miserably built, with ill-fitting small stones—so bad as to look like Turkish walls, and that the *θριγκός*, or inclosure of slabs, is itself flimsy and poor enough—in fact, as Mr. Simpson suggests, a mere imitation in stone of a wooden fence. Though I have heard Mr. Newton make light of this contrast, and say that the same people might build massive walls and mere temporary partitions, I cannot but think so great a difference in execution, especially in so sacred a place, is an important fact, and I know that Ernst Curtius thought so when we talked over the matter at Athens.

If, then, these contrasts indeed separate the Mycenæan tombs into two distinct classes, what is their relation? Mr. Newton is said by Dr. Schliemann to think the treasuries the older. With the greatest diffidence I venture to suggest the reverse theory, and that the tombs in the Acropolis, with all their gold, their imported manufactures, and their barbaric splendour, are the work of an older and richer race, which had developed personal ornament, but which had not learned to build with the skill and power which belongs to the Cyclopean builders. If, as Mr. Simpson holds, this sort of massive building, which extends only over the N.W. Mediterranean, was the result of special teaching by a special race of builders, we can imagine them coming to Mycenæ after its kings had become powerful by wealth and known by commerce. We can imagine them teaching a newer and more splendid way of entombing the dead, in which the rich jewels and offerings should not be hidden and crushed, but safely preserved in a spacious tomb. We can imagine them rebuilding the Acropolis wall and gates, and making Mycenæ indeed a "well-built city." But if the Acropolis had already been such a fortress as it then became, it is inexplicable how such a building as the house of Atreus, whether it be a treasury or a tomb, should have been built outside the fortification. But I find myself supporting conclusions instead of abiding by my intention of merely stating problems.

The practical issue of all the remarks I have hazarded upon the splendid book before us is this: We must lay aside all the theories contained in it, we must submit all the Greek texts quoted at random to a critical revision, and see how many of them bear on the question. We must further insist upon the accurate establishing of each fact by itself, and not in relation to some enthusiastic hypothesis. When all the literary materials are thus sifted, men of long experience in archæology may proceed, by the light of the admirable illustrations in the book, to find out, through comparison and analogy, the parentage and the probable age of this early and barbaric, but yet elaborate and advanced, handiwork.

Whatever the result may be, future generations can never forget the labours and the successes of Dr. Schliemann. There are many merchants in England with far larger fortunes than his, and yet which of them is inspired with the idea of applying his wealth to so noble

and instructive a field of discovery? How few men there are, too, who would work away, in spite of detraction and enmity, and labour to obtain knowledge, or, it may be, treasure, which ceases to be his own as soon as he has found it, and passes by law into the museums of the Greek nation? And now there will be added to his trials the sceptical doubts and the refutations of scholars, who sit at home and view, through the microscope of criticism, his bold and poetical theories! It is not, therefore, without some compunctions that I feel the tone of the foregoing article may be called unsympathetic, and perhaps wanting in respect for so unique and brilliant an excavator. Most of the objections, however, will be found to lie, not against Dr. Schliemann's genius and industry, but against the theories which his wonderful and sudden discoveries induced him to adopt. In the interests of truth he will pardon me for submitting these theories to an adverse criticism; perhaps my objections may even lead him to establish them on better evidence.

It will appear from like considerations why I have not devoted to Mr. Gladstone's brilliant preface an adequate share of this review. Mr. Gladstone reasons upon Dr. Schliemann's premises, and, assuming that the tomb is that of the Homeric Agamemnon, he proceeds to show that its circumstances, and the nature of its ornamentation, are not contradictory to the inferences which may be drawn from the text of Homer. Though fully appreciating the ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone's reasoning, and the eloquence of his exposition, I am as yet totally unable to see any probability in the identifying of any of the bodies with that of a Homeric Agamemnon; and until this difficulty be overcome, it seems premature to enter into the sifting of the details which Mr. Gladstone has gathered together with his usual learning, and proposed, with great diffidence and modesty, to support a merely conjectural theory. Nevertheless, the preface adds a most agreeable and valuable chapter, and his name will lend additional dignity and importance to a book which must be regarded as marking an epoch in the study of antiquity.

J. P. Mahaffy.

DULCISSIMA! DILECTISSIMA!

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ANTIQUARY.

"Come, my dears," said I, looking in upon the room where my children were engaged in their various avocations; "come and see what a very interesting acquisition I have got to my collection of antiquities. It is the remains of a little Roman girl just discovered close to the place where the foundations of the Roman villa were turned up last summer; and it seems very probable that this little girl was a daughter of the house. Here is the glass jar—a more elegant and beautiful one than I have ever before seen used for the purpose—which contains her ashes; here is the lamp to light her on her last dark journey; here are the little ornaments she used to wear—mark especially this exquisitely enamelled *fibula;* here are her little shoes all quaintly studded with brass nails."

"O what funny shoes!" exclaimed one; "there must have been very bad roads in those days, when even little girls wore shoes studded with nails like that."

"On the contrary," said I, "the Romans were the first road-makers in the world; but never mind that now, here is the stone tablet which records her history, and a very interesting one it is."

D M
LVC. METELLAE
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VIX. ANN. VI.

"The letters D M at the top stand for Diis Manibus, something like," said I, with a free translation suited to family comprehension, "our 'Sacred to the Memory of.' The inscription then reads thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Lucia Metella, a little daughter most sweet, most tenderly beloved. She lived six years.' Observe that the Romans always, as Dr. Bruce remarks, avoided the mention of death; they tell us how long a person lived, never when he died. But is it not interesting," I went on, "to find more than a thousand years ago, and among a stern and warlike people like the Romans, these little touches of family tenderness and love?"

"O how very interesting! What a charming acquisition! How excited Dr. Harris (Dr. Harris was the antiquary of the district next in repute to myself) will be when he sees it!" were the various parting remarks made by my auditors, as they scampered back to their ordinary employments.

All but one. My Lily, my youngest, the apple of my eye, still stood, her fair head resting on her slender arms, gazing in silence, her lips slightly parted, a tear trembling in each soft blue eye, upon the relics of the little Roman girl. At last she spoke—

"Papa," she said, "this little girl was just the same age that I am."

"Yes, my darling," I said, "that is so; and moreover," I added, as a playful diversion to the child's gloom, "both your names begin with L—another coincidence."

But the thought that was in the child's heart was too deep for playfulness. After a pause she spoke again in pleading tones—

"Dear papa," she said, "it seems so pitiful for this poor little girl to lie here among all these queer things."

"My darling," said I, "these queer things, as you call them, are Roman things, such as this little girl was accustomed to see around her every day during her lifetime. Indeed, many of them came from the villa of which it seems very probable that she was the daughter."

"But dear papa," she said, "you

would not like *me*, when I am gone, to be laid out like a curiosity, and have strangers come and examine the little things I used to be fond of, and remark what funny shoes I had."

"Well—but, my dear child," said I, "what would you do with her?"

"I would bury her," she said, with childish seriousness, "in the garden, beneath the weeping ash, where good old Cato and my dear little dicky and Willy's white rabbit are buried. And —and," she added, in a lower voice, "I would add upon the stone, if there is room, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

"My darling," I said, "I think all that would be a little incongruous; but I'll tell you what we might do," I went on, as a device occurred to me, which I thought might soothe the feelings of the child, "you shall gather from time to time fresh flowers to lay upon her as she lies, and then, if her poor little spirit can look down upon this world, she will see that, though a thousand years have passed, one dear little English girl still watches over her with tenderness and love."

"O yes," she said, brightening at the idea, "I think she would like that. I will gather fresh snowdrops for her now, and then when summer comes again I will change them for violets."

"*When summer comes again!*" A sudden pang of foreboding shot through my heart as the dear child spoke. She too was most sweet—she too was most tenderly beloved. But we were not without our fears on her account, and anxious whispers had passed between my wife and myself respecting her. But I cast aside the fears, as presently she returned, eager in her little work of love, with the snowdrops she had gathered, and, sitting down by my side as I was engaged in making out the maker's name upon the vase, she wove them with deft fingers into a pretty wreath, which done, she reverently laid it in its place, and hand-in-hand we left the room together.

The next morning after breakfast I had a considerable amount of congenial work to do. In the first place there was a full and detailed account of these interesting discoveries for the County Society of which I was President, then a more condensed report for the Society of Antiquaries, of which I was a Fellow, various questions of detail had to be examined and elucidated, and in the course of the morning an artist was to come up to take photographs of all these rare and beautiful objects. While I was thus engaged my wife entered the room with a troubled countenance.

"I am very uneasy," she said, "about dear Lily; she talks in such a strange way about a little girl in white that appeared to her last night. Of course it's all imagination, but I am afraid it looks as if there was something not quite right with her."

"We must have it looked to immediately," I replied, gravely; "perhaps we ought to have had some better advice before. I will send off at once to London for Dr. S——, and as the distance is not great, we may have him with us this evening. In the meantime, will you send Lily to me, and let me hear what she has to say?"

"Now, my darling," I said, as Lily entered the room, "come and tell papa all about it."

She climbed upon my knee, threw her arms about my neck, and hiding her face against my breast, as is sometimes the wont of children when they have something grave to relate, she went on—

"I fell asleep, you know, papa dear, with my thoughts full of this poor little girl. I awoke in the night with a trouble, I could scarcely tell what, upon my mind. When I looked up, I saw standing by my bedside a little girl dressed all in white, and pale—oh! so pale. She held in her hand a wreath of snowdrops like the one that I had made, and looking at me with a mournful expression, but still very very kindly, she stretched forth her hand as if to hand me back the wreath. When I looked again, she had disappeared."

I reasoned for some time with the child, trying to persuade her that what she fancied she had seen was only the result of her own excited imagination; but I could clearly see that though her deference to me prevented her from disputing anything I said, her belief in the reality of what she had seen remained unshaken. I saw too that the feeling on her mind was something more than mere sentiment. I saw how deeply she felt pained that the loved daughter of a thousand years ago should be treated so differently to our loved ones of to-day, and I resolved that, great as the sacrifice was, it should not stand in the way of the happiness, and perhaps the health, of my beloved child.

So at last I said to her, "Well now, my darling, just tell me what you think should be done, and what this little girl would like if she could tell us."

She burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and sobbed out—

"O! dear papa, I know you are so fond of it."

"My darling," I said, "all the antiquities in the world are as nothing —*nothing* compared to my dear little girl's peace of mind."

"O, dear papa," she said, through her tears, "how can I ever, ever love you enough!"

"My darling," said I, "I know you love me as I love you. But now, what is it you think this little girl would like?"

"I think that what she wants is to be laid in her grave in peace."

"And so it shall be," I replied; "and it shall be done at once."

So we dug a grave in the corner of the garden where all the departed pets of the family were laid, and had it carefully lined with flat stones like a miniature vault, and therein we two—the puzzled gardener looking on —reverently laid the young Roman girl, with all her little treasures disposed around her, filled in the earth, and set up the stone tablet at the head.

We had scarcely finished our task when a well-known form was seen stalking up the avenue, and Lily, touching my hand in a little tremor, whispered—

"O papa! Doctor Harris!"

Dr. Harris was the vice-president of the society of which I was president, an ardent antiquary, and in the main a very good fellow. But he was one of those men whose excessive vitality sometimes gives an appearance of roughness to their manner. I knew full well that the sensitive nature of my little girl made her rather shrink from his somewhat boisterous advances; and I had a pretty shrewd guess that poor Dr. Harris, glaring over the remains with his portentous spectacles, was in the mind's eye of the child when she made her appeal on Lucia's behalf. He was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of sentiment, and in fact the last person we should have liked to come upon us in our present employment. I advanced to meet him, intending to explain it to him privately. But as he approached, he hallooed out with all the force of his lungs—

"Lucky dog! I've heard of your discovery. Everything comes to you. Why does not some little Roman girl fling herself into *my* arms?"

And as he spoke he stretched out his arms, either in indication of his readiness to receive such a visitor, or as a salutation to my little girl, who had sheltered herself behind me. I took him aside to explain to him the state of the case.

"The fact is," said I, "that my dear little girl, whose health you know is rather delicate, took it so much to heart, that for her sake I have buried all the relics again."

"I see," he said, "and when the fit's over you'll dig them up again."

"Not so," said I, for some of my little girl's earnestness had imparted itself to me; "she shall lie in her grave for me till God comes to judge the world."

"Well, but, I say," he went on, "suppose I come up some morning

with a brand new doll, promise me you won't stand in the way of business."

"My dear friend," said I, "when you have a little girl like my Lily—I recommend you to take the preliminary steps" (the Doctor was a bachelor)—"you will get to know something of what such little minds are capable."

"Ah!" he said; "*ah!* Now let me in my turn give you a little bit of advice. In case a couple of doctors come up some morning to interview you, if they should try to lead the conversation to this subject, be on your guard lest it should turn out to be a case of *de lunatico inquirendo.*"

So saying, all in perfect good humour, "it was," as people said, "his way," he took his departure, leaving me for once not sorry to get rid of him.

By and by the photographer came up, and instead of the relics he was sent for to depict, we found him some work to do in the shape of sundry little groups of merry and happy children.

And towards evening the great physician from London made his appearance. He was one of those few men who, in addition to the skill born of natural sagacity and vast experience, are indued with something of that subtle intuitiveness which is a gift not to be acquired. And moreover, he had that winning charm of manner which makes even the most sensitive of patients yield up their inmost secrets. He listened with much attention and interest to the story we had to tell him, and had a long interview with Lily by herself before he came to us in the study, where we were anxiously waiting for his opinion.

"Well!" he said, "there is no great harm done as yet, but your little girl will require great care—very great care." And he then went into various details, which it is not necessary here to recapitulate. Before taking his departure, however, he said—

"Just one word more. Let me tell you, my friend, you never did a wiser thing than when you yielded to your little girl's—whim I don't like to call it, for it seems more of a sacred feeling—about the Roman girl. I know well what a sacrifice it must have been, but I frankly own to you that I would not have liked to be responsible for the case of this child—so sensitive as she seems to be to certain deep impressions—with such a burthen on her pure, unselfish little mind."

"I cannot tell you, doctor," said I, "how thankful I am to you for that opinion, for now, thus fortified, I can set down my foot on all cavillers and scoffers. But does there not seem to be something not easy to understand in all this?" I went on. "My little girl retired to rest so perfectly satisfied with what I proposed, that it is difficult to conceive how anything could have arisen out of her own inner consciousness to produce such a remarkable impression upon her mind."

"I think it may be accounted for on natural principles," he replied. "Your little girl's own idea was a genuine one. She felt pained that the remains of a beloved daughter should be exposed to the vulgar gaze like, to use her own words, 'a curiosity.' Your alternative proposal, intended for the purpose of soothing her mind and at the same time keeping your treasures, was, however well-intentioned, something of a sham. Her deference to you, and perhaps a specious show of sentiment in the proposal, reconciled her to it in the first instance. But in the stillness of the night her little mind, brooding over it, waking or sleeping, came at last to see it in its true light, and produced on her, unduly excited as she probably was, this remarkable impression. This seems to me a fair way of accounting for it, but nevertheless I would not say that there is no other. Much as I despise the opinions of those who would have us believe that the spirits of the loved departed come back to twitch our hair and to play tricks upon tables, I dare not say that between two loving and kindred spirits

circumstances may not arise to create a mysterious bond of sympathy for which it is beyond our philosophy to account."

"Something of that sort," said I, "seems to have been the belief of the Romans, who held that the *manes*, or spirits of the departed, attached themselves as guardian angels to kindred spirits yet on earth."

"Well, however it be," said he, rising to take his leave, "there is no doubt that the best cure for all such mental disturbances is a perfect state of bodily health. And I trust that with the return of warm summer weather, your dear little girl may regain all her wonted health and spirits."

"Amen!" said I. "Doctor, amen!"

* * * * *

Summer had come again. The golden sunlight shed a glory on our stately elms, and cast their flickering shadows on the grass; the birds—we all loved and cherished them—sang their blithe carols on every side; all nature around seemed wakened to new life and loveliness. Within, all was darkness and desolation; for the edict had gone forth that Lily was to die, and not to live.

I had prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God would spare me this one ewe lamb, but it was not to be. In spite of all that skill and tenderness could do, the disease had of late so rapidly gained ground, that now even love could no longer hope. She had seen, she told us, the little Roman girl once more, bright and glorious as an angel, with outstretched arms and loving smiles, waiting to welcome her; and too well we knew what that sign meant.

I stole to her bedside for the few minutes during which, in her now weak state, I was allowed to be with her. I found her propped up with pillows so that she could get a view of the loved garden corner where, among the childish graves, the sunlight flecked with gold the grey memorial-stone of Lucia. Her fair hair, soft and glossy as floss-silk, hung round her in tangled waves, that told of the restlessness of weariness and pain. Her sweet face was drawn in by hard, cruel lines, till the blue eyes stood out unnaturally large and bright; her poor little wasted arms trembled as she stretched them out to me. The wan little face lighted up with smiles as I approached, and, taking her hand in mine, bent over her to listen to her accents, now scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh! dear papa!" she said, "how I have longed for your coming. It is of you I have been thinking all this morning. How good you have been to me always—always—and especially that one time when you gave me up Lucia. She will be the first to meet me, for she will run before the rest, and I will take her by the hand, and lead her up to dear Aunt Mary and grandmamma; and I will take her aside and tell her all, and she shall love you—Oh! how she shall love you! And then, oh, dearest—dearest papa!—when you—come—we ——" The lips still moved with loving words, but the feeble voice was choked.

Yet three days more, and I stood again by her bedside—to kiss for the last time the dear lips that should never smile a welcome to me more—to press for the last time the little hand that should never twine itself in mine again. All trace of weariness and pain had passed away; she lay, her long silky lashes veiling her drooped eyes, as in the slumber of innocence and peace. And on her breast—laid by unseen hands—was a cluster of summer violets.

They sleep together in God's acre—the loved ones of a thousand years apart. It was Lily's last request that the little Roman girl should rest by her side under the shadow of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

O, Dulcissima! Dilectissima!

R. Ferguson.

FAMINES AND FLOODS IN INDIA.

"All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."—*Ecclesiastes* i. 7.

THE sympathies of England have been so thoroughly aroused by the terrible calamity which has fallen on Southern India that no excuse seems needed for any one, however insignificant his position may be, who should essay to contribute his mite of information on the steps which are necessary for mitigating or preventing future famines in Hindustan. On so important and many-sided a subject it is of course to be expected that the special bias of each thinker will attach a greater weight to the arguments he adduces, and that personal experiences will magnify the efficiency of the remedies he proposes. Still, in the present incomplete state of our knowledge, this can scarcely be deemed an evil; since the thorough sifting of the evidence, which must result from the determination of the English public to arrive at a proper judgment on this grave question, will separate the chaff from such good grain as may reasonably be expected to be found in the gleanings of earnest labourers on so wide a field of research. It is in this sense, therefore, that I venture to ask consideration for such facts bearing on the problem of droughts in the Carnatic as have been noted in a tolerably varied experience of twenty years, which have been chiefly spent in the East.

To arrive at a just conclusion as to what should be done, it is necessary to know what has already been done. A short description will therefore be given of the results of irrigational expenditure which has been made by the English in Southern India, while a brief survey will be taken of what remains to be done on this head. The grave question will then be raised whether, concurrently with the execution of such works, the unremitting physical decay of the country, which is the consequence of "what men daily do, not knowing what they do," and which is caused by the necessities of a constantly increasing and uninformed population, does not demand the instant interference of the Government? I shall endeavour to impress the extreme urgency of this question on my readers; since not only the efficacy of future outlay on irrigation works, but that which has already been made in the past, depend on its true comprehension. Whatever may be the policy which is ultimately determined upon, with the object of mitigating the effects of famine in India, or whether, indeed, any such policy be adopted or not, I shall show that further neglect of the changes which are being induced by the destructive action of mankind must be replaced by energetic restorative measures, if Nature is to be robbed of her inexorable revenge, and the fatal march of wide-spread calamity is to be arrested.

I remember assisting, in silence, some sixteen years ago, at a conversation which took place within the precincts of the most sacred sanctuary of South Indian vapidity: I mean the bar of the Madras Club. Jones and Brown, of the Civil Service, were discussing a letter which Sir Arthur Cotton, of the old corps of Madras Engineers, had addressed to one of the London journals, on his well-worn topic, the advantages of extending canals of irrigation and navigation in India. It was Agassiz who said that, when a great fact was brought to

light, people first denied its truth, but eventually admitted it, with the qualification that everybody knew it before. The Indian career of Sir Arthur had been spent in urging his views against the crass opposition of a now, happily, obsolete school, and, when he left the country, his arguments had been thoroughly accepted, at least, in principle. Brown and Jones were of the old obstructive party, and had fought in the ranks of the beaten side, which could not brook that an engineer should show a civilian how to develop and improve a Collectorate. But stern facts had been too much for them, for the conversation I mention ended with the sneer, "*Oh! yes, of course; there's nothing like leather!*" These wiseacres had evidently arrived at the last stage described by the Swiss naturalist, and were unwilling to allow the great hydraulic engineer and statesman any credit for the benefits he had conferred on Southern India—benefits, however, which, it may as well be remarked, form the frequent topic of conversation, and call forth gratitude among thousands of the agricultural population of Madras.

People of the stamp of Brown and Jones forget what Sydney Smith said, that—

"He is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long and so loud and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him. He is the discoverer who is so deeply impressed with the importance of his discovery, that he will take no denial, but at the risk of fortune and of fame pushes through all opposition, and is determined that what he thinks he has discovered shall not perish for want of a fair trial."

It is the great merit of Sir Arthur Cotton, that through good report and evil report, he persistently preached the necessity of extending irrigation in Southern India; and to such an extent, indeed, did he press his views that one governor of Madras was foolish enough to deny him admission into Government House. That Sir Arthur was no more the discoverer of that necessity of irrigation for the Madras Presidency than Macadam was the first person who broke up stones for road-making is, of course, perfectly true.

"In no other part of the world," wrote the late lamented Colonel J. C. Anderson, of the Madras Engineers, "has so much been done by ancient native rulers for the development of the resources of the country. The further south one goes, and the further the old Hindoo polity was removed from the disturbing influence of foreign conquest, the more complete and elaborate was the system of agriculture, and the irrigation works connected with it. . . . Every available source of supply was utilised, and works in advance of the supply have been executed, for tanks have been very generally constructed, not only for general rainfall, but for exceptional rainfall. . . . Irrigation from rivers and channels, or by these and tanks combined, was also carried on. . . . On the whole, the channels are inferior to the tanks, for the system of distribution of water from them is very defective."

In the Carnatic alone there are some 30,000 irrigation tanks, while from the top of a hill in the Colar district of Mysore, it is said that 400 of these works can be counted.

Now in considering facts like these, it may perhaps be asked, In what lies the importance of the services which Sir Arthur Cotton has rendered to the Government and to the population of Southern India? For many years, it may be remarked, there was an influential party of officials (chiefly, of course, civilians) who denied that any public benefit whatever had accrued from the expenditure which had been entered into in consequence of the perpetual worrying of the Government by Sir Arthur Cotton and those who supported him. Figures have, however, recently become available, which show the results of outlay made upon some important irrigation schemes in the Madras Presidency during the past forty years. Since these figures, besides their general interest, have a special bearing on the state policy of *extraordinary* expenditure on Indian Public Works—a policy that has been vehemently attacked in some quarters — I shall submit a *résumé* of them to my readers. It should be remarked that the figures,

which have been arrived at after years of contention, are due to the investigations of an official committee, in which both engineers and members of the Civil Service were represented. I would specially recommend these results to the consideration of Mr. J. Dacosta, who stated in a letter to the *Daily News* that—

> "A fact worthy of particular attention with regard to the irrigation works in India is, that while the schemes devised or carried out by the British Government have, as an almost invariable rule, proved to be failures, the native works (some of which we restored and enlarged) have been successful, and have supplied the great bulk of the artificial irrigation hitherto enjoyed."

I will now state the disbursements and receipts for each of the works about to be specified; up to the latest date for which the detailed figures are available.

(*a*) *The Godavery delta system:* a British work.—For this, it appears, that up to the 31st March, 1875, the outlay was 691,055*l.*, while the net revenue receipts which were due to this outlay, amounted to 1,746,822*l.*, that is, there was a *prima facie* gain of 1,055,767*l.* The committee were, however, instructed to add to the capital outlay the interest charges upon it; and the outlay *plus* the interest thus amounted to 1,160,915*l.* On the other hand no interest was allowed to be credited on the past revenue derived from the works; so that, by this one-sided arrangement, the payments into the treasury, in excess of capital and interest charges, were reduced to 585,907*l.* Had such interest been allowed upon receipts, or had receipts been taken in reduction of capital outlay, the balance standing to the credit of the Godavery delta works would have been 947,340*l.* on the 31st March, 1875.

(*b*) *The Kistna delta system:* a British work. — Up to the before-mentioned date, the outlay amounted to 449,390*l.*, while the interest charges were 264,666*l.*, making a total of 714,056*l.* The net revenue amounted to 686,621*l.*, and the account, therefore, shows a loss of 27,435*l.* But had interest been allowed on surplus receipts, as a set-off against interest on outlay, the less than half-finished Kistna works would have had a balance of 84,600*l.* to their credit.

(*c*) *The Cauvery delta system:* a British extension and improvement of a Native work.—The capital outlay amounted to 134,809*l.*, while the interest on this was 124,545*l.*, thus making the charges 259,435*l.* up to the same date as before. The revenue returns up to 31st March, 1874, were 2,146,345*l.*, or say 2,254,345*l.* up to the 31st March, 1875—since the net annual revenue is about 108,000*l.* The balance standing to the credit of the works, according to the system of account laid down, is therefore the difference of 2,254,345*l.* and 259,435*l.*, or 1,994,910*l.* only; but had interest been allowed on net revenue receipts as well as upon outlay, the balance standing to the credit of the Cauvery irrigation system would have been 3,294,040*l.* on the last date mentioned.

The general result of these three irrigation systems, as regards balances of receipts above charges, is therefore—

	With Interest.	Without Interest.
Godavery .	£947,340	£585,970
Kistna . .	84,600	27,435 *minus.*
Cauvery .	3,294,040	1,994,910
TOTALS .	£4,325,980	£2,553,382

N.B.—In the foregoing figures two shillings have been taken as the value of one rupee.

Now the whole outlay of the Madras Public Works Department during the past forty years upon the above three delta systems, and on thirty-two other comparatively important irrigation schemes in Southern India, has been less than two-and-a-quarter millions sterling. Of this expenditure, 1,275,335*l.* disbursed upon the Godavery, Kistna, and Cauvery systems have been recouped, while the interest charges thereon have been repaid.

The accounts for five only, out of the thirty-two other schemes, have been ordered to be prepared; while those for the remaining twenty-seven works will probably never be compiled; but taking the extreme supposition that all have been entirely unremunerative in the past (which, however, it may be said, *en passant,* is not the case), and that the interest charges amount to 75 per cent on the expended capital, the sum remaining to be recovered on these works will be—

Capital	£974,665
Interest	730,992
TOTAL	£1,705,657

Deducting this from the amount of 2,553,382*l.* standing to the credit of the Godavery, Cauvery, and Kistna works, the net profits, according to the one-sided system of accounts that has been described, are 847,725*l.*; and would have been 2,620,323*l.*, had interest been allowed on surplus receipts paid into the public treasury, or had such receipts been taken in reduction of capital outlay.

At the lower computation it is thus seen that, at any rate, a lump sum of about 850,000*l.* has been gained; or, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, an annual income of 38,250*l.* Besides this, the present net annual revenue of the three great irrigation systems of Southern India stands as follows:—

Godavery	£145,000
Kistna	70,000
Cauvery	108,000
TOTAL	£323,000

i.e. the above works are paying respectively 21, $15\frac{1}{2}$, and 80 per cent per annum on the capital outlay made upon them. For the expenditure, therefore, that has been incurred, an annual revenue of 361,250*l.* has accrued; and this return, it must be remembered, is the Government share only of the profits resulting from increased production. The natives of Southern India in these three localities alone have also acquired an increased annual revenue of at least one-and-a-half million sterling, or a capital of thirty-three-and-a-half millions has been added to the value of the lands they cultivate; to say nothing of their indirect gain by the development of trade at the port of Coconada, which the Godavery delta works have been the means of creating. Taking the gain to the state, and the gain to the people, the actual wealth that has resulted to the country amounts to at least forty-five millions sterling, from the policy the Government has pursued during the past forty years.

The further expenditure of about one-and-a-half millions sterling that is required to bring the three great delta systems and the next five more important and still unfinished irrigation schemes of Southern India to their full development, may be expected to bear analogous results. The interest on this expenditure may be anticipated to raise the total charges to three millions sterling before the works are entirely completed, so that the future annual charge on this head would be 135,000*l.* per annum.

Hazarding the extravagant supposition that this necessary outlay will not increase the future revenues by a single shilling above their present amount, the actual gain by carrying out the above specified irrigation works of Southern India would still stand at more than 226,000*l.* per annum!

As a matter of fact, it is beyond all question that the further necessary outlay on irrigation in Southern India will not only cause the revenue to rise steadily, but will add to those guarantees against famines which all people must now be convinced are more and more urgently demanded as the numbers of the population increase. The second-class system of the Pennair river irrigation of Nellore has been an entire success, seeing that the return of net revenue on the capital outlay has reached $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The now nearly completed system on the Tambrapoorney river of Tinnevelly, which will cost about

120,000*l.*, already returns nearly four per cent, and may be expected to reach as much as 10 per cent when the whole of the lands to be watered come under its influence.

Even the unsatisfactory situation of the Madras Irrigation and Canal Company, that entails a present charge of about 80,000*l.* per annum on the Indian revenues, does not affect the position taken up in the foregoing sketch of the benefits which have been derived from this class of outlay by the state. I have not the information that would enable me to explain the causes of this financial *fiasco.* Nor have I that sufficient acquaintance with other parts of India which would justify me in entering on the causes of certain irrigation works in the Northern Provinces being much less remunerative than in Madras. Still every one with the most elementary knowledge of the subject is aware that topographical advantages, as well as the existence of a system of irrigation tanks, whose previously fluctuating revenues were guaranteed immediately upon the opening of canals which supplied them, are the chief reasons of the enormously favourable results which have been obtained in the south as compared with the north of India. All such considerations are, however, beside the fact of the efficiency of irrigation works as a safeguard against famine. In Bengal alone, where there was a dead loss on such works to the imperial revenues during 1875-76 of 203,700*l.*, it is important to note, that in the year of drought 1873-74 the value of the crops saved by one such unfinished system of canals amounted to 480,000*l.*! Similarly, it is certain that the canals of the Madras Irrigation Company have saved thousands of lives during the present calamity, while the cultivators have been driven by dire necessity from the blind adherence to old customs, and have taken up in this year some six or seven times the quantity of water they used last year on agriculture. It appears therefore that even in a strictly commercial point of view the works of the company, notwithstanding the pecuniary waste that has occurred upon them, may be regarded hopefully.

Such is the outcome of the policy which, without doing injustice to many other officers of the Madras Engineers who ably supported him, may chiefly be ascribed to the genius and foresight of Sir Arthur Cotton. And though no such enormous results as have been obtained in the Cauvery delta can be looked for from future outlay in Southern India, and though no other delta remains, like that of the Godavery, to be transformed from comparative desolation to fertility, there is yet a material increase of revenue, and a co-existent increase of national wealth, to be obtained in the first locality, as well as in the central portion of the second. Besides these, the Kistna works yet remain half finished, in consequence of the refusal of the Government of India to allot funds for their energetic prosecution, until the whole of the detailed estimates, which will amount to more than a million sterling, have been prepared and submitted. Concurrently with this refusal, the local engineer establishment which must prepare these estimates is kept by the same supreme authority on the most insufficient scale. Such a course must have the effect of indefinitely, if not dangerously, delaying the day when thousands of acres of land shall be brought under irrigation to supply large quantities of food for the population of less happily situated districts in times of future scarcity. It is a case like this that makes Madrassees sigh for the decentralization of Indian Government which is recommended by Mr. Bright. However, the present sufferings of the Southern Presidency will not have been in vain should public opinion declare itself sternly against the continuance of so suicidal a policy on the part of the Government of India.

So far therefore from outlay on irri-

gation having occasioned any financial embarrassment, or being likely to do so, in Southern India, it is clear that it has permanently increased, and in every probability will steadily continue to add to the resources of the Government and the general wealth of the people. With these facts before us, can it be wondered that Mr. Bright should lead the way in pressing on public attention the proposals of the eminent hydraulic engineer to whose initiative and consistent, unremitting counsel such enormous benefits have already been conferred upon the people of Madras?

It may, of course, be just possible that the critics of Sir Arthur Cotton's policy are in the right, and that he imperfectly appreciates the needs and dangers of India. But the fact is, that on the one side stands a successful specialist, while on the other stand his opponents, of whom it is no disparagement to say that neither in knowledge nor in practical experience do they pretend to approach the authority whom they criticise! "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"—for a dying matter it is for the millions of India, as sad experience has shown.

It will not have escaped the penetration of my critical readers, that in the sketch which I have submitted of the effect of outlay upon irrigation projects in the Madras Presidency, I have prominently noticed those great works, where the volume and continuity of the available water supply, as well as the favourable features of the country, have offered very advantageous conditions for success. This course has been necessitated by the circumstance, that for these great works alone have the capital and revenue accounts been as yet compiled from the state records. The results are sufficient to give a complete denial to those who have had the stupid audacity to advance that the incomplete figures, formally available for these schemes, were nothing but "a gigantic swindle!" Future investigation of records will doubtless show for those secondary works of which the capital and revenue accounts have not yet been compiled, that the great bulk of the expenditure which has been devoted to irrigation during the past forty years (and there was none of any moment previously) has permanently added to the wealth of Southern India, out of all proportion to the money which has been temporarily advanced for this purpose. Incomplete figures are however available for one of such irrigation systems, viz., that of the Palar River, and these may now be mentioned; more especially as I am about to offer some remarks upon the works of which these may be taken as a type. The essential difference distinguishing the three great delta systems from the greater part of the old native works of the Madras Presidency consists in the fact that the food supply, which is a matter of certainty in the former, goes far to make up for the precarious nature of agricultural operations in the latter. And between these two extremes is a third class of works, which have been designed to utilise intermittent supplies of water by supplementing the deficiencies of the local rain-fed reservoirs.

It would seem that the revenue derivable in a bad year from the Palar works, which belong to the class last mentioned, does little more than pay their actual working expenses; though at the same time the results of a series of years are considerably more favourable. For example, up to the 31st March, 1873, the difference between the net revenue paid into the Treasury and the interest charges on the capital outlay amounted to 47,962*l.*; or, in other words, something less than one half of the original expenditure had been recouped. These irrigation works appear to have been designed for the distribution of more water than experience has shown to be available in ordinary years, and in this respect they may be admitted to be a failure, since the profits which were anticipated

from the outlay made upon them have not generally been obtained. The Palar drains a tract of country entirely dependent upon the rainfall of the north-east monsoon; and it is evident that it must be a more expensive matter to draw a supply for a given area of cultivation from a river which may be in fresh for ten days only in a year, than from one which is in fresh for sixty days in the year, as is the case with even the Pennair River of Nellore.

The question arises, how it was that more water than experience has shown to be actually available was counted on by the designers of the Palar works? And I venture to think that the answer to this question will materially assist the comprehension of the *modus operandi* of drought in South India generally, and will indicate the remedies which are in consequence called for.

Out of the twenty-one districts of the Madras Presidency, eighteen are almost entirely removed from the influence of the heavy rain, which falls during the south-west monsoon on the slopes and summits of the Western Ghauts. In some of these eighteen districts there are rivers, such as the Godavery, the Kistna, the Cauvery, and the Tambrapoorney, whose sources are partially fed by these rains, and such rivers consequently carry tolerably continuous streams; which are utilized in the enormously advantageous way already set forth. But, over the greater part of the Madras Presidency, the uncertainty of the rainfall during the north-east monsoon necessitates the storage of water for agricultural purposes, and the numerous irrigation reservoirs which are scattered over the face of the country are the outcome of this need of the cultivators. Now, as heretofore, in the words of the historian Orme,

"The revenues of the Carnatic depend on the quantities of water which are reserved to supply the defect of rain during the dry season of the year; for this purpose vast reservoirs have been formed, of which not only the construction, but even the repairs in cases of inundation, require an expense much beyond the faculties of the farmer or renter of land. If, therefore, the avarice of the prince withholds his hand from the preservation of these sources of fertility, and at the same time dictates to him an inflexible resolution of receiving his usual incomes, the farmer oppressed oppresses the labourer, and the misery of the people becomes complete by the vexations of collections exercised in times of scarcity, of which the cruel parsimony of the prince has been the principal cause."

Now the Palar flows through the centre of the tract of country whose former agricultural and fiscal economy is described in the foregoing passage.

It obviously became the duty of the British Government on succeeding to the possession of the Carnatic to take every means to do away with such a precarious state of matters, and to put agriculture on a firmer basis, by intercepting the drainage water carried down by the river to the sea, and to divert it through channels to be stored in the reservoirs which studded the face of the country. In this way, the indefinite nature of the cultivation of the Carnatic could, in ordinary years, be changed into a certainty, and food for the population would always be guaranteed, except in seasons of *minimum* rainfall.

It cannot be more than twenty-five years since the Palar works were commenced, and at that date there were trustworthy rainfall observations at the neighbouring observatory at Madras for a period of forty years previously. These records would certainly have formed a tolerably sure guide for estimating the precipitation in the drainage basin of the river, when taken in conjunction with such observations on the actual volume of the flowing stream as were doubtless made at the time the project was being matured. If, therefore, the present quantity of water flowing down the Palar is found to be much less than that for which the details of the scheme were designed, are we necessarily driven to the conclusion that the designers of the Palar works fell into a blunder? I venture to

think not, and will now give reasons pointing to the conclusion that the inadequate irrigative powers of this and other rivers of South India are due to a constant continuous change in the physical aspects of the country through which they flow. Moreover, it is on the re-establishment of previously existing secular conditions that a chief dependence must be placed for modifying the disastrous action of drought in Southern India generally. Until this particular problem has been satisfactorily grappled with, I confess I see but qualified advantages to be gained from the expenditure of money on such irrigation works as are chiefly dependent upon the rainfall of the north-east monsoon for their efficacy. At any rate, the solution of the problem will make all the difference whether future outlay on extensions and improvements of old works or on new works falling under the category specified will be a decided financial success; or whether one more weapon will be added to the armoury of those who think it useless to interpose for preventing the workings of natural checks upon a perpetually increasing population that is already of enormous dimensions. Some good people suppose that it is to emigration we must look for establishing a balance between the population and the available supplies of food. This resource may come into play in some dim future; but meanwhile it cannot be too earnestly noted that starvation and disease will replace the checks of old times. What those checks on the increase of the Indian population were, the readers of Orme's *History* will recall from the vivid accounts which are given in the pages of that work of the terrible inroads made into the Carnatic by the marauding armies of the Mahrattas during the greater part of the eighteenth century. Their leading idea in making war was, says the historian, to do "as much mischief as possible to the enemy's country. This they effect by driving off the cattle, destroying the harvest, burning the villages." . . . . The long continuance of these horrors, culminated in 1782, when a crisis supervened, which is thus described by a writer in the seventh volume of the *Asiatic Journal*:—

"For some years previous Hyder Ally had carried on a successful war against the Company, and had collected almost the entire revenue of the Carnatic. The whole country was overrun by his cavalry. . . . The Company's finances were at the lowest ebb, and their credit exhausted. The Madras army was paid and fed from Bengal. The calamities of war were at this time made more terrible by the effects of a dreadful famine which depopulated the Carnatic. The streets of the Fort of the Black Town, and the Esplanade of Madras, were covered with starved wretches, many of whom were dead, and others dying. The vultures, the pariah dogs, jackals, and crows were often seen eating the bodies before life was extinct!"

Then, as during the present calamity, and as it has ever been in India, the famished millions came to the seat of Government to draw their last breath, and so to cast a last silent reproach in the teeth of their rulers!

In perusing the narrative of Orme, the Anglo-Indian of to-day can scarcely fail to be struck with the frequent mention made of the thickets and forests which covered the now bare and arid plains of the Carnatic and the adjoining provinces. Scarcely a battle took place whose site was not in the neighbourhood of woods, while a detailed description is given of the jungles formerly covering the country from the latitude of Pulicat on the north to that of the Coleroon on the south. "Many of these wilds," says the historian, "are from fifteen to forty miles in circumference," and swarmed with game. It would be useless to quote the numerous extracts describing past aspects of the country, and showing to what an enormous extent the jungles of the Carnatic, and of the Peninsula generally, have been cut down during the past century. One very interesting passage of this nature refers to the thick woods surrounding the stronghold of the Rajahs of Bobbily, in the Northern Circars,

the site of the fearful tragedy in which Bussy was made an unwitting tool by an ancestor of the present Maharajah of Vizianagram. It is but a few days ago that I visited the locality, and as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but a sheet of rice-fields under artificial irrigation. Such are the changes which a century of peace and order has induced on the physical features of a part of Hindustan, the vastness of whose ancient forests is specially mentioned in the Rāmāyana, where the whole country between the Jumna and the Godavery is described as a wilderness. But this is a digression from the actual locality with which we are concerned.

It will be scarcely necessary to refer my readers to the pages of Mr. Marsh's work, *The Earth as Modified by Human Action*, for the proof of the fact that, as forests are cut down, the springs which flow from them, and consequently the water-courses which are fed by these, diminish in number, continuity, and volume. Observations in all parts of the world have established the fact that the diminution of flowing water has invariably followed the destruction of forests. Nor has the removal of woods a less certain or less marked effect upon the character of floods both in rivers and in torrents.

"The surface of a forest," says Mr. Marsh, in the work just mentioned, "can never, in its natural condition, pour forth such deluges of water as flow from cultivated soil, since vegetable mould not only absorbs nearly twice its own weight of water, but when saturated gives off moisture to the mineral earth below. The bed of leaves, moreover, that has not yet been converted into vegetable mould itself retains a very considerable proportion of rain, while the stumps and roots of fallen timber, the mosses, fungi, &c., in all forests oppose a mechanical resistance to the flow of water over the surface, and so sensibly retard the rapidity of its descent down declivities, and divert and divide streams which may have already accumulated from smaller threads of water. . . . Rivers fed by springs, and shaded by woods, are comparatively uniform in volume; they carry but little gravel or sediment from the high lands whence they flow, and their channels, therefore, are subject to gradual changes only."

Now the meteorological conditions of the valley of the Palar and of Southern India generally may not incorrectly be gathered, as I said before, from the observations recorded at the Madras Observatory. In the period including the twelve years from 1864 to 1875, the average number of days during which the north-east monsoon lasted was thirty-eight, while the average quantity of precipitation was 27·6 inches. It has already been explained that the north-east monsoon is the chief source which feeds the minor rivers of the Madras Presidency flowing into the Bay of Bengal. On the annual rainfall of 27·6 inches the cultivation has chiefly to depend; and were it possible to count on this average with tolerable certainty it would be a simple enough matter to calculate the exact state of the food supply of the country subjected to its influence. However, the question is not one of averages, but of extremes, as the following facts will show:—During the period of the twelve years just specified, the year 1867 had a rainfall during the north-east monsoon of 10·4 inches only, *i.e.*, 17·2 inches less than the average, and 21·4 inches less than the rainfall of 1866; a deficiency which, it is needless to say, could scarcely be compensated for by any quantity of water which could possibly be stored in existent irrigation reservoirs. Again, the north-east monsoon of the year 1872 had a rainfall of 24·8 inches above the average, and 20·7 inches above that of 1871. In such a year as 1872 the effects of an excessive fall of rain in Southern India will be that each drainage line will be changed into a torrent, and, rapidly filling up the first or highest of the chain of irrigation tanks which have been constructed along its course, will breach it. The whole body of flowing drainage, strongly reinforced by the contents of the upper tank which has burst, rushes violently down to the next tank, breaches that, and then precipitates itself upon and destroys the third one, and so on. This

process, it must be remembered, is going on along scores of secondary valleys, whose floods pour into the main river, and sweep away expensive railway-bridges or cause destructive inundations of crops growing upon its banks. Should the river be crossed by a weir, or *anicut*, as it is locally called, the probability is that this work, together with its subsidiary sluices which regulate the entry of water into the irrigation canals, are more or less seriously damaged, and their usefulness is thus impaired until they have undergone expensive repair. During extreme floods of this nature it is quite possible that the whole of the cultivation under the tanks, and other irrigation works of the affected district, may be completely ruined; and should a year of scanty rainfall unfortunately succeed such a year of flood, a famine will inevitably supervene, and widespread calamity among the people will certainly result.

Turning to the recorded figures for the flood discharge of the Palar River, we find that at Arcot, above which the drainage basin has an area of 3,700 square miles, a volume of 270,000 cubic feet per second, or a discharge of 74·3 cubic feet per second per square mile has been registered. Now an extraordinary flood in the Arve, which is a mountain torrent draining perhaps the most precipitous and snow-bound district in the world, amounted, *after eight days of continuous heavy rain* in May 1856, to as much as 21,700 cubic feet per second, *i.e.*, nearly 29 cubic feet per second flowed off each square mile of the drainage-basin of 770 square miles. The drainage carried by the Palar (whose basin, it must be noted, is about five times larger than that of the Arve) is consequently 45 cubic feet per second per square mile in excess of that carried by the Arve during a maximum flood, and some conception may be formed from the contrast of the enormous rate at which rain must be discharged from the surface of the comparatively level country that the Indian river traverses. Of course it should not be forgotten that in the case of the Palar we are dealing with tropical rainfall; but the extreme instance that has been given from the Arve narrows the difference in this respect as much as possible. Compared with the basin of the River Pennair above Nellore (which again, however, is five and a half times the size of the drainage basin of the Palar above Arcot), we find that this latter river discharges 56 cubic feet per second per square mile more than the former. In this case, again, an exact comparison cannot be made, since the larger size of the Pennair basin must act as a moderator of floods, just in the same way that the larger area of the Palar basin as compared with that of the Arve should have exemplified, had its physical characteristics not prevented it from doing so. But however inexact the parallels drawn may be, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the quantity of water flowing from every square mile of country that is drained by the Palar in maximum flood would suggest the existence of those evils which are mentioned in the passages quoted from Marsh even to people who have never visited the Carnatic.

To put this in a clear light we may consult the Madras rainfall figures for the years 1874, 1875, and 1876 and see what relation they bear to the calamity of 1877. The precipitation which occurred during the three years specified was respectively as follows:—36·9 inches, 20·9 inches, and 6·34 inches. Or, in other words, in 1874 there were 9·3 inches *more* than the average fall, while in 1875 there were 6·7 inches *less*, and in 1876 there were 21·26 inches *less* than the average rainfall. The results show that while in 1875 the rainfall was 16 inches less than in 1874, that of 1876 was 14·56 inches less than in 1875; that is to say, a year when rain fell in quantities well above the average was followed by one of rain well below the average, and this again by another of very

deficient rainfall. The error must not, however, be made of supposing that 1874 was a very exceptional year as regards rainfall, for this was not the case, seeing that the precipitation was but 9·3 inches above the mean; while 1872 (for example) had a rainfall of 24·8 inches above the mean of the north-eastern monsoon, which is the season we are at present considering. The year 1874 was, in fact, a very favourable one for agricultural operations, and was not generally characterised by disastrous floods. These of course did some damage, but much less than in 1872, when the rainfall of the north-eastern monsoon amounted to 52·4 inches, or 24·8 inches above the average, as has already been stated, and of the floods of that year a word will be said hereafter. But though 1874 was a most profitable year for agriculture in Madras, much damage was nevertheless done by the moderate excess of rain which fell.

This will be plain from the report of the Madras Revenue Board for the year ending 31st March, 1875, which states as follows :—

> "The quantity (of rain) registered in the districts of Cuddapah, Bellary, Kurnool, North Arcot . . . was the largest within the last ten years. The excessive rain that fell in the month of October, and the floods which rose to an unprecedented height in the districts of Nellore, Cuddapah, Kistnah, Kurnool, Chingleput, North Arcot, South Arcot, and Tanjore, in the months of July and September, caused breaches in the banks of the principal rivers and tanks, and to some extent injured cultivation; but the damage done was not very great, and entailed the granting of but slight remission of land assessment. Very serious injury, however, was done to public works in the districts of Nellore, Kurnool, and North Arcot. In the last-mentioned district the Palar and Poiney *anicuts* were destroyed, and the Cheyar *anicut* sluices washed away, and the collector reports that '*so disastrous a season for public works has not been experienced for many years.*'"

This passage shows exactly what might have been expected, viz., that in the Carnatic itself—the part of the country which, probably more than elsewhere, has had its jungles cleared—the greatest damage resulted from the moderate excess of rainfall which benefited most of the other districts of the Madras Presidency. Moreover, the water which flowed so rapidly off the arid and timber-denuded country was lost for the succeeding year, whose rainfall was below the average, and agricultural operations were consequently a failure in 1875.

> "The season," says the Report of the Madras Revenue Board for the year last mentioned, "was a remarkably dry one, and contrasted very unfavourably with that of the preceding year. The south-west monsoon failed altogether, and the north-east monsoon also to a considerable extent. The principal rivers received their freshes very late, and they were, except in the Kistna and Godavery, very scanty. The commencement of cultivation operations was thus retarded, and there was not sufficient water to bring the crops to maturity. The tank cultivation suffered most, but dry cultivation also suffered heavily, and the yield was considerably below the average. There was also a scarcity of drinking water in some districts. The districts which suffered most from the drought were Bellary, North Arcot, South Arcot, Chingleput, Salem, and Tinnevelly. In these districts extensive remissions have had to be granted, and the collection of revenue to be suspended. There was a considerable failure of crops also in the districts of Elizagapatam, Cuddapah, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, Nilgiris, and South Canara. Fears were entertained of distress in the districts of Bellary, North Arcot, Chingleput, and South Arcot, and relief works were opened in some places. Soon after the close of the year, however, there was a favourable change, which happily removed all cause for serious apprehensions of famine."

But the failure of the rains, more especially of the north-east monsoon in 1876, redoubled the gravity of the situation, and the disaster of 1877 became a certainty for any one who had followed the signs of the times.

Hitherto reference has merely been made to the rainfall of the north-east monsoon; but the line of argument already entered upon will be seen to have still more cogency, should the figures relating to the total precipitation of the year be taken; in other words, should the rainfall of the

south-west monsoon be included. Take the example of the famine of 1832. From the Madras Observatory rain-register we find the mean yearly quantity of precipitation for sixty-three years, from 1813 to 1875, to be 48·46 inches. The rainfall of 1831 was 44·35 inches, or 4·11 below the average, while that for 1832 was but 18·45 inches, or 30·01 inches below the average, and at the same time 25·9 *inches less than in the previous year*, 1831. Besides this, 1828, 1829, 1830, were all years of deficient rainfall, and the harvests must have been correspondingly bad, and thus have added to the scarcity of the food supply which resulted in the famine of 1832. But, on the other hand, 1827 was a year of very plentiful rain, the amount registered having been 88·41 inches, or 40·05 inches above the average. Had, therefore, the drainage water of this year, instead of running uselessly and rapidly to sea, been protected by forest growth, and so have ensured the permanency of natural springs, the deficiencies of the five years, 1828–1832, might, to some great extent, have been provided for. For the mean rainfall of the six years, 1827–1832, amounted to 43·07 inches, which is but 5·39 inches below the mean of sixty-three years, and that much less rain than the mean quantity enables an ample food supply to be raised is shown by the fact that, in the four years, 1833–36, immediately following the famine of 1832, the amount of rain registered was respectively less than the average by 11·35, 9·46, 6·99, and 3·70 inches—*i.e.*, there was a mean deficiency of rain for these four years of 7·88 inches yearly, without any disaster supervening. This, of itself, is sufficient to show what a large proportion of the annual rainfall which by conservative and restorative measures might be stored for use in bad years is now absolutely lost. The famine of 1853 is an extreme example of the truth of the proposition, that drought in Southern India should not entirely be attributed to the effect of deficient rainfall, but is due to a very great extent as well to the occurrence of previous heavy falls of rain, which uselessly flows away. In 1851 and 1852 the falls were 64·32 inches and 72·69 inches respectively, or 15·86 inches and 24·23 inches more than the average, while in the following year, 1853, there were 35·82 inches registered, or 12·64 inches less than the average. The deficiency of this year should scarcely, however, of itself have caused a famine, for we have already seen that the ordinary years, 1833 and 1834, which immediately succeeded the famine of 1832, had a deficient rainfall of 11·35 inches and 9·46 inches respectively; whereas 1853 not only followed 1852, in which there was an excess rainfall of 24·23 inches, but 1852 followed 1851, in which there was also an excess of 15·86 inches. The real notable point is that, in the year 1853, the fall was 36·87 inches less than in 1852, or, in other words, the difference of precipitation amounted to three-quarters of the whole yearly mean rainfall of Madras. I can, unfortunately, procure no records of 1851 and 1852; but it may unhesitatingly be asserted that the excess rainfall of both these years, after doing extensive damage to irrigation works and to the crops, ran uselessly to sea, in lieu of draining gently through the soil into reservoirs and wells, where it might have provided for the drought that occurred in 1853.

If now we divide the sixty-three years, from 1813-75, into three equal periods of twenty-one years each, we shall find the average of the differences of rainfall between one year and the year following to be as follows:—

—	Inches.
From 1813 to 1833 . . .	20·071
,, 1834 to 1854 . . .	12·800
,, 1855 to 1875 . . .	13·370

It seems from these figures that such ill-effects as the crops of the Carnatic suffer from floods and succeeding droughts should have been expe-

rienced in greater intensity in the earliest of the three periods, when the country was certainly more timbered than now. But, as the evils referred to are more patent at the present time than formerly, it follows that the *déboisement* of the last half century has exaggerated the harmful effects of the lower yearly difference of rainfall in the latter periods beyond the standard of the damage inflicted by the higher yearly difference of the first period. Of course the population has increased enormously between 1813 and 1875; but this is an additional reason for regarding with a more critical eye such physical phenomena as might pardonably have escaped attention three-quarters of a century ago, when the proportion between the population and their power of raising food was much more favourable than it is at the present day. We shall find, indeed, this reasoning to be strengthened by looking at the yearly differences more closely; for it appears that not only the *average* differences, but the *extreme* differences, have also decreased, and this more regularly. Thus, the average of the three *maximum* differences of yearly rainfall for each one of the before-specified periods is as follows:—

	Inches.
From 1813 to 1833	41·37
,, 1834 to 1854	35·58
,, 1855 to 1875	32·10

The secular effects of rainfall in Southern India should have, therefore, year by year, been more favourable; but since such has not been the case, other physical conditions must have interposed and more than neutralized the benefits which ought to have accrued from the gradual improvement that has taken place in the regularity of the yearly precipitation. It has sometimes been advanced that the growing intensity of Indian famines is due to an absolute decrease of rainfall; but a reference to the Madras rain register scarcely bears out the statement. Thus, in the three periods of twenty-one years, between 1813 and 1875, the average precipitation was as follows:—

	Inches.
From 1813 to 1833 . . .	47·63
,, 1834 to 1854 . . .	50·71
,, 1855 to 1875 . . .	47·04

Consequently the clearings of jungle which have been made during the past three-quarters of a century have not affected the total quantity of rain falling; and as the physical effects of drought have absolutely increased in intensity, this increase must be attributed to the removal of those conservative influences which former aspects of the country possessed.

To understand what actually occurs in Southern India during a year of heavy rain reference may be made to the reports for the year 1872. From a revenue point of view the season, of course, was reported as having been good, since the net increase over the collections of the preceding year was more than 85,000*l.*, of which about 60,000*l.* was due to a decrease under the head of "remissions" of land revenue, on various accounts, but chiefly for "failure of cultivation," as compared with this item in 1871. However, the Administration Report says:—

"The year began with a cyclone . . . doing great damage in Chingleput, South Arcot, North Arcot, and Salem, and making itself felt even in Tanjore and Trichinopoly. Vellore in North Arcot was inundated by the bursting of tanks above it, and many lives were lost; 50,000 cattle died in Salem. The north-east monsoon began early, and was very heavy at first. There were inundations in the Godavery and Kistna districts. Many huts sunk in the mud at Madras, and it was possible for some days that two large tanks not far from the town, and on a higher level, would burst and do great damage. A portion of the line of railway was swept away in North Arcot. . . . Cattle disease was not very prevalent, and does not seem to have been very severe in any districts; but large numbers died in Vizagapatam, Godavery, North Arcot, and Salem, from the effects of the unusually abundant rain."

The collector of Chingleput reports that

"Considerable damage was done to the irrigation works by the heavy floods. . . .

Keshaveram *anicut*, at the divergence of the Cortelliar and the Coum . . . . was almost destroyed by the autumn floods."

The Cortelliar is the river principally used for irrigation in this district, and its sources lie in the hills some forty miles from the Coromandel coast, just where the Eastern Ghauts turn west to form the northern boundary of the Carnatic. Twenty-five years ago the slopes and bases of these hills were covered with thick jungles, all of which have been subsequently cut down for use as fuel on the Madras Railway. The consequence of these extensive clearings has been that at the present time the river is in violent flood for as many days during the north-east monsoon as formerly it was in moderate flood during weeks!

"North Arcot, like Chingleput, suffered much from the cyclone, and from the floods of the north-east monsoon. Many tanks were breached, occasioning loss of property, and in the case of the two tanks above Vellore, upwards of one hundred lives were sacrificed."

And so forth. It would be tedious to my readers to continue quotations showing what damage is done to the irrigation works in Southern India during a burst of heavy rain. However, a few words require to be added on the effect of these floods on the public health. "Notwithstanding," says the Revenue Board—and the use of this word seems to indicate a suspicion that something "is rotten in the state of Denmark,"—"notwithstanding the abundant rain, the year was not a healthy one, and the amount of mortality during the year was greater than in its predecessor." Such a state of things is chiefly due to the fact that during a season of heavy rain much of the country is turned into a swamp from interference with those conditions which would have regulated the flow of natural drainage. What should have been a blessing to the population was, in fact, turned into a curse, from forgetfulness that the earth was given to man to enjoy and not to destroy. Fever especially raged all over the Presidency, and the deaths from this disease were 37,949 more than in the preceding year!

A letter has recently appeared in the columns of the leading journal bearing the signature of a well-known member of the Madras Revenue Board who has filled several still more prominent situations in the local Indian service. The writer's object was to dissipate several popular English fallacies in connection with the question of Indian famines. One such fallacy was that an expenditure of several millions sterling on the construction of irrigation works would be a sure preventive of future calamities of this nature. Of twenty millions of acres under cultivation in ordinary years, he states that probably four-fifths are occupied by the inferior dry grains which form the invariable food of the poorer classes of the people. Rice, he says, is much too expensive an article for their food. Considering the fact that the Madras railway lines have been chiefly engaged in carrying rice into the distressed districts, it would appear that the famine is for the most part due to a deficiency of this grain, which could not be grown during the drought that prevailed, and the expenditure on irrigation works deprecated by the writer, would thus certainly seem to be called for. But putting this aside, it is evident that the poorer classes would eat the superior food if they could procure it, and this they can only do when irrigation works shall be largely extended. And, as a matter of fact, dry cultivation is immediately given up for wet cultivation, should a tank for storing water be formed to command the fields. Rice is unquestionably the staple food of the people, and will be grown wherever it becomes possible to do so. Ragi and other dry grains are merely a *pis aller*, because the land utilised in growing them will not produce rice. However, even for the cultivation of the inferior grains *some* water is required, and the letter goes on to say that every inducement has been held out by the Government for

the construction of wells by private capital; while a recent enactment, applicable to all India, enables any landholder to obtain a loan from the State for this purpose on easy terms as to repayment. Granting that there are a few localities where wells may be usefully employed, it is certainly disheartening at this late hour to find the antiquated idea that well irrigation should generally be encouraged still favoured among the highest officials of the Empire. Years ago Sir Arthur Cotton showed that irrigation from wells twelve to fifteen feet deep was from forty to eighty times more expensive than the process of storing drainage in tanks and reservoirs. Moreover, the tank-stored water, charged with fertilising matter, is immensely superior to well water for cultivation purposes. However, let this also pass, for there is another objection to irrigation from wells, which bears more immediately on the subject in hand. What, it may be asked, is the cultivator to do when his wells dry up? Steam-pumps being beyond his pecuniary resources, his well is of a moderate depth only, and in years of drought even drinking water is a scarcity, owing to the small quantity of drainage that percolates through the soil, and the rapidity with which such rain as previously fell ran off the surface of the denuded country. In 1875, the Madras Government were much exercised regarding the serious way in which the plantations of the Forest Department, situated in the North Arcot district, had suffered from drought. The Madras Conservator of Forests has also remarked, in a recent report, that—

"The extreme drought of the past two years has told much upon the appearance of the ceded districts. "I observed," he writes, "not a few trees dead and dying from the drought; this has rarely, if ever, come under my observation before, certainly never to such an extent."

It is worthy of remark that the drought has proved fatal to the Casuarina trees. Some twelve acres were planted at Camalapore with about 12,000 plants intended for fuel for the railway; these had reached a height of forty-five feet and a girth of from nine to twenty inches, and were growing very well till last September, when they began to succumb to the lengthened drought, and about 70 per cent died off. Here, there is actual evidence of the growing dessication of the country, and this can only be due to the fact of previous excessive rainfall having entered the soil in insufficient quantities to support vegetation during the subsequent season of drought. Under such circumstances (if they continue) it will scarcely be a profitable matter, either to the state or to the cultivator, to encourage the construction of wells for cultivation purposes.

For 1874 the actual extent of land cultivated in the Madras Presidency (excluding Zemindary), amounted to 14,236,072 acres of dry and 3,510,615 acres of wet. Nearly 2,000,000 acres of the dry cultivation were under cotton and indigo, while 52,000 acres of the wet cultivation were under sugar-cane. Deducting these, there remain for 1874 the approximate figures of $12\frac{1}{4}$ millions of acres under the dry grains, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres under rice, *i.e.* the proportion of land growing inferior grains to that under rice would be about $\frac{3}{5}$ths of the whole, and not $\frac{4}{5}$ths as stated from memory in the letter previously mentioned. Still, this lower proportion affords matter for serious reflection, and gives the key to the uniform poverty of the millions who cultivate the plains, which are situated among the granitic and granitoid formations prevailing in South India generally. Mr. Croll tells us, in his work, *Climate and Time*, that—

"The rate at which rivers carry down sediment is evidently not determined by the rate at which the rocks are disintegrated and decomposed, but by the quantity of rain falling and the velocity at which it moves off the face of the country. Every river system possesses a definite amount of carrying power, depending upon the slope of the ground, the quantity of rain falling per annum, the manner in which the rain falls, whether it falls gradually or in

torrents, and a few other circumstances. When it so happens, as it generally does, that the amount of rock disintegrated on the face of the country is greater than the carrying power of the river systems can remove, there a soil necessarily forms. *But when the reverse is the case, no soil can form on that country, and it will present nothing but barren rock.*"

In the above abstract proposition is displayed the root of the evil which attaches to agriculture on the arenaceous soils of Southern India; where the lighter fertilising matters are carried off by the rapidly escaping drainage, and an unseasonable fall of rain, at one time, washes off the slight dressing of manure, that the cultivator can afford to place upon his fields; and at another, sweeps away his growing crops entirely, or covers them with many inches depth of sand. What the country is now urgently in want of is, in short, this: that the soil which has been carried off its surface shall be enabled once more to form, and that the further progress of physical deterioration should be energetically arrested. Then, when the *fons et origo mali* has been annihilated, but certainly not before, we may hope to lead the Hindoo cultivator along that path of agricultural improvement whose effects in our own favoured island produce considerably more per acre than the land of any other civilised country.

To exemplify how strangely the conservative action of woods upon inundations has been neglected by some of the most eminent of Indian engineers, and into what false reasoning this oversight has led them, I will quote one more passage from the report of the late Colonel J. C. Anderson, which I have before made use of in these pages.

"Very exaggerated views," he says, "of the capabilities for sustaining extensive systems of irrigations from the rivers on the eastern coast of this (Madras) Presidency have been entertained by the public, and have been persistently urged on the notice of Government. Even the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Public Works system in the Madras Presidency would have led the readers of their report to the conclusion that the superiority of Tanjore over the districts adjacent to Madras was to be ascribed mainly to one cause only, viz., that capital to a vast amount had been invested in it in bringing water to the fields, while they lost sight of the fact that Tanjore has extraordinary natural advantages in possessing a deltaic tract of country traversed by a number of arms of the Cauvery; and that moreover no amount of capital expended in attempting to bring water to the fields in North Arcot or Madras could place these districts on the same footing as Tanjore, unless the source from which that water was to be drawn could, in the first instance, have been made as abundant and as unfailing as the Cauvery."

And so it is very generally held at present that outside the tracts watered from the Cauvery, Kistnah, Godavery, and Tambrapoorney, there is no water available for extending irrigation from the minor rivers of Southern India.

But if we look at actual facts, is it true that there is no available water that could be employed in extending irrigation? Has not sufficient evidence been already adduced in the foregoing pages to show that there is in reality plenty of water running in the rivers whenever rain falls; and that the sole difficulty in the way of utilising it is that it drains so rapidly off the face of the land that it is impossible practically to retain it, with the result that instead of being a blessing to the unfortunate country, all water in excess of what is required for the moment is actually a curse? For instance, if we turn to the reports from the Madras Collectorates for the fortnight ending 13th October, 1877, we find the following remarks for the district of North Arcot:—

"There has been a decided and extremely satisfactory improvement in the season. The rainfall throughout the district has been very copious, and the Palar and other rivers were for the whole fortnight in full fresh. Almost all the river-fed tanks are quite full, and the rain-fed tanks have received good supplies. The cultivation of wet crops under these sources of irrigation is in active progress, and the crops under wells and channels are all in a thriving condition. . . . Agricultural operations are in a remarkably active state. The grant of loans by Government for purchasing seed grain has had a beneficial effect in stimulating agricultural industry on the part of the poorer classes of ryots. The rainfall has been

so very great in the Punganoor Zemindary, that the safety of its tanks has become a matter of considerable anxiety. No less than sixty tanks, including the large one at Sankararoyalpett, yielding an annual revenue of Rs. 10,005, are already reported to have breached. Rain is falling heavily all over the district, and the rain at Chittoor on the night of the 13th inst. amounted to five and a half inches, which fell in about six hours."

This is the state of matters before the north-eastern monsoon has set in; and yet a very little more rain would have changed the long hoped-for benefaction into a calamity! Again, from Cuddapah, it is reported, "The weather is all that could be desired for the crops. Most tanks are full." And in the subdivision of this district, "Nothing could be more promising than the agricultural prospects at present. *The chief fear is the breaching of tanks from excessive rain!*" Just, too, as I am despatching this MS. from India the following paragraph appears in the columns of the *Madras Mail*:—"A private telegram from Bellary states that it has been raining there incessantly since last evening. Several tanks have burst. Crops are suffering. Heavy rain is also reported from Guntoor."

Such, then, being the normal condition of affairs whenever a heavy fall of rain takes place, can it be seriously asserted that water for extending irrigation is not usually available? Then there is the fact that every two or three years the country is visited by a cyclone, during which falls of rain to the amount of as much as $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the twenty-four hours have taken place! While, however, an ordinary heavy fall of rain does great damage to the agriculture of the country under its present physical aspects, it stands to reason that the precipitation due to cyclones can only be regarded in the light of a scourge. But since restorative and conservative measures are urgently required for placing agricultural production beyond the damaging influences of the usual vicissitudes of seasons, how much more is such a policy demanded in order that we may, as far as lies within our power, ward off the disasters which follow on anomalous falls of rain taking place during tropical hurricanes. It is true that it is impossible to prevent some of the local effects of these deluges. We cannot prevent rain and wind from beating down the crops to the ground, and stripping off the ripening ears of grain; but we may, to a great extent, prevent floods from washing the crops bodily away, or covering them with sand; and by making the flow of drainage more equable, we may minimise, in a considerable degree, the damage that is now done to storage tanks and other irrigation works. In these respects, therefore, we may do much to neutralise evils, and may, besides, pluck from the very affliction that smites us the means of reparation and recovery.

Looking inland from the house that I occupy on the shore of the Bay of Bengal, one sees a steep ridge of hills which touch the sea some little way to the north. From there they run along a distance of nearly seven miles, rapidly increasing the space that lies between their slopes and the coast, after which they turn sharply away inland for about seven miles further, where they terminate. Parallel to this second direction of the ridge, and about two miles south of it, running directly inland from the shore, another and similar line of hills forms the opposite side of the valley, its more distant extremity extending two miles beyond the termination of the first ridge. Both ridges have a height of less than 1,000 feet at their highest points; their formation is of disintegrating gneiss, and they are covered with stunted jungle, which clothes them with verdure during the rainy season, but through whose dried up dusty branches the reddish-brown rock is seen in the hot weather. The southern ridge is entirely bare of timber, and is furrowed by dry ravines; but in the narrow folds between some of the spurs of the northerly hills, grow

patches of heavy jungle; just below which again are gardens of various kinds of fruit-trees rather thickly planted together. In the water-course lines of these valleys flow streams which never fail, except after several consecutive seasons of excessive drought. Passing round the inland extremity of the northern ridge, and following the back of the slope for a short distance, one arrives at a considerable circular valley or dell shut in by an inclosing spur. The sides of the dell are covered with trees, and within it are situated ancient Hindu temples, which were erected in the thirteenth century. From the foot of the hill the inclosed valley is entered through a massive gateway, after passing which, one finds oneself at the bottom of a broad flight of masonry steps conducting to the different temples which stand among the trees and gardens covering the hill slopes. On each side of the flight of steps runs a never-failing stream of water in a masonry conduit, broken by cascades. These streams, it is needless to add, are held in great veneration, and their flow having never been known to intermit, it is attributed to supernatural causes. Now, there is not the shadow of a doubt that the timber which exists in the few spots described of the northern ridge is the sole cause of the really plentiful water supply that is here available. On the southern ridge, where there is not a single tree, there is also not a drop of water now procurable, in spite of the fact that the season has been a remarkably favourable one, and that more than forty inches of rain have fallen during the year, to the end of October.

The valley that I am speaking of has an area of 220 square miles, and the length of its inclosing watershed line is about 250 miles, of which length one-twentieth, at the very outside, would represent the space occupied by the commencements of the watercourse lines. If, then, in order to prevent the drainage that falls along the watershed-line of the valley, from flowing rapidly away, it were determined to plant patches of forest, say 200 yards in breadth, in and about the heads of the drainage channels, we should require to plant for the valley under consideration,

$$\frac{250 \times 1760 \times 200}{4840 \times 20} = \frac{4,400,000}{4840} = 910$$

acres nearly. Turning to the report of the Madras Forest Department for the official year, ending 31st March, 1875, we find the cost of plantations (excluding teak) to be about 5*l.* per 1,000 trees, looked after for from three to four years. And allowing 1,000 trees to be planted on each acre, the cost of the proposed plantations for the before specified valley would be 4,550*l.*

Now, since there are about 80,000 square miles in the Madras Presidency which would require to be treated in the same way, the cost to be incurred would be $\frac{80,000}{220} \times 4550 = 1\frac{2}{3}$ millions sterling nearly; which can only be considered a ridiculously small expenditure compared with the benefits to be derived. No establishments similar to those of the Forest Department would be required for the scheme under consideration, since this would be more efficiently supervised by the revenue authorities working through the village officers. Neither would expenditure be required for the necessary land, since the whole of the localities would be the waste grounds belonging to the villages in the neighbourhood; which, as well as those at a distance, would reap an ample compensation from the plantations. An additional reason why the proposed scheme should be carried out entirely by the villagers themselves is, that its execution would be one great step towards the urgently called-for reform of teaching the cultivating classes the necessity of personal independence and self-reliance. A quarter of a century of our rule has been most harmful to the people in this respect; as is proved by the fact that the ryots in the

Zemindary put their shoulder to the wheel and help themselves in cases where a Government ryot invariably looks to the officials to assist him. Five and twenty years ago, before the Public Works Department was established, and when the irrigation works of South India were looked after by the revenue authorities, every ryot, in conformity with immemorial custom, was bound to supply the labour for carrying out certain petty and emergent repairs; but with the transfer of the works from the hands of the officers who had the legal power to inforce this custom, the custom itself has fallen into desuetude, with the result of gradually demoralising the agricultural population in all that regards self-help. The execution of the proposed scheme by the revenue authorities would consequently afford a favourable opportunity of re-establishing a system which will really be, under existent circumstances, a far-reaching educational measure for the masses of South India.

It may be useful if in this place a pause be made in order to glance at the actual effects of an Indian cyclone upon the public wealth. I write from a district which was visited in the first week of October, 1876, by a cyclonic storm of a violent character; and though exact figures are not attainable, I shall be able to give my readers a sufficiently accurate notion of the damage which was occasioned by the heavy rainfall, amounting to more than seventeen inches, that was experienced during twenty-four hours. In the first place, the actual loss of human life was about one hundred lives, not to be estimated in money. Then comes the destruction of 1,000 cattle and 13,000 sheep, the value of which may be put at 5,000*l*. The damage done to the crops by wind and rain, besides that due to their subsequently withering away (owing to the bursting of irrigation tanks), as well as the injury done them by sand conveyed by flood-water, was estimated at 150,000*l*. To the above must be added 10,000*l*. for damage done to roads and bridges, 30,000*l*. required for the repairs of tanks, channels, and irrigation weirs; and 20,000*l*. required for rebuilding of houses; making a total of 215,000*l*. for losses occasioned by the storm spoken of. The affected area measured about 2,500 square miles, and the cost of planting this tract of country after the manner already described would amount to about 52,000*l*. Had the plantations existed at the time of the cyclone, it is true enough that they could not have prevented *all* the loss that actually occurred. But, it may be reasonably asserted that they would, in all probability, have saved a quarter of the whole damage that was done, by restraining the flood of drainage from covering the country; so that the cost of planting the 2,500 square miles in question would have been paid for by the protection which would have been afforded in a single cyclone. But, even were the saving much less than I have supposed, the expenditure would have been well worth incurring, putting out of consideration the more permanent benefits which such plantations would confer on this tract of country in ordinary years.

These plantations, by increasing the quantity of water percolating through the soil, would add enormously to the now scanty vegetation that is available as pasturage. Being specially designed for the conservation and restoration of the moisture of the country, they must necessarily be exempted from being drawn on by the people for fuel, or from being used by them as grazing ground for cattle, sheep, or goats. This latter point, I venture to assert, is a capital one, and to the reckless way in which it has been neglected in the past may be attributed the extensive harm that has been done to the natural drainage of Southern India. In spite of the daily and largely increasing demand for fuel, during the past twenty-five years more especially, the jungles and forests bordering the watercourses would

not have undergone such utter extinction as they actually have had it not been for the ravages committed by the sheep and goats. The subject has, one may say, never been brought into prominence until very recent years; but now, when the labours of naturalists and physical geographers have shown how nice and exact is the balance, through all nature, between the *fauna* and the *flora* of a country, and how disastrous the effect upon the one may be from a disproportionate activity of the other, there is no further excuse for shutting our eyes to the necessity of remedying the grave evil which has already been occasioned on this head in South India.

The Government report for the year ending 31st March, 1876, states the number of cattle and sheep in the Madras Presidency to be $8\frac{1}{4}$ and $6\frac{3}{4}$ millions, respectively. Besides these, the number of goats would (arguing from known numbers on smaller areas) probably be $13\frac{1}{2}$ millions; though no official figures are available for the last-named animals. The waste lands used as pasturage for these amount to five millions of acres only; so that on each acre we have,

1·65 Cattle,
1·35 Sheep, and
2·7 Goats;

a number of beasts so manifestly in excess of what the present scanty pasturage can support, that the reason is plain why the young forest-trees of the country have no chance of existence; and why the watercourses upon whose banks their stunted skeletons grow are mere dry ravines filled up with stones and sand.

Mr. Wallace, in his work, *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, mentions how "the introduction of goats into St. Helena utterly destroyed a whole *flora* of forest trees, and with them all the insects, *mollusca*, and perhaps, birds, directly or indirectly dependent upon them." And though, of course, the limited area of that island and the unlimited powers of reproduction inherent in goats made the catastrophe which supervened in St. Helena more evident and decisive, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the very same process of destruction is going on over the enormous territory of South India, and is fully appreciable by those who make physiography their study, or have, like myself, had the opportunity of observing wide deserts, such as those of Central Asia, where natural restorative processes are dominated and rendered of no avail by the destructiveness of the flocks and herds of the nomadic tribes. It was in the Kizzilkoom desert that I first appreciated the enormous force of these scourges. Once, as evening fell, I met a flock of goats advancing across the wilderness in a compact parallelogram, one of whose points was occupied by the leading animal. The dimensions of this moving mass I judged to be about 150 yards long by 100 broad, and its area would, therefore, have been 7,500 square yards, and allowing two animals per square yard, there were 15,000 goats in the flock! During the whole of the day these animals had been scouring the adjacent country for miles in search of food, and every young shoot of vegetation they found must have been destroyed! Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that no water is to be met with, and that nature presents such unchangeable and persistently repellent aspects for mankind in regions where the youth of our race was passed?

La Bruyère said that most men spend one-half of their lives in making the other half miserable; an apothegm whose truth few of us, generally speaking, have not had some opportunities of realising. Nor is the career of communities less subject than that of the individuals composing them to evils consequent upon ignorance or disregard of the laws which govern the economy of the universe. Hence the

importance of the labours of the statesman, the man of science, and the philanthropist, who desire to palliate or to put a period to calamities induced by human action, in spite of the bitter experiences of bygone empires and populations.

Of labours of this sort the present century is prolific enough, more especially in reference to India. Whether, however, the results which follow sufficiently indemnify them is perhaps a question worthy of consideration. Does it, for example, become a nation which prides itself on its practical qualities to be wasting time in finding out when drought may exactly be expected rather than to set to work energetically in order to prevent the occurrence of any drought whatever? Photograph the sun as much as you please, and keep ever so sharp a look out as you will on the number of his spots, what practical good will these investigations do you? While floods and famines alternately devastate the land with unerring certainty and increasing intensity, where, I would ask, is the difficulty of seizing the evil that requires to be remedied? Like the philosophers of Laputa, our own are engaged upon a thousand praiseworthy schemes for putting everything on a new and improved footing within our Eastern Empire.

"All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundredfold more than they do at present, with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and, in the meantime, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes."

If this be not a true picture of the actual posture of many well-meaning Englishmen towards India, and of the state of this country at the present moment, it is at least one which has very fair chances of being true before long time has elapsed.

And here my task is ended. Of the want of communications in Southern India I have said nothing, because this subject has been so exhaustively treated by Sir Arthur Cotton. What he prophesied on this head a quarter of a century ago came true in the Orissa famine, and has again proved true in the present Madras famine. On the one hand, thousands of bags of rice now lie rotting on the Madras beach which the railway is unable to carry to districts crying out for food. On the other hand, millions of quarters of wheat are unsaleable on the banks of the Upper Mahanuddy and its affluents, while the population of England, according to the *Times*, will probably pay what amounts to twenty millions sterling additional for their next year's bread. But these are questions altogether beyond the scope of my present design, which is to ask attention to one of the most crying evils—and in my own opinion the most crying of the evils—now afflicting Southern India, *i.e.*, the increasing desiccation of the country from the reckless destruction of its trees and forests.

BENGAL, *November*, 1877.

PHILINDUS.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

THE PROPOSED SUBSTITUTES FOR RELIGION.

There appears to be a connection between the proposed substitutes for religion and the special training of their several authors. Historians tender us the worship of Humanity, professors of physical science tender us Cosmic Emotion. Theism might almost retort the apologue of the spectre of the Brocken.

The only organised cultus without a God, at present before us, is that of Comte. This in all its parts—its high-priesthood, its hierarchy, its sacraments, its calendar, its hagiology, its literary canon, its ritualism, and we may add, in its fundamentally intolerant and inquisitorial character—is an obvious reproduction of the Church of Rome, with Humanity in place of God, great men in place of the saints, the Founder of Comtism in place of the Founder of Christianity, and even a sort of substitute for the Virgin in the shape of womanhood typified by Clotilde de Vaux. There is only just the amount of difference which would be necessary to escape from servile imitation. We have ourselves witnessed a case of alternation between the two systems which testified to the closeness of their affinity. The Catholic Church has acted on the imagination of Comte at least as powerfully as Sparta acted on that of Plato. Nor is Comtism, any more than Plato's *Republic* and other Utopias, exempt from the infirmity of claiming finality for a flight of the individual imagination. It would shut up mankind for ever in a stereotyped organisation which is the vision of a particular thinker. In this respect it seems to us to be at a disadvantage compared with Christianity, which, as presented in the Gospels, does not pretend to organise mankind ecclesiastically or politically, but simply supplies a new type of character, and a new motive power, leaving government, ritual and organisation of every kind to determine themselves from age to age. Comte's prohibition of inquiry into the composition of the stars, which his priesthood, had it been installed in power, would perhaps have converted into a compulsory article of faith, is only a specimen of his general tendency (the common tendency, as we have said, of all Utopias) to impose on human progress the limits of his own mind. Let his hierarchy become masters of the world, and the effect would probably be like that produced by the ascendency of a hierarchy (enlightened no doubt for its time) in Egypt, a brief start forward, followed by consecrated immobility for ever.

Lareveillére Lepaux, the member of the French Directory, invented a new religion of Theophilanthropy, which seems in fact to have been an organised Rousseauism. He wished to impose it on France, but finding that, in spite of his passionate endeavours, he made but little progress, he sought the advice of Talleyrand. "I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you experience. It is no easy

matter to introduce a new religion. But I will tell you what I recommend you to do. I recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again on the third day." We cannot say whether Lareveillère made any proselytes, but if he did their number cannot have been much smaller than the reputed number of the religious disciples of Comte. As a philosophy, Comtism has found its place, and exercised its share of influence among the philosophies of the time; but as a religious system it appears to make little way. It is the invention of a man, not the spontaneous expression of the beliefs and feelings of mankind. Any one with a tolerably lively imagination might produce a rival system with as little practical effect. Roman Catholicism was at all events a growth, not an invention.

Cosmic Emotion, though it does not affect to be an organised system, is the somewhat sudden creation of individual minds, set at work apparently by the exigencies of a particular situation, and on that account suggestive *primâ facie* of misgivings similar to those suggested by the invention of Comte.

Now, is the worship of Humanity or Cosmic Emotion really a substitute for religion? That is the only question which we wish, in these few pages, to ask. We do not pretend here to inquire what is or what is not true in itself.

Religion teaches that we have our being in a Power whose character and purposes are indicated to us by our moral nature, in whom we are united, and by the union made sacred to each other; whose voice conscience, however generated, is; whose eye is always upon us, sees all our acts, and sees them as they are morally without reference to worldly success, or to the opinion of the world; to whom at death we return; and our relations to whom, together with his own nature, are an assurance that, according as we promote or fail to promote his design by self-improvement, and the improvement of our kind, it will be well or ill for us in the sum of things. This is a hypothesis evidently separable from belief in a revelation, and from any special theory respecting the next world, as well as from all dogma and ritual. It may be true or false in itself, capable of demonstration or incapable. We are concerned here solely with its practical efficiency, compared with that of the proposed substitutes. It is only necessary to remark, that there is nothing about the religious hypothesis as here stated, miraculous, supernatural, or mysterious, except so far as those epithets may be applied to anything beyond the range of bodily sense, say the influence of opinion or affection. A universe self-made, and without a God, is at least as great a mystery as a universe with a God; in fact the very attempt to conceive it in the mind produces a mortal vertigo which is a bad omen for the practical success of Cosmic Emotion.

For this religion are the service and worship of Humanity likely to be a real equivalent in any respect, as motive power, as restraint, or as comfort? Will the idea of life in God be adequately replaced by that of an interest in the condition and progress of Humanity, as they may affect us and be influenced by our conduct, together with the hope of human gratitude and fear of human reprobation after death, which the Comtists endeavour to organise into a sort of counterpart of the Day of Judgment?

It will probably be at once conceded that the answer must be in the negative as regards the immediate future and the mass of mankind. The simple truths of religion are intelligible to all, and strike all minds with equal force, though they may not have the same influence with all moral natures. A child learns them perfectly at its mother's knee. Honest ignorance in the mine, on the sea, at the forge, striving to do its coarse and perilous duty, performing the lowliest functions of humanity, contributing in the

humblest way to human progress, itself scarcely sunned by a ray of what more cultivated natures would deem happiness, takes in as fully as the sublimest philosopher the idea of a God who sees and cares for all, who keeps account of the work well done or the kind act, marks the secret fault, and will hereafter make up to duty for the hardness of its present lot. But a vivid interest—such an interest as will act both as a restraint and as a comfort—in the condition and future of humanity, can surely exist only in those who have a knowledge of history sufficient to enable them to embrace the unity of the past, and an imagination sufficiently cultivated to glow with anticipation of the future. For the bulk of mankind the humanity-worshipper's point of view seems unattainable, at least within any calculable time.

As to posthumous reputation, good or evil, it is, and always must be, the appanage of a few marked men. The plan of giving it substance by instituting separate burial-places for the virtuous and the wicked is perhaps not very seriously proposed. Any such plan involves the fallacy of a sharp division where there is no clear moral line, besides postulating not only an unattainable knowledge of men's actions, but a knowledge still more manifestly unattainable of their hearts. Yet we cannot help thinking that with the men of intellect, to whose teaching the world is listening, this hope of posthumous reputation, or, to put it more fairly, of living in the gratitude and affection of their kind by means of their scientific discoveries and literary works, exerts an influence of which they are hardly conscious; it prevents them from fully feeling the void which the annihilation of the hope of future existence leaves in the hearts of ordinary men.

Besides, so far as we are aware, no attempt has yet been made to show us distinctly what "humanity" is, and wherein its "holiness" consists. If the theological hypothesis is true, and all men are united in God, humanity is a substantial reality; but otherwise we fail to see that it is anything more than a metaphysical abstraction converted into an actual entity by philosophers who are not generally kind to metaphysics. Even the unity of the species is far from settled; science still debates whether there is one race of men, or whether there are more than a hundred. Man acts on man, no doubt; but he also acts on other animals, and other animals on him. Wherein does the special unity or the special bond consist? Above all, what constitutes the "holiness"? Individual men are not holy; a large proportion of them are very much the reverse. Why is the aggregate holy? Let the unit be a "complex phenomenon," an "organism," or whatever name science may give it, what multiple of it will be a rational object of worship?

For our own part, we cannot conceive worship being offered by a sane worshipper to any but a conscious being, in other words, to a person. The fetish-worshipper himself probably invests his fetish with a vague personality, such as would render it capable of propitiation. But how can we invest with a collective personality the fleeting generations of mankind? Even the sum of mankind is never complete, much less are the units blended into a personal whole, or, as it has been called, a colossal man.

There is a gulf here, as it seems to us, which cannot be bridged, and can barely be thatched over by the retention of religious phraseology. In truth, the anxious use of that phraseology betrays weakness, since it shows that you cannot do without the theological associations which cling inseparably to religious terms.

You look forward to a closer union, a more complete brotherhood of man, an increased sacredness of the human relation. Some things point that way: some things point the other way. Brotherhood has hardly a definite meaning without a father; sacredness

can hardly be predicated without anything to consecrate. We can point to an eminent writer who tells you that he detests the idea of brotherly love altogether; that there are many of his kind whom, so far from loving, he hates, and that he would like to write his hatred with a lash upon their backs. Look again at the inhuman Prussianism which betrays itself in the New Creed of Strauss. Look at the oligarchy of enlightenment and enjoyment which Renan, in his *Moral Reform of France*, proposes to institute for the benefit of his own circle, with sublime indifference to the lot of the vulgar, who, he says, "must subsist on the glory and happiness of others." This does not look much like a nearer approach to a brotherhood of man than is made by the Gospel.

In an article on the "Ascent of Man" we referred to doctrines broached by science at the time of the Jamaica massacre. We neither denied nor had forgotten, but, on the contrary, most gratefully remembered, that among the foremost champions of humanity on that occasion stood some men of the highest eminence who are generally classed with the ultra-scientific school; but they were men in whose philosophy we are persuaded an essentially theological element still lingers, however anti-theological the language of some of them may be.[1]

We are speaking, of course, merely of the comparative moral efficiency of religion and of the proposed substitutes for it, apart from the influence exercised over individual conduct by the material needs and other non-theological forces of society.

For the immortality of the individual soul, with the influences of that belief, we are asked to accept the immortality of the race. But here, in addition to the difficulty of proving the union and intercommunion of all the members, we are met by the objection that unless we live in God, the race, in all probability, is not immortal. That our planet and all it contains will come to an end, appears to be the decided opinion of science. This "holy" being, our relation to which is to take the place of our relation to an eternal Father, by the adoration of which we are to be sustained and controlled, if it exists at all, is as ephemeral compared with eternity as a fly. We shall be told that we ought to be content with an immortality extending through tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years. To the *argumentum ad verecundiam* there is no reply. But will this banish the thought of ultimate annihilation? Will it prevent a man, when he is called upon to make some great sacrifice for the race, from saying to himself, that, whether he makes the sacrifice or not, one day all will end in nothing?

Evidently these are points which must be made quite clear before you can, with any prospect of success, call upon men either to regard Humanity with the same feelings with which they have regarded God, or to give up their own interest or enjoyment for the future benefit of the race. The assurance derived from the fondness felt by parents for their offspring, and the self-denying efforts made for the good of children, will hardly carry us very far, even supposing it certain that parental love would remain unaffected by the general change. It is evidently a thing apart from the general love of Humanity. Nobody was ever more extravagantly fond of his children, or made greater efforts for them, than Alexander Borgia.

It has been attempted, however, with all the fervour of conviction, and with all the force of a powerful style, to make us see not only that we have this corporate immortality as members of the "colossal man," but that we may look forward to an actual though impersonal existence in the shape of the prolongation through all future time of the consequences of our lives. It might with equal truth be

[1] We are not aware that in the writings of Mr. Darwin there is anything to prove or even to suggest that he is not a theist.

said that we have enjoyed an actual though impersonal existence through all time past in our antecedents. But neither in its consequences nor in its antecedents can anything be said to live except by a figure. The characters and actions of men surely will never be influenced by such a fanciful use of language as this! Our being is consciousness; with consciousness our being ends, though our physical forces may be conserved, and traces of our conduct—traces utterly undistinguishable—may remain. That with which we are not concerned cannot affect us either presently or by anticipation; and with that of which we shall never be conscious, we shall never feel that we are concerned. Perhaps if the authors of this new immortality would tell us what they understand by non-existence, we might be led to value more highly by contrast the existence which they propose for a soul when it has ceased to think or feel, and for an organism when it has been scattered to the winds.

They would persuade us that their impersonal and unconscious immortality is a brighter hope than an eternity of personal and conscious existence, the very thought of which they say is torture. This assumes, what there seems to be no ground for assuming, that eternity is a boundless extension of time; and, in the same way, that infinity is an endless space. It is more natural to conceive of them as emancipation respectively from time and space, and from the conditions which time and space involve; and among the conditions of time may apparently be reckoned the palling of pleasure or of existence by mere temporal protraction. Even as we are—sensual pleasure palls; so does the merely intellectual: but can the same be said of the happiness of virtue and affection? It is urged too that by exchanging the theological immortality for one of physical and social consequences, we get rid of the burden of self, which otherwise we should drag for ever. But surely in this there is a confusion of self with selfishness. Selfishness is another name for vice. Self is merely consciousness. Without a self, how can there be self-sacrifice? How can the most unselfish emotion exist if there is nothing to be moved? "He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life, shall find it," is not a doctrine of selfishness, but it implies a self. We have been rebuked in the words of Frederick to his grenadiers—"Do you want to live for ever?" The grenadiers might have answered, "Yes; and therefore we are ready to die."

It is not when we think of the loss of anything to which a taint of selfishness can adhere—it is not even when we think of intellectual effort cut short for ever by death just as the intellect has ripened and equipped itself with the necessary knowledge—that the nothingness of this immortality of conservated forces is most keenly felt: it is when we think of the miserable end of affection. How much comfort would it afford any one bending over the deathbed of his wife to know that forces set free by her dissolution will continue to mingle impersonally and indistinguishably with forces set free by the general mortality? Affection at all events requires personality. One cannot love a group of consequences, even supposing that the filiation could be distinctly presented to the mind. Pressed by the hand of sorrow craving for comfort, this Dead Sea fruit crumbles into ashes, paint it with eloquence as you will.

Humanity, it seems to us, is a fundamentally Christian idea, connected with the Christian view of the relations of men to their common Father and of their spiritual union in the Church. In the same way the idea of the progress of Humanity seems to us to have been derived from the Christian belief in the coming of the Kingdom of God through the extension of the Church, and to that final triumph of good over evil foretold in the imagery of the Apocalypse. At least the founders

of the Religion of Humanity will admit that the Christian Church is the matrix of theirs: so much their very nomenclature proves; and we would fain ask them to review the process of disengagement, and see whether the essence has not been left behind.

No doubt there are influences at work in modern civilisation which tend to the strengthening of the sentiment of humanity by making men more distinctly conscious of their position as members of a race. On the other hand, the unreflecting devotion of the tribesman, which held together primitive societies, dies. Man learns to reason and calculate; and when he is called upon to immolate himself to the common interest of the race he will consider what the common interest of the race, when he is dead and gone, will be to him, and whether he will ever be repaid for his sacrifice.

Of Cosmic Emotion it will perhaps be more fair to say that it is proposed as a substitute for religious emotion rather than as a substitute for religion, since nothing has been said about embodying it in a cult. It comes to us commended by glowing quotations from Mr. Swinburne and Walt Whitman, and we cannot help saying that, for common hearts, it stands in need of the commendation. The transfer of affection from an all-loving Father to an adamantine universe is a process for which we may well seek all the aid that the witchery of poetry can supply. Unluckily, we are haunted by the consciousness that the poetry itself is blindly ground out by the same illimitable mill of evolution which grinds out virtue and affection. We are by no means sure that we understand what Cosmic Emotion is, even after reading an exposition of its nature by no ungifted hand. Its symbola, so to speak, are the feelings produced by the two objects of Kant's peculiar reverence, the stars of heaven, and the moral faculty of man. But, after all, these are only like anything else, aggregations of molecules in a certain stage of evolution. To the unscientific eye they may be awful, because they are mysterious; but let science analyse them and their awfulness disappears. If the interaction of all parts of the material universe is complete, we fail to see why one object or one feeling is more cosmic than another. However, we will not dwell on that which, as we have already confessed, we do not feel sure that we rightly apprehend. What we do clearly see is that to have cosmic emotion, or cosmic anything, you must have a cosmos. You must be assured that the universe is a cosmos and not a chaos. And what assurance of this can materialism or any non-theological system give? Law is a theological term: it implies a lawgiver, or a governing intelligence of some kind. Science can tell us nothing but facts, single or accumulated as experience, which would not make a law though they had been observed through myriads of years. Law is a theological term, and cosmos is equally so, if it may not rather be said to be a Greek name for the aggregate of laws. For order implies intelligent selection and arrangement. Our idea of order would not be satisfied by a number of objects falling by mere chance into a particular figure however intricate and regular. All the arguments which have been used against design seem to tell with equal force against order. We have no other universe wherewith to compare this so as by the comparison to assure ourselves that this is not a chaos but a cosmos. Both on the earth and in the heavens we see much that is not order but disorder, not cosmos but acosmia. If we divine, nevertheless, that order reigns, and that there is design beneath the seemingly undesigned, and good beneath the appearance of evil, it is by virtue of something not dreamed of in the philosophy of materialism.

Have we really come to this, that the world has no longer any good reason for believing in a God or a life beyond the grave? If so, it is difficult to deny that with regard to the great mass of mankind up to this time Schopenhauer and the Pessimists

are right, and existence has been a cruel misadventure. The number of those who have suffered lifelong oppression, disease, or want, who have died deaths of torture or perished miserably by war, is limited though enormous; but probably there have been few lives in which the earthly good has not been outweighed by the evil. The future may bring increased means of happiness, though those who are gone will not be the better for them; but it will bring also increase of sensibility, and the consciousness of hopeless imperfection and miserable futility will probably become a distinct and growing cause of pain. It is doubtful even whether, after such a raising of Mokanna's veil, faith in everything would not expire and human effort cease. Still we must face the situation: there can be no use in self-delusion. In vain we shall seek to cheat our souls and to fill a void which cannot be filled by the manufacture of artificial religions and the affectation of a spiritual language to which, however persistently and fervently it may be used, no realities correspond. If one of these cults could get itself established, in less than a generation it would become hollower than the hollowest of ecclesiasticisms. Probably not a few of the highest natures would withdraw themselves from the dreary round of self-mockery by suicide; and if a scientific priesthood attempted to close that door by sociological dogma or posthumous denunciation the result would show the difference between the practical efficacy of a religion with a God and that of a cult of "Humanity" or "Space."

Shadows and figments, as they appear to us to be in themselves, these attempts to provide a substitute for religion are of the highest importance, as showing that men of great powers of mind, who have thoroughly broken loose not only from Christianity but from natural religion, and in some cases placed themselves in violent antagonism to both, are still unable to divest themselves of the religious sentiment, or to appease its craving for satisfaction. There being no God, they find it necessary, as Voltaire predicted it would be, to invent one; not for the purposes of police (they are far above such sordid Jesuitism), but as the solution of the otherwise hopeless enigma of our spiritual nature. Science takes cognisance of all phenomena; and this apparently ineradicable tendency of the human mind is a phenomenon like the rest. The thoroughgoing Materialist, of course, escapes all these philosophical exigencies; but he does it by denying Humanity as well as God, and reducing the difference between the organism of the human animal and that of any other animal to a mere question of complexity. Still, even in this quarter, there has appeared of late a disposition to make concessions on the subject of human volition hardly consistent with Materialism. Nothing can be more likely than that the impetus of great discoveries has carried the discoverers too far.

Perhaps with the promptings of the religious sentiment there is combined a sense of the immediate danger with which the failure of the religious sanction threatens social order and morality. As we have said already, the men of whom we specially speak are far above anything like social Jesuitism. We have not a doubt but they would regard with abhorrence any schemes of oligarchic illuminism for guarding the pleasures of the few by politic deception of the multitude. But they have probably begun to lay to heart the fact that the existing morality, though not dependent on any special theology, any special view of the relations between soul and body, or any special theory of future rewards and punishments, is largely dependent on a belief in the indefeasible authority of conscience, and in that without which conscience can have no indefeasible authority—the presence of a just and all-seeing God. It may be true that in primæval society these

beliefs are found only in the most rudimentary form, and, as social sanctions, are very inferior in force to mere gregarious instincts or the pressure of tribal need. But man emerges from the primæval state, and when he does, he demands a reason for his submission to moral law. That the leaders of the anti-theological movement in the present day are immoral, nobody but the most besotted fanatic would insinuate; no candid antagonist would deny that some of them are in every respect the very best of men. The fearless love of truth is usually accompanied by other high qualities, and nothing could be more unlikely than that natures disposed to virtue, trained under good influences, peculiarly sensitive to opinion and guarded by intellectual tastes, would lapse into vice as soon as the traditional sanction was removed. But what is to prevent the withdrawal of the traditional sanction from producing its natural effect upon the morality of the mass of mankind? The commercial swindler or the political sharper, when the divine authority of conscience is gone, will feel that he has only the opinion of society to reckon with, and he knows how to reckon with the opinion of society. If Macbeth is ready, provided he can succeed in this world, to "jump the life to come," much more ready will villainy be to "jump" the bad consequences of its actions to humanity when its own conscious existence shall have closed. Rate the practical effect of religious beliefs as low and that of social influences as high as you may, there can surely be no doubt that morality has received some support from the authority of an inward monitor regarded as the voice of God. The worst of men would have wished to die the death of the righteous; he would have been glad, if he could, when death approached, to cancel his crimes; and the conviction, or misgiving, which this implied, could not fail to have some influence upon the generality of mankind, though no doubt the influence was weakened rather than strengthened by the extravagant and incredible form in which the doctrine of future retribution was presented by the dominant theology.

The denial of the existence of God and of a future state, in a word, is the dethronement of conscience; and society will pass, to say the least, through a dangerous interval before social science can fill the vacant throne. Avowed scepticism is likely to be disinterested and therefore to be moral; it is among the unavowed sceptics and conformists to political religions that the consequences of the change may be expected to appear. But more than this, the doctrines of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest are beginning to generate a morality of their own, with the inevitable corollary that the proof of superior fitness is to survive—to survive either by force or cunning, like the other animals which by dint of force or cunning have come out victorious from the universal war and asserted for themselves a place in nature. The "irrepressible struggle for empire" is formally put forward by public writers of the highest class as the basis and the rule of the conduct of this country towards other nations; and we may be sure that there is not an entire absence of connection between the private code of a school and its international conceptions. The feeling that success covers everything seems to be gaining ground, and to be overcoming, not merely the old conventional rules of honour, but moral principle itself. Both in public and private there are symptoms of an approaching failure of the motive power which has hitherto sustained men both in self-sacrificing effort and in courageous protest against wrong, though as yet we are only at the threshold of the great change, and established sentiment long survives, in the masses, that which originally gave it birth. Renan says, probably with truth, that had the Second Empire remained at peace, it might have gone on for ever; and in the history of this country the connection between politi-

cal effort and religion has been so close that its dissolution, to say the least, can hardly fail to produce a critical change in the character of the nation. The time may come, when, as philosophers triumphantly predict, men, under the ascendency of science, will act for the common good, with the same mechanical certainty as bees; though the common good of the human hive would perhaps not be easy to define. But in the meantime mankind, or some portions of it, may be in danger of an anarchy of self-interest, compressed for the purpose of political order, by a despotism of force.

That science and criticism, acting—thanks to the liberty of opinion won by political effort—with a freedom never known before, have delivered us from a mass of dark and degrading superstitions, we own with heartfelt thankfulness to the deliverers, and in the firm conviction that the removal of false beliefs, and of the authorities or institutions founded on them, cannot prove in the end anything but a blessing to mankind. But at the same time the foundations of general morality have inevitably been shaken, and a crisis has been brought on the gravity of which nobody can fail to see, and nobody but a fanatic of Materialism can see without the most serious misgiving.

There has been nothing in the history of man like the present situation. The decadence of the ancient mythologies is very far from affording a parallel. The connection of those mythologies with morality was comparatively slight. Dull and half-animal minds would hardly be conscious of the change which was partly veiled from them by the continuance of ritual and state creeds; while in the minds of Plato and Marcus Aurelius it made place for the development of a moral religion. The Reformation was a tremendous earthquake: it shook down the fabric of mediæval religion, and as a consequence of the disturbance in the religious sphere filled the world with revolutions and wars. But it left the authority of the Bible unshaken, and men might feel that the destructive process had its limit, and that adamant was still beneath their feet. But a world which is intellectual and keenly alive to the significance of these questions, reading all that is written about them with almost passionate avidity, finds itself brought to a crisis the character of which any one may realize by distinctly presenting to himself the idea of existence without a God.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

SEBASTIAN.

CHAPTER I.

MONKSDEAN.

THERE is on the southern coast a little church in which the last "Amen" of Sunday prayer has long ago been said.

Tired apparently of witnessing so many burials around it, it has decided to bury itself, and has accordingly interred its greater part very decently and comfortably under its own rich growth of ivy, woodbine, and moss.

All around is wild, except the little churchyard—"God's acre" in less than a rood—which gleams with new white crosses, and glows with flowers—not wild, but garden flowers, flourishing gaily.

The resting-places of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" are quite put out of sight by these newer graves. At first the great brightness which seems the law of the place, even to the breast of the robin on the gray roof, to the gold bronze on the fallen leaf, appears unnatural to such a spot. But as the ages on the tombstones become apparent one by one, showing that those who lie beneath have all perished in youth, most of them in very early youth, one grows glad at finding this little garden of death made so sweet and fair for them.

They are those who, sinking into consumption, had been brought in forlorn hope to the town a few miles off; the soft air of which gives new health to some, or to the dying easier death.

They lie there among myrtles and roses, ivy and mignonette, and tender words graven on stones, and crosses white as their own purity.

Seldom are they alone. No sunny day can come—and frequent are the sunny days here the whole year round—but the old sexton is at the gate, on the watch for visitors; and cheerfully garrulous old ladies and knapsacked young tourists are sketching from the favourite points of view. Many a young couple from the town hard by, trying to look as if their honeymoon had waned time out of mind, yet showing its newness in their every glance, grow grave in this assemblage of youthful sleepers.

The church doors are open; the sun shines in, lighting the worn stone threshold and the rotten high-backed seats. Dazzlingly the white crosses shine: warmly the flowers glow and breathe. Across the great sea come the breeze and the sunshine, wrapping the little spot around like the spirit of eternal life, banishing every thought of gloom, and seeming to say triumphantly to death, "*You* laid these children here; but they are *mine* for ever now."

And the same breeze, rushing into the little open church, wakes no other echo there than the last words of Sunday prayer, "Evermore. Amen."

But it was long before that young company had come to rest in the little churchyard, with their gay flowers and white crosses; long before the old bell had given up summoning the little congregation to Sunday service; that the childish feet, whose wanderings make the subject of this story, had helped to wear that hollow in the stone at the threshold.

In the days while yet "the rude forefathers" had the little churchyard to themselves, the Reverend Amos Gould was rector of Monksdean.

Amos, unlike his namesake the herdsman of Tekoah, was not inspired by the beauty of the scenes in which his lines had fallen.

Not merely did he find no comfort or refreshment in them, he scarcely even observed them.

As for the wonderful village street, which was more like a chamber prepared for some sylvan festival than the scene of everyday rustic life, he only knew that the people in it were a hard-headed, close-fisted community, who thought it a sign of British independence to resist clerical dictation as much as possible.

The stories about the church when it belonged to the Norman monastery brought the sexton an annual harvest of sixpences and shillings, but had not the faintest interest for Amos Gould.

How *could* he care, he would ask, with his look of gentle, frank protest, to hear of these old Norman monks? Was it not more than enough for him to know they had been so clumsy as to let the deeds belonging to this unlucky little church be burnt at their monastery during the Civil War, and so had lost its tithes for ever?

Then there was the well in the churchyard, the famous old well of Saint Anselm, with its crumbling carved archway, of which antiquaries told the rector he ought to be so proud.

This, he owned, might have been interesting enough in its day. Pilgrims innumerable came then to prove its healing powers, and left their fees for the priest on its sacred stone. But now that there was never anything but moss upon the stone, he could not pretend to see any charm about it; neither could he in the battered countenance of the saint, or in the time-pitted cherubim surrounding it.

Yet it would be erroneous to suppose that Amos Gould was a malcontent or a grumbler. No man was ever further than he from being either. He merely owned these things in his gentle sincerity of heart when congratulated on pleasures he could not enjoy.

In the same way, when London clergymen declared he ought to be above all the ordinary troubles of householders in so perfect a rectory, he mildly mentioned the slight drawbacks of smoking chimneys, draughts, and want of space.

He was often told that such a boundary line as that made by the gently-swelling downs on one side and the sea on the other, should of itself make Monksdean a sort of paradise. But when even such a boundary is as a typical prison wall closing round a man's prospects, and shutting him in to a life of hard work and one hundred pounds a year, no wonder the eye should weary of beholding it, the head grow sick, "the whole heart faint."

The neighbouring clergy had a half-pitying way of speaking of him as "little Amos," alluding rather to the general smallness of his life, means, and aims, than to his person, which was but slightly below middle height, and somewhat thick set.

His face was pale and inclining to puffiness, his hair black, rather low on the forehead, and growing in a thick even border round his cheeks and chin. His mouth was well formed, and had an air of quiet sociability. His eyes were dark, comely, and calm. They were always grave, though seldom sad; frank, but seldom trustful. When the rest of the face smiled, the eyes were still grave; when they had to look on great sorrow, they were still calm.

Little Amos lived on a sort of dead level of resignation. He kept the eyes of his spirit looking steadily before him, never letting them look despairingly down or hopefully upwards. When he said he "hoped" he meant that he expected, for expectation was the only form of hope in which he indulged.

On this matter, as on most other matters, Mrs. Gould and himself were of one mind.

She was one of the few possessions on which his friends did *not* congratulate him; and the only one, perhaps, on which he could have well borne much congratulation.

He had first come to take charge of the parish in the illness and absence of the rector. In all parish matters,

about which he wrote to the rector, Amos was referred to "Miss Langworthy and my daughters." As the eldest of these last-mentioned young ladies was but sixteen, and had eyes that seemed to Amos to have a way of making him lose the sense of whatever she said to him, he preferred always to consult Miss Langworthy. Her clear brown eyes assisted rather than hindered his comprehension. She was governess to the rector's family, and was held in much esteem, being a lady of good birth, and having met with the trial of losing a comfortable fortune.

Miss Langworthy was tall and large, though thin. She had red hair and light brown eyes. They were not handsome eyes, being small, poor in colour, and having scarcely perceptible lashes and brows, but they had a look of keen discernment and clear intelligence.

When it was seen that Mr. Gould walked about so much with Miss Langworthy, and paid so many visits to the rectory, though such visits and walks were believed to be necessary, yet another motive than parish work was assigned for these things. A grave young bachelor parson like Amos Gould and a young lady of good family, education, and taste for parish work,—what better materials could the gossips of Monksdean want to begin with? Miss Langworthy, as a matter of course, was joked on the subject; but though she might, perhaps, be betrayed into a slight blush, she always had ready the answer that what *she* did in the parish she did from simple duty, and she was sure it was the same with Mr. Gould.

Miss Langworthy, however, was too highly conscientious a person to disguise from herself certain signs that seemed to show gossips *might* for once be right. It was certainly clear to her that Mr. Gould came to the rectory to ask some questions which might have been as easily answered by the schoolmistress or sexton as herself. Therefore, as a truthful-minded person, she was obliged to confess to herself he liked visiting at the rectory. Then, too, she could but notice he invariably stayed longer if she happened to be alone when he called. If she sent her eldest charge, Lillian Armytage, he would be sure to ask to see Miss Langworthy. When Mr. Gould met them out, and accompanied them a short or long way in their walk, he always walked at her side. Partly in prudence, considering that this might perhaps be observed by others as well as herself, and partly from a little natural womanly curiosity, Miss Langworthy would on some pretext or other manage to change her position. Mr. Gould, without the least idea she had any intention for doing so, would, before traversing many yards, contrive to change his, and so place them in the same order as before. Did he know that doing this caused a slight red to tinge Miss Langworthy's cheek, up to which the top of his hat just reached? No one could answer that question, for Amos Gould's heart was a parish mystery in those days. Miss Langworthy had too much sense and good taste to try to precipitate any possible intentions Mr. Gould might have concerning her. She went about her work in the village not with that feverish restlessness of some young ladies having hopes similar to her own, but with quiet assiduity that won Mr. Gould's admiration—an admiration which he very openly expressed, too openly perhaps to give her much pleasure.

Miss Langworthy was too shrewd a woman not to see a dim possibility of her pretty pupil Lillian being the attraction that brought Mr. Gould so often near them. She had very carefully watched, and not only had seen the signs already mentioned, denoting as she considered a clear preference for herself, but had seen also that Mr. Gould hardly ever glanced at Lillian, though she, like many other girls of her age Miss Langworthy had known, had what she

thought a silly, tongue-tied, blushing manner whenever Mr. Gould came near, while ordinarily she was a very intelligent, studious, and thoughtful girl.

Yet, though gifted with uncommon penetration, was Miss Langworthy all this time, and indeed all her life, utterly ignorant of a little story going on just then under her very eyes, proving that whether Love is blind himself or not, he is certainly very clever at blinding those near whom he comes, and whom he finds inconveniently in his way.

Amos *did* remain longer at the rectory when Miss Langworthy was alone. As a naturally observant person she could but notice it. She must have been supernaturally observant to know the real reason for this, that he remained merely because he could not tear himself away while there was yet a chance of hearing a light step coming—a chance of seeing a girl's form, innocent face, and drooping hair, entering at the black oak-door like spring through wintry woods. Then Miss Langworthy might talk on of driest parish matters as the slim student sat at her book by the table, her little hand covering the cheek nearest Amos, her glistening curls drooping his way, concealing all but an eyelash that, whenever he spoke, quivered or lay deathly still. Miss Langworthy might talk, and Amos listen and reply, but he was in a world above and beyond parishes. Eden was recreated in the little room, and Adam again woke from the "deep sleep" and looked on Eve.

One day Miss Langworthy was called out of the room for a few minutes. There was surely no harm in the eyes of Amos turning so eagerly to take in all they could in that brief interval. He could not pain her by doing so, because her face was turned away, and hidden by her curls and supporting hand. And yet he wondered, if she did not guess anything of his gaze, why was it that the curtain of curls drooped lower, and that there was fluttering enough under them to dislodge from the holland bodice a spray of cluster roses that fell upon her open book? Why? indeed: a question to keep him dreaming many a day and wakeful many a night. If only now he could see the dear face itself, from what blunders he might be saved! He might see it only studious and puzzled over the lesson, almost unconscious of his presence. What folly such a glimpse might spare him!

Making his voice as cold and unconcerned as possible, he said—

"What pretty roses! May I beg for one?"

The sweet voice, cold as his own, answered him—

"Oh, certainly!"

And while one little hand offered the spray, the other held back the curls, and the face looked out at him. No archness or coquetry was in it. Better for Amos that there should have been; better anything for poor Amos than the reluctance to look—the crimson cheeks, the eyes drooping before the adoration of his own.

The rustle of a silk gown in the passage, the opening of a door, the glance of calm brown eyes, and Amos has suddenly fallen from Eden back into—a parish.

Miss Langworthy looked at Amos, at Lillian, and the roses. She knew where they had been; she saw clearly they had changed places. But at *her* glance Lillian's curls were tossed back carelessly, and she said with apparent unconcern—and she *was* unconcerned as to her governess's looks—

"Can we get down some more of these cluster roses, Miss Langworthy? Mr. Gould admires them so much."

Miss Langworthy was satisfied, and never gave the matter another thought.

No spray of July roses, however, dropped from their place against a maiden's throbbing heart; but that far more sensible and useful institution, a parish soup-kitchen, was destined to change the course of Amos Gould's bachelor life.

A day or two after he had gone home to his lodging over the post-office with the roses in his hand, he heard something that made him resolve never to spend another moment near Lillian more than necessity might compel him. She was not positively engaged, he discovered, but under such a promise concerning Mr. Dowdeswell, her father's patron, the Manchester manufacturer and owner of Combe Park, that she could not honourably break, as it was to hold good till at least the end of the year. Perhaps had Amos seen some more doubt in her mind at first, his sense of honour might not have made him look on the tacit engagement as sacredly as he did, in spite of Dowdeswell's wealth and his own poor prospects in comparison.

But he could not mistake the tender and pathetic "No" that had been in her whole manner to him from first to last, showing him her wish was not to break faith with her father even though she could not completely hide her girlish love from Amos.

Amos no sooner understood the position than he determined to help the brave and tender heart in its struggle.

After a few days he appeared at the rectory, pale, subdued, but cheerful, and saw Miss Langworthy. He told her that in answering the rector's inquiries concerning his family, he had felt it necessary to say, that as he did not think Miss Lillian looking so well lately, he strongly advised her father to send for her that she might pass the rest of the summer with him.

He saw no more of Lillian till the morning Miss Langworthy was to take her to where her father would meet her. Amos walked with them to the coach, talking all the way of Miss Langworthy's scheme of getting up a blanket club for the winter. When he had assisted her into the coach, he took Lillian's hand and held it with a firm kindliness that gave her courage to look at him. He wished her to do so, for it seemed due to him she should know his pain and yet his strength. But he had to mind both tone and words, for Miss Langworthy's eyes were on them.

"If I have taken too great a liberty in writing to your father as I did, I hope I am forgiven."

She scarcely let her eyes meet his, but allowed her fingers to tighten round his like a frightened child clinging to a greater strength than her own. Three little sentences, each in a sort of sigh, came from her.

"It was very good of you—I am so pleased to go. Good-bye."

And so the rose era was over, and that of the soup-kitchen began.

Miss Langworthy, after remaining with Lillian a few days, came back to her younger charges at the rectory. She seemed more bright and energetic than ever, and Amos was so thankful for her return that she quite blushed at his welcome. All with him was to be subservient to "parish" now, and he was truly glad to have back in the village one who talked of nothing else, and this wonderfully helped him in forgetting the rose-dream and coming back to reality.

In the meantime he was quite unconscious of the gossip about himself in connection with Miss Langworthy, and felt as safe in talking to her as he did in chatting to the village postmistress. While nothing changed his natural fixed reserve, he became more parochially friendly with her each day, and called her, with grave jocularity, his "rural dean."

In the autumn, when Lillian's father died, Mr. Dowdeswell presented Amos to the living of Monksdean. The orphans and Miss Langworthy stayed on at the rectory till the middle of November, and then it was that Amos became aware of the position in which his acceptance of Miss Langworthy's help had placed him.

The weather being severe, Miss Langworthy had, assisted by Amos and Mr. Dowdeswell, established a soup-kitchen. On the first morning that the little crowd of jug-bearers assembled at the door of the rectory

scullery, Amos made his way through them, commenting pleasantly on the excellent odour of the soup-steam issuing from the open door out into the frosty air.

On entering he found Miss Langworthy standing by the copper with a huge soup-ladle in her hand. She was equipped from chin to foot in an apron of what seemed to Amos coarse kitchen towelling, and wore sleeves of the same material up to her elbows. Amos smiled; the sight gratified his parochial mind, just as a well-appointed hearse or any other parish matter admirably conducted might have done. He smiled with such full approbation that Miss Langworthy blushed. The steam prevented Amos from seeing the blush, or he would probably not have remarked in so calm and matter-of-fact a manner, or indeed in any manner at all, she managed these things so well that she ought to be a clergyman's wife.

Miss Langworthy had naturally a steady hand, but the soup-ladle certainly trembled slightly as she lowered it into the copper. She wished to make no possible mistake, but it really seemed to her that the all-important moment of her life had arrived. Amos Gould had smiled on her as she had never seen him smile on any other woman. He had here, in his own back kitchen, spoken of her fitness for becoming a clergyman's wife. Surely, she thought, she might trust her own instincts; surely that which all the parish had so long expected had really come to pass. But, with her usual caution, she felt that perhaps she was a little too perturbed to be able to estimate his words and manner just then—she must wait for what would follow.

Amos, innocent as the smallest child with its broken mug waiting outside, took the vessel presented him by one of the foremost old women at the door and placed it on the edge of the copper. As good or evil fate would have it, it happened to be a brown and yellow jug, illustrating the story of Boaz and Ruth. Miss Langworthy instantly saw it, and asked herself why should he have chosen to take that jug first, from all waiting to thrust theirs into his hand? She filled it, while Amos stood eying the figures on it with slow curiosity. Having just come to a knowledge of what it was intended to represent, and feeling rather proud of his discovery as Miss Langworthy filled and gave it to him, he held it up before her with a grave smile, saying—

"I don't think you observed the picture."

To his amazement a voice full of agitation replied—

"Yes; but pray say no more just now, Mr. Gould."

Amos handed the old woman her soup, and passed on the other jugs in silence, which was perhaps scarcely what he would have done had he considered coolly as he could wish. For some time he looked perplexed and troubled, as the absurd sense of the blunder dawned upon him.

He escaped as soon as possible from the soup-kitchen, but from its results he was not to escape. On his way up the lane, he met some one who asked him when he intended to take possession of the rectory. Amos told him the late rector's family and Miss Langworthy would be leaving in a week, and that then, as there was an arrangement for the furniture remaining as it was, he could enter immediately.

"I suppose *she* will not be long away?" said his neighbour.

Amos asked why? in real perplexity. What could he mean, Amos wondered, since *he* could not have known of the Boaz and Ruth jug? His friend, however, laughed as he turned in at his own gate, and with a parting wave of the hand answered—

"Oh, don't you suppose we have seen it all from the first?"

Amos was an obstinate man when he chose to be, but he was a most temperate-minded and considerate man.

So far as village gossips were concerned, he would have steadily maintained his own course and calmly defied their censure. But his whole life and his whole mind being now devoted to his work, whatever might seem likely to help that work was to be seriously considered and not hastily dismissed, even if he felt inclined to dismiss it. He was a just man too, and he questioned himself very closely as to whether so freely accepting Miss Langworthy's help, and even advice, he had not perhaps led her to think more than he intended.

He thought of little else all day. In the evening, as he was packing some of his books, he read in a little old, old volume these words—

"No memorie liveth in the hearte so long or so sweetlie as that of a love slayne bye honour. The flowers of Maie repeat to us the storie, the loste delite. The birds sing of it, and if our teares starte with their first notes at morning and our sighs rise with the flowers' odours, such teares and sighs are but as dewes and breathes from heaven, wherein was laid up for us the soule of that slayne love."

"Trash!" said Amos, flinging the book away angrily. "The idiot that wrote that had nothing to do but scribble." And he said to himself, as he rose and laid on the fire a withered little spray, that, had the writer of the offending paragraph a parish to work, he would have known he must crush the flower under his feet that reminded him of such a love, and wring the bird's neck rather than endure the anguish of having "the lost delite" recalled. Somehow this little passage had more to do in determining him to ask Miss Langworthy to be his wife than anything else, for it showed him how entirely he must shut out, if he would live and work at all, his brief, ethereal, dreamy, but all too exquisite romance of the rose.

So he went to see Miss Langworthy that same evening, proposed, and was accepted.

CHAPTER II.

SEBASTIAN.

Had the parish of Monksdean been as richly endowed ecclesiastically as it was naturally, the hopes and fears on which Sebastian's character was founded would never have had existence. His story might have remained as silent and unnoticed as any pebble on the beach at the foot of that sandy little lane where he was born.

But the church which stood at the top of that same lane was poor in all but antiquity, legends, and beautiful surroundings.

In these things it was as rich as a little old English church could be.

Unblemished by improvements, all in its cold Norman simplicity, it stood, reflecting flashes of sea on its small southern windows, and on those looking westward waving foliage.

Time had been so generous and tender in his usage, one might imagine this to be his own parish church, and that he had a special regard for it on that account. For every thing that he defaced he brought ample compensation in the form of emerald masses and treasures that could only be from his hand.

The little churchyard, sloping down seaward, teemed with this same patron's favours, and, when once inside the tiny gate, one felt it must take hours to see half the rich and curious things with which he had stored it. Even the white fan-tail pigeons that haunted it for the seed of sundry trees, added to its air of age and quaintness, for they seemed to have retained the dazzling purity of primeval snows. One could half fancy they had trailed those white feathers on the velvet turf of Eden, had fed from the first woman's hand when it was spotless as themselves, and that at the fall they had taken too distant a flight heavenwards to come under the ban of sin and death.

The peaceful little nook was shaded

airily by groups of the trees peculiar to that part of the coast.

Though no veterans of the forest could have a more aged and venerable appearance than the trunks and lower branches of these old oaks and elms, they are so small that at first they look like young trees. It is the little boughs that rise from them like children upborne on shoulders bent with years that have the wonderful freshness and delicacy of foliage, which is the great charm of Monksdean.

It canopies the village street which lies up round the church corner. Smithy, thatched houses, the general shop on one side, and trim pond and Mr. Dowdeswell's park railings on the other, all lie under this dainty green veil. About the rectory the wood is a little more dense, though the house is lower down the sea lane than the church, and on the opposite side.

It is built simply, of limestone, and stands very quaintly on its little shelf on the woody hill-side. Rude steps in the cliff lead up to it. The four acres of glebe-land lie behind it.

Without this, which he managed by the aid of one stout Hampshire man, little Amos would have been at his wits' end to provide for the five little mouths that, after the first seven years of his marriage, expected filling with remorseless regularity.

At the time of their starting together in life, Mr. and Mrs. Gould had already passed through such experiences as made them decide to look forward to nothing in the future but what might be calmly and reasonably expected.

Both felt there was one sorrow to be dreaded by them beyond all other sorrows, and that was disappointment. Hope, therefore, was to be the forbidden fruit in their cold Eden of resignation.

Two years passed without any tempter appearing to try the strength of their resolve.

In that time a strong little girl—a muscular Christian, like her mother—was born at Monksdean rectory.

But in the third year came the little Sebastian.

Then it was that the mother, in her weakness, and in her joy at having a little man on her arm, allowed herself to taste of the forbidden tree, hope, "and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

Her temptation came in this manner. On the third day after her boy's birth she lay thinking of her broken-off household duties, and planning economies to atone for extra expenses involved by the new arrival.

The May afternoon was warm and still. Boughs of the China rose-tree waved about the half-curtained window with clusters of green buds that seemed peering in curiously for a glimpse of their human brother-bud, wrapped in flannel on Mrs. Gould's large arm.

The weather-vane of the church caught the sunlight, and glittered through the pale leaves. The bleating of lambs in fields close by, the chirping of callow birds in the old garden trees, blending with countless other sounds, made Sebastian the richest of afternoon lullabies. Altogether those sounds made such an anthem as that with which the Divine infant might have been greeted in his first spring on earth by the young things claiming kindred with Him through His infancy and helplessness.

The mother of Sebastian being weak, found her careful household schemes grow confused, and her mind resting dreamily in the sweet sights and sounds of the May afternoon.

It was then that there came to her suddenly, and by no process of thought that she could remember, a thrill of hope as to a new future to be made for her by this little child.

The suddenness, the intensity, and the new and exquisite delight of the feeling so moved her that she became shaken by sobs, and her eyes overflowed.

She heard at that moment a step plodding up the stairs, and tried hard to calm herself before it reached her door.

But the door opened on all her weakness, and the grave eyes of little Amos grew graver as they beheld her. The broad form came with unwonted haste across the room.

"My dear Helen, are you not so well?"

It was quite useless trying now to hide from him the cause of her emotion. She had not the strength to dissemble.

Taking Sebastian's fist (about the size and tint of a newly-hatched pigeon), she laid it with a great deal of strange significance, which he utterly failed to understand, in the hand of Amos, and spoke to him with a fresh rush of tears and an almost child-like appeal for credence in her voice.

"My dear," she said, "this little man is to alter everything for us. I have really, Amos, had a sort of revelation about him. Yes, he is to be a great blessing to us, and to change everything for us some day. I *know* it. I am sure of it."

Had such a statement come from any other creature in the world, Amos would have smiled in his own quiet way and passed it by as one of those pleasant delusions with which he had determined to have nothing to do.

From Helen Gould, out of whose lips he had been used to hear nothing but purest truisms, it came at least startlingly.

He looked at her in much bewilderment. Tears were strange to Helen's eyes, and these joyful smiles stranger still to her lips. Little Amos found her emotion contagious.

He had much greater faith in her intellect and strength of mind than his own, and felt quite sure that what she said, however surprising, must have some sound meaning in it.

Since, too, there was such deep mystery in the relationship of this mother and this small new creature at her side, who could presume to say, Amos asked himself, just where such mystery ended? Why should she *not* have been given some insight as to its destiny?

He stood looking down on the poor face lit by the one solitary ray of hope he had ever seen there. It seemed to him cruel to shut his heart and mind against her one prophecy. Why should he?

So he did not shut his heart, but, like Jacob at the sight of the waggons from the land of Goshen, opened it to the dream of precious promise, and, like Jacob's, his spirit revived.

Amos stooped and kissed Sebastian's mother with a look of belief more solemn and glad than he was aware.

When thoroughly matter-of-fact, unimaginative, people once admit such an idea into their minds as this with which the parents of Sebastian had become possessed, it is hardly a matter of wonder that it should become like a reality to them, so used to admit nothing but realities.

If an actual and visible messenger from Heaven had come with an account of Sebastian's mission upon earth, it could scarcely have been regarded as a stronger certainty than it was from that hour.

The two bent over the child, smiling to see him grasp his father's finger as tenaciously as if he wished to express his readiness to hold fast whatever charge might be placed in his hands.

At that moment they little knew that of all the sharp arrows fate had in store for the bosom of the baby Sebastian, this supposed foresight concerning him was to prove cruellest, and pierce deepest.

CHAPTER III.

SEBASTIAN'S MODEL.

There hung over Mrs. Gould's mantelpiece a portrait of a certain church dignitary of commanding and august countenance. For the orginal of this picture, Mrs. Gould had an esteem and admiration that rose as nearly to enthusiasm as her nature could approach.

As it was believed, by most who knew him, that the great man had

reached his present position by his own powerful exertions, and as Mrs. Gould knew he had come into the world as poor as Sebastian himself, there can be no doubt that the contemplation of the picture had had some share in bringing about her prophetic inspiration concerning her boy's future.

Though she had herself no idea of this, but firmly believed her sudden hopefulness to have been a superhuman foresight, the determination to make Sebastian follow as nearly as possible in the great man's footsteps, was in her mind and heart from the moment of her dream. It therefore seemed to her, as she informed Amos, that she had been divinely instructed to make their dear and honoured friend, Prebendary Jellicoe, Sebastian's model.

But Amos had his own opinion on this point. Perhaps his imagination, never very elastic, had been stretched to its utmost to take in the idea of his wife's prophecy in its first stage. He could not quite bring himself to believe that the huge gouty limbs and port wine-tinted face of the prebendary played any part in that sweet and solemn moment when his wife poured out her words of hope with tears and trembling, as if a mighty tender voice had just breathed them in her ear.

Amos, therefore, though he said nothing, did not believe the prebendary to have been specially intended by Providence as Sebastian's exemplar and guide. Perhaps his admiration for the great man was not so profound as his wife's. However, he could not be blind as to his success, and knowing Mrs. Gould would not abandon her idea without losing her hope as to Sebastian's future, he fell into her plans, casting away his own misgivings, and trying to see things as she, with her superior judgment, saw them.

Her little girl being so tall and strong for her age made her confident that Sebastian would be of stature as colossal and constitution as sound as the prebendary.

He was to have a hardy training, and to be made feel his responsibilities as the future backbone of the family at as early an age as possible.

Amos had his doubts as to whether the child was nearly so large and strong as his sister had been at his age; but his wife declared she saw in him every sign of a fine constitution.

The first thing to be done was to write and request the honour of the prebendary becoming godfather to the child, who already bore his Christian name by anticipation.

In two days came a gracious consent, which was received by Mrs. Gould with unbounded pride and pleasure.

There was, however, one drawback to the pleasure with which it was received at the rectory. The prebendary had just consented to a similar entreaty from the parents of a little newborn cousin of Sebastian's, so there would be two Sebastian Goulds in the family. At first this was felt to be annoying; but Mrs. Gould soon assured herself, and then Amos, that the other Sebastian would be a mere nobody; and that it was unreasonable to grudge him the honour of bearing the name of such a cousin as her own Sebastian.

"Even if I had not this feeling about the child," she said, "I really don't see how he could fail to make his way with such a friend as the dear bishop."

"Bishop Jellicoe" was the title by which the prebendary was most commonly designated, partly because the stall to which he had been appointed had once—when it was not quite without provender—been held by a bishop; and partly because he claimed the right, as senior clergyman in the diocese, to propose the bishop's health at visitation dinners, when he invariably took occasion to deliver his own "charge" to the clergy. But apart from all these smaller facts, Prebendary Jellicoe was declared by his admirers to be "every inch a bishop," in person, mind, and manners; and, to all gifted with powers to appreciate him "Bishop" he was, from the

moment he became prebendary, to the day of his lamented death.

"Don't you see, yourself," asked Mrs. Gould, rather impatient at her husband's silence, "that there could scarcely be a better chance for any young man than Sebastian will have if he makes himself cared for, as he ought and must, by his godfather?"

"Well, my dear," answered Amos, "*practically*, I suppose, that really is all the solid ground we have for these little feet to stand on. I suppose the bishop really will put something in his way at the right time—*when* that comes."

And Amos could not withhold a patient little sigh at the thought of how many years lay between this small Joseph and his prospective land of Goshen.

"He looks a perfect little clergyman already," declared Mrs. Gould, as if in reproach at the sigh.

"Rather uncanonical in the style of hair, isn't he?' asked Amos, smiling at Sebastian's bare pink head, turning its back energetically on all the world but that one thing in it which alone was of any importance to him just then—his mother.

'I do believe he has the bishop's own magnificent brow," she exclaimed, looking from Sebastian's forehead, crimped like a new chestnut leaf, to the portrait hanging over the mantelpiece.

The picture, of which the steel engraving in Mrs. Gould's room was a copy, was an oil-painting, representing a head and shoulders, very considerably larger than ordinary life-size. Yet it was generally acknowledged that the artist could not be said to have really departed from nature in this matter. The original of the portrait was so great a man physically, so much greater morally, and more great than all socially, that apparent exaggeration was perhaps the only means by which justice could be done in such a case.

The brow to which Mrs. Gould fancied her Sebastian's bore some resemblance, projected much in several places, as if the great brain had needed more room than nature originally allowed it. The nose was decidedly Roman. Sebastian, at four years old, was irreverent enough to compare it with Mr. Punch's, for which his mother debarred him a whole week from contemplation of his model. If such an idea could possibly occur to the child, one would have thought that the severe dignity of the expression of the lips would have prevented utterance of it. Those lips, too, were large and full.

The eyes alone were small; but their look of profound absorption made them like no other eyes. Close, perhaps irreverent, observers, among whom Sebastian, at certain frivolous moments of his life, must be numbered, hinted that, in spite of their apparent absorption, the eyes were really watching very keenly for the slightest sign of disrespect in the beholder's face. At least, such was the expression they said the artist had caught.

Amos failed to see the slightest likeness between the bishop and Sebastian; and he had an absurdly unreasonable sort of foreboding wonder whether there might not be as great a difference in their characters and lives as in their faces.

Sebastian's education was, of course, to be undertaken by his father, till he should be ready to go to college; for the expenses of which every penny that could be saved from the housekeeping allowance, was to be stored up thenceforth.

Amos was naturally somewhat nervous about his task; and the correspondence between Mrs. Gould and the prebendary, upon the subject, did not tend to make his mind easier.

He was considerably dismayed, when, in answer to Mrs. Gould's entreaties for advice, their learned friend sent particulars of his own early progress.

He had lisped Latin quite as soon as he lisped English. At three years

old he could read some words in Cæsar, and at five he could read the text throughout better than that of an English lesson-book. He began Latin grammar at the same time as the English, a plan that he decidedly advised to be adopted with regard to Sebastian, leaving its more abstruse rules to be mastered afterwards through translation. At eight years of age he had finished Cæsar and commenced Ovid. Then Greek was undertaken, first the grammar, and then Xenophon's *Anabasis;* from which point the prebendary's progress was marvellously rapid.

But it was enough for Amos to realise what he had to undertake for Sebastian in his earlier years without looking beyond. He had been habituated by his wife to believe almost anything as to the prebendary's mental powers; but when he glanced from the prodigious slippers kept in the corner of the dining-room, in readiness for the visits, "few and far between," of the great man, he could not help asking himself was it possible those tiny feet, now in the wool shoes of pink and white, could ever follow in the prebendary's huge educational strides?

But any doubts and fears that may have existed were only like slight specks in the sky of the future, which the coming of Sebastian's little pink face had made all rosy.

Even the thought of his great task soon began to give Amos pleasure as well as anxiety, and a sense of self-importance that enriched his dull life wonderfully.

His night's rest after his toilsome day was usually deep and dreamless. Now the remembrance of his responsibilities often kept him wakeful till chanticleer's voice startled and set screaming the little hero of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PREBENDARY'S LETTER.

A YEAR passed, and showed Sebastian's first failure in treading in his godfather's footsteps; for not only was it impossible to make him lisp in Latin, but he would not lisp at all.

At two years old he began to converse with much fluency and self-satisfaction, but in an entirely new and unknown tongue; declining to repeat any words in which it was attempted to instruct him, either Latin or English.

The only way in which he showed any intelligence was the energy with which he tried to make the acquaintance of every living thing that came in his way. Every fresh face appeared to excite his interest and pleasure; and he would smile and crow at it as if it gave him surprise and delight to find the world so full of people. His face would look deplorably stupid and miserable when his father or mother tried patiently to make him repeat some simple word, such as *dog* or *cat*. But if either of these animals entered the room during the lesson, his little hands were outstretched towards it, and he would address it with a flood of eloquence incomprehensible but for the love that lit his face.

It seemed to Amos that there was something approaching to obstinacy in the way Sebastian, even in his babyhood, opposed their plans, and appeared to maintain that to make himself at home in the world was quite enough for him to do as yet.

At three years old the only advance he could be said to have made in his education was simplifying the alphabet for his own study by calling every letter A or B. And to this he kept with a patient and serene obstinacy that neither coaxing nor slapping could conquer.

At five, Cæsar was still on the shelf unthumbed, Sebastian being only able by deep study, and by the aid of highly-coloured prints, to spell out the tragedy of Cock Robin.

At six, not only was he a dunce, but so weak and small and soft of frame that his stalwart baby-sister, born three years after him, had merely to run at him to lay Sebastian helpless

on the ground. His backbone was not particularly strong even for its own natural wear and tear, but was most unsatisfactory when considered as the family support.

His mother tried her best to render his appearance less infantine. Never were limbs so babyish encased in garments so manly, or fresh, flaxen curls so severely sheared.

But it was all labour in vain. The shearing left a soft yellow down that made Sebastian look like a tender, unfeathered fledgling turned prematurely out of its nest.

Fortunately for himself the child was blessed with a meek and quiet spirit, and never had a thought of murmuring at the severity with which he was treated.

He did not even know his life was a peculiarly hard one. Seeing his sisters allowed time to play and enjoy leisure and amusements denied to himself, he did once ask his mother why such a difference was made between them. When she told him sharply that it was because he was a boy—a little man—and that men must take great responsibilities on themselves, and learn to work very hard indeed, Sebastian murmured no more, but did his best in his own small way to act his part manfully.

His best, it is true, was very disappointing. Every one in the house knew that the rector spent more time over Sebastian's lessons than he gave to all his other children, but how much more still he devoted to the little dunce was known only to the teacher and pupil. They took long walks together, but of what had passed during those walks only a little book bulging Sebastian's pocket, and a look of graver perplexity on his father's face, gave any sign.

Sebastian bore the troubles and difficulties of his education with much fortitude. Sometimes he referred to them with a quaint, half-sad humour that made Amos smile in spite of himself. Once, when they were returning together from the village, they saw a donkey tied by a rope that was fastened round a rock. Sebastian looked from it up to his father's face with a queer twinkle in his eye.

"Well," observed the rector, "What now?"

"He thinks if he keeps pulling he can move the rock," said Sebastian; "and I think if I keep on trying I can learn Latin. I wonder which of us will do what we want first!"

This dismayed Amos considerably, for in spite of the boy's inability to learn, he had some almost unconscious faith in his being wiser than he seemed, and it alarmed him to think Sebastian really felt his efforts to be as hopeless as the donkey's.

Sometimes his father, loth to keep the child in so many hours in the bright summer time, sent him out with his book to study it down at the end of the sandy lane. But here a crowd of fancies came into his mind bearing it far away from the little book in his hand. His thoughts, like little boats with "youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," went sailing idly on over the great grey sea. Vainly he tried to call them back. Away and away they swam, dancing, drifting, dreaming.

The sandy lane itself was the spot that Sebastian all through his life loved more than any place in the world. As a child he used to think to himself that the break in the cliff here, whenever it happened, must have been welcome to both sea and country, for they seemed mutually brightened and benefited by each other's acquaintance.

At high tide the waves came crowding and leaping up the lane like children let out of a big school into a tiny playground. The trees, like children too, Sebastian thought, had met them as nearly as they might, but stood with arms stretched landwards as if ready for flight should the wild waves come too close.

Here, too, he often met with another hindrance than the sea and sandy lane,—one with whom Amos could not be very wrath. It was the child of Mr.

Frank Dowdeswell, of Coombe Park, where the white pigeons that haunted the churchyard had their abiding-place.

Three years after his own marriage Amos had had to stand within the altar rails and join the little hand that had clung to his at that parting at the coach to Dowdeswell's. Two more years and he had said over it, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," none guessing that in saying it of Lillian he said it also of his life's romance.

He had known that in dying she had given birth to a daughter, but had heard and thought little of her till there began to molest Sebastian in his beach solitude a brilliant little beauty of three years old. She seemed more like a little woman to Amos than a child, a sort of infant Cleopatra, possessing the love and joy of a cherub and the imperiousness of a queen, the fascination and tyranny of a consciously beautiful woman.

Sebastian was ever the object of Miss Dora Dowdeswell's search when her nurse brought her out, the object of her intense admiration, tyranny, and love. Her mind seemed as large, bold and strong as her person. Indeed her dauntless truthfulness on certain occasions proved embarrassing to Sebastian, whose timidity had taught him to temporise slightly, especially with regard to his mother, of whom he stood in much awe.

Mrs. Gould having her young children to manage with one maid-of-all-work, could spare but little time over her boy. It is doubtful, however, whether she would have done any more good than Amos, as what small powers of learning Sebastian had seemed lost or bewildered under his mother's tuition. Her temper, too, was naturally hasty, but, like every other fault she had, was kept in admirable subjection. If one person tried it more than another it was certainly Sebastian. For no one could deny that she was an admirable mother and wife, a very pattern (as Amos had prophesied in the soup-kitchen) of a clergyman's wife.

She enjoyed good health and equable spirits, and her management of her home was almost faultless. No meanness of dress or occupation could make her appear otherwise than perfectly ladylike and self-possessed. Yet she was often much tried in both these respects.

Her good taste was apparent throughout the house, though perhaps it might be said to be a little hard and cold, being due entirely to cultivation and not to instinct.

Her sketches in water-colours that decorated the little drawing-room had been much admired. She did her best to impart all her accomplishments to her children, putting a decided stop to any tendency to what she called extremes, by which she meant going further in any direction than she had been led by her own masters.

She was fond of music as a science, and was a most correct pianist. Nothing ever jarred all she had in the way of nerves so much as when her little Sebastian, to his own deep rapture, his ignorant fingers guided only by his tender little ear, first fumbled out the air of "Home, sweet home!"

Up to a certain time the prebendary was kept in ignorance of his godson's backwardness, but at last Mrs. Gould insisted on telling him, and asking his advice.

Sebastian himself took in the great blue letter that came in answer to his mother's, little knowing what hints for his own welfare it contained.

He noticed, however, that his mother after reading it handed it to his father, with an approving and emphatic nod.

Sebastian, while appearing to be absorbed in blowing his spoonful of hot bread and milk, watched his father attentively.

First, he saw his eyes grow very bright and surprised-looking. When he had read the letter he gave it back to Mrs. Gould, making no comment, and avoiding to meet her eye, by which Sebastian felt sure the contents of the letter were not at all pleasing to him.

It was from no vulgar curiosity that Sebastian longed so all that morning to know what was in his godfather's letter. Far more on his father's account than his own was he anxious about it, for it had evidently left Amos in a mood of unusual thoughtfulness and grave perplexity.

As the day was a holiday, all the young folks but Sebastian went off to the beach directly after breakfast. *He* was shut in the dining-room with three days' unlearned lessons, making good-humoured grimaces at his sisters, who laughed at him as they went by the window.

He had not been alone long before his eye, roving everywhere but on his books, detected the prebendary's letter.

Sebastian could scarcely read writing at that time, but he had so frequently been set by his mother to study and try to imitate his godfather's striking hand, that he had the provoking knowledge of being able to pick out a few words had the letter lain near him—had it been on the table instead of the mantelpiece.

Sebastian tried to take his thoughts off it, and to set to work at his lessons.

Suddenly, however, he discovered his slate-pencil wanted a finer point, and knowing there was a penknife on the mantelpiece, nothing could be more natural than that he should go and get it. Nor, when standing on the fender to reach it, with one hand holding the shelf, was it less natural that his eyes should glance admiringly over the bold characters he had been urged to imitate.

He was surprised to find how easily he could spell out the address and date—

"The Rectory,
"Stowey-cum-Petherton,
"*May* 18."

And then—

"My very dear Friend."

The next word he spelt out, in the middle of the page, and surrounded by Latin quotations, was "him."

"That's me," said Sebastian, with his usual disregard for grammar. "Now, if I could only see what about 'him.'"

Sebastian fixed his attention on the three or four words preceding the one he had mastered, and which was the end of a sentence.

It would have done Mrs. Gould good to see the intelligence that lit Sebastian's face as the meaning of the sentence dawned upon him.

But it might not have been good either for her or Sebastian had she seen him spring from the fender to the middle of the hearth-rug, and stand there like a fierce little gladiator, with clenched fists, actually sparring at the portrait of his reverend godfather.

"*A good whipping* is evidently the only thing that will stir him," wrote the prebendary; and had he seen how even the mention of it did stir Sebastian, he would not have been likely to regret the advice he had given.

But Sebastian did not remain long in an attitude of rage.

Calling to mind the manner in which this letter had been received by his mother soon changed his passion to piteous grief.

In spite of all her attempts at hardening him, Sebastian still in his little heart silently clung to her with the trust and fond dependence of a year-old baby.

As he sat down now on the stool near him, with his face full of shocked surprise, he looked less like a boy of six years than an infant whose hands had just been roughly beaten from their hold round the mother's neck. A nestling tumbled from its nest and huddled on the grass in the cold morning dew was not more piteous a sight.

When Sebastian's half-stunned little brain began to revive and think, the recollection of his father's evident displeasure at the prebendary's letter came to him.

Immediately his head rose, his face brightened, his eyes twinkled through

their tears with tender humour and pity.

"Poor papa!" he said; "*he* would have to do it. Poor little papa!"

How Sebastian came to apply the same epithet to Amos that was applied to him by nearly all who knew him, it is impossible to say; but this was not the first time he had done so.

When in church Amos was hot and nervous, or oppressed with the dulness of his own sermon, Sebastian would whisper to his sisters, "Poor little papa!" with the same queer twinkle in his loving eyes, while the rest of his face retained its ordinary church solemnity. Even when Amos felt the tide of his eloquence flowing more strongly than usual (as he did on certain rare occasions), and perhaps showed that he felt it, Sebastian's eye, full of some suppressed inexplicable kind of humour that was as impossible to understand as it was to resist, turned to one of his sisters, and set her mouth twitching even before the half-comical, half-serious "Poor little papa!" was whispered.

Amos, though he found Sebastian's manner to him always full of demure respect and childish humility, had a certain sense of being understood by this little dunce better than by the wisest man he knew. It gave him a curious sort of vexation sometimes when he had an annoyance which he thought was unknown to any but himself to meet the boy's babyish eyes with their look of half-furtive, sympathetic insight. But there were times when Amos took some solace from those looks almost unknowingly; times also when he talked to Sebastian as he talked to no one else. There existed, in fact, between these two a certain confidence and companionship which seemed strange enough considering the trouble they gave each other as teacher and pupil.

Sebastian, as he remembered how his father had read the terrible letter with repugnance and almost anger, wondered lovingly as well as tremblingly how he would act in the matter.

Though he went back to his lessons, they were more than ever vague and incomprehensible to him. "What will poor papa do?" was the question that filled all his mind.

He could do nothing but wonder and wait for the time when Amos would come to hear him his lessons.

When he did hear the well-known step crossing the stone-paved hall, Sebastian's heart thumped very hard, and his cheeks grew hot as he bent low over his book.

"Well, sir," said Amos, looking suspiciously at the reddening cheeks, "I hope you have made some use of your time *this* morning."

Sebastian, only too well aware that he was no better acquainted with the lesson set him than he had been three days ago, mechanically handed one of his books to his father, and placed himself before him in his usual attitude of torture—his hands behind him, and his eyes directed to a corner of the ceiling.

Then followed the old, old story: Amos patiently questioning, Sebastian utterly helpless, and growing more bewildered and stupefied every minute.

At last Amos threw down on the table the book he held.

The little shock of this action brought the tears to Sebastian's eyes; and when his father rose and left the room without speaking, he let the drops patter down on his broad collar, and made no effort to stop them.

At dinner nobody spoke to him. He fancied his father and mother were strange and reserved with each other (so shrewd an eye had the little dunce), and he felt sure he was the cause.

His sisters, fair, brown, and freckled, had come in from the beach with the appetites and spirits of successful hunters. They were not particularly well favoured as to personal appearance, but each freckled brow wore the crown of happy carelessness, by which one sees when a

child is really allowed to be sovereign in the bright empire of its childhood.

From the little one who sat with his broad linen collar blistered with tear marks that crown had been taken. *His* little kingdom was as bright as any, but he might not enjoy it: as full of treasures as any, but his hands were bound so that he could hardly touch them. Yet even crownless and chained he loved it, and longed for its forbidden joys.

Just now, however, Sebastian was thinking less of his own troubles than of his father's. He saw his mother so silent and stern to him, and could well understand what it must be if his father meant to go against the prebendary's advice.

After dinner Amos rose to set out on a visit to a sick parishioner at some distance. Sebastian was to have gone with him, and he watched wistfully for a look signifying he might go. But Amos went without a glance towards him.

"Now, Sebastian," said Mrs. Gould as sharply as her well cultivated voice allowed her to speak, "no idling because your father's away; and I hope I shall hear a better account of this afternoon than I have of this morning. If I don't——"

She finished the sentence with a look which Sebastian, after what he had read in the prebendary's letter, had no difficulty in understanding.

When Amos returned from his long walk, which had been more wearying than usual, perhaps through the absence of his little companion, Sebastian was sitting at the dining-room table, his arms clasped round his little heap of books, his head laid on them.

He was asleep, and Mrs. Gould stood by, sternly drawing his father's attention to the dreadful fact.

Amos understood from her manner that she thought the right occasion for following the prebendary's advice had come.

He stood looking at the little culprit hesitatingly, when Sebastian woke up suddenly, and was down on his feet in a moment, meekly proffering his little book for his father to hear him say his lesson as usual.

Amos took the book, and laid it on the table.

"Go in the garden, Sebastian," he said; "I can't attend to you now."

Sebastian was glad to escape his afternoon ordeal for once. As he passed by the dining-room window he heard his mother talking in that peculiar tone which Sebastian had noticed always left his father's face very grave for hours; sometimes for days.

He knew the conversation was about himself and the prebendary; and he felt as guilty as if he had committed some dreadful crime.

He had strolled drearily about for half an hour when his mother called him. There was a sort of firm tranquillity in her voice that made Sebastian's little legs tremble as he walked toward's the house.

"Your papa wants you in the dining-room," she said, taking his hand and helping him to cross the hall swiftly.

As soon as Sebastian found the door closed behind him he noticed a little cane lying on the table. All his courage forsook him at once, and he began such a cry as deceived his mother, who, listening in the hall, put her hand to her heart, and bit her lip, fearing Amos was dealing too severely with him.

It was quite a little tragedy in the house, for Sebastian was so loved that his screams went sharply to all hearts there. His sisters clung to each other and held their breath. The servant-girl expressed her indignation in tones nearly as loud as Sebastian's.

There was dead silence when Amos carried the little martyr up stairs to put him to bed. When he came down he gave orders that no one was to go near him.

Amos had his own reasons for this. The fact was the flogging had not been so terrible as it seemed outside the door, and he wished to surround it with

as much solemnity as possible. He preferred that Mrs. Gould should not immediately see the extent of the injuries Sebastian's tender flesh might be supposed to have sustained from the severity of his punishment. By the next morning all signs of it would reasonably be expected to have disappeared.

Sebastian, when he heard the command given, was much relieved by it, for he, too, dreaded his mother coming up and discovering that he had really made as slight an acquaintance with the cane as he had with his lessons.

He was trembling, pale, and sobbing, it is true, from the shock of *seeing* the cane, and from the successive shocks of the blows Amos gave the cushion of the chair with the cane, apparently to try its mettle, for each time Sebastian thought the next blow would be upon his own back; and as expectation is said to be often worse than reality, his cries of terror were not in any way fictitious.

When his father said, "There, sir, that's what you will get if you don't mind," and he found himself being carried up stairs uninjured, his relief was almost too much for him, and he turned so pale that Amos thought he would have fainted.

Amos shut himself in his study all the evening, leading Mrs. Gould to infer that his exertion in the dining-room had upset his nerves and temper. The truth was he felt too guilty to endure her sympathy. He doubted if she would ever forgive him if she knew what he had done, or rather what he had not done. A woman who thought any extravagance of emotion almost a sin had had her heart wrung—by what? Blows on a horsehair chair-cushion!

No wonder Amos withdrew himself from his family that evening; and no wonder Sebastian lying up stairs should, when he recovered from his fright, whisper into his pillow with tender mirth:—

"Poor little papa! Poor, dear, little papa!"

But Amos had more to think of in his solitude than what had passed that afternoon. What was to be done with Sebastian? Amos had some dim idea that it would be far better to leave the child to his childishness a little longer. It did seem to him that forcing open the folded mind so early was like pulling apart the petals of a bud in a way that must ruin the flower.

Yet what could he do when two such high-minded and altogether such superior persons as his wife and Prebendary Jellicoe set their strong opinions against his opinion, which was, he was obliged to own, but vague and doubtful?

He knew that after the event of that day Sebastian's heart would be bound to him by a new tie, and that the child would try to the very utmost of his strength to please him.

In this he was right enough, for Sebastian did indeed strain all his small powers after that day. Another year, however, showed his efforts in vain, or very nearly so. He was certainly the most backward child Amos himself had ever known.

Mrs. Gould was obliged to confess that even the carrying out of the prebendary's advice had not done any good.

One day Mrs. Gould came to Amos as he was at work in the garden.

Amos dropped his eyes as soon as he saw her, for she carried one of the well known big heraldic decorated letters. Her eyes were bright and triumphant.

"Our difficulty is now over, Amos," she said. "The prebendary has offered to take Sebastian for two years, and teach him himself."

She did not know Sebastian was behind the pea-sticks close by till she caught sight of a pair of panic-stricken blue eyes staring at her through the blossoms.

Amos was scarcely less dismayed at this news than Sebastian. He felt, too, that after his own failure as the boy's tutor, he could say but little against a plan that would give his

wife such confidence and pleasure. But he suffered more than she had any idea of in his passiveness as the preparations were made for Sebastian's speedy departure. He could not help wondering if the boy thought him weak, or untrue to their friendship in allowing this bitter parting to take place. And yet again it really appeared to him that Sebastian understood his position, and pitied him. He never once appealed to him to save him from the dreaded visit. He seemed to watch him, and to understand it would increase his trouble.

Sebastian did try to put up one frantic little prayer to his mother, but it was met half-way by so stern a word and look, he had to swallow back the chief part of it though it nearly choked him.

He tried no more to avert his doom, but awaited it with Spartan patience.

When the day of separation dawned Sebastian had two important duties to perform before it was time for his father and mother to rise. One was the burial of a broken-legged wooden horse, for which he still had too great an affection to leave it to be treated according to its personal defects. The other was the destruction of a little strip of garden which his mother had informed him would not be his when he returned, as he would then be too much of a man for such nonsense, and would be able to assist his father with the garden and farm.

These two terrible acts performed, he felt as if his childhood was annihilated, and he was almost a man.

How the hours, usually so slow at Monksdean, seemed to fly that morning!

The little grave in the sands was scarcely covered with the flowers torn from the garden spot which had given Sebastian the first pleasures of landed proprietorship, when he was called to breakfast.

His father and mother were to walk with him up to the top of the village where the coach passed at nine o'clock every Wednesday morning.

When Mrs. Gould went up stairs to put on her bonnet, Sebastian, who, pale with excitement and his exertions in the garden, sat by the window, felt his father's hand on his shoulder and heard his voice, the only voice in the world that gave his bewildered little soul any confidence and hope, saying:—

"Sebastian, one word, my boy, before we part. Don't think I am sending you away to save myself trouble. I shall have more trouble about you than if I had you here. I shall come and see you, and if I find that being with your godfather is not for your good I shall bring you home. You need think of nothing but trying to learn. Now do you understand, it's not such a terrible thing after all?"

Sebastian stood up, and brushed a speck of dust from his cap, and without looking at his father, answered,—

"Very well, papa, I can bear it now."

And in his voice was such a revelation of the despair that had filled him before his father's little speech, Amos was almost startled into further and more binding promises. Mrs. Gould, however, came down in time to save them from the dangerous comfort of more parting words; and when each of his sisters had taken leave of him under the restraining looks of Mrs. Gould, Sebastian passed from under the paternal roof with very vague ideas as to how and when he should return.

When he had passed the pond Amos saw him cast a half-comical farewell glance at the little garden-gate of the park. Here an unexpected relief to the solemnity of the walk awaited them. Dora, having somehow got tidings of Sebastian's departure, had been inconsolable till her father bethought him of buying her a present to give Sebastian on his way to the coach. As they reached the gate, it was suddenly opened, giving Sebastian one more glimpse of the beloved pigeons and cedars in the background,

and of their lovely little mistress holding her father's fingers in one hand, while the other held out a pocket-knife, whose beauties and capacity no mortal boy could possibly gaze on ungladdened.

Dora's eyes were brilliant and her cheeks glowing with anticipation of Sebastian's delight at such a gift, and as though she feared he could scarcely realize his good fortune, she accompanied her presentation with assuring sentences and emphatic nods.

"It's a present for you. It's a knife. You may keep it. It has a VERY big blade and a *very* little one, and another one, and a file, and something else, and it's all for you; so you don't mind going away *now*, do you?"

Dowdeswell, on pretence of putting the knife safely into Sebastian's pocket, left something else there no less useful to one preparing to face the outer world for the first time.

"I have friends at Petherton, and may be running over soon. If so, I'll come and look you up," he said, pulling back Dora who was lavishing on Sebastian as many kisses as they allowed her time for. Then the gate was closed on her, and Amos and his little party hastened to meet the coach.

The bitter moment came and passed, Sebastian had been handed up and put in his place among the big men, and was carried off with them.

"It will be a grand chance for him," observed Mrs. Gould, thoughtfully.

Amos cleared his throat, but could not speak while the coach-wheels were within hearing. Till they were no more to be heard, the wrench he had sustained seemed not quite over.

He let Mrs. Gould go alone down the lane to the Rectory. He felt he could not go in and talk over Sebastian's grand chance.

He had an instinct that his little dunce would pay dearly in some way for whatever knowledge he might gain. It seemed to him he should never have him back the same.

When he came upon the little garden laid waste, he felt the child himself must have shared his thought. His little crop of childish pleasures was cut down, and he would find them no more. Amos knew that the prebendary would not be content to have power over him for two years only. Having once gone into the matter he would certainly require authority as to Sebastian's training till he was ready for college.

All this made Amos feel the parting deeply; and for some time the sight of Sebastian's little iron bedstead, folded up against the wall, and of his empty place in church, made it seem as if the boy had been driven right out of the world, instead of into it, on the coach full of men.

To be continued.

A MONTH WITH THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE BALKANS.

BY AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

Certain circumstances personal to myself rendered it desirable that I should occupy my thoughts with the exciting struggle in progress in the passes of the Balkans. Two of my brother officers accompanied me, and we started at a day's notice on the 25th of October. The outfit for our short campaign was quickly provided. It consisted of a few warm clothes, a cork mattress, a waterproof sheet, and a saddle for each.

Our first experience began when we found ourselves at anchor in the Dardanelles. In front, in rear, and on both sides of the ship, on a level with the water, were numerous earth batteries, out of which peered the muzzles of the heaviest ordnance. All seemed so quiet, it was hard to realise that we had already reached a country devastated by a fierce war. But a slight incident, even on board ship, reminded us that we were in Turkey. An officer of Bashi-Bazouks came on board, and demeaned himself with that recklessness which has obtained for these irregular troops such an unenviable notoriety. This officer refused to pay the fare, and, drawing his sword, threatened to cut down the first person who touched him; but two sailors promptly hit the gallant warrior just below the knees with a plank of wood, and prostrated him on his back. He was immediately seized, carried off the ship, and put into a boat, from which he poured a foul stream of language. His anger was so great that it was not deemed prudent to trust him with his sword till the ship was under way, when it was lowered by a piece of string.

During the two days we remained in Constantinople, rain fell in torrents, and, as parts of the railway had been washed away, we were recommended not to go up the country. However, our leave was short, and we started, having first obtained from the Porte a *teskierate*, or written permission to travel, which, however, we never had occasion to use, for, as English officers, we were allowed to go everywhere, and were always received, from the highest official down to the private soldier, with the greatest civility and hospitality. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, there still exists amongst all classes of Turks the utmost goodwill and kindly feeling for the English.

On arriving at Adrianople we were received by the governor, Achmed Vefik Pacha, with much cordiality. He invited us to dinner, and made himself the most agreeable of hosts. Although he has never been in England, he is singularly conversant with English habits; and his knowledge of the politics and the social condition of our country is quite remarkable. Dining at the same table were the male members of his family, and, among others, his eldest son, who, although educated at the École Polytechnique in Paris, had commenced his career as a private in the Turkish army, and had now risen to the rank of sergeant-major. With our views of Turkish pride and indolence, it certainly seemed extraordinary that the son of a great pacha, who is not unlikely to be the next Grand Vizier, should drill in his father's palace as a private, and go through the rough experiences of the Turkish rank and file.

On visiting the military hospital of this town, in which there were 2,000 patients, we began to realise the horrors of war. Here, at all events, the

wounded were well cared for, and seemed cheerful and happy. The great number of wounds in the left hand is most noticeable. This arises from fighting behind earthworks (where the hand holding the barrel of the gun is the most exposed), though no doubt also from the more cowardly soldiers maiming themselves in order to escape further service. This practice must soon cease, as the generals have determined to shoot the men who maim themselves; and there is no difficulty in identifying them, as the powder remains in the wounds. There are cowards and malingerers in all armies, though in the Turkish there are but few. Our admiration of the common soldier increased daily as we became more intimate with him. He is by nature a gentleman, always polite, cheerful, and brave. We saw regiments under all conditions. Even where the men came in weary, footsore, and fasting, we have seen them ordered on to fight, and they have gone without a murmur. We have met them in the clouds among the snow at Schipka, where they had been for weeks; we have been with them in victory and also in defeat; but they are always the same uncomplaining, faithful men, honest and good-natured. Constantly one sees a wounded man helping another along; and it is a common thing, after a fight, to see a wounded soldier carrying two rifles, so as to ease his comrade, who may be weaker than himself; for the Turk is very proud of his arms, and would almost as soon lose his life as the weapon intrusted to him.

The Bashi-Bazouks and the Circassians are quite of a different stamp from the regular soldiery. They are armed, but receive no pay, and live by plunder. The Circassians are perhaps the most bloodthirsty of the two. Dressed in long homespun coats (something like ulsters) they have a soldier-like appearance; they are upright in their carriage, and have fierce aristocratic looks. They are excellent horsemen, and as a rule are brave, though perhaps better in a hand-to-hand fight than under fire; but many of them are thieving, villanous brutes of the worst kind, and acknowledge no rule or discipline. Nevertheless, there lingers among them a certain sense of honour, although it is the proverbial honour of thieves. For instance, if a person start on an expedition with them, as long as it lasts his property is perfectly safe; but immediately it is over, they feel no longer under any moral obligation; and the next day, if they have the chance, will rob him of all he has got. One day, on a reconnoitering expedition, I was alone with about fifty Circassians, and lent my field-glasses and telescope to some near me, to look at a force of Russian cavalry. The glasses were passed round from one to the other, till we had to advance, when they disappeared, and I never expected to get them back; but at the next halt they were returned to me. The Bashi-Bazouk is simply a volunteer, who serves without pay for the chance of loot; and, as a rule, is as bad as the conditions of his service make him. His conduct has undoubtedly done much to embitter the war, and to bring unpopularity on the Turkish government. There are some organised regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, but they are mostly employed as feelers for the army. They do not like going under fire, and are not to be relied on; but they are often very useful for sneaking along under cover, and finding out the position of the enemy. It is they who plunder and murder the wounded on the battle-field. The regular Turkish soldier is never bloodthirsty, except perhaps during the excitement of battle, when both Russians and Turks are equally ferocious. We were present in six engagements and two retreats, and had every opportunity of seeing any acts of violence committed by the Turkish soldiery, but did not observe a single instance even of pillaging on the part of the regulars. In fact their conduct was always beyond praise, while their

kindness, affection, and unselfishness for one another and for their officers is very touching. Even to strangers like ourselves, when they saw that we shared the hardships and dangers of the campaign, their kindness was most pleasing. They were gratified to do us small services, and pained if we attempted to pay for any of the numerous civilities which they so constantly rendered.

After this digression on the qualities of the Turkish soldier I return to our tour. From Adrianople we took the rail to Philipopolis, which is a pretty city built on three rocks, standing in the centre of a large plain. The bazaar in this town was decorated by numerous gallows projecting above the shop doors. The hangman makes a good trade by this arrangement, for when a number of men are about to be hanged in the morning (a by no means uncommon occurrence) he goes the night before and bargains with the shopkeepers, who of course vie with one another not to have an execution over their shops. The only inn here is the Hôtel d'Angleterre, kept by an excellent Frenchman named Baptiste, and although the accommodation was scanty in the extreme, yet the landlord was most kind, and assisted us to buy horses. On its being known that we wanted a stud the yard was soon filled by a miscellaneous lot, out of which we bought six for the sum of twenty-four Turkish liras (a lira being worth about eighteen English shillings). The method of closing a deal was peculiar: after much haggling and noise the price was finally settled, and there followed a hand-shaking all round. Half the money for the horse was deposited, and the vendor went to the magistrate for a paper which purported to certify that the horse was *bonâ fide* property and not stolen, then on receipt of this and a bunch of hair pulled from the animal's tail, the remainder of the money was paid. The horses were not much to look at, but were hardy, useful little animals, admirably suited for the rough work and hardships they had to undergo.

The next morning we started for Schipka, distant two days' journey. In Turkey, as in Germany, distances are not reckoned by miles but by hours; one hour represents about three English miles. We spent the first night in a village where we found a house with an empty room; in this we stretched out our mattresses and crawled into sheepskin bags, which we had made in Constantinople, and found most useful during many cold nights. Rising at daylight, we crossed the Lower Balkans in a hard frost, but even the intense cold did not prevent us from admiring the magnificent view of the sunrise on the snow-topped peaks. As there was not a cloud in the air the colours on the hills surpassed all description. Towards the middle of the day, from the summit of a hill, we saw below a lovely village, bordered by orchards and fruit-trees. On the opposite slope of the hill leading from it was a church, and below its terrace a sparkling rivulet that wound among the houses. The scene was exquisite, and the beauty was enhanced by silence — the silence of desolation, for the villagers had been burnt out and pillaged early in the summer. The only living creature in the place was a little black dog that came to greet us. These deserted houses were the remains of the once beautiful and flourishing town of Kalofer, on which war had left so fell a mark. Continuing our journey we passed numerous long bullock-trains of provisions destined for the army, each araba being drawn by a pair of oxen, which plodded slowly along under the charge of a sulky, boorish-looking Bulgarian, who, with his cattle, had probably been pressed into this service. Towards four o'clock we had already journeyed forty miles, and had still a good many more to go, but my horse turned dead lame. The difficulty was got over as some Bashi-Bazouks happened to pass, who took him in exchange for one of theirs in consideration of five liras. Our baggage horses being dead-beat, they were left to spend

the night in a small village, and some hours after dark we arrived at Shikerli, a burnt village about a mile from the camp at Schipka. Here the English doctors had their head-quarters, and from them we received much kindness and hospitality. They had established themselves in some forsaken houses, over which they hoisted the white flag with the red crescent and the English ensign, to show their proprietorship, and formed a happy and comfortable community.

The following morning we went to pay our respects to his Excellency Reouf Pacha, who was in command. He was living in a small wooden hut with only one room, furnished with a few stools. I have seen remarks in the English papers about the comforts carried about by the Turkish commanders in the field. Such accounts have evidently been written by people who had no personal experience, for during our travels we saw many commanders, and they were all living in the simplest and rudest manner. As an instance of the discomfort they undergo, I may mention that Redjib Pacha, who commanded the right Turkish position at Schipka, had been living for upwards of three months at a height of about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, exposed to rain, cold, and snow, in a small hut not seven feet square, and had only descended into the plain twice during that time. He is noted as one of the most dashing cavalry officers in Turkey, so that being cooped up on the top of a mountain must be very irksome to him, yet he has never shrunk from it. His cheerful manner amidst his privations keeps up the spirits of his soldiers, who are comparatively comfortably housed in thatched mud-huts, in the centre of which burns a large wood fire. They are well fed, and all appear in excellent health and spirits.

Reouf Pacha received us very courteously, and while discussing the usual cigarettes and coffee, spoke frankly about the position of Turkish affairs, but did not conceal his view that his country had been badly treated by England. He is a tall, handsome man, a Circassian by birth, but has a sad look, as if he had met with some great disappointment in life. He is a good soldier, and, unlike most Turks of the present generation, is an enthusiastic sportsman, being devoted to fishing and shooting. On our taking leave he gave us permission to visit the positions and to pass at any time and to any place under his command.

The Turkish camp at Schipka is situated about a mile from the foot of the hills; at the base of which stretch the wonderful rose-gardens of Roumelia, now quite uncared for. Across these gardens we galloped on our way to the pass, which is not, as many suppose, a mere defile, but a fair broad road over the mountains. The Turks have three positions—the left, centre, and right. The centre position is on a mountain over which the road passes, and is crowned by Fort St. Nicholas. On each side is a valley, that to the left being bounded by a wooded hill, on which the Turks have a camp at a height of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. It is supplied with three gun-batteries and one mortar-battery, which fire on the rear of Fort St. Nicholas and also sweep the Gabrova road, thus obliging the Russians to bring up all their provisions and reinforcements during the night. This hill has suffered much from the shells of the enemy; the tops of all the trees being truncated, and the branches lopped off by their fragments. The ascent to this position takes upwards of two hours, as the road for a great part of the way is up the bed of a dried mountain stream, so the difficulty of getting guns and provisions to the top may be imagined. The right Turkish position is at the highest altitude of all, and commands the Russian positions around the fort, which is about a mile distant. The Turks have got the range to a yard, so that every shot from their seven-gun battery situated on the crest of the hill tells with terrible effect. The ascent to this point also

takes about two hours, but it is along a good road lying on the reverse side of the hill, and thus is protected from the enemy's fire.

The centre position is, however, the most interesting, though at the same time the most dangerous to visit. It is on the hill crowned by Fort St. Nicholas, at a height of 4,700 feet above the sea, while below this Fort the ground dips, forming a small valley of about two hundred yards in breadth. On the opposite side, in the direction of the Turkish lines, is the famous rock on which the Turks held a footing for hours during their courageous night assault. This rock is now honey-combed with rifle-pits, from which the Russians keep up an incessant fire on the Turkish positions below, the nearest of which are at a distance of about three hundred yards from the rock.

When Suleiman Pacha saw his troops upon that rock during the assault he thought Fort St. Nicholas was won, and he telegraphed to that effect. But the rock is the mere outwork, and the Turks made no impression on the strong works which they found hid behind it. The Turkish attack here consists of advanced rifle-pits, with a trench of about four feet wide and three deep behind them, the earth being thrown up into a parapet, with sand-bag loopholes for musketry. When a man is wounded in the advanced rifle-pits there he must lie for hours, for no aid can be sent to him during daylight. Even in the trench behind the parapet safety can only be secured by constant watchfulness, for if a soldier retire a few feet from the parapet or stand erect only for an instant the Russians, ever on the alert with their almost vertical fire from the rock, can send a messenger of death with every bullet. While visiting this position we saw one poor Turk expose himself in a moment of forgetfulness, and he was instantly shot dead, no less than three bullets having struck him. Getting into these trenches during the day was hazardous, for reliefs are always carried on at night. We had to cross the "open" for a short space, though the sight of the soldiers in the trenches was ample reward for the risk incurred. Here lay the Turks in readiness for an assault which might come at any moment, knowing well that they could not be relieved during daylight. They were obliged to crouch amongst the mud and slush, never being able to stand up erect except when it came to their turn to take post at a loophole. Some who had brought sticks with them were squatted round little fires, others were lying down trying to sleep, while above them was to be heard the whistling of the Russian bullets, which every now and then sent showers of earth into the trench as they struck the parapet; but in the midst of all this discomfort the Turks seemed cheerful and contented. The men watching through the loopholes were ever on the alert, and every man's rifle, ready loaded, with bayonet fixed, stood propped against the parapet close alongside of him in immediate readiness for action. Through the loopholes we could see distinctly the Russian rifle-pits in the face of the rock, marked out by the puffs of smoke which poured from them continuously; but the men were all so carefully hid that no trace of them could be seen except at distant intervals. When some unwary Russian head appeared it became immediately the mark for numerous shots from the Turkish side. The Turks certainly did not waste their ammunition, though the Russians kept up a constant fire on the chance of hitting somebody through the loopholes or in the rear of the trenches. Since in ordinary war it is very unusual for men in advanced posts to fire on each other, this incessant endeavour to kill on both sides shows with what ferocity this unhappy struggle is carried on.

The Turkish staff-officer, who had, I think, very unwillingly accompanied us into the trenches, wanted us not to descend till dusk; but we preferred the chance of a shot to the discomfort

of remaining doing nothing, so we again crossed the "open" to the place where we had left our horses under cover. Close behind these advanced trenches the Turks have a strong mortar battery, and, lower down the hill, two gun batteries. This position could easily be taken at any time by the Russians, if they made an assault in force; but the latter know that they could not hold it, as it is completely commanded by the Turkish right. About half way down, for the space of half a mile, the road is swept by the guns from Fort St. Nicholas; but, as they rarely fire at pack animals, we took advantage of this in our ascent, and walked on the off-side of a pack train. On our return, as the road was good, we, greatly to the disgust of our Turkish friend, who wished us to go one at a time, determined to have the fun of a gallop in a body. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have drawn the Russian fire, as they have their guns ready laid on this open place; but, luckily for us, an opportune cloud passed over the fort, and probably hid us from their view.

Before leaving the central position, which I have just described, I may mention, for those who believe in dreams, a narrative related to me by a Scotch officer in the Turkish service, who greatly distinguished himself in the assault on Fort St. Nicholas. He assured me that before the fulfilment of the dream he sent an account of it to his relations in Scotland. Some weeks previous to the assault he dreamt that, during a fight, a handsome young Turk spoke earnestly to him, and, whilst doing so, some soldiers, dressed in a uniform he had never seen, charged over a parapet in front. The young Turk was shot in the side, and died in agony. This officer volunteered for the night assault on Fort St. Nicholas, and, while leading the troops under a heavy fire, a soldier came forward and kissed him on the forehead. As he did so the Russians, dressed in the garb of his vision, rose over the entrenchment, and the bullet, which would probably have ended the career of my friend, struck the young Turk, who fell, mortally wounded. Though this officer comes from the land where second sight is almost a subject of faith, yet he had been an entire sceptic in regard to it, and I leave it to philosophers to reconcile the imaginative and real phenomena in this case.

All the positions of the Turks have been constructed with great skill and care, and the advantages of the ground have been made use of. The men, living on the highest elevations, are housed in good huts, formed by twining branches of trees together, and then erecting mud walls round this framework. When practicable, these huts are placed on the slopes of the hills, protected from the cold north wind. There is of course abundance of firewood, and the soldiers are supplied with excellent rations, including a liberal amount of meat, which is brought up by large relays of pack-horses. All the sentries are supplied with warm sheepskin great-coats and gloves, with the wool inside; they not only keep out the cold, but also the rain, as the skin is almost waterproof. The batteries are well constructed, the embrasures and parapets being carefully lined with fascines and gabions, and their guns protected by covers from the weather. There is an abundant supply of ammunition, which the Turks do not waste by reckless firing, as they know the trouble it is to bring it up; but their magazines are very carelessly constructed and placed. I saw a large one filled with many barrels of powder, situated just behind a battery, and having for a roof only planks, covered with a tarpaulin. This can afford no protection from a shell, and the consequence will be that the first which strikes it must cause an explosion and destroy everything around. There is also an entire absence of all attempt at sanitary arrangements in these camps on the hills, and the result is to render their

neighbourhood both unpleasant and unhealthy.

Hearing that there was going to be an attempt to relieve Plevna, we started for Orchanie, where the relieving force was assembling. Reouf Pacha was kind enough to give us an escort of six cavalry soldiers, but recommended us not to go the way we intended, along the foot of the Balkans to Sladitza, as there was danger of our being cut off by the Russians. However, in spite of his warnings, we started, our party being increased by two other Englishmen. Our method of travelling was to send the baggage-horses in front, so that they could not be lost; and at nights we slept in an empty room of some house, put at our disposal by the head of the village in which we stopped. In some instances we were treated most hospitably, especially at Karlofa, where our host insisted on treating us to an excellent dinner. In another village, a Turk turned out the ladies of his establishment, so that we slept luxuriously on the rugs of his harem; but the ladies, in spite of their ejection, presented us with a good repast. On the fourth day after leaving Schipka we crossed the Balkans from Sladitza to Etropol. This pass is extremely bad, and unfit for vehicles, and it takes about five hours to cross. The descent into Bulgaria is through a lovely wooded glen, down which rolls a sparkling brook, reminding us of many of our burns at home in the hills of Scotland. Notice had been carried to Etropol of the coming of some Europeans, and we were met at the entrance of the town by Mustafa Pacha, the commandant, on a strong and powerful horse. He was surrounded by his staff, and, though civil, evidently eyed us with suspicion. It was incomprehensible to him that anybody could be so foolish as to travel about in these hard times for mere pleasure, and we afterwards heard that he telegraphed to Chakir Pacha, his superior, at Orchanie, as to what was to be done with us. Lying in the street, just in front of the governor's house, was the head of a young Russian, which had been cut off in an engagement, and brought as a trophy into the town; but the authorities were evidently ashamed of this, as, immediately after our arrival it was buried.

We were given a billet to a clean, picturesque Bulgarian house, the owner of which was one among several political prisoners, though his family were left in undisturbed possession of their house and goods. The Turks had found out that many of the inhabitants of this town had been giving information to the Russians, so they promptly imprisoned those whom they suspected. They were no doubt right in their surmises, as we ourselves, during the fighting at Etropol, saw many Bulgarians leading the enemy's troops through the mountain and woodland tracks. Our hostess was kind and hospitable. At our first meal she bade us welcome with cordial grace; she brought in a charge of wine, and made her son hand each of us in turn the loving cup, which she herself filled, and as he passed it round, he kissed our hands, to show the friendship and goodwill of the house. The welcome was so sincere that we felt they did not look on us as intruders.

A room, covered with Bulgarian rugs, was put at our disposal, and, stretching ourselves on these, we prepared to pass a few hours of well-earned rest. This was a vain hope, as we were objects of great curiosity. First came the Colonel on the Staff, Omer Bey, then the commander of the cavalry, and these were followed by several minor officials, who all tried to find out what we wanted in the place. All seemed equally fond of the whisky bottle which we presented to them; but at last they took their departure, and we managed to go to rest. However, early in the morning our visitors came dropping in again and remained, not in the least abashed by the open manner in which we

performed our ablutions, which were made the more interesting to them from the fact of there being a small Turkish bath in the corner of the room, heated by means of a fire in the kitchen, and which we alternately made good use of. Before leaving the colonel invited us to accompany him on a reconnaissance at midday, and we accepted this invitation with pleasure. Our reconnoitering party was composed of some regular cavalry and about eighty Circassians. Soon after starting, accustomed as we are to the great respect always shown by English officers towards one another on parade, we were much astonished to hear Omer Bey order an officer who was in charge of a picquet to receive thirty blows. The officer, however, seemed to think this nothing unusual, as, on hearing the order, he rushed into his tent, and came out again with a greatcoat on, the ample folds of which, when he stooped down, received the blows administered by the colonel's aide-de-camp, with a branch of a tree cut off for the purpose.

After this episode we proceeded through a wood, in which was the body of a dead Russian; we halted, but as there was neither time nor means to bury it, the Circassians covered the corpse with branches of trees and dead leaves. On ascending a hill, a few miles further along the Plevna road, we saw a large force of Russian cavalry encamped, and many infantry marching in the distance. It was evident that these troops were being brought up for an attack, so, on the way back, the Circassians spread out in all directions, and soon every house that could afford shelter to the enemy was lighting the evening shades with a lurid glow.

The following day the Russians began the attack about one o'clock, this hour apparently being the usual time for them to commence operations. They were commanded by General Gourko, who operated with great skill, both tactically and strategically. Within a quarter of an hour after the first shot was fired, on a mountain above Etropol, firing was heard along the whole line, which extended beyond Orchanie, a distance in all of upwards of sixteen miles. This simultaneous attack was so well timed and carried out that the Turks were taken by surprise, and lost the Orchanie pass on the Plevna road, while the Russians also gained the heights to the north and east of Etropol without much trouble. We particularly admired the bold manner in which, early in the afternoon, they advanced along the open plain, and the alacrity with which they entrenched themselves, under cover of their guns, which made most excellent practice, and found the range in very few shots.

On awakening the following morning, November 23rd, we found that, during the night, the Russians had erected earthworks overlooking Etropol, while the Turks had actually abandoned some almost impregnable advanced positions, in which we had left them the evening before in perfect security. We at once concluded that the place was doomed, as its commander seemed quite destitute of military capacity as well as energy. Instead of encouraging his troops by his presence, he sat in his house most of the day smoking cigarettes. We therefore sent our baggage early in the morning by a back road across the Balkans to Orchanie, and, after seeing it safely started under the charge of our escort, we accompanied Omer Bey, the chief of the staff, who told us, with great confidence, that he was going to drive the Russians from the positions they had gained. Instead of performing this feat he allowed them to gain ground rapidly, whilst he kept back many of his own men, who might have been employed with the greatest advantage. The chief redoubt defending the position was situated in the middle of the valley, which was surrounded on all sides by high hills, having at one end the town of Etropol, and at the other the

road to Plevna. About two o'clock the guns were firing very rapidly from this redoubt; so, thinking that the Russians must be attacking the main position, we hurried to it. There Mustafa Pacha, surrounded by his staff, was watching, with apparent satisfaction, the fire of guns so badly placed that they did not even sweep, for any distance, the road they were intended to protect, owing to the spur of a hill which intervened. It was no use for the officers around him to point out that if the guns were moved to another place, a little on the right, they would effectually prevent any Russian advance. It is almost incredible that, instead of utilising them in this manner, the Pacha caused holes to be dug in the ground for their trails, so that they might be given greater elevation. They were then placidly fired into the air, the shot passing over the hill-tops, and falling harmlessly into the plains beyond. After each shot the soldiers in the redoubt, apparently to keep up the impression that their shot told, were made to shout "Allah! Allah!" and this inspiring cry was re-echoed by the soldiery on the hills. The reason of this utter and senseless waste of ammunition was a mystery; but our impression was that the guns were fired in order to make a noise, and not with a view to do execution.

Painfully impressed with this scene, we again returned to the advanced positions, feeling deeply for the poor men who were losing their lives to no purpose. Here the Turks were fighting with their usual valour, and disputing every inch of ground. Towards five o'clock (the Russians having gained possession of the shortest road to Orchanie early in the day) we saw three regiments marching across the mountains, evidently with the intention of cutting off the back road, which crosses the Balkans in a circuitous direction for twenty-four miles. No time was now to be lost, unless we allowed ourselves to be taken prisoners; so we decided that we must start at once, and retired behind a sheltered hill to feed our horses, and to eat what food we had with us, for, with the likelihood of being captured, it was well to have a meal to the good. We did not rest long, as it was a race between the Russians and ourselves who should reach the pass first. Indeed we feared that the Cossacks had already advanced and got possession, so we hurried on, passing sorrowfully through the lovely little town in which, but two days before, all had been peaceful, and which was doomed by the utter incapacity of the governor. Soon the road began to ascend the mountains; darkness gradually set in, and, as it finally closed, we entered a dense beech forest. Far below we could hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, telling us that the fight still raged fiercely; but we had no time to linger, as it was a race for freedom. The track was knee-deep in a mixture of snow and mud, through which our horses, already tired with the long day's work, could hardly get along. Towards eight o'clock we found ourselves in the clouds, the darkness being almost unbearable, for even the trees were invisible. Still we managed to creep along the track, in spite of the mist and clouds, and gladly found in time that we had reached the summit, though our only means of knowing this was the altered position of our horses, which told us that the descent of the hill had at last begun. After many weary hours one of our party called out that he saw a star, and five minutes afterwards we found ourselves out of the clouds in the clear frosty night. Far below we could see the twinkling of camp-fires, and towards these we made our way. Of course there was a period of great anxiety to know whether the Russians or we had won the race, but, on cautiously approaching, we found, to our delight, that the lights were the fires of a Turkish camp, and that it was the position of Kamarli (which has since become so famous). Here

we rested for a few hours in an old ruined house, having been all night doing a sort of tortoise race, for, as the crow flies, the distance passed over was not more than eight miles.

At daybreak we started for Orchanie, passing down the main road which runs from Sophia to that place; it is a good road, and in this part runs through a defile with high hills on each side. On arriving we saw the General Chakir Pacha only for a few moments, as a council of war was going on, news having arrived of the fall of Etropol; but, notwithstanding all these troubles, on hearing from our servants of our probable arrival, he had been kind enough to send his aide-de-camp to the village of Wratschesch, below his camp, to find out and order a house to be put at our disposal. Having visited this, and seen that our baggage was safe, we rode into Orchanie to inspect the fortifications. On our way we met many trains of ammunition being brought out of the town, and, on arriving, found that it had been sacked the night before by the Circassians. This in itself was a sign that the Turks were about to abandon it; for the Circassians generally get the first information of a movement of this sort as a way of remunerating them for their gratuitous services. On arriving at the entrenchments, which were full of men, there were unmistakable signs that they were going to be evacuated, for the men were in marching order, the limbers were close to the guns, and all the tents, which were out of sight, had been struck and carried away, only those in full view of the Russians being left standing, so that they might be deceived.

We returned to Wratschesch, and there remained the night, but were aroused early in the morning to hear the news that the Russians were in Orchanie, distant only one mile, and that it was officially notified that Etropol was taken. Now as Etropol was the key to the Orchanie Pass, we were not surprised to find that the Turkish army was in full retreat; in fact, the greater part of it had already gone during the night. We at once packed up our baggage and sent it off, with orders to go at once to Sophia, while we ourselves rode out towards Orchanie to reconnoitre. After examining the village closely with our glasses, we came to the conclusion that there was nobody there, so advanced cautiously and entered. It was indeed a curious sight to see this village, which, but the day before, was full of life, now utterly desolate—not a human creature being there. A few wandering cattle, dogs, and poultry, which had escaped the loot of the Circassians, were the only living things to disturb the silence of the place, and they seemed bewildered and lost. The houses had been robbed of everything of value, but many of them were full of grain, and in some the fires were still smouldering. It was sad to see the magnificent earthworks, which the Turks had erected with so much care and toil, abandoned without a shot fired in their defence; but it was a wise step, as now that Etropol was in the hands of the Russians, these works might be taken in rear at any moment.

We had not much time to contemplate them, as the Cossacks were discernible coming across the plain; so we left the village and trotted back to the head of the pass. One of our party imprudently galloped on ahead to look at a Turkish gun which had broken down some distance from the road, and he was immediately taken prisoner. It was in vain that he tried to explain who he was; he was seen coming from the direction of Orchanie, and, in addition to this, had a fur cap on, which in itself was considered sufficient proof that he was a Cossack; so he was marched into camp under fixed bayonets, but, as we were acquainted with the staff, we had not much trouble in getting him released. Already the troops that were to remain behind to cover the retreat were in position in the entrenchments on the mountain sides,

so we started to follow the main body of the army. About half a mile along the road we met a train of several thousand fugitive Bulgarians, who had crowded in from the neighbouring villages. Such a motley group as they presented is seldom seen; they were mostly in family parties, each with an araba drawn by oxen, containing all their worldly goods. Women were there with children slung behind their backs, their little legs dangling helplessly, while their bodies were completely hidden. Little children toiled along with enormous bundles, running beside small ponies almost entirely covered with their burdens, while cows, calves, goats, and sheep were hopelessly mixed up with the crowd. The shouts of the men, the wailing of the women, the bellowing of the cattle, and occasionally the distant roar of cannon, produced a scene of confusion almost passing imagination. There was no time for sympathy, so we were obliged to get on and ride up the pass as quickly as we could, overtaking on the way the various *impedimenta* of the army, which had already made an excellent and well-ordered retreat. Arriving at Arab Konak, or, as it is more commonly called, Kamarli, at the top of the hill, we met Mehemet Ali, who told us that he was going to make a stand at the junction of the road from Etropol and that from Orchanie to Sophia; but he recommended us to go to Tasscheshan, a village three miles off, where more comfortable quarters were available. Here we lived in a wretched room about fifteen feet long and seven broad, with a mud floor and no fire-place. In this no less than nine of us slept, packed like sardines, for many days, the other occupants, in addition to the military party, being some English doctors. Luckily we still had our sheepskin bags to sleep in, else we should have been frozen, as the ground was covered with snow. Outside there was a horse-trough, and each morning we used to have our baths in this, even when it was snowing hard, to the great astonishment of the natives, who, I believe, thought us mad.

On the 28th of November the first day's fighting occurred at Kamarli, for there the Russians attacked, and, after severe fighting, took possession of the heights commanding the mouth of the pass. During our whole stay Mehemet Ali was most kind and courteous. On this occasion we accompanied him throughout the day, and although the Turks were defeated, his polite and considerate manner never changed. The sufferings of the wounded on this day were frightful, for the battle was in the mountains covered with snow. The descent from the principal redoubt (situated at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea) to the camp below takes about two hours, while the path was so slippery that neither horses nor men could keep their feet, except with the greatest difficulty. Down this path the wounded had to find their own way, and those who were so badly hurt as not to be able to walk had either to remain and die on the frozen heights, or be carried down on the backs of their comrades, or, worse still, to ride down on horses which were continually falling. There was no organised system of transport for the wounded, such as stretchers, &c., nor were there any doctors to attend to them till they reached the camp. Many a poor man, who was being carried down on horseback, rolled over, horse and all, several times in succession, till he would entreat to be left to die without further torture. There was indeed one doctor, a good, kind Englishman, Dr. Gyll, whom we met, as it was getting dark, cheerily toiling up through all the cold, and snow, and ice, to spend the night in the clouds, and help the sufferers. If all the English doctors with the Turks were like Dr. Gyll, our country might well be proud. During this day's fighting the great mistake of having an army armed with two different kinds of weapons was shown. While the Turks, to all appearance, were gaining ground and driving back the Russians, they suddenly ceased to fire, and shortly

afterwards retreated panic-stricken. The cause of the panic was, that the reserve ammunition of two regiments, armed differently, one with the Snider, the other with the Peabody-Martini, got mixed; and when their first supply became exhausted, and they called up the reserve, the supply for the Peabody-Martini went to the regiment armed with the Snider, and *vice versâ*. The result followed that the men found they could not fire, and although when ordered by their officers they advanced for some distance with bayonets fixed, they became demoralised and fled, the consequence being the loss of the day for the Turks. The Turkish method of carrying reserve ammunition is excellent, and might well be adopted by our service. To each regiment is attached about thirty packhorses, or rather ponies, each carrying two boxes of small-arm ammunition. The ponies are active, and can go wherever the regiment goes; and being small, are easily concealed beneath a parapet. On the march, the ponies, in addition to the ammunition, carry their own forage for several days. The men who have charge of them are trained to serve out ammunition, and this they do, under the most galling fire, with marvellous rapidity and coolness, going along the line and giving to each man the number of cartridges he may require. The cartridges are carried by the private soldiers in an original and excellent way. They are placed in rows, sown in different parts of their dress, each cartridge having a separate place for itself, so that the weight is distributed all over the body, instead of in one particular place, as it is when they are carried in a pouch, while, as an additional advantage, a large number of cartridges can be carried by one man.

On the 29th of November, as we were sitting in a tent in the camp at Kamarli for protection from the snow, which was falling fast, we heard the bugles sound the alarm, and going out we saw the Russians advancing towards us in three dense columns, as steadily as if they were on parade. It was indeed a magnificent sight to see these gallant troops coming across the snow to almost certain defeat. Presently guns from all sides poured into them, but they never wavered. From the camp to the topmost redoubt there is a chain of five other redoubts; but these were hid in the clouds, and their defenders could not see the danger which menaced them, though the telegraph soon gave the necessary warning. In the meanwhile the Russian columns marched onwards, and no one knew what their destination was. In the redoubt in which we had placed ourselves the attack was chiefly expected, and it was wonderful to see the coolness with which the Turks awaited it, smoking their cigarettes and chatting as quietly as if they had no idea that they were in any danger. Suddenly the attacking columns turned to the left, and began to ascend the hill, where they gradually disappeared in the clouds, and we knew that they intended to attack the great redoubt. Its fate now became a subject of intense anxiety to us, for its capture would not only have entailed the loss of the whole position at Kamarli, but would have opened the road to Adrianople. Reinforcements were therefore hurried up, but there was not much chance of their arriving in time to be of any assistance. The mist obscured both Russians and Turks from our view, and we could only listen in silence. Minutes passed like hours, for the troops in the lower redoubts were powerless to join in the impending struggle. Suddenly, far away apparently, almost in the skies, arose the din of battle; the roar of cannon and the continuous roll of musketry told the anxious listeners below that the terrible death-struggle was proceeding. The firing, however, did not last long, and ceased almost as suddenly as it began. Again there was complete silence, though only for a few moments; and the triumphant shouts of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" from the regions above, told us that the Turks were victorious and the place was saved.

We waited to congratulate Mehemet Ali on his victory, and his pleasant

face was bright and joyful. We heard him give an order to the chief of his staff that sentries were to be placed round the field where the dead Russians lay to prevent their bodies from being plundered, and that any trinkets or crosses belonging to them which might be found in possession of the Turkish soldiers should be collected and sent to Prince Reuss at Constantinople, in order that they might be returned to the Russian authorities. This kind and thoughtful order was quite consistent with the whole character of the man.

Then with regret we bade adieu to our Turkish friends, who all said they hoped they should see us with our troops in the spring, and the following morning we left our wretched hovel at Tasscheshan, with its putrid well, and rode into Sophia, where we were beset by many newspaper correspondents anxious to learn the news. We now sold our horses and saddlery for the small sum of twenty-three liras, and four days afterwards arrived in Constantinople, having spent exactly one month up the country, during which time we had seen much to admire in the Turk, and nothing (with the one exception at Etropol) to despise.

The Turkish soldier was seen by us under all circumstances—in comfort, in misery, after victory, after defeat; but he retained always the same quiet manner, showing neither elation nor despondency. His valour is matched by his marvellous patience under suffering, and we have sometimes wondered whether the Turks feel as much pain as other races. If they do not, it may perhaps be accounted for by their great abstemiousness both in animal food and strong drinks, and this probably lessens the tendency to the inflammation of wounds. Their power of abstension from meat is most important in a military point of view, as it greatly lessens the work of the commissariat and transport, which are generally ineffective. They are entirely worked by arabas drawn by oxen, whose average rate of progress is never more than two miles an hour. Turkish soldiers will thrive well on biscuit for days even under the most severe exposure. They are thus enabled to carry rations sufficient for several days, and in this manner perform marches regardless of the commissariat department.

We had many opportunities of finding out the true feeling of Bulgarians and Turks towards one another, and although there is no doubt that a mutual and now deadly hatred exists, it is equally true that before the former were incited to rebellion by Russian intrigue they led a happy and peaceful life. They had a certain local government of their own communities, were furnished with good schools, enjoyed religious toleration, and were in possession of the most fertile lands of Europe, giving them the comfort and riches which they chiefly desired. Discontent of some kind no doubt existed, otherwise Russian intrigue could not have incited them to rebel. Unquestionably also the Turks crushed the revolt with an iron hand, and massacres were perpetrated with equal ferocity by both sides. All this is a matter of history. When these deeds of passion are denounced, our historical conscience should not be blinded to the good qualities of the Turkish soldier. Since the days of Othman or Mahomet II. no greater valour has been shown on the field of battle than in the present campaign. The ruling pachas, corrupted by the curses of polygamy and domestic slavery, have lost many qualities of a governing caste; but the Turkish people still remain simple and uncorrupted. It will be a cruel and unjust judgment of Europe if the Turks as a race be sacrificed because their governors have failed in the duties of civil government. When a whole race still shows truth, honour, courage, and sobriety as the special attributes of their character, there exists ample foundation for reform, and the political extinction of such a people would be a crime against humanity.

G. J. Playfair.

DR. WILLIAM STOKES OF DUBLIN:

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

When I first came to know William Stokes, in 1858, his house had been for years the resort of all the intellect, of all the wit, and of all the learning, which Ireland possessed. His fame brought all foreign visitors of literary note with introductions to see him. He kept open house, and, in addition to his large family, some learned foreigner, or some stray country wit, could be met almost daily at his simple but most hospitable table. He became acquainted with me accidentally, through one of his sons; but as soon as he saw that I was a very lonely student in Trinity College, with no relations and very few friends in Dublin, his kindness prompted him to ask me constantly to his charming country house by the sea-side. So I came to know him and talk with him, and learn from him perhaps more than many of the students in his hospital. We would constantly walk together over the heather and through the woods on the beautiful hill of Howth; and as he was urging me to study medicine, he used to stimulate my curiosity in that direction by conversations upon the treatment of fever, of nervous disorders, of chest complaints, in which all the large and interesting points were brought out, and all the unpleasant details skilfully omitted or subdued. These serious topics were often aptly illustrated by wonderful anecdotes of his practice among the wild gentry of the west before the famine times, when the romantic accessories of the story would lead him to wander from medicine into pictures of old Irish life, which he painted with the power and truth of a Walter Scott.

He never hurried himself in walking or talking, and often, in the midst of a summer tempest of rain, would stop deliberately, take out his snuff-box, enjoy a large pinch of snuff, and then proceed to the point of his story, while the rain was streaming from our hats; for he never carried an umbrella, and used even to laugh at the genus of the *umbrelliferæ*, as he called them. At dinner he would not sit at the head of the table or carve any dish, but devote himself wholly to conversation, seconded by a very brilliant and witty family circle. If his guests were particularly sober, and prim, he would often astonish and mystify them with the most outlandish and violent theories; his children would act their part perfectly in seriously supporting him, until the stranger would set himself to refute or correct him. Then he would put forth all his marvellous subtlety and learning, and invent the most wonderful arguments in support of his extravagant paradox. In the evening he would either hear music—especially national Irish music—of which he was passionately fond, though he understood but little about it, or on gala nights he would act in charades, when his curious solemn face, and his wonderful wit, would elicit roars of laughter. He was particularly fond of acting the part of an old woman of the lower classes, though I have seen him appear even as a young lady in fashionable attire. Perhaps the reader will think these things unworthy of notice; but if this sketch is worth anything, it must attempt a true picture of the man as the writer knew him, and he knew him not in his work, but in his leisure.

In his consulting-room in Dublin he was a very different being—grave and solemn; nay, even so gloomy that

many patients read in his face their coming doom, while he may have been thinking of something far removed from the case before him. He had a habit of making long pauses before he answered, and then making a remark wholly irrelevant to the question; and this he often did intentionally, in order to baffle indiscreet inquiry. Those who knew him got accustomed to this trait, but to strangers it often appeared somewhat absurd; yet, while he seemed least occupied and least attentive, he was probably making some careful and practical observation on the case or the character before him. Sometimes he was studying the comical side of the matter; and when a friend would come in upon him, and interrupt his solemn work, he would burst into great fits of laughter at the scene in which he had been acting a grave and doleful part. Yet he was naturally inclined to melancholy when brought in contact with pain and suffering, and had so low an estimate of what medicine could do, and so deep an experience of the possibilities of disease, that he was wont to take a gloomy view of his cases, and apprehend serious consequences with more clearness than those whose vision was less acute.

Probably he would not have sustained his enormous work for nearly fifty years, had he not obtained complete rest and relaxation by that delight in drollery, that intermittent exuberance of almost childish spirits, which marked him when associating with his intimates. At his retreat on Howth he would organise a pig hunt or a tournament on donkeys, and perform as warden of the course on a hobby-horse. In fact, as Cicero ventures to confess of the great Scipio and his friends—"Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuesse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere."

But even in his wildest relaxation one could see how his habits of accurate and careful observation never left him. He was always studying the characters of his dogs, and speaking of them with the greatest seriousness as his personal friends; and it was remarkable how even the dogs of his friends felt his sympathy, and liked him better than they liked the inmates of their own houses. In his very last days, when he could only move about in a chair, he had a flock of pigeons so tamed about him, that they were constantly under his eye, and he was noting minutely their habits and ways.

This quality must have been what chiefly raised him above his fellows in the medical profession. He seemed from his own recollections to have received very little education. He was indeed the son of a very able but eccentric man, who was greatly esteemed by the leading Irishmen of his day—Lord Plunket, for example, calling him "the very best man he had ever met." But though Stokes was the son of a very remarkable father, who must of course have influenced him in many ways, his schooling was neglected and imperfect, for he frequently spoke of having walked away from school, on his very first day, never to return, after having drawn blood by sending a slate at his master's head. The sight of the blood trickling down the man's face (who had struck him without cause) made a strong and undying impression upon him, and I have often heard him describe it, with graphic detail, to a delighted audience of boys. His next school, he used to tell us, was lying in the fields reading his Latin grammar, with his head pillowed on the neck of a red cow. He never received a university education, and to the end of his life produced the impression of being a self-taught man. He always spoke with the greatest affection and respect of Dr. Alison of Edinburgh, to whom he was sent to study medicine; and this was the only serious and suggestive teaching he seems to have received.

But as soon as he returned to Dublin, at the age of twenty-three, and was appointed (I suppose by his father's influence) physician to the Meath Hospital, his genius and his ardour for knowledge raised him above all his rivals. His talent for diagnosis made him celebrated, and from that day, until his faculties faded from him, and he became the mere wreck of his great self, he occupied the first position not only as a physician, but as a literary man. He did not indeed write very correctly or elegantly, for he had received no special literary training; but everything which he wrote, even outside the field of medicine, bore the impress of a powerful and original mind. His life of Petrie showed very remarkable literary capacities, and is far more interesting and better conceived than most biographies written by professed authors. His opening addresses at the Meath Hospital, all of them on large topics, and most of them on the advantages of that general education which he had neglected in his youth, are full of fruitful suggestions, and very striking for their broad views and generous spirit. To his pupils his influence was stimulating beyond description, and this virtue in him was shown in his family, all of whom he contrived to urge to perpetual diligence and self-culture, while he was ever recommending holydays, and extolling recreation. The same may be said of the young friends whom he loved to see about him, many of whom date their first inspiration for work, and disgust for idleness, to the influence of his refined and literary home. There are those too who have confessed that his spirit turned them from the vices and follies of youth, and led them to a serious and honourable view of their duties amid the temptations of a college career. And yet he never preached sermons, or gave any formal moral advice. He was far too subtle and original a teacher to follow so well-beaten and idle a track. Nor was this stimulating influence confined to the young. On the topics which he touched, he made all those around him rise above themselves, and do greater and better work. Thus the remarkable researches of George Petrie both on the antiquities and the music of Ireland would never have seen the light but for the constant pressure and encouragement of William Stokes, who, though he was neither a musician nor an artist, felt the beauty of artistic work with a keenness and a tenderness beyond the depth of ordinary men. In this way he was a great schoolmaster to all those about him—a man who might have been a great scholastic head, just as his powers of observation might have made him one of the first naturalists of his time. But though he was full of sympathy for talent, totally void of jealousy, and generous to a fault, he had a singular hatred for stupidity, and above all for that pretentious stupidity which consists in gathering and repeating useless details. I remember sitting beside him at dinner, when a scientific man of this kind was boring us with his talk. He turned to me, and said with emphasis: "There is one golden rule of conversation—*know nothing accurately.*" And this rule he always observed himself, except where the interest actually lay in minute and careful description; then nothing could exceed the life-like picturesqueness of his language.

There are men whose works speak their whole genius, and whom it is disenchanting to meet, for they have little personality outside their writings, which seem to absorb all that is great and good in them. But there are others whose published thoughts are as nothing compared with the influence they exercise upon those around them, and whose books are very unsatisfying to those who have the privilege of their personal friendship. This is exceptionally true of William Stokes, who was indeed the greatest physician in Ireland, whose books on the chest and heart have been for a generation

standard books all over the world,[1] but who was a far greater man than all these things signify, and whom strangers will never know and estimate at his true value. He was the very highest and best type of an Irishman, with the earnestness and the carelessness, the melancholy and the fun, the shrewdness and the romance, the diligence and the want of thrift of that unstable race, all combined and conflicting in his nature. He represented moreover another combination which nowadays might be thought a contradiction, but which was the leading feature in the very remarkable society about him; I mean the society led by Graves, Todd, Ferguson, Petrie, Wilde, and Reeves. These men were thorough patriots, who spent all their leisure studying their country and promoting her interests, while at the same time they were the most loyal subjects, and had no sympathy, or rather had a profound contempt for the noisy policy of exhibiting a love of Ireland by railing against England. This was the more remarkable in Stokes because he had a curious contempt for the Saxons, as he called them, from a social point of view. I mean of course the Saxons collectively, for no man had better or more revered friends in England. But if a plum-pudding were put on the table, he would call it a low Saxon importation. If a charming English girl married a vulgar, forward Irishman (a frequent occurrence) and we wondered at it, he would say: "My dear fellow, you are stumbling upon a great truth. *The Saxon has no power of diagnosis.*" And still more frequently, when he came in contact with pig-headed English rulers in Ireland, who thought to understand the people in six months, and then govern them by blue-book and red-tape, he would sum up his account of a long interview with a sigh, a pinch of snuff, and the remark: "The poor Saxon beast, he has no light!" So it happened, that though Stokes was all his life a staunch Tory, even the men of '48—Davis and Mangan and their comrades—all knew him and loved him, and felt that they had in some respects his sincere sympathy. There were indeed few people who were not attracted by the largeness of his heart and the quick response of his overflowing sympathy. He knew every one in Ireland who was worth knowing; he had made the acquaintance of many of them in those hours of distress which bring men close together in a few hours, and make them form ties which years will not dissolve. Thus he had a knowledge of Irish life and habits which he was always bringing out in strange anecdotes and wonderful records of family histories. The mine of this sort of experience which has died with him is really inestimable.

It is perhaps well that he never took an active part in politics, for he was too fond of his friends, and perhaps the greatest weakness in him was his over partiality for those whom he loved. He seldom, as I have said, could tolerate a goose, but if he did, it was only by making it a swan. His great influence was therefore in danger of being exercised in favour of men who might be unworthy of it, and it was well known that he would strain a point in favour of a friend. He used even to boast that the chief use of having influence was to obtain good things for the "poor devils" who could not get on by themselves. So also his dislikes, though generally based on some acute observations which escaped the notice of others, seemed very strong, and were often expressed in picturesquely vehement language; nor would he tolerate any defence of the men whom he reviled with comic exaggeration. Thus I have heard him finish a portrait with these words: "God Almighty had originally

[1] I have heard a Californian doctor, fresh from the West, beg to be introduced to him as the Bacon of modern medicine. I have heard a Greek doctor, in the wilds of Arcadia, and who did not know how to pronounce his name, say that all his knowledge was derived from the works of Stokes.

intended him to be disgusting, *but he has outdone Him.*" Yet all this vehemence expended itself in confessions to his friends. He never quarrelled with any one, and though he may have avoided or treated with indifference those whom he disliked, he had not, so far as I know, a single personal enemy.

His later years were clouded with great sorrows, which dimmed the brightness of his wit and saddened his once brilliant spirits. He was indeed all through life subject to fits of deep depression, for his sympathies were far too keen, and his nature far too sensitive, to admit of the equable cheeriness of vulgar minds. But these periods of depression increased as one member of his family after another was taken from him, and as he felt that the acuteness of his perceptive faculties—the source of his masterly diagnosis—was on the wane. At last a fall trom a car, as he was hurrying on an errand of charity, laid the seeds of the fatal complaint which gradually stole from him the use of his limbs, and reduced him to his chair and his fireside. Even then, when his intellect was failing, and his wit had well-nigh departed, he still retained that wonderful tenderness which made all the little children of the neighbourhood gather round "Grandpapa Stokes," and solace with their love and their cheerfulness the weary days which passed while he was consciously waiting for his end. But his vigorous constitution cost him a fierce struggle for life at the close, and made his death a relief from hopeless misery.

His books have perpetuated his labour. His talents are still represented by his children, more than one of whom had already shown flashes of hereditary fire. His very form—his massive brow, his thoughtful, kindly face—is preserved, not only in an admirable earlier portrait by Burton, but in Foley's later statue, perhaps the most perfect of all the works of that great artist. His lifelong teaching and example have their permanent effect upon the general culture and social position of his profession in Ireland. Yet, to those who knew and loved him in byegone days, all these large legacies seem but a small remnant of the wealth of the man.[1]

J. P. Mahaffy.

[1] I have avoided in this sketch all such details as may be gathered from a professed memoir, and which may be found in a trustworthy paper which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* some three years ago. But the dates of a man's birth and death, the catalogue of his distinctions, and the names of his ancestors, are after all of little interest, and of less importance, in a case like the present.

THE REFORM PERIOD IN RUSSIA.

(*Continued from p.* 170.)

A VERY interesting account might be written of the various bodies of emigrants who for political reasons have left their native land, sometimes to have nothing more to do with it, like the settlers in Virginia and the Scotchmen who, after 1715 and 1745, took service in Russia, Prussia, and Poland; sometimes to conspire against it, like the followers of Prince Charles and the *émigrés* of the French revolutionary period; sometimes to conspire in its favour, like the Irish of the Irish Legions in France and the Poles who came to London and to Paris in such numbers after the insurrection of 1830, and again after the lesser rising of 1863. Then there is the Russian emigration, the latest, by far the least numerous, but not the least powerful of them all. No other emigrant ever exercised so much influence in the country he had quitted as Mr. Herzen exercised in Russia from the beginning of the reform agitation by which the first announcements on the subject of serf-emancipation were speedily followed, to the collapse produced by the Polish insurrection of 1863, which, enjoying as it did the worse than useless favour of European diplomacy, drove Russians of all classes and creeds to give unconditional support to their own government. It can be seen, too, from the official reports of the State trial, now taking place at St. Petersburg, that, since Herzen's death, Bakounin, a far less powerful writer, but a more determined conspirator, has, living in Switzerland, been the moving spirit of the revolutionary organisations with which the surface of all Russia seems to have been covered. There were emigrants and literary emigrants from Russia before Herzen's time. But the books they published on Russia and Russian affairs were written chiefly for foreigners; and in Nicholas's time it would have been both difficult and useless to introduce into Russia works aiming at the subversion of the existing state of things. Owing to the enormous cost of foreign passports, and the rarity with which they were granted, the number of Russians visiting foreign parts was very small. Nor were foreigners encouraged to visit Russia. Nor were the communications between Russia and Western Europe by any means so easy, in a material sense, as they have since become. Nor, above all, was Russian soil ready to receive such seed as Mr. Herzen was prepared to sow, and which he sowed with effect when the rigidity of the Nicholas system at last came to an end.

Before any change had been effected in the written laws of the Empire, when the peasants were still in a condition of serfdom, when the old judicial system was still in force, and when no announcement had, as yet, been made on the subject of the local assemblies afterwards to be formed, it could already be seen, from various external signs, that affairs in Russia were no longer the same as in Nicholas's time, or in the period immediately following the accession of Alexander II. More newspapers were about, and in 1861 journals of all kinds were on sale at the railway stations, which had not been the case in 1857. In 1856 and 1857 a soldier, meeting an officer in the street, halted, took off his cap, and remained uncovered (sometimes, it would seem, at the risk of catching a violent cold), until the officer had passed. In 1861 soldiers saluted officers as in other countries, without halting and without

uncovering. In 1857 a gentleman paying a morning or afternoon visit to a lady, was expected, under pain of passing for an ill-bred and grossly familiar person, to appear in evening clothes. In 1861 he could dress on such occasions as in other countries. In 1857 it was absolutely necessary to put on evening clothes in order to be admitted into the picture gallery of the Hermitage, for was not the Hermitage a palace? In 1861 this rule was no longer in force. In 1857 smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg was forbidden. In 1861 it was permitted, or at least tolerated. In 1857, at Moscow, if not at the more cosmopolitan St. Petersburg, only the lowest of the low would ride in an omnibus: Russian omnibuses at that period were indeed of primitive and slightly facetious construction. In 1861 Russian omnibuses were no longer open vehicles, consisting of two long benches placed back to back, and separated by a high partition: they were of ordinary make, and it was no longer a disgrace (at least not at St. Petersburg) to be seen in one. In the passport offices the clerks of the year 1857 used to take bribes quite openly, in the form of paper-money, conveniently folded in the document to which their signature was required. In 1861 I learned that it was neither necessary nor desirable, nor even, in some cases, polite to offer bribes at random. In 1857 the post-office clerks at Moscow used to lend their friends the English illustrated papers before sending them out to be delivered to the persons who had subscribed for them. In 1861 this curious but not unamiable practice had been abandoned. In 1857 officers travelling by the St. Petersburg-Moscow railway did not pay for their tickets, or rather dispensed altogether with them; and many civilians, after travelling the whole distance, bought tickets only at the last station for presentation at the terminus. Others with a third-class ticket travelled first class. Every one cheated the railway, which belonged at that time to the government; and every one gave the guard a rouble or so, according to the extent of the fraud connived at. The guards were honest men in the style of those moderately severe Russian officials who, in the words of Gogol, do not "steal too much for their place." Thus a guard who had been properly bribed, always mentioned the fact to the guard who replaced him at a certain point in the journey; upon which this other guard, in the fairest manner, did not expect to be bribed again. In 1861 the St. Petersburg-Moscow railway having now passed into the hands of a company, every traveller paid the appointed price for his place, according to the class in which he proposed to travel. The guards apparently received a salary, but they could no longer make a fortune as their predecessors were reported to have done.

There was less rigidity then in some things, and there was less laxity in others. Visiting Russia a third time in 1864, I found matters the same externally in that year as in 1861 and 1862. But the change even in the outward aspect of things between the years 1857 and 1861 was very remarkable and very significant. The insurrectionary movement in Poland, which, eighteen months later, was to put an end to the reform movement in Russia, had not as yet caused the Russians any anxiety. The Russians, indeed, hoped to profit by it; for, with a view of allaying the agitation, concessions were being made to Poland, which, it was felt, must sooner or later be extended to Russia. For this reason the Russian Liberals would have been glad to see the constitution of 1815 restored to Poland. No one in Russia thought at that time that the Poles would actually rise; and many, finding that Poland was to have a separate Council of State, and that the University of Warsaw was to be restored, and that certain

elective assemblies were to be formed, flattered themselves that the end of it would be the introduction of a constitutional system first into Poland, and afterwards into Russia generally.

Thus, after passing several months in various parts of Poland, I found, on arriving at St. Petersburg, no trace of bitterness against the Poles, except, indeed, among a few of the severer kind of officers, who objected to anarchy in all forms and under all conditions. Mr. Katkoff, editor of the *Russian Messenger* and of the *Moscow Gazette*, who attacked the Poles so bitterly when the insurrection had broken out and was being supported by Western diplomacy, wrote nothing against them as long as they only asked for concessions of which the last word was known to be the constitution of 1815. Mr. Aksakoff, whose name has since become so well known in connection with the Slavonic Committee of Moscow, denied, like all Russians, the right of the Poles to Lithuania and the other provinces of ancient Poland annexed by Russia, in which the majority of the inhabitants are not of Polish descent; but, like the moderate-liberal *Russian Messenger* and the extreme-liberal *Contemporary*, he was in favour of granting the fullest liberty to the Poles of the kingdom of Poland, even to the extent of abandoning the country to them altogether. Then, as now, the Akasakoffs attached great importance to the principle of nationality and supreme importance to the principle of Slavonian unity. They also, in their Slavonian organ the *Day*, regarded all questions from what they considered a high moral point of view. The Polish claims to Kieff and Smolensk were described as "mad," and not only "quite mad, but immoral in the highest sense of the word, being based upon possession gained by force and directed against the freedom of the people." But "judging with all severity the Polish claims to Kieff and Smolensk, we should sin against logical sense were we to deny the legitimacy of their patriotism in regard to Posen, Cracow, and Warsaw. If the Austrians and Prussians have not had conscientiousness vouchsafed to them sufficiently acute to enable them to understand in what relation they stand to the Polish people, *we* can boast of the special mercy of God in that respect, so that we are made to feel every falling-off from the moral law; to feel every, even the smallest, departure from rectitude, and, accordingly, that much of it which our historical lot has assigned to us in connection with Poland. . . . .

"As for the annexation of the kingdom of Poland, Russia granted it a constitution; and Polish nationality, by the way, owes its very existence to that incapacity of ours which, as we have said, forms our *moral merit* in history. If any fault can be charged against us, it is to be found in our having supported the ambitious claims of our neighbours, and having consented to the subjection of a free Slavonian race to foreigners. But, on the whole, Russia was less in fault than either of the other Powers as regards the destruction and partition of Poland, though, as a moral country, she feels more deeply than either of them whatever injustice there was in the affair. From this it is clear, that for the peace of our national conscience it is absolutely necessary to give freedom and power to the moral principle, and to manage to get to the truth as to our relations towards the Poles. . . . We will allow ourselves a supposition. Supposing we were to step out of Poland and take our stand on our own Russian boundaries? Firmly protecting the latter, we could then be patient and impartial witnesses of the internal struggles and labours of Poland. Undoubtedly that would be not only morally pure, but even generous on our part. Continuing our supposition, let us ask, would the Poles have enough strength to create anything good and lasting, and would their neighbourhood be injurious to us? . . . .

"If the Poles, carried away by their

political ambition, should overstep their boundaries and invade us, they would meet not only unremitting resistance from the people, but would give us a full moral right to punish their unlawfulness and destroy the cause of wrongful bloodshed. But if the Poles are capable of being re-born, of repenting of their historical mistakes, and will take their stand as a peaceful Slavonian people, then, certainly, the Russian people would be glad to see in them kind, friendly neighbours. However we think that, in any case, Poland herself, after some years, would try to re-unite itself—this time willingly and sincerely—to Russia. The wound in our body, so long and so painfully sore, would then, at last, be healed. Our social conscience would no longer be troubled by doubt, and the moral principle would fully triumph. Is it possible that this end cannot be attained by a peaceful and reasonable path? Can it be that the Poles, having forgotten the rule—*Respice finem*—is it possible that they can only be brought to reason by *incidents*, and that no other proofs can reach them? We are convinced that, early or late, there will be the closest, fullest, and most sincere union of Slavonian Poland with Slavonian Russia. The course of history leads undeniably thereto. And would it not be better, in the sight of such an unavoidable historical conclusion, to look forward and remove all causes of animosity and misfortune, and, willingly confessing and repenting mutually of our historical sins, join together in a brotherly and intimate union against our general enemies—ours and of all Slavonians."

The *Dyen* (*Day*) was ultimately suppressed. Not that the Aksakoffs and their Slavophil followers entertained then, any more than now, direct revolutionary tendencies. But their independent spirit might in itself be regarded as a danger; and the principle of nationality so constantly and so energetically affirmed by them had much affinity with the better understood principle of democracy. The Slavophils are anti-German, anti-bureaucratic, and, in their thoroughly Slavonian Russia of the future, would found everything on the communal institutions of the peasantry, who alone in Russia are held to have maintained in perfect purity the sacred traditions of Slavonian life. Seeing in Russia the hope of all other Slavonian countries, the Aksakoffs would, for that reason alone, have been opposed to everything that threatened the existence and prosperity of Russia as a state. They could have no sympathy, then, with Mr. Herzen's views. Herzen was delighted, nevertheless, with the *Day*, and saluted its editors as *ncs amis les ennemis*.

With all its strength the Russian colossus has many points of weakness: and the Russian emigrants in London, who aimed at nothing less than the complete destruction of the state, saw allies in the Slavophils, with their strong feeling of nationality, in the religious dissidents (whose supposed interests were at one time looked after in London by Mr. Kelsieff), in the peasantry who, it was hoped, would show themselves dissatisfied with the results of the Law of Emancipation, and in the Poles. An insurrection of peasants did, in fact, take place in the government of Kazan soon after the publication of the Law of February, 1861, headed by an impostor named Anton Petroff, who called himself the Emperor, and assured the peasants that the land which the Law required them to redeem had been made over to them unconditionally. But Petroff was shot, and the peasants generally showed more intelligence and more moderation than their pretended friends had credited them with.

Towards the end of 1861 the revolutionary party found—or perhaps created—a new support in a sudden passion for establishing popular schools, which seized upon officers, professors, students, and the educated classes generally in St. Petersburg. There was much that was admirable in this

movement, and it was not every one who, in undertaking to teach soldiers and workmen to read and write, did so with the sole motive of instructing them in the principles of revolution. In the autumn of 1861 an officer to whom I was speaking of the change which, having just arrived at St. Petersburg, I had noticed in the appearance and demeanour of the Russian soldier, told me that more important changes were taking place than those which I might have observed in the attitude, no longer slavish, of the soldier in presence of his chiefs. "Come to the Military School," he said, "next Sunday, and you will see something that will perhaps surprise you."

At the Military School, as at the School of Artillery, and several other military establishments and barracks—almost everywhere, in fact, where soldiers were quartered—Sunday classes had been formed. The officers acted as teachers, and the soldiers under their guidance learned reading, writing, arithmetic, and in some cases geometrical drawing. The rooms were hung round with maps and plans; and the soldiers, writing at their desks or grouped round instructors, seemed industrious and attentive. I was told that they had a great desire to learn, and learned very quickly. I visited three of these schools at which officers had transformed themselves into Sunday-school teachers; and I was intimate enough with some of the teachers to be able to ask them the true meaning of this rage on the part of officers for improving the mental and moral condition of their men. After several conversations on the subject, I came to the conclusion that the officers who taught in the Sunday-schools were animated by a sincere desire to benefit the soldiers. They did not forget, however, that the cordial relations they were establishing with them would secure for them an influence of a new kind. The Russian soldier was formerly in mortal terror of his officer. He obeyed him; but there could be no question of entering into his ideas and sharing his views. The officers who taught in the Sunday-schools wished to gain the intelligent sympathy of their men; and not perhaps with a view to the requirements of the service alone. They were all liberals, and often of a very "advanced" type. But who in Russia was not a liberal during the years 1861 and 1862, from the publication, that is to say, of the emancipation edict, with the ideas of social and political regeneration which it called forth (and with the hopes of a general subversion of the political structure which to some minds it also suggested) until the violent reaction suddenly brought about by the Polish insurrection?

The liberalism of the military Sunday-school teachers was thought, in any case, to be of too practical a kind; and the schools, after being for a time looked upon by the superior authorities with a certain favour, were in the end closed. The Governor-General of St. Petersburg and the principal police officials had disapproved of them from the first.

While the military Sunday-schools of St. Petersburg were still in existence, a well-known professor of the Moscow University assured me that they were "hot-beds of revolution." No proofs on the subject were ever publicly produced; and some said that it was from suspicion of the teachers, others that it was from discoveries made as to the character of the books used that the determination to close the Sunday-schools proceeded.

Censors in despotic states have often been ridiculed for seeking, and even discovering revolutionary ideas in the most harmless publications. But revolutionary writers have shown equal ingenuity in introducing their ideas into the most unlikely works, such as spelling-books, primers, picture-books, and the like. I was assured in 1861, by a person who ought to have been well informed on such points, that a Russian revolutionary cookery-book had been brought out, in which directions

for preparing dishes were varied by reflections on liberty. School-books and manuals on ordinary subjects pass the censorship in ordinary times easily enough; and once marked with the official stamp of approbation, they can be sold without danger, however doubtful their contents. Many of the revolutionary picture-books had not passed the censorship at all. In these cases, the revolutionary matter had been put into an attractive snd seemingly innocent form, with the view of getting it swallowed by the peasantry.

In ordinary reading circles, every author seemed at that time to be tested by the degree of "liberalism" contained in his writings. A young Russian officer who had been reading Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* told me that what he chiefly admired in that work (admirable for so many reasons) was the "daring manner in which the author spoke of the Emperor Nicholas." I heard Macaulay praised by Russians on the ground of his eminent merit as a "liberal" writer. A Russian young lady, whom I recommended to read *Christie Johnstone,* wanted to know whether in that charming tale the author expressed "liberal opinions." Liberalism found its way even into the pictures of the period; and in the Exhibition of 1861 the patience of the poor was freely contrasted with the overbearing nature of the rich, while the subject of one painting, which gained for its author a gold medal, was the death of a Polish exile on his way to Siberia.

The public was sometimes more ingenious than the censorship itself in perceiving hidden meanings. The censorship, on the other hand, found, now and then, the most curious mare's-nests; and I was myself deprived in 1862, by the Moscow censorship for books introduced from abroad of a legendary work on the subject of Twardowski, the Polish Faust, because it pleased the too ingenious censors to believe that Twardowski was an impersonation of Poland and Mephistopheles an impersonation of Russia.

Just when the passion for teaching at Sunday-schools had reached its height some disturbances of a significant kind broke out at the University of St. Petersburg. The effect of lowering the fees and of removing the limitation on the number of students had been to draw hundreds of young men to the universities who were just able, and, in some cases, not quite able to support themselves. Exhibitions were founded in the interest of these latter; and it became the custom to deliver lectures and to get up concerts, at which the principal singers in St. Petersburg were expected to give their services gratuitously, for the benefit of poor students. The students maintained a fund among themselves and themselves administered it. Now it had occurred to a newly-appointed Minister of Public Instruction, Count Putiatin, an admiral just arrived from Japan, that the fees at the universities ought to be raised and the fund for the benefit of the poor students suppressed. Count Putiatin was declared by some of his friends to be a great admirer of English institutions, and it had perhaps struck him that Russian universities ought to be in some measure assimilated to English universities. It certainly, however, had appeared to the Government that there was some danger in giving a superior education to a number of young men who had no means of their own and who, if they failed to make a career, would find themselves altogether "unclassed;" too proud to return to their original position, incapable of making a new position for themselves. As a matter of fact, the secret societies of the last few years have been largely recruited from among university students, especially such as had no particular future before them. It does not thence follow that in Russia, where the educated class is so small compared to the entire population, great facilities for education should not be offered; and in any case the new regulations introduced by Count Putiatin caused great dissatisfaction on the part of

the students as a body, followed by meetings, the sending of deputations, and at last by demonstrations of a public character, with active repression on the part of the troops, numerous arrests, and the closing of the university.

What had happened at the University of St. Petersburg happened soon afterwards at that of Moscow, and indeed at all the universities of the empire. Thus every university in Russia was for a time shut up.

After the closing of the universities, the university professors (at least in St. Petersburg) gave gratuitous lectures at a hall selected for the purpose; and these were largely attended by students and others, who in every lecture found some pretext for a political demonstration. Several professors, instead of lectures, delivered exciting speeches. But even those who kept strictly to the subject they had engaged to treat found themselves exposed to applause which some of them would gladly have dispensed with. A professor who had been lecturing, not on a political, but on a politico-economical subject, was listened to in silence until, speaking of state finance, he happened to say that, among the various qualifications for a finance-minister, that of honesty must of course be included. The remark was not and could not be intended to carry with it any personal allusion. But the students fancied that an attack was meant on an important official personage, and the professor was loudly cheered in consequence. The involuntary object of this homage told me that all the lectures were listened to chiefly with a view to the political allusions and the expressions of "liberalism" which it was hoped they would contain; and after a time the gratuitous lectures by university professors, like the universities and the Sunday-schools, were closed by superior order. One of the lecturers, Professor Pavloff, was sent to Siberia.

Signs of the newly-awakened spirit next manifested themselves in the Assemblies of the Nobility, which were held, early in 1862 at Moscow, St. Petersburg, Toula, Tver Smolensk, and in all the large provincial towns (chief towns of "governments"), throughout Russia. At that time it could scarcely have been known in the west of Europe—probably many persons are unaware of it even now—that an organisation already existed in Russia by which large bodies of landowners could communicate their views in a direct manner to the Crown. Such an organisation, however, had existed since the days of Catherine. It is true that but little advantage was taken of it. Under the Emperor Nicholas, as in preceding reigns, the Russian nobles went quietly enough to Siberia when they were sent there, often without trial, sometimes without formal accusation. Nor was any attempt made to procure the replacement of mere arbitrary rule by a system of legality, except, indeed, from time to time through the medium of a conspiracy. For the most part the attitude of the Russian nobles was that of courtiers, content if now and then they received from their sovereign a decoration or a smile. They consoled themselves, perhaps, with the reflection that if they belonged to the Emperor, their serfs belonged to them—much as the serfs were said to revel in the idea that if they were their master's property, the land they cultivated was their own.

Under the Emperor Nicholas, the nobles used to meet in their assemblies once every three years to elect judges (a bad system, which the judicial reforms introduced in 1864 did away with) and "marshals," whose duty it was to represent the wants of their fellow nobles to the sovereign. It is said that in practice the marshals of the nobility were only expected to give good entertainments.

With the emancipation of the peasantry, the nobles or landed proprietors found themselves placed in a new position, which was thus expressed

at the time:—"A new class of free peasants, possessing a perfect system of self-government in the village communes, was being formed beneath them; a class numbering 23,000,000, in presence of which the nobility, with its merely nominal privileges, must in time lose all prestige, unless endowed with a sufficient amount of political power to enable it to keep its natural place at the head of society." It had to choose, moreover, between retaining certain exemptions, of no real importance, but calculated to excite the envy of other classes, and resigning these privileges while demanding rights for the nation in general.

When the time had arrived for the assemblies to be held, Mr. Valouieff, the Minister of the Interior, to prevent them from going too far in their demands, and also by way of paying them a certain amount of respect, gave them five questions to consider, and while asking for replies to these particular inquiries, begged them not to send any formal address to the Emperor. The Assemblies, however, of Moscow, St. Petersburg, Tver, Toula and Smolensk, all voted addresses, in which the formation of a national representative legislative assembly was expressly demanded; not with the view of limiting the Tsar's power, but on the ground that under the existing system the true wants of the country were not known and could not be ascertained.

"In every rank of society," said the address voted by the Moscow nobility, "there is some sort of departure from law, and, in their true meaning, the laws are not observed. Neither persons nor property have any protection against the will of the administration. Classes have risen one against another, and the enmity between them grows greater and greater in consequence of individual discontent, together with a general fear of a pecuniary catastrophe from a government financial crisis, indicated already by the instability of the unit of reckoning, an utter absence of credit, and, finally, by a multiplicity of false rumours which convulse the public mind. Such, in a few words, is the present state of things, and the Moscow nobility thinks it its duty to address the Emperor on the subject. The corner-stone on which all these evils rested—the right of holding serfs—has been taken away and destroyed, but much has yet to be done in order to reset the shaken edifice of the state on substantial foundations. To eradicate the bad, and to march in front, after its Emperor, in the path of peaceful reforms, such as shall satisfy the existing wants of society, restore a full measure of order, and avert, even in the future, all possible disturbances—this is the desire of the Moscow nobility; and it addresses its Emperor in all confidence, and submits to his gracious inspection the following measures as calculated to rescue the country from its present difficult position:—

"1. A greater extension to appointment by election in the government service, and also to local self-government. At the same time, there must be a more strict fulfilment of the law, not only by the subordinates, but also by the superior officials, with strict responsibility before the law for every one in the government service, each one being held accountable for his own actions.

"2. Protection for the rights of person and property of all the citizens of the Empire, through the introduction of oral evidence in judicial proceedings and of trial by jury.

"3. The termination of the present antagonistic attitude between nobles and peasants, through the compulsory and immediate apportionment of the land.

"4. The publication of the government debt and of the government revenue and expenditure, so that the public mind may be quieted as to the prospect of a financial crisis.

"5. The freest discussion in print concerning reforms of all kinds, in connection with the forthcoming economical and administrative reforms."

In an address voted unanimously by the nobles of the district assembly of Zvenigorod, in the Moscow government, the following passage occurred:—

"The only advice the nobles can offer to the government at the present juncture is that it should resort to the measure which has always been adopted in Russia in extreme cases both by the people and the Crown—namely, the formation at Moscow, the natural centre of the country, of a National Representative Assembly, chosen from all classes and from all parts of the Empire."

The addresses in favour of a constitution were left without notice; but the "five questions," as to judicial reforms, publication of the budget, increased liberty of the press, and the promotion of local assemblies, having elicited the answers which had, no doubt, been anticipated, these answers were, it might be said, taken into account in the laws on the mooted subjects which were already in preparation, and which were soon afterwards published.

At the conclusion of the war against Turkey will the reform agitation, and especially the agitation in favour of a constitution maintained with so much activity in 1861 and 1862, be revived? In connexion with the Alexander centenary, celebrated a few weeks since at St. Petersburg, a Russian paper pointed out that the sovereign whose memory was being honoured had, among other great feats, freed Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon and replaced in France the rule of a despot by a constitutional system of government. Perhaps the journalist wished his readers to infer that what was such a good thing for France would not be altogether a bad thing for Russia. That, as a matter of fact, was what many officers of Alexander's army thought on their return from France; and the military conspiracy which, at the end of 1825, took the form of open insurrection, was the natural consequence of Alexander's victorious march from Moscow to Paris. The defeats in the Crimea led to much more important changes than any that were caused by the success of the Russian armies in Germany and France. But these were changes introduced from above and originating in a conviction on the part of the Government that the country was weak and must have its resources developed in every direction. The most important reforms, moreover, of the present reign were the natural consequence of serf-emancipation which, under Alexander I., when serfdom still existed without any immediate prospect of being abolished in Galicia, Hungary, and various parts of Germany, was not likely to be viewed as a measure of indispensable necessity for Russia. Failure in war has so often been followed by beneficial changes at home that some Russians, more liberal than patriotic, are said to have desired the defeat of the Russian armies in Turkey so that, in presence of popular discontent, and its own proved incapacity to conduct the affairs of the nation, the Government might feel itself called upon to go through the well-known form of "granting a constitution." Success in war proves, on the other hand, that the Government has at least been able to manage one important matter satisfactorily; and in the midst of the general joy of having vanquished an enemy the victorious nation may forget that in its own country there are a few things which it would do well to conquer.

It is scarcely possible, however, that the officers of the Russian army in European Turkey can return home without bringing back recollections of the superior advantages enjoyed by the Roumanians and Servians as compared with themselves. Tributary states as Roumania and Servia are, or hitherto have been, they are at the same time constitutional states governed by laws which have been made by their own national representatives in Parliament assembled. Much has been

said of late about the comfortable position of the Bulgarian peasantry, who are described as possessing material advantages which the Russians themselves are without. If the Bulgarians are placed in a similar position to that which, until the war broke out, belonged to Servia and Roumania, they will already, in a political point of view, be better off than the Russians, who not only do not make their own laws, which, practically, would matter very little if their laws were just, but are liable to be condemned under very unjust laws, and indeed without any law at all. It will certainly strike the Russians returning from the south as somewhat odd that the countries which they have done so much to liberate should be free with a freedom denied to their liberators. In Roumania and Servia the Chief of the State can take no important step without consulting the Chamber. In Russia the Chief of the State need not consult any one, and we have been recently told of an address voted to the Emperor Alexander by the Council of State, which was to have begun with the words: "Having learned, Sire, from the newspapers that Russia is at war," &c.

In Roumania and Servia the annual budget is presented to the Chamber for discussion and approval. In Russia the budget is published — for Russia learned some fifteen years ago what Turkey had learned a few years earlier, that not to publish a budget is to lose all chance of contracting a foreign loan; but the budget cannot, in Russia, for obvious reasons, be subjected to the examination and control which it would meet with at the hands of a legislative chamber. Nor is there any possibility in Russia of criticising the acts of ministers and officials, such as exists in the minor states which, as some say, have been dragged by Russia, but which, as a matter of fact, followed Russia very readily into the war against the Turks. Finally, the giant state Russia differs from the little states which she has taken under her protection in that every Russian is liable by a simple administrative order—by a mere decree—to be arrested, imprisoned, confined to a particular spot, or sent to Siberia, without trial, accusation, or explanation of any kind; whereas in Servia and Roumania, as in other civilised states, people are neither accused nor punished without being brought to trial.

It is scarcely probable that after a war of liberation, engaged in under great difficulties, pursued at great sacrifices, the liberators will have the sad courage to go quietly home to remain in a state of political slavery, thanking Heaven that their *protégés* on the Danube are enjoying political freedom. It is rather to be expected that they will return in the mood of those Russian officers who had made the campaign of France, and of whom a reactionary diplomatist wrote, when a number of them had taken ship for the Baltic, that, in the interest of Russia, it could now only be hoped that they would all go to the bottom. Liberty in France was not, after all, a Russian invention. But liberty in Roumania and Servia is mainly, if not entirely, due to Russia. If Russia had never moved since 1815 in the Balkan Peninsula, there is every reason for supposing that both Servians and Roumanians would at this moment be directly under the power of the Turks.

It was a much easier thing, however, to establish constitutionalism in Servia and Roumania—it would be much easier now to establish constitutionalism in Bulgaria—than it would be to introduce anything of the kind into Russia. In these new little states the crown is accepted with conditions known and stipulated for beforehand. In Russia, power actually rests with the reigning sovereign, and it remains with him to say whether or not he will divest himself of a portion of it to intrust it to an assembly. Even if such an assembly existed, the Emperor might, if he thought fit, disregard its

decisions; so difficult is it to establish limited monarchy in countries where no means exist for keeping the monarch's power within bounds.

If an Emperor of Russia granted to his subjects the most perfect constitution ever devised, it would be open to him at any time to take it back, or, leaving it still in existence, to set it absolutely at naught. Nevertheless, a constitution, liable now and then to be violated, is better than no constitution at all; and a despotic sovereign, who accustoms himself, little by little, to share his responsibility with an assembly, may end by acquiring the habit permanently. He may find it convenient, and even safe, to refer questions to a representative body, through which the views and feelings of his subjects generally can be arrived at.

The mere formation of a representative debating society would not in itself be any guarantee for individual freedom in Russia; for such an institution might exist side by side with the secret political police and the system of arbitary arrests. But governments, like individuals, have often a conscience; and the right to criticise government acts—without which the existence of an assembly would be meaningless—would be a concession of real value. Many doubt as to whether the introduction of constitutional government into Russia would be of much benefit to the empire. There can be no question, however, as to whether it would be of advantage to Europe. Those energetic men who, during the last few years, have been cultivating disaffection and directing revolts in Turkey, or planning the destruction of Austria through a general Slavonian uprising, would, under a parliamentary system, have seats in the chamber, when, instead of directing their energies against the foreigner in the interest of Russian dominion, they would tear one another to pieces with a view to office.

H. Sutherland Edwards.

BEFORE THE SNOW.

After Albert Glatigny.

Winter is on us, but not yet the snow!
The hills are etched on the horizon, bare,
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
With meagre clouds that shudder as they go;
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow
Like some new butterfly, unclassed and rare;
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, and their old
And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer—
A sharper gust would shock them from their hold!
Yet up that path, in Maytime of the year,
And past that dreary ruined tower we strolled
To pluck wild strawberries with summer cheer!

A. Lang.

ON NAVAL EDUCATION.

BY A NAVAL NOBODY.

ON naval *education?* Well! let the word pass, although it is on some branches of naval ignorance of which I am going to speak a few words here.

Let me see: what is our reputation as sailors? Of being good seamen, of prompt perception and action, of ready resource in unforeseen emergencies, of possessing a rare "common-sense," of dash and pluck in battle, of an open and hearty manner. A good list, truly! born of our physical education; of our manner of life on the sea, of the traditions of our gallant forefathers.

The world grants us this freely, and if the first of these qualities has lately somewhat suffered in public estimation, if the papers have seemed to enjoy the sensational reporting of "another ironclad on shore," if sarcastic individuals have joked grimly over "England's submarine fleet," this is due to shore-people's ignorance of the changed conditions of service afloat—the change from "wooden-walls" to "coffer-dam-sided" ironclads, from harmless "cut-waters" to vicious "rams," from the pure breeze bellying a cloud of canvas overhead to the grease-laden breath from the engine-room below,—and there is no reason to suppose that, although with some ironclads the ocean has been their grave, the decks of others will not be "fields of fame" as gloriously as were ever those of the wooden walls of the olden days.

But it is not of these physical qualities which I would speak now, but of the mental education of our *young* naval officers; not the practical education appertaining to their profession in life, but that broader education which is due to the spirit of the age; not the science of seamanship or of warfare, but the sciences of peaceful knowledge—of geology, botany, natural history, and physics.

What is our reputation as regards these? What have we done to help them? The answer is—nothing!

The Navy is always called a "noble profession." And so it is, great and noble even to us who are its valets. To prepare ourselves, our sailors, our ships to defend England's first interests, to form our country's first line of defence is a noble work in the ideal and in the real. But there is a *but!* Is it a noble life to prepare, to educate, ourselves for nothing but this, for this *action*, this (let us hope) successful crowning of our life's work, which *may*, however, never come? And *en attendant?*

In the meantime what is our life? I know what naval life is, I know that it is one weary round of cut-and-dried routine and of drill; of "scrub hammocks," of "wash decks," of "clean wood- and brass-work," of "sweep decks," &c.; of one dead, level round of necessary discipline, varied by sleeping, eating, drinking, and smoking. And of reading, you ask? Well! no; we do *not* read much.

I am not speaking of exceptional cases. I am speaking of myself, of the general "ruck" of the Navy's youth, and I know that our life is not an ennobling one, that it does not raise us above the generally low level, and that in all matters of general culture and interest we are astoundingly ignorant.

If we were the butterflies of our country, if we had nothing on earth to do but to drive in T-carts, to dance the insipid old dances night after night, to shoot pheasants and grouse periodically, this would not be astonishing. If we are, generally speaking,

more intelligent than they, it is because we have been knocked about in a rough school; because from boyhood we have been forced out of *their* narrow life; because the whole world is to us what Europe only is to them—our playground; because to contrast men and manners is the natural outcome of our peculiar life. And this we owe to ourselves, not to those who are intrusted with our education.

Comparisons are odious. I call the butterflies—always generally speaking—part and parcel of the general low level of intelligence. I do not wish to compare ourselves with them. They are the drones and we the workers. They have their pockets lined, and we have them empty. They have their brains quite empty, and we—we *ought* to have them full. They have an excuse, and we have not. For the opportunities we have of storing our minds with knowledge, knowledge outside of our profession, are endless, daily and hourly, if but you, our pastors and masters, would give us the impulse of inquiry in our youth.

Let us glance at some subjects. Take, first, geology, and natural history.

A man-of-war visits an unknown country, say New Guinea. And what information do we bring back? Can we describe what the special characteristics of the country are, what the botany, what the geology, what the fauna? Scarce one scientifically intelligible word: a tree is a tree, a palm a palm, a bird a bird, an insect an insect! We pick up a bone: what did it belong to—man, bird, beast, or fish? We have not the faintest notion! And what was the geology—volcanic, or otherwise? Oh, we forgot to take notice! And so on, and so on. Therefore, what has to be done when scientific information is wanted? Can we depend on the officers to tell us? No! send a naturalist. Not that any very special and profound knowledge is requisite; it is only that geological and botanical specimens have to be collected, that certain fish or plants, for which Drs. Günther and Hooker would give their ears, should not be eaten or passed by if found. That is all!

But why should not we do this? "It is not our work!" Bah, go to, my friend! Go, see the deck swept; do housemaid's work, since your mind cannot rise above that lowly grade. To us others, though, why should not some elementary geology and natural history be taught, why should we not be able, why should we not be encouraged, to return from our visit on shore knowing what are its characteristic features, able, too, to write out a brief report thereon, if required, for any scientific society at home?

You laugh? And so does my commanding officer—in a different way. What has a youngster got to do with lumps of rock, with botanical specimens, with natural history curiosities? "Throw that filth overboard, sir! you dirty my decks; you make my ship smell; and go on deck, sir! and keep four hours extra watch as a reminder not to do so again." My laughing friend! I put your intelligence and that of my commanding officer's on a par. You are scarcely worth arguing with, for it is as useless, I'm sure, as it would be—Midshipman-Easy-like—to argue with him.

However, surely in this scientific age, every sailor who, by the very nature of his profession, sees more lands outside of his own than most other men, surely he might be justly expected to add his mite to the ever-growing mountain of scientific information. But, as it is, we, who see nature in all her varied moods, we, who roam the whole world over from the "palæocrystic" Arctic Sea to the great Antarctic Continent, we, who girdle the globe several times in our lives, we return with our minds almost a blank, only vaguely impressed with what we have seen; unable a few years afterwards to remember all that which with knowledge and understanding would have been photographed in our brain to our dying day, to the immense advantage of

ourselves, and of all with whom we converse.

Who, that has some love of natural history, has not read Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*, in the *Beagle?* Was ever written voyage more interesting, more readable—although "scientific" from beginning to end? We cannot all be Darwins, but we might, some of us, be humble imitators of the Darwin of that day. We all have seen what he saw—with our eyes. But having eyes, *we* understand not. And I say that we should be vastly more interesting specimens of the *genus homo* to ourselves and to others, if we were taught and encouraged to understand in our youth.

On this subject, I need but mention what occurred the other day, to illustrate the extraordinary indifference of naval officers to enlighten a knotty, ancient, and scientific problem.

One of Her Majesty's ships, steaming ten knots in a certain direction, meets, if you please, one fine morning, the great sea-serpent swimming and steering in the opposite direction, and also going at the rate of ten knots. And what does Her Majesty's ship? Stop, and try to make a closer acquaintance with this oft-mentioned, mysterious and most singular phenomenon? No! She, like the great sea-serpent, is "in a hurry;" she cannot wait; and they pass each other, the great sea-serpent and Her Majesty's ship, not even exchanging "colours," at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. And the result is some laughably, miserably meagre details, which *might* apply to a well-known fish!

Surely, indifference to the science of natural history can no further go than this!

Let us glance at another subject on which we are also profoundly ignorant, —foreign languages.

Latin and Greek are supposed to be indispensable for the education of an English gentleman. I do not quarrel with anybody that on entering the Navy we are made to drop these dead languages. I maintain an affectionate remembrance of Horace and Ovid, of the Cyclops, of bibulous songs, and as I pace the deck in my morning watch, the "rosy-fingered Aurora" comes back to my mind, and I think how often since those school-days have I seen it, and of how now I would be much rather in my hammock dreaming of something else. As a matter of fact, I find that I am not much "adrift" in knowing nothing of Latin and Greek, in spite of Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Gladstone. The one living branch of Latin which enables scientific men of all nations to have one common name for natural history objects does not come under the head of a "dead" language. This I can learn like a parrot.

But what I do quarrel about is, that I am not taught any living language to replace the memory of the dead ones; that when I am ordered on board a foreign man-of-war, I am ordered at the same time to go and show off my insular ignorance. How often have I seen two naval officers of different nationalities bowing and grinning to each other idiotically, comprehending each other less than two monkeys would, unable to exchange a word, unable even to rub their naked stomachs by way of something to do with their hands, and as outward signs of mutual amity and peace, as do the New Guinea savages! And why? Because the British officer knows no language but his own; because it is never expected of him to learn; because from the highest to the lowest "nobody cares."

True: lately the title of "interpreter" has been offered as a blazon on our escutcheon. It means a hard examination, a few pounds extra pay, and your life henceforward an extra burden. For what was demanded of you before as a favour (if you do know a foreign language) is now demanded of you as a right, and we are not quite so far gone in poverty yet that most of us would not prefer the exquisitely rare and sweet pleasure of being asked a favour by our superiors, than to be

ordered about on this matter as on everything else.

And it must be confessed, too, that we are stupid and indifferent to knowledge sometimes, which it is no one's fault but our own that we do not pick up. We have all met young men here and there round the world "globe-trotting." They rush round our little globe in three or four months, visiting the chief towns, flitting about from billiard-room to billiard-room, from "sight" to "sight," to be able to say they have "done" them. And then they return, having done wonders, of course, seen everything, and yet seen nothing; for of any real insight into the countries they visit they as a rule gain none—of the manners and customs of their people, of their laws, their governments, their industries, their comparative place among the nations. All this goes for nothing with them. Their recollections of what they have seen are as confused as the colours at the end of a kaleidoscope, and their ideas fall about as remarkably as do the bits of glass in that instrument when you give it a turn. And we are almost as bad as they—not quite, because we have more enforced leisure infused into our wanderings, because to travel is to us a matter of course and nothing to brag about, because to shake hands with an Esquimaux one day and with a Terra-del-Fuegian the next, with the Mikado one day and with the Emperor of Brazil the next, with the King of Fiji one day and with the trunk of Siam's white elephant the next, with a New Guinea savage one day and with you, my reader, the next, would all come as naturally to us as it would to them meeting and shaking hands with a half-a-dozen of their friends during the course of a stroll in Pall Mall.

What is mere distance to us? We never think about it. We have our duty from day to day; we vegetate, growling occasionally, and we wake up one fine morning to find ourselves at China, for instance. We are not out of breath, in no frenzy of excitement; our life goes on the same as ever, only that instead of walking among our countrymen we are elbowed by pig-tailed yellow men. Can't you understand this feeling of—what the Yankees would call—"Why! suttenly," wherever we sailors may find ourselves? I suppose you can't, but it exists, and it may be the reason why we resemble the rushing, scratch-surface, yet think-they-know-all-about-it "globe-trotters." By which I mean that we do *not* inquire into the inner life of the countries we visit; that we make the world too much our playground merely, and not a study—if general information so easy to pick up may be dignified by that name; that, in short, in this matter, as in others, our ship is too much our prison, both mentally and physically.

And, returning again to what should be compulsory education, what shall I say of the physical sciences—of chemistry, electricity, &c.—of which we are taught literally—nothing?

No! you hammer only these subjects into our heads which no sooner are we free to drop than we do so like a hot potato. What then becomes of your X, Y, Z's, the hunt after which has ended at last? They have run to earth; there let them stay, for it will not be we who will dig them up. What becomes of your hydrostatics, which appear not to have taught us the simplest principles of the science, for when we come to apply them we cannot calculate, though all the data be given, at what angle our ship will, or will not, "turn turtle"? What becomes of your mode of teaching geometry—Euclid, &c., &c.?

I tell you that almost everything you teach us is dropped in after-life from sheer weariness, and the subjects which we do continue to follow up by ourselves must be approached and learnt all over again in a different manner. Do not misunderstand me. Our youthful brains must be wrought, developed, I know. The *how* is here the question. I complain not of what you teach us—in itself. That we should be well

grounded in mathematics, for instance, is the *ça va sans dire* of education—no matter what the profession. But what I do complain of is that you teach us nothing but these (and these but crudely); that you mix no leaven with our daily bread, bread which is as heavy as stones, which sinks and leaves no sign, no lasting sign, as might be expected, that it has nourished our mental condition. Give those of us, I say, who wish it, a chance of lifting ourselves out of the beaten rut of routine, the routine of our cut-and-dried system of education, the petty routine of our daily life on board ship. Let us be able to talk with some authority about other matters than the "shop"—a noble business, if you will—of our profession in life; and able to talk about what we have seen without the apologetic and introductory remark of "I don't know anything about it." Depend upon it, we shall not be the worse sailors for this. Surely our minds are capable of taking in something more than the business of our special profession; surely, not being the outcasts of society, not being the silly disciples of the theory "What's in a name?" not being merely the blood and iron which girdles our land, we should endeavour to bracket our names with those of the searchers of science, to hold our own—in all modesty—with the cultivated men of the day, and not be only one of the numerous tribe of the "*Oh!-he-knows-nothing*" young men?

I, for one—and I am sure there are many like me—I wish to be something more than the rough-and-ready tar, who can spin a good yarn, who can tie clever knots, and who is, after all, in nine cases out of ten worthy of being credited with those physical qualities with which I have commenced this growl on his education.

Are not they going to build a naval college at Dartmouth? Then let there be within it an elementary museum of botany, natural history, and geology. Teach the young idea the rudiments of science. Give them a laboratory, teach them the principles of chemistry, of electricity, of light, and of heat. Start their interest, awake their intelligence; having eyes and ears, help them to use them. The seed may not fall always on fruitful soil, but when it does it will grow and grow, making life doubly pleasant, and interesting, moreover, to those whose ideas can travel beyond the narrow domains of their peculiar profession. Vary the dull round of X, Y, and Z, of Euclid, of dry mathematics, with the knowledge of nature and of her laws. Plant the seed, I say, give it a chance to grow; give us a chance of doing away with that reproach that no general scientific information is to be expected from sailors, that—

> "A primrose on the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

And now while, sailor-like, growling, let me have it out, once for all. Only a few words more.

As far as I am concerned, I a naval nobody, I call the whole system of our education utterly faulty; not only that education which does not bear directly on our profession, but to that also which does do so. I say that we, the navy's youth, are in some professional matters most deplorably ignorant, and the day will come when we, and England, will wake up to the fact with a start. It sounds impossible, inconceivable, that it is only a privileged few who are allowed to make a *study* of gunnery, practically and theoretically; only a privileged few who are initiated into the mysteries of torpedoes; only a privileged few who are taught thoroughly the all-important knowledge to a sailor of surveying and navigation; not even a privileged few who are taught—with any practical result—that science which has displaced the science of utilising the winds—the science of steam; and yet all this is so!

Of the remedy for this I myself have no doubt. It will be found in

keeping us longer studying *on shore,* at a *bonâ fide* college, and not at a farce as is the naval college at Greenwich. For that that college is a farce no one who has studied there will deny. It is eminently so for those who are made to study there, and pre-eminently so for those who go there voluntarily to study. The programme of the "course" for the latter sounds well enough, but the superficial manner in which it is carried out is quite undeniable. And you hamper us there, young men of twenty to thirty, and more, years of age, with a discipline fit only for boys and ship-board life. Your "harassing legislation" worries and sickens us. We gladly escape from your misnamed college, letting pass the honours which we might there gain, the knowledge which we might there acquire, never thinking of it in the future as an *Alma Mater*, but as a place where your paltry naval discipline in all its minutiæ has vexed and perplexed us, curbed our good intentions of learning, driven us back, if back we could go, into the small circle from which we fain would have stepped.

Yes! Comparisons are odious, and particularly so when they tell against us. But that the American officers, who do not go to sea (for good) until five years after the age at which we do, those years being occupied in study on shore, are infinitely better educated than we are in some professional matters, I'm sure. That they are worse sailors than we are, I doubt very strongly. Anyway (and why should not I say it?) they cannot be worse than are some of our captains whom I have heard of on board iron-clads, who when the fleet were manœuvring, and the signal flew to change from one formation to another, have had to turn round to their officer of the watch, or to the signal-mate—in both cases *sub-lieutenants* — and ask them (the signal being interpreted) what was meant by that? How was his ship to turn—to starboard or to port? And where the dickens would she be then, and would she be right? Nor worse than the young lieutenant, become so with a bound because he passed a brilliant examination in x, y, and z, who has never kept a watch in his life before, and who is suddenly placed in the most responsible position of officer of the watch in the flag-ship of a squadron, being totally unfit as a sailor to be there. Giving doubtful orders with a trembling voice, while his men are laughing at him, and his sub-lieutenants too; for while he was grinding away at x, y, and z between decks of a large ship, they were perhaps keeping their regular watch on board of a smaller vessel, and are now therefore comparatively experienced seamen. But what to a sailor is seamanship compared to mathematics? What the safety of H.M. ship, what the knowledge of torpedoes, of steam, of gunnery, of surveying; what to us the honour and glory of our flag, what the knowledge in every practical way of how to keep that ensign floating, compared to the ennobling occupation of superintending decks being scrubbed and swept, wood- and brass-work polished, &c.—work which should all be left to the "petty" officers of the fleet?

Let us grant, however, for a moment that to go to sea for good when very young is a good thing. But that is no reason why we should not do our work at college—and real work, lasting two years at least—after we have been at sea, say for seven years, or, in other words, when we are promoted to the rank of lieutenant. Under any circumstances we are on shore for months after this long-expected event, and it is that time in part which should be utilised by a compulsory course of practical and theoretical professional knowledge. As things are now the going to college is voluntary, and one finds it a farce, as I have said, when one gets there. But that every officer attaining to the rank of lieutenant should have a *thorough* knowledge of gunnery, surveying, torpedo warfare, and of navigation, before he sets foot again on board a ship in a responsible position, would appear to our "common sense" to be

the *sine quâ non* of his being there. And we know, too, that many of them never do attain to even a superficial knowledge of these, one would think, all-necessary qualifications.

Looking back on my service afloat as a "mid," I can think of no single advantage that I have gained therein, no advantage whatever which I could not have equally gained by serving that time (or a great part of it) on shore at a college, going to sea occasionally for a sailoring cruise in some small craft in the Channel. With the question of how it was in the good old days, when seamanship and a mild form of gunnery were all that were asked of the naval officer, I am not concerned here; but in the present day, when infinitely more is required of him, the supposition that by going to sea very young we become so much the sooner seamen, is wrong. Sufficient proof is found in the fact that the great majority of midshipmen pass their final examination in seamanship badly. But putting aside the false standard of oral examination, the true standard is easily found by the only too natural distrust of captains to trust their ships to the holders of brand-new "commissions," despite the fact there stated that the owners thereof are fit to take charge of any of H.M. ships. And this after five or six years presumed apprenticeship in seamanship!

Confidence in one's self and responsibility thrown on one's shoulders—these are the only methods of learning seamanship, or indeed anything else; we get neither the one nor the other with the inevitable result; and this chiefly because we juniors are in such numbers on board as to be a nuisance to our superiors, and a serious drawback to our thinking ourselves engaged in a "noble" profession. Instead of seeing in ourselves the germs of men whose whole life is to be given to maintain their country's honour and glory, whose whole education from first to last should be to attain that end, we youngsters find our time wasted, our higher education neglected, our services a drug in the market, to be employed somehow, anyhow, although often most palpably uselessly, both to ourselves and the service.

I shall be told perhaps that little boys do not enter the navy for honour and glory, but in the adventurous hope of a rollicking, jovial kind of a life, with a thrilling wreck thrown in here and there, and old-style naval actions, and scuffles with savages, and dissolving views of beautiful tropical scenery, of strange peoples, of Arctic adventure maybe, of blue skies, and of purple seas over which a phantom ship goes merrily sailing. Well, well! the vision passes, we are soon undeceived; but give us in its stead a sense of our high calling, of our stern duty; something to work for, heart and soul, an aim to reach, not merely an existence to drag out—then die, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Oh, dear me! it makes me savage to think of the many hours—hours? they form years!—of my life that I have spent pacing the deck, haunted by the sole and ennobling thought that at any moment up may hop my "first lieutenant," steer straight for a coil of rope, lift one ring of it up with his toe, find under it a speck of dust: "Here you, sir! why don't you keep your eyes open—what's the good of you?" (What indeed!) "Pipe sweepers, and see the deck swept clean." What was I dreaming of—honour and glory? And down headlong I tumble from the sublime to the ridiculous, my whole mind bent henceforth on observing the aim and direction of a common hair-broom!

And the custom—one of the ruts dug deep by centuries of routine—of making us boys keep night-watch, is, I stoutly maintain, a pure and simple act of barbarism. It does, and cannot but, stunt our growth mentally and physically, tiring us out, both body and mind, for our study-work on the morrow. But if it be considered essential to our education as sailors that we should learn how to sweep a floor clean, we could do so at Green-

wich as well as on board. The necessary housemaids, and brooms, and admirals to superintend, could all be discovered, I'm sure. So, too, if it be for the interests of our glorious service, we could pace nightly a paved court at college. I would hardly dare swear that this brilliant idea has not crossed the minds of its presidents there more than once! Visitors might be admitted, and thus give the British public—profoundly ignorant as they are on all naval matters—a chance of discovering the occupations, manners, and customs, in part, of the popular "middy" when sailing on the seas, and of the way in which he prepares himself to be their country's future "gallant defender."

So, then, I repeat that I believe the first few years of our professional life to be most carelessly wasted, not through our own fault—for we are but boys, after all—but through the fault of the system, firstly, and through the fault, secondly, of our commanding officers. How little seamanship, comparatively speaking, we learn in all these years I have shown; how little mathematical knowledge we acquire, ask the examiners in college and the crammers outside it. This fact alone, that the majority of us need the services of a crammer to pass with any success, condemns the manner in which our instruction is carried out in our youth. And it is not by hearing a few lectures at a Go-or-stay-as-you-please naval college that these lost years will be ever retrieved.

New modes of warfare, new forms of seamanship; ships and guns, in the old sense of the words, revolutionised—steam moving, steering, pointing them; the engineer superseding the seaman and the gunner; naval science keeping pace with the giant strides of numerous sisters; the old order changing—changed in all except the old idea on education! When will the ghost of this old idea be laid, I wonder? Are we naval men the leading spirits in naval science? Are we not too often the drag on its wheels, which other nations will keep rolling unhindered, partly because they neglect not the root of the tree, and partly because they are not tied to old and traditional notions?

Ay! build impregnable ironclads, one-hundred-ton guns, torpedoes that can "do everything but speak"! spend millions lavishly on *matériel*, and all the outward show of overwhelming strength! but as soon forbid the use of coals, gunpowder, and all that can make this pomp effective, as neglect the *personnel*, as deny us honest scientific instruction, technical and theoretical; an education fitting us worthily to employ the splendid means at hand; an education which, when tested, may justify England's expectation of her sailors! For it is well to remember that we are trading, so to speak, on the well-earned reputation of a bygone day, of a bygone system of warfare. We are armed with deadlier weapons than had our forefathers, and that we will use them as valorously as they did theirs, who can doubt? But the events of recent years on the battle-fields of Europe have not proved that mere bravery wins the day. We have the bravery right enough in the blood; what I ask for is the scientific instruction to make it prevail. We have the time and the inclination, were not the one wasted and the other half snubbed.

Personally, I believe the American system to be better than ours, as ours is carried out now. But were the idea introduced into the English system of an after-course of real professional study in *all* its branches—except, of course, seamanship, but that we have learnt, more or less, already at sea—at a naval college on shore, a naval college as worthy in its education of our fame as sailors as is already the college at Greenwich worthy of our fame in its buildings and traditions, *then*, and not till then, will I believe that we have any chance of holding by right the proud boast and title of being the "first" among the educated sailors of our time.

BESIKA BAY.

MILITARY STAFF-SYSTEMS ABROAD AND IN ENGLAND.[1]

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

To thoroughly understand any particular period of history, it is said, we should especially study its literature; that to compare one era with another, we should begin by instituting a comparison between the literary works of each, not only as to their intrinsic excellence, but as to the subjects most commonly treated on. If we go back a quarter of a century, we find there was scarcely a work on military art or science of that time in the English language. Napier had completed his classical History of the Peninsular war some years before, a work which, although a mine of military lessons for the statesman and the general, is too advanced to be of use in teaching young regimental officers the A B C of their profession. There was then, in the absence of all simple works on military art, a plausible excuse for the professional ignorance of our officers; there were no camps where practical instruction could be obtained, and there were no good English military books by private individuals, or published by authority, from which theoretical knowledge could be derived. The English officer who aspired to be something better than the drill-sergeant could only learn his lessons in the few contemporary essays on military subjects that had appeared in French or German; and unfortunately in those days most of us were so ignorant of foreign languages that we might just as well have been told to study the military arts of the Assyrians in the cuneiform character.

The historical student some centuries hence cannot fail to notice, that whereas the first quarter of the nineteenth century was prolific in works on military subjects—when the extent of contemporary literature upon general history, science, &c., is considered—its second quarter added very little to the soldier's library in any country, and it might be said, almost nothing whatever to the British officer's bookshelves. Public attention in England had not yet been directed to the necessity of our officers being professionally educated, and even in the army itself those who knew the Queen's Regulations, and the Field-Exercise Book thoroughly, were regarded as possessing all necessary military knowledge. We had several little Colonial and Indian wars, from the results of which our rulers ought to have learnt the danger of confiding high military positions to the first-comers, simply because they had become seniors of their regiments, or their names had reached a high position in the list of general officers through the art of living long, by a certain expenditure of money, and perhaps by private interest. The Russians alone had carried on any serious war in the epoch referred to; the French had some interesting fighting in Algeria, but as a rule the armies of Europe had little work to do of a nobler kind than stamping out revolution, either in their own or in their neighbour's dominions, and in crushing the liberties of Poland and the national aspirations of young Italy. No great war except that in Turkey, no life-and-death struggle between nationalities had however disturbed the world. It was an age of peace, of peaceful ideas, and of belief in their continuance, and the literature of the time reflected that condition of things.

If no other proof were forthcoming of the perturbed condition of the world in the third quarter of this

[1] *The Duties of the General Staff.* By Major-Gen. Bronsart von Schellendorf, Chief of the General Staff of the Guard Corps. Translated from the German by W. A. H. Hare, Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

century than the large quantity of military books published in it, such alone would, I think, be sufficient to convince the future student of history that great stirring events had then occurred. England and France had fought as allies against the great northern oppressor of liberty, the symbol of European despotism, "to save Europe from the preponderance of a power which had violated the faith of treaties." We had a hard struggle for our empire in India, and many small wars in various parts of the world. France had struck Austria a blow so severe that she was still reeling from it when forced by Prussia to fight for her existence in 1866; and the world is still so dazed by the victories of Germany in 1870, that national self-confidence is lost, and proud kings, and still prouder peoples, hang back, not only afraid to maintain "the right," but their own rights as guaranteed by solemn treaties, until they have learnt how these matters are regarded at Berlin.

Of late years a large number of English works on the art of war and military subjects have been published, which compare very favourably with the best and ablest text-books in foreign languages. The latter have also, to a very great extent, been translated by our officers, and can therefore now be read in English by all anxious to master their profession —a very large class at present in our army, I am glad to say. Amongst these numerous translations, *The Duties of the General Staff*, by General von Schellendorf, Chief of the Staff to the Prussian Guard Corps, is well worth perusal. It is in two volumes, of which the first has been well and clearly rendered into English by Lieut. Hare of the Royal Engineers. It is very much to be regretted that only one volume has as yet been published here, although it is well known that both have been translated by that officer. This is especially unfortunate to the public, and it may be supposed to the publisher also, for the second volume is far more interesting and instructive to the military student than the first; the latter deals only with the staff and its duties during peace, and especially with those duties as performed under the German staff system, which is entirely different from ours; whereas the second volume treats of those subjects applied to war. It may, I think, be assumed that the second volume has not appeared because the publishers found the first did not pay. A considerable number of translations from foreign military books have been recently brought out by the same firm; whether they have paid or not I cannot tell, but I think I am correct in saying that the officers who made the translations have gained nothing. To them the work has been apparently a labour of love, and they are content with feeling they have conferred a great boon upon the army they belong to. Although a large number of our officers are constant students of their profession, still the sale of military works is very limited. This is easily explained; the price of such books in England is extremely high, and our officers as a body are poor, especially as it would seem those who are the greatest readers. I am not acquainted with the mysteries of publishing, so I cannot explain why it is that these translations, for the brain-work of which nothing is paid, should be charged for at such high rates as to place them beyond the means of most officers. This is very different abroad, where military works, being sold at low prices, find numerous buyers. The book now under consideration was originally published in two volumes, at Berlin, for 9*s.* 3*d.*; it was translated into French, and is now sold in Paris for eight francs—6*s.* 8*d.*; yet for the first volume, which as yet has alone been published here, the charge is 15*s.* I think it may be assumed that every English military student now reads French with ease; how can a London publisher hope therefore to sell him one volume of a work for 15*s.*, both volumes of which he can buy here in

French for 6*s*. 8*d*.? All this is so unsatisfactory that our War-Office authorities should take the matter into their own hands with a view to the publication of military works. This question has been mooted before more than once, but it has been put aside through a dread of appearing to interfere with "the trade." Surely it could in no way injure the publisher if these military translations, which we hear on all sides secure so few purchasers, were brought out by the Intelligence Department, in the same way that the English version of the German staff account of the 1866 war, and the translation of several other works, have already appeared. Although the prices of the works printed for the War Office by Her Majesty's Stationery Office are lower than those charged for similar military books published by the trade, still they are far too high. Every practical encouragement should be held out to our officers to study their profession, and the first step in that direction is to issue good standard military works to be kept in the anteroom of every mess, and handed over by the outgoing to the incoming regiment. The object is one of such great importance, that our War Minister should not hesitate to spend a few hundreds a year in promoting it. By study alone can our officers, during peace, fit themselves for the real work of war, and the publication of all the most important foreign current military essays at low prices would be a great encouragement towards study. In France there is a society called the "Réunion des Officiers," under the auspices of which original works on military subjects and translations of all important and remarkable books by foreign authors are published. It receives from Government an annual subsidy of 400*l*, "pour favoriser son extension, et atteindre, par les moyens qu'elle juge convenables, le but qu'elle se propose." Its total income, chiefly derived from subscriptions, is about 2000*l*. a year. If our War Office will not help in this matter, it is to be hoped that the subject may be taken up and considered by the Council of the Royal United Service Institution.

General von Schellendorf begins his interesting work by a general outline of the staff systems in the armies of all the great military powers and of England. His sketch is instructive to those who wish to draw comparisons; to the English reader it proves that, even in the army which we are inclined to invest with infallibility, because it is the fashion of the day such high officials as von Schellendorf even can make mistakes. His description of the English staff is not only incomplete, but very inaccurate. Of late years we have been so accustomed to hear the Prussian army system in all its branches extolled as perfection, to be told that what corresponds in Berlin with our intelligence department knows everything connected with all foreign armies, that there is a certain sense of positive relief, of pleasure, to find that the chief of the staff of the Prussian Guard is so imperfectly informed regarding our system of staff and civil administration, and could be capable of making the mistakes he has done on the subject. As an illustration of how wrong he can be, I think the list he gives of the staff that did duty with the troops in the expedition to Abyssinia will amuse most English officers. However, it must be allowed that our staff system is so complicated, is such a patchwork arrangement, that a foreigner may indeed be well excused for failing to understand it.

Except men who have themselves had staff experience, there are not many of our regimental officers who could supply even as good an account of our staff system as that given in the work now under consideration. In the English army there is such a very generally confused notion as to the difference between executive, staff, and administrative duties, that the term "staff officer" is improperly applied by us to all sorts and conditions of men. This mistake is most glaring in

India, where regimental officers employed away from their corps on any duty, civil or military, are vaguely supposed to be "on staff employ." As a climax to this curious misapplication of military terms, an "Indian Staff Corps" has recently been invented, in which the great bulk of the officers are exclusively employed at regimental work, some even in civil occupations, only an infinitesimal proportion being engaged on purely staff duties.

A staff officer is nothing but a representative of his general, in whose name he speaks and issues orders. The mighty work of moving armies, and even the minor difficulties of moving divisions, require the greatest nicety of calculation and the most minute care. To feed and provide for the wants of troops in the field is a very difficult operation nowadays. Were a commander to attempt these serious duties himself he would have no time for the higher functions of his office; no one but a madman would attempt it. He has therefore to intrust them to agents called staff officers. In the same way, when engaged with the enemy, the commander cannot be in every part of the field, and yet it is essential he should know what is going on at all points. This he does by means of his staff officers, who may be styled the eyes, ears, and ready writers of the general they represent. When they speak, express an opinion, or give orders to commanding officers subordinate to their general, they speak as from him; what they say is only entitled to attention as emanating from him, for of themselves they have no authority. From constant and intimate intercourse with his general, the superior staff officer knows his views, plans, and intentions; he thoroughly understands the objects of all projected operations; so that even when distant from him he can give effect to the commander's intentions and issue the necessary orders and instructions.

Von Schellendorf says, "The general staff forms an essential part of modern army organisation." Unless it is composed of first-rate officers, thoroughly efficient, not only in the theory, but in the practice of their duties, the army they belong to in the field will certainly fail; the men will be badly fed and overworked, columns will go astray, there will be useless marching and counter-marching, the enemy's movements will be effected without your knowledge, and when the shock of battle takes place, with men worn out and officers confused by a multiplicity of badly-conceived orders, nothing but failure need be expected. Although the supply of food is not a staff duty, still it is very important that the staff generally should by constant inquiries ascertain that the men and horses are well and regularly fed by the commissariat. By means of his staff, the general is able to solve the puzzle of being in many places at the same moment, and in that manner of assuring himself that every one is in his right place and doing his work well; all irregularities, whether on the part of the troops, or of the civil or military departments responsible for supplying them with ammunition, food, medicines, &c., &c., must be at once checked, on the authority of the commander, by the staff officer under whose notice they come, and duly reported to the general commanding. If a regiment is not properly furnished with all it needs, the circumstance is reported—not to the department responsible for the supplies in question—but to the staff, whose duty it is to see to it immediately, and bring the conduct of those who are to blame before the notice of the general. The staff is thus a great check upon all departments of supply. It is the primary duty of the staff to watch over the fighting efficiency of the troops, and it can only be accomplished by taking care that their physical wants and comforts are duly and properly provided for.

As pointed out by von Schellendorf, the staff of all military units, brigades, divisions, army corps, &c., in all Continental armies, is under one

head. Not so in England, where there is a system of duality pregnant with mischief. In our army we still maintain the antiquated system of having two co-equal officers at the head of every staff organisation above that for a brigade—to which but one staff officer, a brigade major, is attached, who performs for it the duties of both adjutant and quarter-master general. This Japanese arrangement of our staff gives rise to jealousies and friction that hinder the satisfactory working of the military machine on service. The adjutant-general and the quartermaster general being independent of one another, and their representatives in every division and army corps holding the same relative positions in their smaller sphere of action, the general commanding the army or the division has no principal staff officer to whom he can look, and whom he can hold responsible for the due conduct of the staff duties essential to efficiency. Although theoretically the adjutant-general and the quarter-master general have equal rank and authority, yet practically, during peace, the former is the more important functionary of the two, whilst during war the latter has always been most regarded, because on him then devolves the duties upon which the safety, welfare, and success of the army depend. We have thus two systems, one for peace and one for war, than which nothing can be more dangerous.

In all foreign countries there is a chief of the staff to the army, and a chief or principal staff officer to every division and army corps, who is directly responsible for the distribution of duties amongst his subordinates. With us, if the quarter-master general requires men to make a road, or for any other necessary duty, he can only obtain them by asking the adjutant-general to detail them; he draws up the scheme for moving the army, but the orders on the subject have to be issued by the adjutant-general. Their duties and responsibilities clash hourly and daily during a campaign, and it is only by the mutual exercise of tact and cordial good sense that the cumbrous staff machinery is kept going. It is said by some, the general should be his own chief of the staff. Our author says on this point: "The general commanding a large body of troops cannot—at least in war—encumber himself with details, though their consideration and proper order may be often of the highest importance. Besides the fact that the mental and physical powers of one man are not up to such a task, the general supervision of all the fighting forces under the general's command would be lost sight of."

With us there is a considerable haziness as to the difference between executive and staff duties, as well as to the curious allotment of work between the two branches into which our staff is unfortunately divided. This is not difficult to account for. Like the British Constitution, the British army has its foundations more in custom and tradition than in written laws or regulations. Those upon which our military system rests are, however, modern, few of them dating back beyond Wellington's time. Sir John Moore and the great Duke, in fact, converted the military forces of the Crown into the army which carried the Union Jack from Lisbon through Portugal and Spain into France; but the regulations they had framed in the field for the conduct of business by the staff, and for the general administration of the troops, fell into abeyance, in fact ceased to exist, when the armies they had been made for were broken up. No military code was framed, no book of regulations for an army in the field was drawn up, based upon the experience gained in the Peninsula, Belgium, and France. After the great war, our military forces were either scattered about unmethodically in the colonies, or hidden away by battalions in country quarters at home, occupying a nondescript position in the country, for they were organised neither as a

purely military body, nor as a police force, but on principles partaking a little of the duties of both.

What is now known as "the regimental system" then assumed and acquired its great prominence. All that is good in it was traditional from our wars, especially from those against Napoleon; the drawbacks and the errors, and what is radically bad in it, which recent reforms have not yet been able to remove, had their origin later on, when our small military units were kept apart, performing no public functions beyond that of being a sort of quasi-support to the civil police of the country. The possibility of a foreign war seems never to have been dreamt of by our people; and the military advisers of the Crown appear to have shrunk from establishing during peace a military system, or a code of regulations for the organisation of an active army and for its administration during war, lest attention should have been drawn to army matters. For many years after peace was signed at Vienna, England possessed skilled military commanders in the Duke of Wellington and the generals he had educated. In those days, before railways, steam-vessels, and the electric telegraph had altered the conditions upon which war must be conducted, and had rendered the power of rapid mobilisation of primary importance, our insular position would have secured us time for sweeping together our scattered regiments, and for forming them into brigades and divisions under those experienced and practical leaders. They knew how to command and to provide for the administration of troops, and therefore as long as they were young and physically fit for work, they could at any time have built up an army fit for war with the bricks which, in the form of regiments and batteries, lay scattered about through the various garrison towns and country quarters of the United Kingdom. They required no written prescription for making the mortar that was to give cohesion to their units; they were themselves experienced masons, and there was always the great master-mason at hand to advise and to superintend their work.

It is quite possible that this fact may have been one, if not the chief, reason, why the Duke of Wellington never reduced to writing or formulated in a code of regulations the military system he had built up and brought to such a high state of perfection when commanding the army with which he invaded France in 1814. It was not thought desirable to attract public attention to the army by the publication of rules for the establishment of a military system which he and his experienced subordinates could give life to when necessary. But as time wore on these men died, or were removed by physical infirmities from the sphere of usefulness, and with them disappeared all practical knowledge of war and of staff and administrative duties in connection with it. So much was this the case, that when war was forced upon us in 1854, the army was not only unfit for war in tactical instruction, but no rules even existed for its formation into brigades and divisions: the traditions of the "Peninsula" still clung to a few Horse Guards officials who could recall the condition of military establishments when they, in subordinate positions as young men, had taken part in the glorious events our army had achieved there. Upon these memories the army despatched to Turkey was formed. Nothing was ready, nothing had been prepared beforehand, and there was no written, or even well-understood, system or organization for the field upon which the army, hastily called together, should be formed. The officers appointed to it for staff duties were, with a very few exceptions, most inefficient; brave gentlemen of good connections, but without either practical or theoretical knowledge of staff duties, or even of what those duties consisted in. Towards the end of the Crimean War

there was a great and marked improvement in this respect, and the staff of the quartermaster general in the field, under the able direction of a scientifically-instructed staff-officer —Sir Richard, now Lord Airey—had become a credit to the country. Practically he was Chief of the Staff during the later period of the war until he was unfortunately recalled to England to give evidence before the silly commission assembled at Chelsea for the purpose of throwing upon soldiers in the field—the blame of failures for which the Government were primarily responsible. Had he been left in office, and the war continued, it is most probable that he would have established a staff system in consonance with the wants of an army under the altered conditions upon which war is now carried on when compared with those which existed at the beginning of the century.

When peace was made in 1856, no advantage was taken of the staff experience we had gained during the war to formulate a code of instructions for the guidance of staff officers, and although the necessity for a consolidation of the staff had been recognised towards the end of the war by the creation of a Chief of the Staff, and by laying down the rule that all junior officers who might be subsequently appointed to the staff should be available for work either under the adjutant or quartermaster general, no attempt was made to mould our staff at home or elsewhere upon that plan. The Queen's Regulations attempted to fix lines of demarcation between the duties devolving upon the officers employed as military or as assistant military secretaries, and those of the adjutant and of the quartermaster general's departments, but the rules were so complicated and involved, that few clearly understood them, except those of considerable staff experience. So much was this the case, that letters are still frequently sent to the wrong departments; for certain specified articles of the soldier's equipment the adjutant-general's officers are held responsible, whilst others can only be obtained through the instrumentality of the quartermaster general. In the field all this occasions delay, and gives rise to friction between the staff officers concerned. Indeed, as our regulations on these points exist at the present moment, it would almost seem as if they were devised on the principle of a Chinese puzzle, not to facilitate business, but rather as an illustration of how complicated what might be a simple process can be made. Any system, no matter how bad, indeed—to trench upon an Irishism—no system, can be made effective if worked by able men too sensible and earnest to fall out. It is therefore no proof that our existing staff system is good because it works at present, or even has worked in any specified war; it only proves how well selected have been the officers deputed to work it. I would appeal to those who have had much staff experience in war, or even at our most excellent war school, Aldershot, to corroborate what I have said as to the unsoundness of our present staff system. Such great and radical improvements have been of late years introduced into our army by his Royal Highness Commanding in Chief, he has done so much to convert it into an effective instrument for war purposes, that it is a matter of astonishment to a large number why he has not reformed our staff and brought it into consonance with the military requirements of the age. The practice in many of our recent wars has been to have a Chief of the Staff; we had one latterly in the Crimea, as I have already said; we had one throughout the Indian Mutiny; in the army as organised by Lord Clyde in 1860 for the China War there was a Chief of the Staff; one was sent to Canada in 1861, when affairs looked warlike there; and there was one in the Ashanti War. There is no maxim truer than that which says an army should be commanded and administered in peace and

in war upon one and the same plan. Past experience tells us there should be a Chief of the Staff in war, and we recognise that necessity by having one then, but we still postpone—for it can only be a postponement—creating that post in time of peace.

I have laid great stress upon having a Chief of the Staff, but it is only as a means to an end, the end being the final and complete amalgamation of our staff into one body. It is not because many other nations have long since adopted this plan that I recommend it: I have no wish monkey-like to copy others, being convinced there are many points upon which they might, with great advantage to themselves, copy us. It is no sound and convincing reason that because other nations have an amalgamated staff we should have one too, but it is a good reason for seriously considering the subject. To do so well, the evidence of those who have had great staff experience should be taken by a committee of well-selected men, who have themselves served long on the staff, especially during war. That our present staff system is not good or suited for war is acknowledged by our military authorities in the appointment of a Chief of the Staff when a force has to be prepared for active service; let us know therefore, by the collection of evidence, and by the report of a committee, why it is that, in contravention of the most generally recognised military rule, we should have one staff system for war and one for peace, and why it is that our peace system is radically different from that of all other nations. If the few, the very few, who advocate the present expensive organisation have a strong case, they should not shrink from having the matter examined by a committee, and from having the reasons stated why this apparently illogical difference between our staff arrangements for peace and for war should be continued.

The second chapter of the volume of von Schellendorf, so clearly translated by Lieutenant Hare, contains a very interesting description of the Prussian staff and of its history. From the detail given of it as it existed in 1657, it will be found that it was then very much what ours is now. Indeed, if we go back still further, we find that in the British army, during the civil wars of King Charles I.'s reign, the staff duties were performed by officers styled, as at present, adjutant and quartermaster generals. In our army we have clung to those titles, as we still, in an unreasoning manner, cling to pipeclay.

The staff organisation of other armies in days gone by very much resembled that of ours now. The experience other nations have gained by great wars has caused them to modify theirs into agreement with the altered conditions under which regular armies fight in these days. Let us trust that those in authority at the Horse Guards, whom all know to have the interests of the army and of the nation most sincerely at heart, may soon awake to the necessity for a reform of our staff, if it is to be made worthy of the army in which it will always have, in war, to play such a very high and responsible *rôle*.

The duties which properly devolve upon the staff are very differently understood in Germany from what they are with us or in France. Nearly all the routine duties carried out during war by our adjutant general's officers are not regarded as staff duties in the German army; they are performed by adjutants who have not been educated to the important functions appertaining to staff officers, and who are always in subordination to the staff officer over them, from whom they generally receive their instructions. Von Schellendorf, in his opening chapter, defines the duties of the general staff in war as follows:—

1. Working out all arrangements for the quartering, security, marching, and fighting of troops, according to

the varying conditions of the military situation.

2. Communicating the necessary orders, either verbally or in writing, at the right time and in sufficient detail.

3. Obtaining, collecting, and working out in order all materials which concern the nature and the military features of the theatre of war. Procuring maps.

4. Collecting and estimating the value of information received concerning the enemy's forces, and reporting on the same to the higher military authorities.

5. Keeping up the fighting condition of the troops, and being constantly informed of their condition in every respect.

6. Charge of day-books, publishing reports on engagements, and collecting important materials to form a subsequent history of the war.

7. Special duties—viz., reconnaissances.

It is only the duties detailed in paragraphs 2 and 5 which with us can be said to devolve upon the adjutant general's officers, all the others essentially belonging to the quartermaster-general's officers. In fact, the duties for which the staff of the German army is especially designed correspond very nearly with those which constitute the higher functions of the quartermaster general's officers with us, the other duties which we recognise as also devolving upon the staff being carried out by subordinate officers, who act directly under the officers of the general staff, but in no way belong themselves to that staff. Their view of purely staff duties is far more restricted than ours—a great defect, in my opinion, as their staff officers cannot, therefore, be trained for the command of divisions, &c., as effectively as under our system. In all armies the staff has always been, and must always be, the best school for the education of generals. Indeed, as has been most truly remarked in *The Soldier's Pocket Book*—"When an officer who has never done any but regimental duty all his life becomes a general, he finds himself in a difficult position, which a little staff experience in war would have rendered him familiar with." I think that the German staff is too much cut off from matters connected with discipline and with the administration of military law, subjects in which our staff officers are well grounded at the Staff College, and upon which they have ample opportunities afterwards for acquiring practical experience.

The duties of a staff officer, even in the most restricted sense in which they can be regarded, are so varied that it is no easy matter to specify them, and it is only by a thorough acquaintance and familiarity with all the arts and sciences directly bearing upon the conduct and management of armies that any one can become a thoroughly efficient staff officer. To quote our author's words, "There is no such thing as a science of the general staff, as imagined by some people. Such a science does not exist. It is, of course, understood that the duties that fall to the lot of the general staff officer comprise a knowledge of all the military sciences, and the spirit acquired by this knowledge should pervade every act and the performance of every kind of duty and calling." And again, he says in his preface, "An intimate acquaintance with the rules laid down and customs generally observed in the army to which he belongs is, consequently, indispensable to the staff officer, though a general military scientific training may have of itself nothing whatever to do with them; but he who does not possess the latter will not find himself in a position to be of practical use, even by a blind adherence to prescribed forms."

That most admirable of our military institutions, the Staff College, is destined by and by to work a great change in our army generally. The training received in it cannot fail to improve every officer who passes

through it, and to make him more efficient as a soldier. There are, however, two great faults in its constitution:—1st, officers can enter it only by a competitive examination; and, 2nd, the number of students is far too few. The last defect is easily remedied, little more than the provision of additional accommodation for more officers being required; but the former defect is a radical one, which no expenditure upon building materials can remove. We get some remarkably able officers by that system, but, without doubt, by no means the greater proportion of the men it turns out are fit to be intrusted with staff duties of a high order. In fact, those who go to it are by no means always the best officers in the army. The natural qualities required to fit a man for staff work cannot possibly be gauged by examinations. Amongst a number of men carefully selected as possessing those advantages it is quite possible you may be able to determine which are the most talented by a competitive examination; but I assert in the most positive manner, and without any dread of being contradicted by those who have had war experience on the staff, that competitive examinations alone will never give you the best men as staff officers. Temper, temperament, manner, tact, and physical power enter so largely into the qualifications required to make a really first-rate staff officer that it is impossible to hope to secure the best men by our present system. Very short-sighted men are of very little value in the field as staff officers, and those who do not ride boldly are utterly useless; and yet men with these defects have passed, with flying colours, through the Staff College. A man may be first-rate at differential calculus, but if he has a rough, forbidding manner, or be of a quarrelsome nature, unskilful in the management of men, or unmethodical in the transaction of business, he is not fit for the delicate duties which devolve upon the staff. He may be the best possible linguist, most highly instructed in all military sciences, a first-rate draughtsman, and yet wanting in practical knowledge of men and soldiers, and in the ways, customs, habits, regulations, and regimental system of our army; wants and defects which no amount of mathematical or scientific lore can ever compensate for. Von Schellendorf says, "The first condition for this" (to be efficient as a staff officer) "is a most accurate and intimate knowledge of the organisation of his own army, especially of its war formations."

In all phases of public life we have ridden the hobby of competitive examinations to death. It would be very difficult indeed to devise a really good and effective substitute for that system in seeking to obtain from civil life the best men for the public service; but in most professions, especially in the army, it is comparatively easy to ascertain who are the best men. Public opinion tells us who are the ablest surgeons and physicians, and tells our ministers who are the best lawyers for the bench. If you polled the legal profession, you could easily ascertain who are the ablest men at the bar; and in the same way, the names of our best soldiers are well known in the army. There is a public opinion in the army, even in regiments, as there is in all other phases of society, and those who would make the best leaders of men in any corps are well known to their comrades. If the three or four seniors of each battalion were asked to name the officer they considered would make the best staff officer, in every instance, I believe, with few exceptions, all would name the same individual. Why, therefore, resort to competitive examinations, which never can test more than the book-learning a man may have crammed into his head? Surely most men will admit that the following plan would insure us having the best officers for the staff:—The three senior officers in each regiment of

cavalry, battalion of infantry, brigade of artillery, and engineer command, to report individually once a year to the general commanding the district or station the name of the officer in their corps who, in their opinion, would make the best staff officer. In many, if not in most cases, the general, in forwarding these reports to army head-quarters, would be able to express an opinion upon the qualifications of each officer named. From these returns the Commander-in-Chief would have no difficulty in selecting the number required annually for the Staff College from each branch of service. Before joining, all those selected should pass a high standard of qualifying examination in science, and in modern languages, Hindustani included. Under this system we should still obtain all the good men we now get from the Staff College, and should be spared the bad ones, who, although they have graduated there, candour obliges us to admit are not, and never could be converted into, good staff officers. Many of those who have graduated at the Staff College would compare in every respect most favourably with the best staff officers in any other army; but I contend that the Staff College, on the competitive examination principles, does not do for our army all that it might or ought to do; that, as a fact, all who pass through it are not the best men in the army for the difficult position of a staff officer, and that many of them are, from various causes or personal defects, quite unfitted for its duties. As a young officer the best preparation for the staff is the performance of a regimental adjutant's duties; and under the system of selection above recommended a large number of men who had, as I may say, graduated in those duties, would find their way to the Staff College.

Whilst upon this part of the subject it may be well to refer to a matter requiring correction in our army. In accordance with regulations, adjutants hold their appointments as long as they remain subalterns, although five years is the limit for which an officer can hold any army staff place. The only reason for this is to be found in the fact that officers commanding regiments dislike changing their adjutants, because such changes entail extra trouble upon them. Their argument is—"Why change, when you have a good man who is thoroughly efficient, having learnt his work well?" They may perhaps have been put to considerable trouble in teaching him, and they do not care to begin teaching another as long as they can avoid it. They are prone to view the subject as one affecting their own personal convenience. Now as a regimental adjutancy is a position which is peculiarly suited for affording young officers opportunities for obtaining a thorough knowledge in the groundwork of their profession, it is most desirable that no one should hold it for more than three years, or five at furthest. The more young officers there are in a regiment who have been adjutants, the better educated, and therefore the more efficient, will be its officers as a body. In some of the very best managed infantry corps this system of restricting the adjutant's tenure of office to a few years has been followed with the greatest possible advantage to their officers and to the service generally.

Of all the regulations ever introduced into our army, the one fixing five years as the term for which commands and staff appointments can be held has conferred the greatest benefit upon the service, and has conduced most to its efficiency. That term might with great advantage be reduced to three years for the inferior posts of brigade-major and aide-de-camp, both of which ought to be regarded very much as affording opportunities for officers to acquire staff experience with a view to fitting them for higher duties. At present officers graduating at the Staff College are generally made majors of brigade as vacancies occur; in the

performance of which duties their value as staff officers and their fitness for staff employment is tested; if, however, as often occurs, they prove to be failures, the brigades to which they are posted cannot get rid of them for five years. As a rule, general officers select relatives or personal friends for their aides-de-camp. This is very natural, as for the most part the care and management of the general's establishment are included in their duties; and who so likely to do this economically as a son or a nephew? In the case, however, of those who are allowed to have more than one aide-de-camp, it would be an advantage gained if the regulations obliged generals to select all but one of their aides-de-camp from the list of those who had passed the Staff College course. We have already a goodly number of young Staff College officers, and as the number is steadily on the increase, this is not claiming any great boon for men who have worked so industriously to qualify themselves for staff employment. The examination which aides-de-camp are now obliged to pass is little better than a farce.

With us the military or assistant-military secretary is supposed, as well as the aide-de-camp, to belong to the personal staff. In the field he keeps copies of his general's despatches, and is the custodian of his correspondence, especially all of a private nature with the Government, or with the military authorities at home. The time has now come when all such officers should be selected from the Staff College list. The same thing refers in a still higher degree to our military *attachés* at foreign courts, who, unless they are men of high military attainments, are practically useless for the purposes for which they are intended.

It is most desirable to encourage the best men to qualify at the Staff College, and the surest method for doing so is to adhere strictly to the rule that none but those who have graduated there, or distinguished themselves on active service as staff officers, should be given staff appointments. If men imagine that family or political interest can ensure staff employment to those who are fortunate enough to possess either, the best men in the army will not come forward to undergo a trying education at Sandhurst.

As a further encouragement to our officers to undergo the severe course of study which is obligatory at the Staff College, it is very desirable that a certain proportion of regimental promotion should be annually allotted to those educated there, who have proved their military worth during a five-years' tenure of office on the staff. As already said, the staff is above all others the best school to prepare men for command and responsible positions, and fortunate indeed is a regiment in the field if its lieutenant-colonel and many of its officers have had the great advantage of a Staff College training. In this as in all other matters connected with the army, the privileges, what are commonly known as the rights and claims of individual officers to promotion by seniority, must be ignored in favour of the general good of the service; and in its interests the great aim of those intrusted with our military patronage should be to push on young men of known ability into its highest positions. It is full time that youth should no longer be deemed a disqualification for command and important posts on the staff: the country pays liberally, and is justified in demanding that none but those who have proved their ability at the Staff College or before the enemy should be entrusted with command or with important and responsible positions on the staff. As an exceptional circumstance, a man of von Moltke's transcendent military genius may be able at his great age to direct from an office the higher strategical combinations of an army, and to indicate the general direction of the forces to be employed, but as a broad,

incontrovertible rule, youth is essential to efficiency both in the commander and in his staff officer.

A frequent interchange of duties between staff and regimental officers is very desirable in the interests of both and of the service generally. To dissociate a staff officer from the feelings and common current of thought in the army, by keeping him in any position that removes him for a long period from regimental influences, is injurious to his efficiency. It is necessary that the utmost sympathy and community of sentiment should always exist between the two classes of officers, and if they are kept apart we shall see that distrust, jealousy, and dislike arise between them which we know existed in the French army in 1870. A staff officer requires a turn of regimental duty from time to time to revive and keep alive his feelings of comradeship, whilst the regiment derives great benefit by his presence; young officers are encouraged to follow his example and to study their profession. Indeed it is a great pity that there should be a single corps in the army without two or three men who had qualified at the Staff College. In peace they are of the greatest use to the commanding officer, who is anxious that his officers should become scientific soldiers; and in the field before an enemy their knowledge of tactics, &c., is incalculable. The English army still suffers from old-fashioned colonels, who pooh-pooh book-learning, and can see no use in teaching more than drill, military law, and our system of regimental interior economy. It is a well-known fact, that many of these commanding officers throw every difficulty in the way of their subordinates who are anxious to attend the garrison-instructor's classes. They had never in their youth been required to study surveying, tactics, &c., and they cannot see the use of such studies to others. Hitherto the time of our regimental officers during peace has been frittered away in the performance of petty duties—I might almost term them silly—which were invented to provide them with some occupation. Now, when there is ample scope for employing them either in learning their profession themselves or in teaching it to others, these trifling duties should be discontinued. The old-fashioned regimental officer however does not concur in this opinion: he has been so long accustomed to their performance, and to set such store upon their being carried out accurately and promptly, that he has come to regard them as essential to military efficiency. A young officer cannot go through these soulless duties and at the same time spend many hours a day in listening to lectures on military subjects, so the colonel embued with these antiquated notions reports that he has no officers to spare for instruction classes, that all are busy, their time being fully occupied by "regimental duties"! The presence of a few professionally educated officers in a regiment soon opens the eyes of all ranks to the folly of these antiquated opinions. In the interests of the army it is to be devoutly wished that those holding them may soon cease to command regiments, and that their places may, to a large extent, be filled by men who have graduated at the Staff College.

It is difficult to institute any satisfactory comparison between the proportion of staff officers to troops in the English and in the German armies, owing to the very dissimilar manner in which staff and administrative duties are distributed in them. However, remembering that the duties done by our aides-de-camp are mostly performed in Germany by "gallopers," *i.e.* hard-riding young officers—taken or borrowed from regiments, the number of staff officers with the several military units is about the same in both armies. To those who wish for information regarding the number of officers employed upon the German staff and the regulations bearing upon their duties, I can strongly recommend the perusal of von Schellendorf's admirable work.

IN PALL MALL.

WHAT do I see?—that face so fair,
My friend of years too bright to last,
Living again in beauty rare,
As yonder omnibus went past.

Amid surroundings rude and low,
Stood out the gem-like profile clear;
The mouth carved like a perfect bow,
The auburn curls that were so dear.

Can there be two with such a face?
The other, which I thought unique,
Lies 'neath the ivy's sheltering grace,
Since many a year and month and week.

Say, shall I follow? Shall I try
To leave my death-in-life and live?
The picture lost, alas! I cry—
Some joy may not the copy give?

Nay, while so much of good and great
Is round thy path and at thy side,
Force not the hands of wiser fate
To give the joy supreme denied.

Yet am I thankful for the glance
Vouchsafed me at thy face divine;
That for one moment sweet of trance,
I lived the life that once was mine.

Adieu—thou fadest as a dream;
The work-day world is back once more:
Gone is that sudden rosy gleam,
And, here's the Athenæum door.

CONSTANTINOPLE.[1]

There are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Constantinople. The first has given to civilised mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And though Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, though her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in great measure lost. They belong mainly to the past: she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce, to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude. To set before you anything like an adequate account of a city interesting in so many different ways, physically, historically, architecturally, socially, politically, would require not one lecture, but a big book—so you will understand that I cannot attempt more to-night than to touch on a few points which may help you to realise a little better what Constantinople is really like, what is the sort of impression it makes on a traveller, what are the feelings with which he treads its streets pondering over the past and speculating on the future. Anything that helps to give substance and vitality to the vague conception one forms of a place which one has been reading and hearing about all his life may be of some use, especially at this moment, when we are told that we ought to fight for Constantinople, and may any morning be informed that our own fleet has gone to anchor under its walls. Before I speak of its history, or attempt to describe its present aspect and characterise the men that inhabit it, let me try to give you some notion of its geographical situation, and of the wonderful advantages for strategical and commercial purposes which that situation confers upon it.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople occupies. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of Southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighbouring countries are opened up by railways it will be the centre from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from the one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait—to the N.E. the Bosphorus, and to the S.W. the Dardanelles—each of which can, by the

[1] A lecture delivered in Aberdeen on January 3rd, 1878, with some additions.

erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus, as you probably know, is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but is nowhere over two miles and in some places scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbour, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes, and marshes, with a comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. In other respects it is equally fortunate. Of its beauty I shall say something presently. Although the climate is very hot in summer, and pretty keen in winter, it is agreeable, for the air is kept deliciously fresh by the seldom failing breezes that blow down from the Euxine or up from the Ægean sea, and the sea itself is a great purifier. Though there is no tide there is a swift surface current sweeping down into the sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean, a current at one point so strong that boats have to be towed up along the shore, which carries off whatever is thrown into the water. So, though it is one of the dirtiest towns in the East, I fancy it is one of the most healthy.

You may easily believe that such an attractive site was not left long unoccupied. In the year 667 B.C., not a hundred years after the foundation of Rome, and about the time when King Esarhaddon was attacking Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem, some Greeks from Megara, a little city between Athens and Corinth, came sailing up into these scarcely explored seas, and settled on this tempting point of land, where they built a city, which they called Byzantium, and surrounded it with walls to keep off the wild tribes of the Thracian mainland. They were not, however, the first settlers in the neighbourhood, for seventeen years before another band of Greeks, also from Megara, had established themselves on a promontory opposite, on the Asiatic side of the strait, and founded the town of Chalcedon, which still remains there, and is now called Kadikeui. It was a standing joke among the ancients that the people who took the site of Chalcedon when they might have taken that of Byzantium must have been blind: so the story went, that when the Megarians asked the oracle of Apollo at Delphi where they should send a colony to, the oracle bid them fix themselves opposite the blind men; when therefore, on sailing up this way, they saw a town planted opposite this so far superior spot, they concluded that its inhabitants must be the blind men whom Apollo meant, and established themselves here accordingly.

The city soon grew and throve, not only because it was well placed for trade, but on account of the shoals of fish—a fish called pelamys, which has been conjectured to be a kind of tunny—that used to come down from the Black Sea, and which were attracted into the harbour by the stream of fine fresh water which flowed into the upper end of it. Whether the fresh water brought down insects or other tiny creatures on which the fish fed, or whether it caused the growth of beds of sea-weed which served as pasture, is not clear, but at any rate it was the stream that lured in the fish, and the fish that made the fortune of the place. For the Byzantines drove a roaring trade in these fish—the name of Golden Horn, which the harbour still bears, is said to be derived from the wealth they drew from this source. They also raised a large revenue by levying a tax on the corn ships that passed out through the Straits from Southern Russia; for that region, then called Scythia, had already become, as it is now, one of the greatest grain-producing countries in the world. With this command of a main artery of trade, Byzantium had grown by

the time of Herodotus to be a considerable place, whose possession or alliance was thenceforward very valuable to the great powers that disputed the control of these countries. Having submitted, like other Greek cities of that region, to the Persians, it recovered its independence after the defeat of Xerxes, and became a member of the Athenian confederacy, till the Athenian power was in its turn overthrown. In the days of Philip of Macedon, it was again an ally of Athens, and stood a famous siege from that prince, a siege whose happy issue was due to the energy with which Demosthenes pressed the Athenians to send succour to it when it was on the point of yielding. It is related that during this siege a bright light in the form of a crescent was seen in the sky, and accepted by the Byzantines as a sign of deliverance; and that after Philip's repulse, they took the Crescent to be the device of the city, which it continued to be till the Turkish conquest. Some hold that this is the origin of the Crescent as the Ottoman badge.[1] Many another attack it had to resist, both before and after it submitted to the dominion of Rome. But whatever misfortune might befall it at the hands of enemies, it always recovered its wealth and consequence. The inhabitants are described as a race of well-to-do, luxurious people, much given to good eating and drinking, since they had abundance of fish, and the neighbouring country produced excellent wine. It was a story against them that when a Byzantine officer ought to be at his post on the walls, he was generally to be found in a cook shop or tavern. In A.D. 330, Constantine the Great, who had then become sole emperor at Rome, determined to found a new capital, which would be a better centre of defence for the part of his empire which seemed most threatened by the barbarians of the north, and made choice of Constantinople as the spot. His practised military eye saw its wonderful strength, which had enabled it to resist him for some time in his great war with the Emperor Licinius, and every traveller had long admired its advantages for commerce. Besides, he had just embraced Christianity, and as Rome was full of the majestic monuments of paganism, he thought that the new religion would rise faster and flourish more freely in a clear field, where it would not be confronted or corrupted by the passions and prejudices of the past. He called it New Rome, but his court and people called it the City of Constantine; and the name of Constantinople at once superseded that of Byzantium.

Under his hands it sprung at once into greatness. The old Greek colony had occupied only the extreme point of the peninsula between the port and the Sea of Marmora: the new city filled the whole of it, covering almost the same area as Stamboul[1] does now; and was probably built a good deal more densely, since a considerable part of that area is now wasted in gardens or ruins. He brought some distinguished families from Rome, and allured settlers from all quarters by the offer of privileges and exemptions: as the seat of government it attracted many more, so that the population had risen in a century from his time to more than two hundred thousand. Immense sums were spent in the erection of palaces, law-courts, churches, and other public buildings; and the cities of the Ægean were ransacked to furnish masterpieces of Grecian art to enable its market-places and porticoes to rival those of Italian Rome. One such work of art has survived till our own day, and may still be seen in what was the hippodrome or race-course of the city. It is a brazen column, consisting of three twisted serpents, which was

[1] There is, however, some evidence that the Seljukian Turks had used the Crescent long before; and it has been suggested that they borrowed it from the Chinese.

[1] Stamboul (said to be a corruption of *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*) though often used as a name for Constantinople generally, denotes properly the old city between the inlet called the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, as opposed to Galata and Pera.

brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod which the victorious Greeks dedicated to Apollo after the great Persian War. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have suffered much—one of them had its lower jaw smitten off by the mace of Mohammed II., and all have lost their heads, but the venerable relic—probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses—still keeps its place, and may perhaps witness as many vicissitudes of fortune in the future as it has done in the three and twenty centuries that have passed since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

From A.D. 330 to A.D. 1453, Constantinople was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East; and its history may almost be called the history of that Empire. It had many a siege to stand, sometimes in civil wars, sometimes from barbarian enemies like the Persians, who encamped for three years over against it at Scutari, or the Arabs in their first flush of conquering energy, or the Russians, who came across the Black Sea in huge flotillas. All these foes it repelled, only to fall at last before those who ought to have proved its friends, the French and Venetian Crusaders, who in A.D. 1204 turned aside hither from their expedition to Palestine to attack it. They drove out the Eastern Emperor, and set up a Frank in his place. They sacked the city, and wrought more ruin in a few days than all previous enemies had done in as many centuries. The Eastern Empire never recovered this cruel blow, and though after a while these Franks were expelled, and a native prince again (1261 A.D.) sat on the throne of Constantine, his territory was now too small, and the organization of the state too much shattered to enable any effective resistance to be offered to the progress of the terrible foe who advanced first from Asia Minor, then on the side of Europe also. In A.D. 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, and extinguished the Eastern Empire. At that time Constantinople was sadly shorn of its glories. The public buildings had fallen to decay; war and poverty had reduced the population to about one hundred thousand, and these inhabitants had so little martial spirit that the defence of the city had to be intrusted to Western mercenaries. Of this scanty population the majority were slain or led captives by the conquerors, so that Mohammed II. found it necessary to repeople his prize by gathering immigrants from all quarters, just as Constantine had done eleven hundred years before. Small indeed can therefore be the strain of old Byzantine blood that runs in the veins of the modern people of Constantinople. Mohammed transferred his government hither from Adrianople, and since his day this has been the centre of Ottoman dominion and a sacred city, hardly less sacred than Jerusalem or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

One word, before we part from old Constantinople, on the mission which was intrusted to her during the long ages that lay between Constantine the Great, her founder, and Constantine Palæologus XVI., her last Christian sovereign. While the rest of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance, she preserved, like an ark amid the far-spreading waters, the treasures of ancient thought and learning. Most of the Greek manuscripts we now possess, and some of the most valuable Latin ones, were stored up in her libraries, and ultimately scattered from her over the western countries. A succession of writers maintained, though no doubt in a lifeless way, the traditions of Greek style, and composed chronicles which are almost our only source of knowledge for the history of these borderlands of Europe and Asia. And the light which still burned within her walls was diffused over the Slavonic peoples of the Danube and the Dnieper valleys. She was the instructress of the Slavs, just as Italy was the instructress of the Teutons and the Celts, sending out missionaries, giving them their alphabets, and, in the intervals of the struggle she had to maintain against them, imparting to them some

rudiments of civilisation. And the services she rendered in this way have been too much forgotten by those who have been struck, as every student must be struck, between the theological and political stagnation of her people, and the powerful intellectual life which even in the Dark Ages had begun to stir among the new nations of Western and Northern Europe.

What remained of literature, art, and thought expired, it need hardly be said, with the Turkish conquest. From then, till now, the history of Constantinople is a tedious record of palace assassinations and intrigues. Not even a gleam of the literary radiance which surrounds the Mohammedan Courts of Bagdad, Cordova, and Delhi ever fell upon the Seraglio of Constantinople. Some of the Turkish Sultans, such as Mohammed II. and Suleiman the Magnificent, were undoubtedly great men; but their greatness seldom expanded itself in any of the arts of peace, and in the city there is nothing to remember them by except their tombs and the mosques that bear their names.

Let me now attempt—having tried to show you how the city has grown, and what are the different national influences, Greek, Roman, and Asiatic, that have acted on it and played their part in giving it its strangely mingled character—to present to you some notion of its structure and aspect. It consists of three main divisions. First there is the old city, the City of Constantine, which the Turks now call Stamboul, lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and narrowing down to a point of land, the point which was the site of the first Megarian colony, and which marks the entrance from the sea into the long strait of the Bosphorus. Secondly, over against Stamboul, on the other side of the Golden Horn, is Galata—called probably from the Galatæ or Gauls (Galatians) who had occupied neighbouring regions of Asia Minor not long after the time of Alexander the Great, and some of whom had apparently settled here—a long, low, dirty district running along the water's edge, and full of Greek sailors and bad smells. It was a mere suburb in Roman times, and bore the name of Sycæ (the Fig-trees). In the middle ages it became the seat of a fortress colony of the Genoese, who carried on a great trade in these seas, and had their forts and trading factories all round the Euxine. Here they built a majestic tower nearly half way up the slope of the hill, from whose top one of the finest panoramic views of the city may be enjoyed. Behind and above Galata, rising up the steep hill, is the quarter called Pera, where Europeans of the better sort live, and all the European shops are to be found. Here, on the hill top, stand the palaces of the Ambassadors, among which, appropriately enough, our own and that of the German envoy are the most conspicuous, tall piles that look big enough to hold an army. Both these quarters are in Europe, and from them a long suburb meanders along the European shores of the Bosphorus, forming a line of villages with villas and gardens between, that stretches some eight or nine miles to Therapia. The third and last division is in Asia, on the further side of the Bosphorus, opposite both Stamboul and Galata; it consists of a series of towns, the chief of which is Scutari, forming an almost continuous mass of houses along the shore, and virtually a part of the great city, though separated by more than a mile of water, water which is sometimes so rough that the steamers cannot cross.

You may judge from looking at the map what a singular city this must be with the sea running through it in all directions, not merely in canals like those of Venice or Rotterdam, but forming great broad inlets whose water is intensely bright and clear, as well as deep to the very edge. It is as if you had a city built on both sides of the Kyles of Bute, at the point where one of the long sea lochs (Loch Riddon or Loch Striven) comes down into the main channel. Stockholm and New York are the only other great cities

that can be compared with it in this respect, but Stockholm, though beautiful in its way, is on a comparatively small scale, while in New York man has done his utmost to spoil nature, and nature herself has done infinitely less than at Constantinople. Let me try to tell you what nature has done for Constantinople. She has given it the bluest and clearest sea that can be imagined, and vaulted over it the most exquisitely bright yet tender sky, full of a delicious light that would be dazzling if it were not so soft. She has drawn the contour of the shores and hills as if with an artist's hand, the sweeping reaches of the Bosphorus, the graceful curve of the Golden Horn, the soft slope of the olive-clad heights behind Scutari, the sharp, bold outline of the rocky isles that rise from the surface of the Sea of Marmora; and far away on the south-eastern horizon she has raised into heaven the noble summit of the Mysian Olympus, whose snows blush rose red under the morning sun. The sea seems to pervade everything: turn which way you will it meets you, till you get confused among its winding arms. Its glittering bosom is covered with vessels of every size and style, from the long dark ugly ironclads, which the late Sultan bought from the Clyde and Tyne shipbuilders with borrowed money, to the sprightly feluccas and other odd little craft, rigged in a fashion our language has no names for. During the day its surface is seldom calm, for there is usually a breeze blowing, and when this breeze comes up from the S.W. and meets the strong current running down from the Black Sea, it raises in a moment short sharp waves, a kind of chopping sea that makes the small boats vanish. The nights, however, are often still and serene, and then under the brilliant moon the city seems to lie engirt by a flood of molten silver.

From the shore, lined with masts, the hills rise almost everywhere steeply, bearing on their side and tops the town, or rather these three towns, looking across at one another, which I have endeavoured to describe. The houses are mostly of glittering white, densely packed together, but interrupted every here and there by a grove of tall dark-green cypresses. Such an ancient grove almost covers one side of the hill of Pera, overshadowing a large cemetery called the Field of the Dead. The Turks say that the smell of the cypress and the resin it exudes destroy the miasma of a graveyard. At any rate their sombre hue and stiff outline harmonise well with the ruinous tombs that lie scattered round their trunks; for in Turkey the graves are not inclosed, and the stone once stuck into the ground is left neglected to totter or fall. Out of the mass of white walls and red roofs rise the vast domes of the mosques, and beside or round each mosque, two or four, or even six slender minarets, tall needle-like towers of marble, with a small open gallery running round the outside, whence, four times a day, the shrill cry of the man who calls the faithful to prayer is heard over the hum of the crowd below. The houses in Stamboul itself are seldom over two or three stories high, and often of wood, sometimes whitewashed, sometimes painted red or yellow, and generally rickety and flimsy-looking. In Pera and the suburbs one finds substantial mansions and villas, but these mostly belong to well-to-do Christian merchants. There are few public buildings besides the mosques to be seen, for the old palaces have been burned — Constantinople is a terrible place for fires—and as for the new ones, of which there are more than enough, they are mostly long low structures in the modern French or Italian style, upon the edge of the Bosphorus. Sultan Abdul Aziz spent millions upon these erections; in fact, the loans made since the Crimean war were nearly entirely sunk in these and in his men-of-war. They tell a story of one of the prettiest of them, that he built it at an enormous cost as a place to go to for coffee in the afternoon. When it was finished he

went, and finding himself with a headache next morning, took a disgust to it, and never entered it afterwards. This is what personal government comes to in the East. As for the ordinary ornaments of European capitals — museums, picture-galleries, theatres, libraries, universities, and so forth—they don't exist at all. The administration cares for none of such things, and has hardly even supplied itself with respectable public offices (except the Ministry of War, which is a large place with the air of a barrack, deforming the finest site in Stamboul); and private enterprise has produced nothing more than two or three wretched little places of amusement for the Franks and Greeks of Pera. Nowhere is there a church to be discovered. Half the inhabitants are Christians; and most of them devout Christians according to their lights; but the Muslim population, who are the object of our protecting care, are still intolerant enough to be irritated by the sight of a place of Christian worship. So the churches are all (except the English church in Pera) comparatively small and obscure, hidden away in corners where they don't catch the eye. The ancient churches have been nearly all turned into mosques or suffered to fall to ruin, so that little material remains for the student of mediæval architecture. In fact, one may get a better notion of Byzantine art at Ravenna alone than in the whole territories of the later Eastern Empire.

People are always saying that the inside of Constantinople dispels the illusions which the view of it from the sea or the neighbouring hills has produced. But those who say so, if they are not merely repeating the commonplaces of their guide-book, can have no eye for the picturesque. I grant that the interior is very dirty and irregular and tumble-down, that smells offend the nose, and loud harsh cries the ear. But then, it is so wonderfully strange and curious and complex, full of such bits of colour, such varieties of human life, such far-reaching associations from the past, that whatever an inhabitant may desire, a visitor at least would not willingly see anything improved or cleared away. The streets are crooked and narrow, climbing up steep hills, or winding along the bays of the shore, sometimes lined with open booths, in which stolid old Turks sit cross-legged sleepily smoking, sometimes among piles of gorgeous fruit, which even to behold is a feast, while sometimes they are hemmed in by high windowless walls and crossed by heavy arches, places where you think robbers must be lurking. Then, again, you emerge from one of these gloomy cavities upon an open space—there are no squares, but irregular open spaces—and see such a group of gaily painted houses, with walnut or plane-trees growing round them, as one finds on the Bay of Naples. Or you come to a side street, and, looking down the vista, catch a glimpse of a garden full of luxuriant vines and rosy pomegranates, and beyond it the bright blue waves dancing in the sunlight. Now and then one finds some grand old piece of Roman ruin—an arch or a cistern, or the foundations of some forgotten church, whose solidity mocks the flimsy modern houses that surround it — and is carried back in thought a thousand years, to the time when those courses of fine masonry were laid by the best architects of Europe. Not that there are many considerable ruins, for in this respect Constantinople contrasts markedly with her Italian rival. The reason of this is doubtless to be sought not merely in the superior grandeur of Roman buildings, but also in the fact that while in Rome the old city on and around the Palatine, Aventine and Cœlian hills was deserted in the Middle Ages for the flats of the Campus Martius, the site of the ancient city has here been continuously inhabited, each age constructing its dwellings out of the materials which former ages had left. In another point, too, one is struck by the contrast between these ruins and those of Rome. Constantinople has

absolutely nothing to show from pagan times. Though Byzantium was nearly as old as Rome, the city of Constantine is the true creation of the first Christian emperor, and possesses not a relic of paganism, except the twisted serpents from Delphi and an Egyptian obelisk planted near them in the hippodrome.

There are no shops in the streets of Stamboul proper, for nearly everything, except food, is sold in the bazaar, which is an enormous square building, consisting of a labyrinth of long covered arcades, in which the dealers sit in their stalls with their wares piled up round them. It is all locked up at sunset. You may buy most things in it, but the visitor is chiefly attracted by the rugs and carpets from Persia, Anatolia, and Kurdistan, the silks of Broussa, and the stores of old armour (real and false) from everywhere. Purchasing is no easy matter, for a stranger is asked thrice the value of the goods, and unless he is content to be cheated both by the dealer and his own cicerone interpreter (who of course receives a secret commission from the vendor), he must spend hours and hours in bargaining. Business is slack on Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) and on Saturday (since many of the dealers are Jews), as well as on Sunday. It is conducted under another difficulty, which drives the visitor almost wild—that of a multiplicity of "circulating mediums." There is a Turkish metallic currency, and a paper currency, greatly depreciated, besides all sorts of coins of other nations constantly turning up, among which the Indian rupee is one of the commonest; and you have to make a separate bargain as to the value at which the coins you happen to have in your pocket will be taken. Hotel lodging, and indeed almost everything, is very dear: for Western books you pay half as much again as in London or Paris. There is little sign of a police in the streets, and nothing done either to pave or clean them. Few are passable for carriages, and the Turks leave everything to time and chance. The only scavengers are the vultures, which may sometimes be seen hovering about in the clear sky, and the dogs, of which there is a vast multitude in the city. Though you must have often heard of these dogs, the tradition which obliges every one who talks about Constantinople to mention them is too well established to be disregarded. Nobody owns them or feeds them, though each dog mostly inhabits the same quarter or street; and, in fact, is chased away or slain if he ventures into the territory of his neighbours. They are ill-favoured brutes, mostly of a brown or yellowish hue, and are very much in the way as one walks about. At night they are a serious difficulty, for the streets are not lighted, and you not only stumble over them, but are sometimes, when you fall into one of the holes in the roadway, tumbled head foremost into a nest of them, whereupon a terrible snapping and barking ensues. However, they don't molest you unless you first attack them; and as canine madness is unknown, or nearly so among them, nobody need fear hydrophobia.

I have talked about streets from force of habit, but the truth is that there are very few streets, in our sense of the word, in any quarter of the city. It is a congeries of houses: some of them built, in proper Eastern style, round courtyards, some with doors and windows looking towards the public way, but very few arranged in regular lines. It has the air of having been built all anyhow, the houses stuck down as it might happen, and the people afterwards left to find their way through them. Even the so-called "Grande Rue" of Pera, which has some very handsome French shops, is in some places as steep as the side of Lochnagar, and in others as narrow as an Edinburgh wynd. It is a capital place to lose yourself in, for you never can see more than a few yards ahead, and the landmarks you resolve to find your way back by —a ruined house, for instance, or a plane-tree standing in the middle of the road—turn out to be as common

as pillar letter-boxes in our own streets, so that you, in trusting to them, are more bewildered than ever. The Russians, one would think, must feel themselves sadly at sea in such a town, for in St. Petersburg nearly every street is straight, and some of the great streets run so far without the slightest curve (three miles at the least), that one literally cannot see to the end of them.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all is to have trains and tram-cars running through this wonderful old eastern mass of mosques, bazaars, graveyards, gardens, and ruins. There is now a line of railway, which, starting from the centre of the port, goes right round the outside of the city, following the windings of the shore, away into the country. It does a large "omnibus traffic," stopping every three or four minutes like the Metropolitan Railway in London, and I should fancy is the only thing in Constantinople that pays its way; while a tramway, beginning near the same point, passes along the principal line of streets—indeed, almost the only line level enough for the purpose—as far as the north-western gate. The cars are much like ours, built, I believe, in America; but they have the odd trick of always running several close one after another, so that you may wait an hour for one to overtake you, and then find three or four come up, going in the same direction, in five minutes' time.

Of the countless sights of Constantinople I shall mention to you three only, the walls, the Seraglio Palace, and the famous church—now a mosque—of St. Sophia. The walls may be traced all round the sea front as well as the land side of the city, but they are naturally strongest and highest on the land side, where they run across the neck of the peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. And here they are indeed splendid—a double (in some places triple) line of ramparts with a deep moat outside, built of alternate courses of stone and brick, and guarded by grand old towers, the finest group of which (called the Seven Towers) stands at the sea end, and was long used as a state prison. In several places they are ruinous, and there the ivy and other climbing plants have half-filled the gaps, and clothed the glowing red with a mantle of delicate green. Many are the marks on them of the sieges they have stood, of strokes from stones hurled by the catapult, and blows delivered by battering-rams, long before gunpowder was heard of. The effect of their noble proportions is increased by the perfect bareness and desolation of the country outside, where there is nothing like a suburb, in fact no houses whatsoever, but merely fields, or open ground, or groves of dismal cypresses. These ramparts were first built by Theodosius (for the line of Constantine's walls was further in), and repaired again and again since his time down to the fatal year 1453, when the Turks, under Mohammed II., took the city. Since then little has been done, except that the Turks have walled up a small gate, still shown to visitors, because there is a prophecy that through it a Christian army will one day re-enter and drive them back into Asia. The stranger probably agrees with the Turk that the event predicted will happen, but doubts how far this simple device of theirs will delay it. It is a curious instance of their sluggish fatalism that they have not only allowed these walls to decay, which after all could be of little use against modern artillery, but that, when the present war began, they had done nothing to provide other defences, outlying forts and lines of earthworks, for the city on this its most exposed side. Indeed one is told that Sultan Abdul Medjid actually gave the walls as a present to his mother, that she might make something out of the sale of the materials; and they would soon have perished, had not the British ambassador interfered in the interests of the picturesque.

The Seraglio Point is the extreme end of the peninsula of Stamboul (*i.e.*

the old city proper, as opposed to Galata and Pera) where it meets the waves of the Sea of Marmora, looking down that sea to the west, and northeast up the Bosphorus towards the Euxine. Here a wall running across the peninsula severs this point from the rest of the town, and probably marks pretty nearly the site of the oldest Greek settlement. When Constantine founded his city he selected this district as the fittest for the imperial residence, since it was the most secluded and defensible, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on it there was built a large, rambling fortress palace, where the emperors dwelt, shrouding in its obscurity their indolence or their vices from the popular eye. After their fall it passed to the Turkish sultans, who kept their harem here, and from its walls the disgraced favourite was flung, sewn up, according to the approved fashion, in a sack, into the deep waters, whose current soon swept him or her away down to the open sea. No palace offers so great a temptation to crime, for in none could it be so well concealed and its victims so easily got rid of. Great part was consumed by fire more than thirty years ago, and has never been rebuilt; so most of this large area, which is still divided from the rest of the city by a high wall, remains a waste of ruins, heaps of rubbish with here a piece of solid old masonry, there a gaunt yellowish wall standing erect, while in the midst are groups of stone pines and tall, stiff, sombre cypresses, that seem as if mourning over this scene of silence and decay.

It is no inapt type of the modern Turkish empire, where no losses are repaired and forebodings of death gather thick around. And the spectator is reminded of the Persian poet's lines which Mohammed II. is said to have repeated when, on the day of his conquest, he entered the deserted palace of the emperors—

> "The spider weaves her web in the palace of the kings,
> The owl hath sung her watch song from the towers of Afrasiab."

A part of the palace escaped the fire, and is still used, though not by the Sultan himself; and in what is called the outer seraglio, close to the wall which divides it from the city, and immediately behind St. Sophia, there are two buildings of some interest. One is the Museum of Antiquities, a bare room, half open to a courtyard, in which there lie, heaped up over the floor, the monuments of Greek art which have been sent hither from the Greek isles and Asia Minor. Statues and fragments of statues, stones bearing inscriptions, pieces of pottery and glass, and a variety of other similar relics, have been thrown together here like so many skeletons in a burial-pit, uncleaned, uncatalogued, uncared for, sometimes without a mark to indicate whence they came. No government in Europe has had such opportunities for forming a collection of Greek art treasures, and this is the result. What it has cared for is seen when you take a few steps from this charnel-house of art and enter St. Irene, the church of the Holy Peace, a beautiful bit of work in the best style of Byzantine architecture, which the Turks have turned into an armoury. All down the nave and all along the walls rifles are stacked, swords and lances hung, while field cannon stand in the midst. The sanctuary of the Divine Peace teems with the weapons of war.

From whatever point you gaze upon the landscape of Constantinople this seraglio promontory, with its grove of lofty cypresses, seizes and holds the eye. It is the central point of the city, as it is also the centre of the city's history. Dynasties of tyrants have reigned in it for fifteen centuries, and wrought in it more deeds of cruelty and lust than any other spot on earth has seen.

St. Sophia, the third of the sights I have named, is one of the wonders of the world. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times; for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater at Rome have

been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A.D. 538-568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's temple at Ephesus, and that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered over all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognise, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs.

One of the most highly cultivated and widely travelled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all, that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic, models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it than in St. Peter's itself.

The Mohammedan worship in this mosque, which they account very holy, is a striking sight. At the end of it next Mecca there is a sort of niche or recess, where they keep the Koran, called the Mihrab. Well, in front of the Mihrab, just like the Greek priest before his altar, stands the mollah or priest who is leading the devotions of the congregation, while the worshippers themselves stand ranged down the body of the building in long parallel rows running across it, with an interval of several yards between each row. As the mollah recites the prayers in a loud, clear, harsh voice, the people follow, repeating the prayers aloud, and follow also every movement of his body, sometimes bending forward, then rising, then flinging themselves suddenly flat on the floor and knocking their foreheads repeatedly against it, then springing again to their feet, these evolutions being executed with a speed and precision like that of a company of soldiers. Occasionally the reading of a passage in the Koran is interposed, but there is no singing, and this is fortunate, for the music of the East is painfully monotonous and discordant. Women are of course not present at the public service; for that would shock Mohammedan ideas, and in some Mohammedan countries, women, like dogs, are rigidly excluded from the house of prayer, and may occasionally be seen performing their devotions outside. Here, in Stamboul, however, I repeatedly noticed groups of half-veiled women seated on the floor of a mosque when worship was not proceeding, sometimes gathered into a group which was listening to a mollah haranguing them. On one of these occasions I asked the cicerone who accompanied us what the mollah was saying. He listened for a moment,

and replied, "Oh, just what our priests say, to mind their own business and not to get into scrapes" (*pas faire des bêtises*), which seems to imply that the exhortations of the clergy of all denominations are, in Constantinople, of a more definitely practical character than one was prepared to expect. Islam has been so hard upon women, that it is something to find them preached to at all. I may say in passing that, although St. Sophia is by far the most beautiful of the mosques, some of the others, built in imitation of its general design, are very grand, their towering cupolas supported by stupendous columns, and the broad expanse of the floor almost unbroken by the petty erections and bits of furniture and chairs which so often mar the effect of Latin and Eastern churches.

Few buildings in the world inspire more solemn or thrilling thoughts than this church of Justinian. It witnessed the coronations of the Byzantine Emperors for nearly a thousand years; it witnessed the solemn mass by which the Cardinal Legate of the Pope celebrated the union, so long striven for, and so soon dissolved, of the Greek and Latin Churches; and it witnessed the terrible death-scene of the Byzantine Empire. On the 29th of May, 1453, the Sultan Mohammed II. marshalled his hosts for the last assault upon besieged Constantinople. The thunder of his cannon was heard over the doomed city, striking terror into its people, and, while the battle raged upon the walls, a vast crowd of priests, women, children, and old men gathered in St. Sophia, hoping that the sanctity of the place would be some protection if the worst befell, and praying the help of God and the saints in this awful hour. Before noon the walls were stormed. The Emperor, who had fought like a true successor of Constantine, fell under a heap of slain, and the Turkish warriors burst into the city, and dashed like a roaring wave along the streets, driving the fugitive Greeks before them. Making straight for St. Sophia, they flung themselves upon the unresisting crowd; men were slaughtered—others, and with them the women and children, were bound with cords, and driven off in long files into captivity; the altars were despoiled, the pictures torn down, and before night fell every trace of Christianity that could be reached had been destroyed. They still show on one of the columns a mark which is said to have been made by the Sultan's blood-smeared hand as he smote it in sign of possession, and shouted aloud, with a voice heard above the din, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Looking round this noble monument of Christian art, and thinking of that awful scene, it was impossible not to wish for the speedy advent of a day when the fierce faith of Arabia shall be driven out, and the voice of Christian worship be heard once more beneath this sounding dome.

Now, let me pass from the city to the people that dwell in it, and try to give you some notion of its vast and strangely mingled population. One of the most striking points about it is the sense of a teeming population which it gives. Standing on the top of the hill of Pera, you look down over a sea and port covered with vessels and boats, and see upon the amphitheatre of hills that rises from this blue mirror three huge masses of houses, straggling away along the shores in interminable suburbs, while the throng that streams across the bridge of boats (reminding one of the *Vision of Mirza*) is scarcely less than that which fills the great thoroughfares of London. Pass beyond the walls, or climb the hill that hangs over Scutari, and the contrast is extraordinary. You look over a veritable wilderness, great stretches of open land, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with brushwood (for the big trees have been mostly cut down by the improvident people) with hardly a village or even a house to break the melancholy of the landscape. Much of this land is fertile, and was once covered with thriving homesteads, with olive-yards and vineyards, and happy

autumn fields; but the blight of Turkish rule has passed over it like a scorching wind.

Constantinople is a city not of one nation but of many, and hardly more of one than of another. You cannot talk of Constantinopolitans as you talk of Londoners or Aberdonians, for there are none—that is to say, there is no people who can be described as being *par excellence* the people of the city, with a common character or habits or language. Nobody knows either the number of the population or the proportion which its various elements bear to one another; but one may guess roughly that the inhabitants are not less than 800,000 or 900,000, and that of these about a half, some say rather over a half, are Mohammedans. This half lives mostly in Stamboul proper and in Scutari, while Pera, Galata, and Kadikeui (Chalcedon) are left to the Christians. Except the Pashas, who have enriched themselves by extortion and corruption, and various officials or hangers-on upon the Government, they are mostly poor people, many of them very poor, and also very lazy. A man need work but little in this climate, where one can get on without fire nearly all the year, with very little food and clothing, and even without a house, for you see a good many figures lying about at night in the open air, coiled up under an arch or in the corner of a courtyard. Plenty of them are ecclesiastics of some kind or other, and get their lodging and a little food at the mosques; plenty are mere beggars. The great bulk are, of course, ignorant and fanatical, dangerous when roused by their priests, though honest enough fellows when left alone, and in some ways more likeable than the Christians. But the so-called upper class are extremely corrupt.

These richer folk have mostly dropped the picturesque old Turkish dress, and taken to French fashions. They wear cloth coats and trousers, retaining only the red fez, which is infinitely less becoming than a turban; smoke cigarettes, instead of pipes, and show a surprising aptitude for adding Western vices to their own stock, which is pretty large, of Eastern ones. It is they that are the curse of the country. They have not even that virtue which the humbler Mussulmans have, of sobriety. With all their faults, the poor Turks, and especially the country people, are faithful observers of the precepts of the Koran, and you will see less drunkenness in the streets of Stamboul in a year than in Glasgow upon New Year's Day. Indeed, if you do see a drunken man at all, he is pretty sure to be a British or a Russian sailor. When I speak of Turks, I do not mean to imply that these Mohammedans of Stamboul have any Turkish (that is Turkman) blood in them, for they have probably about as much as there is of Norman blood in the population of London. They are as mongrel a race as can be found in the world—a mixture of all sorts of European and Asiatic peoples who have been converted to Islam, and recruited (down till recent times) by the constant kidnapping of Christian children and the import of slaves from all quarters. Their religion, however, gives them a unity which, so far as repulsion from their fellow-subjects goes, is a far stronger bond than any community of origin.

Nearly equal in numbers to the Mohammedans are the Turkish Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. Though I speak of them together, they have really little in common, for each cherishes its own form of faith, and they hate one another nearly as cordially as they all hate the Turks. The Armenians seem to be the most numerous (they are said to be 200,000), and many of the wealthy merchants belong to this nation: the Bulgarians, however, are, according to the report of the American missionaries, who are perhaps the best authorities, really the most teachable and progressive. The Americans have got an excellent college on the Bosphorus, where they receive Christian children belonging to all the nationalities. Then, besides all these natives, one finds a motley crowd of

strangers from the rest of Europe—Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, English. Thus there are altogether at least eight or nine nations moving about the streets of this wonderful city, eight or nine languages which you may constantly hear spoken by the people you pass, and five or six which appear on the shop fronts. Turkish, Greek, Armenian, French, and English are perhaps the commonest. Italian used to be the chief medium of intercourse between West Europeans and natives, but since the Crimean war it has been largely superseded by French. Indeed the varnish of civilization which the influx of Europeans has spread over so many parts of the East everywhere is, or pretends to be, French. So here the music-halls and coffee-gardens of Pera, which are of a sufficiently sordid description, have a sort of third-rate Parisian air about them which is highly appreciated by the repulsive crowd that frequents them.

The best place to realise this strange mixture of nationalities is on the lower bridge of boats which connects Stamboul with Galata, and from which the little steamers run up and down the Bosphorus. There are two such bridges crossing the Golden Horn, both somewhat rickety. The pontoons to form a new one have been made for some years, and are now floating beside the lower one, in the waters of the harbour, but, owing to a dispute between the government and the Frank contractors, they have never been put together, and may probably lie rotting there for years to come, perhaps till some new government is established in Stamboul. It is a delightfully Turkish way of doing things. This lower bridge is also the wharf whence start the little steamers that run up the Bosphorus and across to Scutari and Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore. Stalls for the sale of food and trinkets almost block up its ends, and little Turkish newspapers, hardly bigger than a four-page tract, are sold upon it, containing such news as the Porte thinks proper to issue. Take your stand upon it, and you see streaming over it an endless crowd of every dress, tongue, and religion; fat old Turkish pashas lolling in their carriages, keen-faced wily Greeks, swarthy Armenians, easily distinguished by their large noses, Albanians with prodigious sashes of purple silk tied round their waists, and glittering daggers and pistols stuck all over them, Italian sailors, wild-eyed soldiers from the mountains of Asia Minor, Circassian beauties peeping out of their carriages from behind their veils, and swarms of priests with red, white, or green turbans, the green distinguishing those who claim descent from the Prophet. All these races have nothing to unite them; no relations except those of trade, with one another, no inter-marriage, no common civic feeling, no common patriotism. In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. Nobody knows what the Sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Everybody lives in a perpetual vague dread of everybody else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika. Imagine, if you can—you who live in a country where an occasional burglar is the worst that ever need be feared—a city where one-half of the inhabitants are hourly expecting to be murdered by the other

half, where the Christian native tells you in a whisper that every Turk carries a dagger ready for use. It is this equipoise of races, this mutual jealousy and suspicion of the balanced elements, that makes it so difficult to frame a plan for the future disposal and government of the city. When, at some not very distant day, the Turk, or, as I should rather say, the Sultan, disappears from Constantinople, who is there to put in his place? We are all, whatever our political sympathies, agreed in desiring that it should not fall into the hands of any great military or naval state. And, what is more to the purpose, the Powers of Europe are so well agreed in their resolve to forbid that issue, that the danger of a permanent Russian occupation may be dismissed as chimerical. But who, then, is to have this incomparable prize, this arbitress of war and commerce? Neither Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Bulgarians, are numerous enough to be accepted as rulers by the other two races. The elements out of which municipal institutions ought to be formed are wanting; and though each of these three peoples is no doubt more hopeful and progressive than their Mohammedan neighbours, none of them has yet given indications of such a capacity for self-government as could entitle it to be intrusted with the difficult task of reorganising the administration of a bankrupt country, of developing its resources, and maintaining order and justice.

Looking at the present state of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and their want of moral and social cohesion, one is disposed to think that organisation, order, reform, must in the first instance come from without, and that some kind of active intervention by the representatives of the European Powers will be needed to set a going any local government, and to watch over it during the years of its childhood. And there is another reflection of some political consequence which forces itself strongly upon one who gazes over the majestic avenue of the Bosphorus, with the steamers and caiques plying across it. It is this. The two sides of this avenue must obey the same government. The notion of treating these two shores differently, because we call one of them Europe and the other Asia, is idle and impracticable. A strait so narrow as this is really, what Homer calls the Hellespont, a river; and rivers, so far from being, like mountain ranges, natural boundaries, link peoples together, and form the most powerful ties of social and commercial intercourse. You might as well have Liverpool in the hands of one sovereign and Birkenhead of another, as give Constantinople to a Greek or Armenian government, while leaving Scutari and Chalcedon to the Sultan. Fancy customhouses erected all along both shores, and every vessel visited, every passenger examined when he landed! Fancy a state of war, and hostile batteries firing across this mile or so of water, and destroying both cities at once!

Constantinople is not only a city that belongs to the world; it is in a way itself a miniature of the world. It is not so much a city as an immense *caravanserai*, which belongs to nobody, but within whose walls everybody encamps, drawn by business or by pleasure, but forming no permanent ties, and not calling himself a citizen. It has three distinct histories—Greek, Roman, and Turkish. It is the product of a host of converging influences—influences some of which are still at work, making it different every year from what it was before. Religion, and all those customs which issue from religion, come to it from Arabia; civilisation from Rome and the West; both are mingled in the dress of the people and the buildings where they live and worship. Races, manners, languages, even coins, from every part of the East and of Europe here cross one another and interweave themselves like the many-coloured threads in the gorgeous fabric of an Eastern loom.

Seeing the misery which Turkish rule has brought upon these countries, it is impossible not to wish for its speedy extinction. Indeed I never met any Frank in the East who did not take the darkest view of the Turks as a governing caste. Even the fire-eating advocates of "British interests" owned this. They insisted that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire was so essential to ourselves that we must fight for the Sultan's government at whatever cost to his unhappy subjects. But they frankly confessed that it was not only a bad government, but an irreclaimable government, which could only be improved by being practically superseded. Premising all this, I am bound in turn to admit that the dominance of Mohammedanism adds infinitely to the rich variety and imaginative interest of the capital. Rome without the Pope is a sad falling off from the Rome of twenty years ago, and Constantinople without the Sultan and all that the Sultan implies will be a very different and a far less picturesque place, for it will want many of those contrasts which now strike so powerfully on the historical sense as well as on the outward eye. He, therefore, who wishes to draw the full enjoyment from this wonderful spot ought to go to it soon, before changes already in progress have had time to complete their vulgarizing work. Already chimney-stacks pollute the air, and the whistle of locomotives is heard; already the flowing robes of the East are vanishing before the monotony of Western broadcloth. Before many years mollahs and softas and dervishes may have slunk away; there may be local rates and Boards of Works, running long, straight streets through the labyrinth of lanes; a tubular bridge may span the Golden Horn, and lines of warehouses cover the melancholy wilds of Seraglio Point. Even the Turks have, of late years, destroyed much that can never be replaced; and any new master is sure to destroy or "restore" (which is the worst kind of destruction) most of what remains.

The rarest and most subtle charm of a city, as of a landscape or of a human face, is its idiosyncrasy, or (to speak somewhat fancifully) its expression, the indefinable effect it produces on you which makes you feel it to be different from all other cities you have seen before. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that, while no city has so marked a physical character, none has so strangely confusing and indeterminate a social one. It is nothing, because it is everything at once; because it mirrors, like the waters of its Golden Horn, the manners and faces of all the peoples who pass in and out of it. Such a city is a glorious possession, and no one can recall its associations or meditate on its future as he gazes upon it lying spread before him in matchless beauty without a thrill of solemn emotion. And this emotion is heightened, not only by the sense of the contrast, here of all the world most striking, between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and the recollection of the terrible strife which enthroned Islam in the metropolis of the Eastern Church, but also by the knowledge that that strife is still being waged, and that the shores which lie beneath your eye are likely to witness struggles and changes in the future not less momentous than those of the past. It is this, after all, that gives their especial amplitude and grandeur to the associations of Constantinople. It combines that interest of the future which fires the traveller's imagination in America, with that interest of the past which touches him in Italy. Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire, and commerce, religion, and letters, and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even as Augsburg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities.

JAMES BRYCE.

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SEBASTIAN.

CHAPTER V.

THREE CONSPIRATORS.

At the end of two months Amos went to see his son. He was not, however, able to form any idea of his true state as Sebastian was in bed with a cold. The boy spoke cheerfully, and the prebendary's sister, Miss Jellicoe, seemed nursing him kindly. He was prevented from going again for four months, and then as Dowdeswell was about visiting his friends at Petherton, and as Amos could at that time ill spare the means for his journey, he thought Dowdeswell's visit must suffice for the present.

On his return, after spending a week there, Dowdeswell called at the Rectory, and gave a very good account of Sebastian, declaring that the prebendary was the very man to make something of him. He called late at night, so that Amos did not like to detain him by asking many questions. When he had gone, and Mrs. Gould was expressing her thankfulness for such a godfather for Sebastian, Amos could not help observing he wished Dowdeswell's report had been from seeing Sebastian instead of being founded, as it appeared to be, on the prebendary's discourse on the education and management of youth in general.

The next morning, however, he was to have more minute information on the subject from Dora.

Mrs. Gould and her daughters were out on parish visits, and Amos was sitting alone in the dining-room over the school accounts, when he heard the gate open and swung to, and a patter of small sturdy footsteps he thought he ought to know coming up the garden walk. The next moment the handle of the door was turned in that peculiar manner which seemed to denote the vigorous efforts of two small and very determined hands, and the oddest little figure appeared before him. It was Dora's face certainly, but there was something so unusual and grotesque in her appearance, particularly in the set of her tiny fur jacket, Amos could not help smiling as he inquired—

"Why, Dora, what is the matter?"

The little lady turned and carefully shut the door. Then she came to Amos, and looking up at him with her eyes flashing and filling, and her fat hands thrown open before him, said, with tremulous emphasis,—

"I've come to tell you!"

"To tell me? What about, Dora?"

"Why, about *him*. They wouldn't let papa see him and they wouldn't let me see him; but *I would* see him. When they were talking I came out and went all up the stairs, and called him; and I found him in his room, and he's *so* miserable: he's hungry,

and can't do his books, and he mustn't have anything to eat till he does do them, and he can't, and you must fetch him away."

Then, with emphasis still more tremulous, she said, as she threw out her hands with childish passion,

"There! I came to tell you!"

Amos took her on his knee and dried with his handkerchief the drops rolling off her crimson cheeks, saying soothingly,

"Well, well; I'll go and see him."

When Dora recovered breath, she seemed suddenly struck with admiration at her own boldness.

"I came and told you," she said, "didn't I? Nobody knew; I dressed myself. I went and got my things when nurse was down stairs, and put them on myself, and here I am!"

"Yes, Dora, so I see," answered Amos; "but look here, isn't there something odd?—something not exactly right. What's this?"

As he asked the question he took hold of the collar of her jacket, hanging down just below Dora's waist, and added,—

"Why, it's upside down."

It took Dora some moments of incredulous scrutiny round herself as far as she could see, before she could be convinced of her mistake. When she could no longer doubt the truth of the discovery she broke into peals of laughter, though her eyes were still wet for Sebastian's troubles.

Amos put her to rights and, after looking at her with a critical eye, took her home, feeling rather proud of his attempt as lady's maid.

It soon appeared that the little truant had not been missed, and there need not have been anything known of her escapade if she had not boasted of it all over the house, and to every one she met all day. She had been cunning enough to keep her views of Sebastian and her intention from her father for fear he would frustrate her firm resolution of revealing his state to the rector.

Dora's rather indistinct communication made Amos decide to tell his wife that Dowdeswell's not having seen the boy necessitated his keeping to his first intention of paying a visit at once to the prebendary. Mrs. Gould had a secret foreboding when she saw him off the next day. She begged him to be very careful and remember how sensitive the prebendary was, and how the least word might endanger all their hopes. She warned him also of taking too much notice of what Sebastian might say, adding she had noticed a slight tendency to untruthfulness growing in him.

But she was not greatly surprised when, in spite of all her warnings, Amos appeared at night, accompanied by a small figure wrapt in the rector's great muffler, from the folds of which issued a rattling cough that sounded in the hall as though a mail-clad warriar had just entered, and was shaking off his armour.

Mrs. Gould went out, secretly full of anger at such a return being possible without her consent, and with fears that the prebendary had been defied as well as herself. But she wished not to be an unjust judge, and so waited till Amos should explain his conduct. She, too, controlled her feelings so far as to be able to assist in unwinding the muffler, and to present her cheek to the cold little lips uplifted for a mother's kiss.

They went into the parlour, and as she saw the thin cheeks, sharp shoulders, and the loosely hanging clothes, the great blue eyes feverishly bright, and with black shadows under them, her heart hardened against the little culprit, for she felt these things would be blamed to the prebendary, while she thought they must really be due to Sebastian's obstinate and rebellious conduct.

"How is this, papa?" she asked. "I thought we were to have no holidays till the prebendary could give us better accounts than he has been able to do yet."

"My dear, I will tell you all about it after supper," answered Amos, rather sharply, for he saw the yearning eyes

already brimming over at so icy a welcome.

What could be coming Mrs. Gould wondered—something serious surely; or why should Amos be so unlike himself, so silent, preoccupied and resolute-looking? And why should Sebastian, when he thought he was unobserved, turn upon his father such a glance of almost adoring reverence and gratitude?

"Well," she observed, as soon as the children were gone, "I should like to know the meaning of this, Amos; I do trust no slight or disrespect of any kind has been offered to the prebendary. It should, I *think*, be remembered that his interest in your son was entirely generous, and could bring him nothing but trouble and labour, and I'm afraid I must add *disappointment*.'

Mrs. Gould did not make this speech aimlessly, or from ill temper. She had not unfrequently known Amos change his purpose after being in like manner advised of her views on a subject on which he had decided to act independently.

At first she thought her precaution must succeed in the present instance, as it had done in so many previous ones.

Amos rose, and looked thoughtfully down at his slippers, generally a sign of vacillation with him, Mrs. Gould had observed.

"If," she continued, meaning to give greater force to what she had already said—"if I had not such faith in the prebendary, I could easily be deceived, as I fear you have been, by Sebastian's appearance, into thinking he has not been well cared for, or has been harshly treated; but the poor child's obstinacy, which I always saw and dreaded is, I feel convinced, at the root of it. But no doubt when you tell me why you have considered it necessary to make this *sudden* and most unexpected change in our arrangements, I shall be able to understand what is now a perfect mystery to me."

It was not Mrs. Gould's habit to get easily excited, but in this case her voice rose unusually, her cheeks became hot, and her eyes somewhat feverishly bright, as they glanced at those of Amos looking at his slippers. When, the next moment they looked up from the slippers, and at her, she almost forgot her own anger in surprise at their expression.

"Helen!" said Amos, in round measured tones, such as she had never heard from him before, except in church, "your friend may be a very excellent man, an exemplary clergyman; he may have generous motives in undertaking the charge of Sebastian, but as to his treatment of the boy, I put my feelings in very mild terms when I say he has been a bungler!"

"The prebendary!" cried Mrs. Gould.

"An egregious bungler!"

"Amos, this to me?"

"And a very cruel bungler," answered little Amos, with increased obstinacy; "and I should be as bad, or worse, if ever I send the child back to him."

"Oh! then all is settled?" said Mrs. Gould; "and I am to be taken into confidence *after* the die is cast."

"There was no time for confidence," answered Amos. "I saw the boy was perishing, and I told Jellicoe what I thought, and brought him away. May God help me, Helen; but, unfit as I am for such a task, I trust to do better for him than that. And now, say no more about it. I am quite knocked up."

Mrs. Gould did not sleep all night. She was as nearly in a passion as she could be. It was bitter to her that she felt so much resentment as to be unable to go to Sebastian's little bed, and weep out her real grief over his pale, dear face. Dear, indeed, it was to her; had it not been so, she would have felt less anger against Amos for the opposition that brought her pride between her and her only boy.

It was, however, a great relief the next morning when she found that in the various arrangements to be made,

Amos not only showed as much deference to her as usual, but decidedly more. She had feared having once changed his mood so completely, he might never again return to his former humility. This discovery so far softened her, as to make her draw from a certain very small private fund kept by her for the most special of special emergencies—to get nourishing things for the little skeleton, as his sisters called him.

Under her care he so soon recovered flesh and strength, that Amos felt all his old admiration for her revive.

He would not let the boy have anything to do with lessons for some months, though Sebastian was almost painfully anxious to show his gratitude to his father by strenuous efforts. But it was just these sort of efforts that had kept him backward so long, Amos felt. He let him read and amuse himself, and gradually began teaching him almost without his knowing it.

At last, with returning health and confidence, the stricken mind, like a reviving plant, began to lift itself up in natural need for the sun of knowledge that had been made to burn down upon it in its weak seedling state so injuriously. Progress began—at first slowly, then to increase, to the exceeding, but silent thankfulness of the patient tutor.

Heedless of all opinion, strong in his resolution to keep him to himself, Amos went patiently on with his task, and after a year or two began to have a calm confidence in its ultimate success. Perhaps their faith in each other was the best earthly help these two had in all their years of striving together. And yet sometimes it seemed to Amos that the boy frequently had not faith enough in him to ask questions that might save him much difficulty. He had contracted a habit of fear at the prebendary's, which it seemed taking years to remove, and which made him often silent when he should have been communicative, and profuse in explanations as to some act when none were necessary. Amos had no doubt this might have been easily removed, but for his mother's manner towards him, a manner in which Sebastian could but read a ceaseless reproach for his failure at the prebendary's, thus keeping that dismal epoch of his life always before him.

Sometimes Amos had a dread as to whether this injury would ever be removed. He wished he was half as sure it would be, as he was that the difficulty of learning was altogether disappearing.

Mrs. Gould looked on in a sort of dignified sarcasm, or rather she seemed to gently ignore that education in *her* idea of the word was going on at all.

Her keenest satire was aroused one cold morning, during the week before Easter, by a certain weakness by which both tutor and pupil were inadvertently overtaken. It happened when Sebastian was about fourteen. In that particular week Amos had too much to do to spare any time to Sebastian's studies, except an hour before breakfast. As he was suffering from a cold, and such a thing as a fire was an undreamed of luxury so early, he was obliged to let Sebastian bring his lesson in mathematics, to which he was then keeping him, to his bedside. One morning was so very cold that Amos, having carefully given Sebastian his lesson, ventured to put his hands into bed again, while he watched the boy at his work. He had a stiff neck, and a throbbing head, too, and suffered himself to just lean back a little. It was a thing he had not allowed himself to do before in these bedside lessons, and the result was humiliating.

Mrs. Gould woke and found both tutor and pupil fast asleep with the page of angles and triangles between them.

The event for which little Amos had secretly worked had at length come to pass. Sebastian had matriculated at Dublin University, in his eighteenth year. Amos could only send him for the days of the examination, or, in college

phrase, as a "term trotter." In his nineteenth year, to the surprise of Mrs. Gould and the prebendary, he passed his first examination.

When the news came, Amos hardly dared raise his eyes to his wife's face, feeling ashamed of the joyful triumph that filled him. He supposed, though, that she guessed something of it, for she said—

"That is, indeed, a comfort; but then, of course it's next year that the real test will be."

"Certainly, my dear," answered Amos; "but without a first there can't be a next."

All this year the work lay in the sunshine of hope. Amos was so determined to strain every means he had, to get Sebastian through *this* critical ordeal, that he let him go to Dublin two months before the Trinity Term, and place himself under a tutor.

The time came and passed. Again Sebastian's letter, containing the result of his examination, was in his father's hands.

Mrs. Gould watched the usually steady plump fingers of little Amos tremble as they tore the letter open. She watched him read, and then refold it.

"Come, papa, don't keep us in this suspense," she said; "has he passed?"

Amos had to cough before he could get a word out.

"No," he said.

"What has he failed in?" inquired Mrs. Gould, as though that was the only thing of interest to her—the fact of the failure being fully anticipated.

"In science," answered Amos.

"I thought so," remarked his wife, in a provokingly sympathizing tone, that brought up exasperatingly to his mind the cold Lenten morning when she had found them both asleep over Sebastian's mathematics.

"When is he to come home?"

"Not for some weeks; he has found two or three pupils, and is going to stay till he can pay me back all his expenses for this term."

CHAPTER VI.

DORA.

It happened that by the same post one of Sebastian's sisters had received a letter from Dora, full of her triumphs at a school party. Every girl's brother was, according to the young lady's insinuation, more or less smitten by her; but she added she would be home in less than a month now, and tell them "everything," which word was underlined from the middle to the end of the page. In a postscript was added—

"How is your brother? How cool he must have thought papa for not thanking him for seeing us off to the coach so kindly. Two years ago! can you believe it."

There seemed little enough in this postscript to any one but Amos, but hearing it just then was not pleasant to him. It was just one of those discoveries he was sometimes making of Sebastian's silence on subjects on which he would have expected him to speak—and somehow this discovery added oddly to the disappointment Amos felt in his failure. Sebastian had known that Dowdeswell hinted, the day before he took Dora away to Germany, that her childish familiarity with him should cease. Amos had talked with Sebastian about it, and he had agreed unreservedly, and as a matter that but little concerned him. And now two years afterwards, Amos discovered he had, without saying a word to him, accompanied Dora and her father to the coach. It seemed to him he would have looked forward to meeting him in his failure with greater cheerfulness if this had not come before him.

It was as much a sense of uneasiness to Amos as to Dowdeswell, that Sebastian should be coming home just at Dora's holidays. The very fact of their being expected in the same week made people mention their names together, which of itself was

irritating to Dowdeswell, though he did the same himself.

When Amos met him up at the park gates, and congratulated him on the prospect of so soon having Dora back again, Dowdeswell, in common civility, could but make some allusion to Sebastian's return.

One day, in the very same month that Lillian, more than twenty years before, had given him the roses, in the same room too, Amos sat waiting to see his son and Lillian's child meet.

Sebastian was at the window, writing, when his sisters brought Dora in. It was two years since any of them had seen her, and Amos had a strange dread that these years, which brought her to nearly the age he had known her mother, should have brought also that indescribable sweetness which in Lillian had so overcome poor Amos from the first moment he met her.

He was relieved when Dora came in to see at first nothing but what he considered a brilliant boarding-school belle, happy in her return, and agreeably conscious that others were happy in it too. She was rather slight now, having lost all the sturdy largeness of her childhood at eight years old, when she had grown too rapidly for her strength. But she was now in brilliant health, and had much of her early robustness in spite of the dainty elegance of her figure and movements. There was the same downright plain truth-speaking by word and look. Her very step was more decided than that of ordinary girls. She was not so very unlike Lillian, however, as Amos saw in a second glance. She had the same brown hair, but drawn back and arranged so as to set off to the best advantage the pretty profile, instead of veiling it like Lillian's. Nor had she a touch of Lillian's shrinking, half prophetic doubt of life, as if she had felt an angel's hand on her shoulder, and was warned she might advance no further than the threshold of her womanhood.

Dora had in every look and gesture the air of one advancing brightly towards bright prospects. The light of looked-for joys, as well as present pleasure, danced in her dark eyes.

She knew all in the little Rectory were glad to see her, and showed how heartily she enjoyed the knowledge by sweet smiles and warm greetings. She seemed to be especially assured as to Sebastian's pleasure at her arrival, and was, Amos noticed, surprised that he met her almost coldly. She stole a puzzled glance at him occasionally, and his air of preoccupation appeared to make her grow quite serious.

A walk was proposed and agreed to.

"Come, Sebastian, are you ready?" called his sister, as the little party came down stairs.

"No, thank you, I have something to finish by the evening," answered Sebastian.

Amos thought this wise, but he would have thought better of it still if Dora's brows had not arched with such a look of surprise as she turned away, and fell into a sudden fit of carpet contemplation.

He would have been better pleased too if Sebastian had not followed with so gloomy a gaze the form passing down the garden between his sisters; the form that, in its girlish grace and summer attire, was as fresh and ethereal-looking as a spray of pink azalea. The parasol, butterfly like, fluttering over it, was raised a little in passing the window. Sebastian's gaze, which was perhaps admiring as well as gloomy, was answered by a smile all beaming and assured, and seeming to express what Dora, as a child, had so often said to him, after tormenting and hindering him at his lessons, "I *know* you're not really angry with me."

The little party came home tired in the evening, and laden with wild flowers from the Downslip. Amos met them at the gate, and gravely asked Dora if her father would not be anxious about her.

"Oh, no," answered Dora, "he's

away for two days, and I'm to do just as I like."

After tea, Dora sang all her new songs, astonishing and charming everybody, and being herself perhaps the most charmed of all in doing so. Sometimes she would spin round on the music stool, and pour upon them a torrent of school gossip, making Amos and Mrs. Gould smile at the confidence she had in thinking all her school companions and their histories must be as interesting to them as to herself.

Amos saw she could not remain long without a glance in the direction of Sebastian, who, though thawing a little under her brightness, was still unusually reserved and cold. Once, after having been from the room a few minutes, Amos returned; he found all arranged for Sebastian and the girls to walk home with Dora. Amos proposed to accompany them; but Dora, with what he could not help thinking was saucy self-will as well as regard for Mrs. Gould's loneliness, would not consent to his coming. The young lady had her reasons for this, for no sooner were they out of the garden gate, than she gave imperative commands for a walk on the Downslip. She had told them at school that she should take moonlight walks here, and though she knew papa would not take her, moonlight walks she meant to have, and before breakfast walks too. She might have added she had also made some boast of a poor student who would be in a state of helpless idolatry during her stay at Monksdean; but that, as to her prophecy being fulfilled, she was, up to the present moment, extremely doubtful. When he did make any response to her chattering, it was of a half-sarcastic nature; but Dora liked that better than his silence, and would smile at his sisters in gleeful triumph at having won even so much from him.

But the walk had its charm for Sebastian. The cool night air, the pleasant voice, so familiar and yet so fresh to him, the joyous heart that *would* make known all its treasures of hopes and joys, and hunt up its fond memories, from which he was so inseparable, altogether touched him with both pleasure and pain. With the sea on one side of them and the dark wall of downs on the other—the deep wood between them and the sea sending up the scent of its wild honeysuckle on every soft breeze—they found the way so tempting they felt that they could walk all night.

When Dora had been seen home, and Sebastian and his sisters returned to the Rectory, their talk of her fell in with Amos Gould's own private opinion—that she was a bright, good-natured, sentimental girl, and nothing more.

Amos had yet to learn there might be a danger in eyes always seeking each other, no less than he had known in eyes that dared not meet; that Dora, in her girlish innocence, inviting Sebastian to fall in love with her, might be as irresistible as Lillian, with her sad refusal in her face. He had to learn that if Sebastian was cold at first, so cold that Dora, with a sense of childish injury, refrained from noticing him, he had to atone for his coldness by letting her see him pale, discontented, and unlike himself. Then it would be her turn to offer dangerous comfort by some visit, sudden and unexpected, in which she managed to say to Amos, or some of his family, such things as they might think commonplace enough; but that, in Sebastian's ears, had, she knew, their own significance.

Dowdeswell, it appeared, was far more apprehensive of the danger of Dora's intimacy with the failing penniless student. Pity might be all very well, he thought, if it ended in itself; he would wish Dora to pity so sad a case as Sebastian's. His very appearance would naturally awaken such a feeling. He had never quite lost the cough that had settled on him at the prebendary's, and the constant strain of it had made him lean in the slightest perceptible way to one side,

so that when he was out one might know his figure at any distance on the Downs, not only by its tallness, but by one shoulder being slightly more forward than the other. Yet Dowdeswell felt, with some annoyance, that even this did not deprive it of a manly grace, that had as much to do as its one defect in making it stand out to the eye from all other forms. In those days, when he had spent so much time in study under old-fashioned little Amos, his language being tinged by the books he laboured over, had a scholarly quaintness which Dowdeswell thought might well make Dora smile. But then, unfortunately, the rich deep voice, as well as the originality of the thoughts expressed, could but make her listen with pleasure and earnestness, as well as with smiles. As for the true humility of Sebastian's look and manner since his failure that was only befitting him, Dowdeswell owned; but then again what was the use of it on such a face, with its perfect shape, brown ruddiness, and eyes of blue, with pupils black as jet?

Dowdeswell's anxiety was not lessened by the prospect of Dora being at home all the winter, a change in her school management making him decide not to send her there again.

It was not, however, till the spring that he really felt sure of there being anything more than the long-standing friendliness between them.

One May evening, he accompanied Amos up the hill at the back of the little Rectory, to see the progress of his kitchen garden. From it they wandered down the orchard walk in an all-absorbing discussion as to the safest time for potatoes to show themselves above ground. It was a narrow little orchard, and there was a walk on the other side, and on that walk, before they had gone many yards, they both espied through the apple blossoms, Sebastian and Dora.

They were going in the same direction as Amos and Dowdeswell, who could see them all the way along the orchard. The evening was the first fine one after a long succession of wet days, and the sun shone on the fresh growth that had sprung up in the rainy season like a smile on a young face chastened and beautified by tears. The sky, still leaden-looking in places, had here and there great patches of faint pink, of which the masses of apple blossoms below seemed a tender reflection. Yet the two going slowly along might have been blind to all the freshened orchard beauty that it might be supposed they had come purposely to see. Dora's eyes were on the grass-grown walk, Sebastian's on Dora's face, which was turned slightly from him towards the apple-trees, in the mystery of its tearful looks, tenderness, and doubt. It seemed so natural to see such a couple in such a place, that Dowdeswell felt half ashamed of his anger, and Amos of his anxiety. Yet, for all that, Dowdeswell was very angry, and Amos very anxious, when they got to the end of the orchard and saw the two coming dreamily along, hand in hand. There was evidently no thought of worldly impediments present to either, nothing but love's own doubts and difficulties troubling them; they were simply like Shakespere's

> "Lover and his lass
> That thro' a country lane did pass
> In the spring-time."

And when Sebastian's hand stole round Dora's shoulders, and she shook it off impetuously, it was certainly from no prudent remembrance of their different circumstances that she did so, but simply because the progress their love had made was already enough to engross and frighten her girlish heart. She had let Sebastian tell her of his love and hold her hand, and that was sufficient to dream over for months to come. But Sebastian took her repulse seriously.

As she leaned against the gate, where the rosy orchard opened on the golden meadow, he stood with his hand

on the gate, and his foot on the lower bar, and the two, silent and solemn as stone statues, watching them, heard him say—

"Why do you play with me, Dora? You say you love me, and yet sometimes behave as if you hated me."

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to have said it," answered Dora.

Sebastian took his foot off the bar of the gate impatiently.

"You should be serious, Dora," he said.

"I am *very* serious," replied Dora; "and I shall be very sorry for what I have said if you frighten me. You asked if I thought I could love you, and I said I was beginning to love you; but it's only the beginning, and I don't want to be frightened into anything solemn."

"Which means," observed Sebastian, with some bitterness, "that I may hope and work without one word of promise from you to assure me my hoping and working will not all end in my usual reward—disappointment."

"I tell you the simple truth, Sebastian," said Dora. "I like being with you. I think a great deal about you—more than anybody else; but if being unable to promise you more than this yet shows that what I feel isn't love—well, then, it isn't, that's all—and I can't help it. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you so much, as I couldn't tell you more."

Dowdeswell cared to hear no more. What he had just seen and heard agitated him deeply, yet he controlled his feelings and impulses so far as to fill Amos with astonishment. The last words he had overheard from Dora enabled him on the moment to conceal his real irritation and concern; and he turned back with Amos towards the house, conversing as before on the most trifling topics.

It was a relief to Amos to say "Good evening," and to get home to his own reflections. These were of a strangely mingled character. He thought of his own feelings towards Dora's mother, in days gone by, and these made him judge tenderly of Sebastian. Yet he could not approve of his son's conduct. He remembered how carefully he had himself taken account of Lilian's circumstances and his own, and how very differently Sebastian proceeded, without either a profession or a prospect in life. But then, Amos again reflected, who can weigh outward circumstances in life's mysterious balance against the pure joy of an ingenuous mutual affection?

Amos was unconsciously lapsing into a strain of reverie that must have absorbed him in his own past rather than in Sebastian's future. However, he roused himself from it under a strong sense of the necessity that was so clearly laid on him to discourage any engagement between Sebastian and Dora.

Dowdeswell, for his part, was determined by some means or other to fix a very wide gulf between them. And with this firm purpose in his mind he went over to the prebendary at Stowey-cum-Petherton the very next day. Without at all referring to Dora, Dowdeswell gave the prebendary to understand that his regard for Mr. Gould had led him to think seriously of Sebastian's present aimless life at Monksdean; and that if the prebendary could suggest any way in which an end might be put to it at once he would be happy to supply the needful means.

Dowdeswell's earnestness carried him farther than he had intended to go in the first instance. He spoke of a business life in London as possible for Sebastian, and still more strongly of some suitable opening for him in the Colonies. The prebendary was an attentive listener till Dowdeswell paused at his own mention of the Colonies, with some misgiving that he was showing his hand too soon or too clearly.

The prebendary, however, had no other idea of his visitor's purpose than that which he had himself stated; and at the mention of the Colonies it flashed across his memory that he had a few

days previously consigned a printed form to the waste-paper basket that might just meet all the conditions of the case.

It was now his turn to speak, and he did so in his grandest manner, first of all expressing his great admiration of Dowdeswell's generous intentions, and then informing him of what he considered an excellent opportunity for giving them full effect. He had, he said, been asked by the commissary of a colonial bishop to recommend a suitable young man for the position of lay assistant with prospect of ordination, and he had at once thought of Sebastian, whose cousin and namesake had been similarly recommended by him in the same quarter, and was now in a fair way of becoming a colonial clergyman. But the commissary had also asked for contributions towards the passage and outfit of the selected candidate. The prebendary then pointed out that if he could supply both the man and the money a distinguished service would be rendered to the Colonial Church; and as the missionary with whom it was hoped the lay assistant would proceed outwards was waiting for the result of the commissary's appeal, nothing could well be more timely than Dowdeswell's help.

Dowdeswell regarded the prebendary as he would an angel of deliverance, and readily endorsed his opinion of the plan he had propounded. He begged the prebendary to have the matter concluded as soon as possible, lest the chance might pass away from Sebastian; but he also particularly requested that the Gould family might have no knowledge whatever of his part in the transaction.

The prebendary promised him to manage matters in this way; but he emphatically added that so generous an act to the Colonial Church must be made known to the commissary, and through him to the bishop.

The sequel of Dowdeswell's interview with the prebendary was, that within a fortnight Sebastian was on his way to Markland, New Zealand, as lay assistant to the newly-appointed missionary at that station.

CHAPTER VII.

OCTOBER.

Rather more than four years after his departure the long-expected news of Sebastian's ordination reached Monksdean.

It was received with all the quiet gratitude that those who had learnt to relinquish everything but one small portion of a great hope could feel at finding that portion realised.

When the little house was still, and Amos and his wife sat alone thinking over Sebastian's letter, they did not feel able to congratulate each other in words or even in looks. Each knew the disappointments which had been necessary so to humble and chasten their hopes too well to venture on expressions of gratitude.

It might be, too, that with the night hours came ghosts of other hopes that had been stifled and buried.

The house door was open, and the two, on their way up to rest, stood there a few moments.

The October night was chilly, but lit by the clear hunters' moon over the sea. The trees clustered about the church had their foliage as much thinned as these two had had their hopes. The corn-fields lay bare—the sea cold.

Little Amos, almost without looking at his wife, knew that her eyes were slowly filling as she thought how that warm, teeming May afternoon a quarter of a century ago had toned down to the cold bareness of this night.

He did not like to take heed of it, for he knew she preferred to conquer alone any little emotion that disturbed her usually placid heart. And he knew, too, she had a sure and prompt way of overcoming it.

She was wonderfully little changed by the many years that had passed, and so was Amos. Not that either

had any of those sunny lights and flushes that seem to show a deathless youth in some time-worn faces. There was rather a look of hard preservation about them, the dull, monotonous tenor of their lives appeared to have acted as a sort of preserving balm.

Mrs. Gould's hair was still red, though faded and dull, and smoothed down more rigidly, perhaps to hide the mixture of white that caused the general dulness, but was imperceptible in any other way. Her light-coloured brown eyes were still shrewd and clear, though she wore glasses for reading and needlework. Her cheekbones stood out more highly; but her mouth was not sunken, her rather prominent teeth being still strong and showing age only in being worn down and yellowed. Her form was thinner, but perfectly erect. Her hands had lost their delicacy, but only looked colourless and muscular rather than aged.

Little Amos was stouter and puffier, and his hair retained but little of its former raven blackness. His face showed him more than ever sure that religion meant calm and amiable resignation to hard, plodding work, and joylessness without sadness.

For him, however, as for his wife, time might have felt sympathy, and caught their way of waiting for Sebastian.

As they stood looking at that silvery way under the moon that seems always to suggest the idea of a path for the return of the absent, little Amos was surprised to hear a sharp sigh from his wife.

"You're not well, Helen," he said, in his dry but not unkind way.

"Yes," she answered, "but it's hard I can't see my boy for so long."

Amos was troubled, but he could offer no comfort; for he knew what Sebastian had said in his letter to be probably true—that he would be expected to work three years at Markland before returning and seeking duty in England. Amos could not help sighing himself as he shut and bolted the door. But his wife's unwonted fit of despondency and yearning inspired him to say, as he followed her up stairs—

"Oh, we can't tell what may happen. It may not be so long."

In little more than a year Amos was astonished to find himself a true prophet. A letter arrived from Prebendary Jellicoe informing them he was so pleased at the news he had received from Sebastian that he had written to try and make arrangements for him to come as his curate as soon as possible, hinting that there would be little doubt of his wish being complied with.

Amos had, as usual, his own private thoughts about the prebendary's magnanimity towards Sebastian. He was not ignorant of the fact that it had been a difficult matter to get a curate to remain for any time at Stowey-cum-Petherton. The prebendary, however, made it appear he was intending to put Sebastian in the way of preferment, and also to act generously to him at once in the matter of stipend.

Amos thought, too, that the difficulty of which he reminded them—of a colonially-ordained clergyman finding duty in England—was quite true. Sebastian's last letter had also contained the news of his cousin's death; after which Amos felt Markland would be a very different place to him.

Then the idea of having him back was sunshine warm enough to dispel any clouds of doubt that did sometimes arise in Amos Gould's mind, as to the advisability of the proposed arrangement.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Sebastian had seen enough of the curate's life at Petherton to make him take his godfather's promises for what they were worth. But the temptation to return to England was too strong to be resisted, though he had not a doubt of obtaining at Markland very early and good preferment.

But on the fine March morning when he sailed from Melbourne, after a stormy and wearisome journey from New Zealand, all regrets were banished, and he looked forward to home and home-work with a zest that made him feel as though this was to be his first true start in life.

Sebastian, however, was not to be free from clerical duties and responsibilities even during his journey from the arduous "station" at New Zealand to the by no means easy parish of Stowey-cum-Petherton. He had not been many days on board the *Tasmania* when there was placed in his hands a charge that was not only to occupy his mind during the voyage, but to influence his whole life and the lives dearest to him.

He was talking one evening to the captain, an inveterate gossip, when he heard for the first time there was on board an invalid, not likely to live over the voyage.

"It's a Mr. Ballantyne," said the captain. "I have promised the poor old gentleman's daughter, sir, that you would, I was sure, go down and see him if they should wish it, in case of him getting worse."

"Certainly," said Sebastian; "call me at any time I may be wanted; but we'll hope he's not so bad as you think. Odd enough, there's a man on board now whose supposed death-bed I was called to more than a year ago, and as I'm not a Roman Catholic priest, I may warn you that from the things he told me about himself you had better be careful of him. There he is, the smart gray-haired juvenile in brown velveteen and sealskin cap."

"Ah, I have my eye on that gentleman already, answered Captain Fisk. "Caught him setting the men gambling. I'll let him know you recognise him; it may make him careful."

While they were walking up the deck they met the man, and Sebastian stopped and faced him. Putting his finger on a dirty card sticking out of the velvet coat pocket, he said—

"What's this, Crawley? I thought you vowed you'd never touch one of these things again if your life was spared that night."

Crawley seemed dismayed and sulky at the accident of the protruding card. Thrusting it further into the pocket, he forced a laugh, looked defiantly at Sebastian, and, winking at the captain, said——

"Oh, ah—to be sure. But you know the old saying, 'When Someone was sick,' and cetrer, and cetrer. But I have almost given it up, sir, except for pure amusement—pure amusement."

There was something so repelling in the expression of the man's face, and his winks and sneering tone, Sebastian, remembering his abject terror in his illness, could not stay near him. When he had walked on, Crawley said to the captain—

"What say to a quiet game this evening, captain, for 'pure amusement,' eh?"

"You had better be careful with your quiet games, my friend," said Fisk, rather coolly. "You see the parson knows you."

"Parson! Humbug! Scripture-reader—that's what he is. No more a parson than I am," declared Crawley. And he seemed so heavily oppressed by contempt for Sebastian, and sullen rage at the effect his words had had on the captain, that he turned his back on the ship and leaned over the sea, yet frowning, and spitting into it as though to show he had as much contempt for it as for the rest of the creation.

The captain was rather disappointed at his sudden silence, for he was an impartial sort of man, and would have enjoyed a gossip with Crawley about Sebastian as much as one with Sebastian about Crawley. However, he thought plenty of other opportunities would be sure to offer themselves, and meantime he hurried down below to inquire after the invalid.

The results of his inquiries were such as to make him seek Sebastian and beg him to hold himself in readiness to go to him.

"He is not able to speak just now, but is out of pain, and the doctor thinks if he can doze off for half an hour or so he would be able to talk with you, which he seems anxious to do."

Sebastian's summons to the sick-bed did not come till near midnight. He was sitting up in consequence of what Fisk had said, and, taking his little bag containing his Bible and prayer-book and pocket sacrament service, went immediately.

The door of the cabin to which he was guided was opened by the doctor, who, in passing out, detained and whispered to Sebastian—

"Nearly over. Don't be deceived by his excitement. Quiet him if you can."

The warning was not unnecessary, for Sebastian would certainly have thought life was triumphing over death in the eyes that scanned him with searching eagerness and anxiety as he approached the bed.

The eyes were set under an immense forehead, and in a face that was an ideal of an ancient patriarch's. But to Sebastian it seemed to show a wonderfully mixed character—a tumult of different and conflicting passions. He read there of baffled energy, moroseness, suspicion, doubt, yet dogged courage, gleams of vivid hope, gleams even of triumph.

His scrutiny of Sebastian seemed to fill him with satisfaction—almost, Sebastian thought—if he might believe it—with pleasure. As he stood with his hand laid gently on the sick man's, the gaze of the searching eyes grew more and more full of trust and liking.

"Thank you for coming," he said. "You are one such as I much wished to see just now. Tell me to what disciple was it our Lord said, 'Son, behold thy mother'?"

"John," answered Sebastian, wondering if his mind was rambling.

"Ah, yes. Well, what Christ must have seen in him I see in you—and feel I may say to you before I go, Brother, behold thy sister!"

Startled by the suddenness and solemnity of such a charge, Sebastian looked quickly in the direction in which the trembling finger pointed, and saw the most angelic face he had ever beheld. Angelic was what she simply seemed to him in her beauty and in the tender love her face expressed. Yet the grief it wore was all human enough. Her face was large like her father's, but pure in its pallor as a white camellia. She was in deep mourning, and the only colour about her was in her wonderful blue eyes. When Sebastian had in a few seconds recovered from his first surprise, he could but rise and extend his hand. This action was responded to, but not, he instinctively felt, with any of the father's solemnity or trust. It was rather with a gentle submission, not unmixed, Sebastian thought, with deprecation, as though she would have him understand that, while sparing her father opposition, she would not on her part wish Sebastian to feel bound by any promises he might be called upon to make concerning her. This seemed to him to be very plainly expressed in the mere glance of the large blue eyes and touch of the hand, yet with extreme gentleness and courtesy, and without a shade of pride or repellingness.

She placed a chair for him at the bed-side.

"Cicely," said her father, "have *I* the papers?"

She put her hand under his pillow and drew from it an envelope, which she placed in his hand. As she did so she bent down over him, and Sebastian heard her whisper—

"Why trouble more? Why not trust me and leave all to me?"

The long pale fingers crept round the golden head, drawing it fondly down.

"My darling," answered her father, "you have a long journey, and a precious charge besides yourself. You must let me have my way in making both as safe as I can."

"Then I may go out while you

talk, and come back presently?" she asked.

"As you like; but don't be long, my darling."

As Sebastian opened the door for her he met her eyes glancing at him with the half fearing, searching look of one who is to be judged by a stranger —herself conscious of her own integrity, but knowing nothing of him or of his judgment.

He returned the look as gently and assuringly as the respect she had already inspired him with enabled him to do; and even the next instant, as he had a last glimpse of her before closing the door, there seemed to him a placidity and confidence on her face as if their minds had been lain open to each other in that brief look.

As soon as she was gone her father drew a slip of newspaper from an envelope and gave it to Sebastian, saying—

"Will you please read that, and tell me if you understand?"

Sebastian read the little paragraph, which he found to be a brief account of a divorce case of which he remembered to have heard. He was looking over it a second time when, in a voice that seemed to vibrate through the shattered frame before him, Ballantyne said—

"And *now*, sir, will you read this?"

Sebastian took from him the letter he held out, and found in it a full denial by the only two witnesses against the divorced wife of the evidence they had given.

"But this lady," said Sebastian, "is not surely——"

"The one you have just seen, sir—my daughter—and all I ask you now to do is to see this letter put into her husband's hands."

"Yes," said Sebastian, hesitatingly, and hardly able yet to realize the position; "but would it not be safer to—to consult your solicitor—I mean to place this where you are sure of having justice done to her?"

The trembling hand was outstretched a little impatiently.

"No, no," answered Ballantyne, hurriedly; "there's more justice in that man than in all the law courts in England. Don't mistake; all I want is that he *shall* get it."

"And that they shall be reconciled?" asked Sebastian.

Ballantyne's eyes turned on him with a look of perfect confidence.

"Let him get that," he said, "and he will give her no choice."

His eyes drooped and his face whitened, which change was the first reminder Sebastian had of his state, for until now his feverish energy had seemed like increasing strength.

His voice was more faint when he said, looking up again with apparent difficulty—

"You are very young. I should not ask you—so young, and a clergyman, to interest yourself in a divorced wife, if all her misery was not over, and nothing left—nothing that need be mentioned between you but the reconciling of two of the best, the most truly devoted hearts that ever beat."

"A task that any one might be proud to undertake," Sebastian said. "But what a miracle it seems that human justice could be wrung from anything so diabolical as the minds that planned and carried out such vile work."

Ballantyne's wan eyes grew almost brilliant with triumph, but as suddenly dimmed and filled, and there was the pathetic humility of death in life's last glow of pride as he said—

"It was the one thing I've done for her in all her life—the one thing; but who else would have done it? Who would have followed them here and hunted them down—and wrung justice from them as I have done?"

Sebastian was beginning to realize and feel a deep interest in the apparently easy charge with which he was entrusted. Remembering, however, the doctor's warning, and seeing, too, sudden looks of deathliness on the restless face, he dared not say much on so exciting a subject. He there-

fore gently reminded Ballantyne of the thoughts due to him with whom lay the glory of his triumph.

Ballantyne listened meekly, with the restlessness of one whose mind was still busy with other thoughts.

"Stop," he said, faintly. "I wish you to read and pray with me; but I think first it may be better to tell you while I've strength the facts as they really were. It will save your mind dwelling on it; it will save one word being necessary between you and her."

He then gave a very brief account of the case; but the only fact of interest to Sebastian was that, as he expected from the beauty of Cicely, the misery caused her had been the work of a lover whom she had rejected before her marriage—a man of such a nature as made him feel relieved to hear he was not an Englishman.

Ballantyne, in his pursuit of him to Australia, where the wretch had gone after the success of his own and his witnesses' perjury, had been compelled to take his daughter with him, because he dared not leave her near the scene of her frightful suffering.

The story over, Ballantyne asked Sebastian to call his daughter.

He found her close to the door, sitting on the cabin stairs, her face buried in her hands.

When she came in Sebastian withdrew a little from the bed to leave them together; but as he did so, the worn and wounded spirit looking through the wild dying eyes summoned him back.

As he took the fingers feebly signalling to him, and looked with comforting response into his face, the fire died under the stagnant tears. There was nothing left but tender anticipation of his child's happiness.

"I trust you—to see her back to him," he whispered.

"I will do my best," said Sebastian, turning inquiringly to the kneeling figure.

Her only answer was to cling closer to her father; but *he* seemed to take it as the answer he wished from her, and looked up with more peace to Sebastian as he repeated—

"I trust you."

"You may trust that I will take it as a sacred charge to do the best I can in the matter," Sebastian said.

He was then quiet while Sebastian read to him the words that, uttered by his rich and feeling voice, had comforted so many a wild and fearful spirit on the same mysterious journey.

The poor weary traveller now preparing for it fell into an apparently peaceful state. When the doctor came in he shook his head at Sebastian, as if hinting he would speak no more; and it would have been less painful had it so happened, for a little scene, extremely embarrassing to Sebastian, was the result of his next words. It seemed that he had signed to Cicely to prepare to have the sacrament administered, and she had called in the doctor and her old nurse, that there might be enough persons present. All was ready before Sebastian had noticed what she was doing. When he saw her anxiety he bent over Ballantyne, saying a few earnest words to him. On his asking him if he was "in charity with all men," he gazed at Sebastian, and answered, scarcely above a whisper—

"All but one."

"But you must forgive him, too, or I cannot do what your daughter wishes," said Sebastian.

"Never!" answered Ballantyne, with a smile of what seemed almost childish wonder at the idea.

His daughter had not heard him, and Sebastian could not bear to pain her by telling her, but he felt it impossible to proceed with the service. He tried to make her think the impediment was in his own mind—and, turning to her, told her gently, but decidedly, he was not prepared to do what she wished.

To his extreme pain she entreated him to grant her request, and Ballantyne signed by a sort of feeble frenzy to him to do so.

"I think, sir," said the doctor, "in such a case it's cruel to refuse."

Sebastian remained firm, and only spoke such words as he might to Ballantyne without discussing his request, dwelling on his own need and sureness of forgiveness if he freely forgave.

Soon, however, all remembrance of the matter seemed to pass from him. He raised his head slightly and looked at Cicely. The head was like a wounded tiger's just then, lighted up at the point of death to take a last look at its young, and at once scowling at the world in anticipation of injury to it, yet piteously entreating its protection and succour.

But he said nothing, and fell back in final unconsciousness.

CHAPTER IX.

CICELY.

SEBASTIAN'S refusal to administer the sacrament to poor Ballantyne was mentioned in strong terms by the doctor to Captain Fisk, and being repeated in all directions by the communicative captain, caused throughout the *Tasmania* a murmur of indignation against Sebastian, of which he was quite unaware.

So, too, did his delay in seeking to offer such comfort—as was expected of the only clergyman on board—to the poor mourner. In this matter Sebastian felt much difficulty, and it was quite a week after her father's burial that he made up his mind to speak to her. Even then they only exchanged a few words when passing each other on deck. It was this way for several days more, but each time her look was calmer, her voice more natural.

These glimpses of her gave Sebastian less heroic, but far more pleasing and satisfactory opinions of his charge. Instead of such a romance as he had heard, seeming to belong to her—it appeared cruelly incongruous — she seemed one of those fair, gentle English idols of the house whose joys and troubles were naturally cast in her own home boundaries. Her tender blue eyes were never meant to stare above the tragic mask, he felt, but to rest serenely on loved faces and scenes, brightening, softening, and purifying all hearts that lived in their sweet light.

The more Sebastian saw of her the less embarrassment he felt in the prospect of having to give her a brother's help and protection, so far as she would let him. There was a timidity in her manner which made him feel that he should be the first to speak of her father's wishes, and make it easy for her to open her mind to him on the subject.

One morning he saw her sitting with her needlework on deck, half reclining on the cushions her careful old servant had brought up. Sebastian thought this might be an opportunity for speaking to her; yet he passed near her several times reluctant to disturb her thoughts, which were evidently very pleasant just then. As she leant back on the cushions—her head on her hand and her elbow on the bulwark—she looked down at the sea with eyes that might have found each wave enrolling some joyful promise. She was as great a contrast to what he had seen her before as the softest morning in April is to the wildest night in March.

He had noticed she wore black on the night he first saw her, and now, instead of appearing in deeper mourning, the richer dress, and the neatness that had then been wanting, made her attire far less gloomy than it had been before her father's death.

Her face was too peculiar for Sebastian to have forgotten it: very defective, yet very rich in those things that make a face pleasant to the eye, and which many perfect faces are without.

It was a large face, very faulty in outline, but it had in its soft curves and milky paleness a wonderful purity. In such a face one expected to see

large, languid eyes and lips, and an indolent lack-lustre sort of expression, while red hair *must,* it would be thought, accompany such a complexion. But here in this large face, with its double chin, appeared eyes and mouth of almost infantile freshness and delicacy, a little Grecian nose, and brows which, though low, were delicately shaped, and wore the light as well as the wear and tear of unevaded thought. They were crowned by hair of light brown, with a glitter of gold in it. The same contrast as there was between the shape of the face and in the centre features appeared in the thick neck and the tiny, exquisitely-finished ears—in the large arm and small tapering hand, the somewhat full form and light foot. Altogether, Sebastian's charge gave him the impression of an unfinished marble sculpture, inspired with human and spiritual life, while in its state of incompleteness.

"I am so glad," said Sebastian, when he at last stood still beside her, "to see you out, and looking so much better."

Her face saddened a little, but not painfully, so that Sebastian saw her happy thoughts, whatever they might have been, had not come by wronging her grief. She did not start or change as having forgotten it, but saddened slightly at finding the memory of it grow more vivid at the sound of the voice that had pleaded with and for her lost one at the gates of death.

She smiled and held out her hand, and then a great pallor and gravity came over her.

Sebastian appeared not to notice it, and spoke of his own return, and of the scenes he had left, in a way to take her thoughts from herself.

She listened with very real interest, and the little talk over New Zealand mission-life led to the discovery that they liked and trusted each other without having made the least effort to do so.

The next day, when they were again together, Sebastian felt it best no longer to delay in breaking silence on that subject which must sooner or later on their voyage be talked of. The first words he spoke showed him she was relieved, and glad to have removed the restraint there had as yet been between them on the matter so much in both their minds.

"I am quite impatient," he said, turning to her suddenly, "to see your husband. To be spoken of so by your poor father, who I thought could consider no one worthy of you, he must indeed be worth knowing."

The blue eyes were raised to Sebastian's with a gratitude bright, deep, and undisguised as a child's. But after one look, full and frank, they drooped and filled, and the cheeks were overspread with a tint no deeper than the reflection of a red flower on a white one.

"I believe," she said, "I can say truly that I am the only human being I know who has discovered any serious fault in him, and that in knowing him deeply enough to have found that fault, I have seen greater goodness than any one else will ever know is in him."

"I hope I shall not offend you," said Sebastian, "in saying there *is* one question I should like to ask; but don't be alarmed, for it concerns no earlier time than the night I first met you."

"What is it?" asked Cicely.

"I cannot help wondering why your father showed—almost to the very last—such anxiety about your using the proofs he has obtained for you. He surely could not think you would hesitate about doing so?"

Cicely looked far out over the sea, and her thoughts appeared to have as far to wander as her eyes in her search for an answer to Sebastian's simple question.

After all she did not answer it, but turning to him with that assurance of being understood which one can feel with so few, but which was the peculiar charm of her acquaintance with Sebastian, she said—

"I know I shall tell you what you ask me before our paths divide, but I don't feel that I can do so now."

"There may be no need for you doing so at all," said Sebastian. "It is only in case of all not being well that my promise to your father would make me anxious to be taken into your confidence that I might be of any help I could. But should all be well, as I can't doubt it will be, I shall be more than contented only to hear of your happiness."

No more was said on the subject of Mr. Ballantyne's doubt as to Cicely's use of his papers till two days before the *Tasmania* was due at the West India docks.

It was not that any want of confidence on either side had prevented the subject being referred to; for during their long voyage, a friendship, all cheering and unselfish, had deepened between them. Cicely had as vivid a picture of the little church and village of Monksdean in her mind as if she had sat in the high-backed seat and played in the sandy lane with Sebastian and his sisters. She could wince at the idea of the prebendary in a rage as if she had herself known, like Sebastian, what it was to tread on his gouty toe, or tumble over his crimson-velvet leg-rest.

Sebastian also might have known poor impetuous, ever sanguine, ever failing Peter Ballantyne for years instead of only a few hours, and so tenderly did Cicely touch on all his errors that they appeared but as misfortunes to make one pity him. Yet it was terrible to think of the poor old man's awakening when he began to see his delusions and what they had cost him. What a sweet and precious life in the good wife and mother, ever conscious of his mistakes, and yet so weakly patient with them! What waste of fine qualities in his neglected children kept from their own efforts by his predictions of a brilliant future! Then, too, though Cicely dwelt upon this with such humility, how well Sebastian could understand the old man's clinging to the one real and substantial pride of his life—her marriage with the son of a man who had ever been Ballantyne's ideal, both in character and worldly position.

"I wish you could realise the kind of family," Cicely had said. "Patriarchal in fineness of health and strength and simplicity of living, yet in refinement and intellectual culture keeping pace with the most advanced minds. Imagine every one of the sons with some fine quality of mind a little in excess—some good carried beyond its most useful end a little. Then imagine one avoiding such extremes, yet taking the cream of each example—shunning extravagance in every way; dreading ambition, perhaps a little too much; loving peace, perhaps also a little too much; gifted with a peculiar power of turning all life's good things, prosperity, health, art—to a sort of essence of home happiness—my husband was all this."

Another time, talking on the same subject, Cicely said:

"Of course, though he was considered the least gifted of all the family —*by* the family—it was a great disappointment to them when he married Cicely Ballantyne. I daresay you think, Mr. Gould, that I, thinking of him as I do, felt that he ought to have made a better marriage. But to tell you the truth, and running the great risk of you thinking me vain, I must confess I did not, and do not, feel he was so very humble or unwise in choosing me. Was it not natural and to his own interest he should fancy that one who had always been poor like myself would most appreciate his quiet prosperity; that a great wanderer would most care for what *he* thinks so much of—home; a very weary one be most grateful for rest. No, Mr. Gould, I don't think he made any great sacrifice in marrying me. I trembled more for myself than for him. And I think it was unmentioned but persistent sensitiveness about myself and my own poor family always in trouble that made him begin to misunderstand me. Then

when need for perfect trust came, when I fell under suspicion and calumny, when all his family were urging him to a separation, he saw me with their eyes, and judged me with their judgment."

Sebastian could now well understand poor old Ballantyne's triumph in his last moments at the success of the one solitary thing he had ever taken in hand with true energy and determination, the vindication of his daughter's honour.

"There has been one thought to keep me from sinking quite," said Cicely. "The thought that I should never have known what there really was in my father, but for this trouble; for never have I heard of such almost supernatural conquering of difficulties and penetration of what seemed hopeless mystery. What exertions and self-denials he has gone through none but I can ever know."

Yet in spite of placing so much confidence in him Cicely did not allude to that question of Sebastian's, as to the reason of her father's doubt, till the *Tasmania* sighted the English coast.

They began to talk then of their parting, and how Sebastian was to call on Cicely at the house of her aunt.

Sebastian told her he was not going to his curacy for some days, having to wait in London to see his bishop who was to sign his testimonial from the Markland clergy. He gave her the address of the private hotel where he would stay till his affairs were settled.

In all these explanations he waited for Cicely to give him some idea as to how she wished him to proceed with regard to her father's charge to him of "seeing" the letter given into her husband's hands. Yet she said not a word on the matter.

The only way he could allude to it was by earnestly expressing a wish that he might before his departure be summoned by her to be introduced to her husband, and to go to his work feeling his promise to her father had been performed.

To his surprise, no sooner had he spoken those words than he saw, for the first time since the night of her father's death, her eyes clouded with tears.

"Mr. Gould," she said, "you cannot at all know what a strange and difficult position mine still is, or you would not talk of everything being settled so easily. Like poor papa, you think there is only to prove to my husband his mistake and be received home; and that all could be as it was before. It is odd to me that it never occurs to you *my* trust may have been shaken a little. He has been persuaded, and by those whose judgment is certainly as true and pure as human judgment can be—that he must separate from me utterly—that he must put the very idea of ever caring for me again from him as if I were dead. Remember it is two years since we parted. What may not have happened in that time? You will say why torture myself with conjectures. That is just what I am trying not to do, but still I cannot promise you any more than I could my father to compel my husband, by giving these proofs, to take me back *under any circumstances.* Of course my showing them *does* compel him; and I know his people would be just as eager in my cause now as they were against me before. So that if they should have used all their power and influence to change him, and have succeeded, what a cruel position for him, what a false one for me—for us both. No, Mr. Gould, it may be all well, but I *must* see before I act in any way."

Sebastian did what he could in urging upon her the sacredness of her father's charge to himself, but it was certainly an error, and a very grave one, that he could not do more. No doubt his early experiences of the strength of feminine self-will, as illustrated by Mrs. Gould, had something to do with his too easy surrender to Cicely of the right her father had given him. He had the excuse of feeling certain that all would be well with her, and that her father had only needed a protector for her on her

journey and some one to make known her story in case of anything happening to prevent her reaching England alive, or well enough to act for herself. Had he not believed so firmly in the happy and easy issue of his task, he would not have promised, at her earnest entreaties, never to act in the matter one step without her consent. But he did give such a promise, little dreaming that a time would come when he would hate himself for having done so.

The *Tasmania* reached Blackwall one chilly drizzling Saturday evening at the end of May.

About five passengers besides Cicely landed here. Sebastian went with her and her servant to see them into the train which was waiting. Fisk had told him he would have plenty of time to see the train off. So when Cicely had taken her seat he stood at the open carriage door with his foot on the step.

He wished to say something more than merely good-bye, but felt strangely tongue-tied.

At that instant he remembered he had not given her some ferns he had placed for her between the leaves of an old guide-book. He took the book now from his pocket and a pencil and wrote something which in his gallant allegiance to a good woman's cause did not seem to him extravagant.

He gave the book to Cicely just as the engine coming up sent the train backward with a jolt.

Cicely read on the yellow cover the little verse from King Lemuel's picture of the noble wife:

"*Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.*"

Then the train moved forward, and she looked up only just in time to see Sebastian, bare-headed in the rain, waiting to take leave of her as if she were a queen.

Sebastian having called at the London address of his late diocesan, was informed that since his arrival in England the bishop had resigned his Colonial See, and was then on the Continent on a confirmation circuit. These circumstances rendered it impossible for Sebastian to obtain his counter-signature immediately; and in his difficulty he was referred to the newly-nominated bishop. This latter, however, explained to Sebastian that being only the "bishop designate," he could not properly act in any episcopal capacity, and that Sebastian's best, indeed his only, course was to wait for his late bishop's return from the Continent, which would in any case happen before his own consecration.

It was a dismal prospect for Sebastian, with his very slender means, to be kept waiting about in London for perhaps weeks. He wrote to the prebendary to learn whether he would wish him to go down to him and return again to London, but his godfather wrote back in some alarm saying it was most important for a colonially ordained clergyman to have such a testimonial as Sebastian's, and he would on no account wish him to leave town till he had it settled.

Sebastian's state of mind was not improved by his receiving three days after he had parted from Cicely, the following letter:—

"*June 1st*, 18—.

"Dear Mr. Gould,—I find my worst fears realised. There is no possibility of reconciliation. Spare me the misery of explaining. My aunt has left the house the address of which I gave you. I will not give you any other by which to find me, as remonstrances against the course I now take would be inexpressibly painful. But do not fear for me. I had, as you know, half prepared myself for the worst. God will help me, for I am now truly one of St. Paul's 'widows indeed.'

"Dear Mr. Gould, you will make your name known yet, and I shall hear of it with pleasure and gratitude, though you will in all probability never again hear of Cicely ——."

To be continued.

"IL RÈ GALANTUOMO."

THE combination of mortal diseases by which King Victor Emanuel was struck down in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his reign, found perhaps no man in his dominions more prepared for the event than himself. I do not mean, in making this statement, to refer merely to the fact that for a short time before his decease the king had not been in the enjoyment of his usual health. I allude rather to a much more singular occurrence,—that for at least the full term of a year he had been in the habit of broaching in his intercourse with those most nearly attached to his person, a topic which they certainly would never have dared to introduce, and of expressing his belief that the part which he was best qualified to perform in the great national drama, had been almost achieved; that it would perhaps be well if other actors appeared upon the stage, and that if it pleased Providence to remove him, his sole feeling would be that of gratitude for having been permitted to do so much. He held this language at a time when his robust frame and iron constitution seemed as able to defy or overcome the most serious attacks of illness as in his two previous illnesses, separated by intervals of about ten years, and no sinister indication of any kind gave warning to his family, his statesmen, and his people, of the evil which would so soon befall them.

What King Victor Emanuel himself felt and expressed will be not indeed the first or second thought of those whom the intelligence of his sudden death has shocked, and almost stunned. Their first thoughts will be those of deep sympathy with his children and his people, of apprehension as to the effects which his death may produce on the fortunes of the new European state which he chiefly contributed to found, of anxiety as to the fitness of his successor to continue in the same spirit his father's work, of doubt whether the complications of the Papal and Eastern questions may not be increased by the substitution of a new personal element, with a character as yet unknown, for another with which European statesmanship has been long familiar. Such, I repeat, must be naturally and necessarily the first thoughts of all on learning the sad news. But to those whose inclination and duties have led them to devote a more special and unbroken attention to the story of King Victor Emanuel's career from the day when he received the crown from his father, Charles Albert, after the rout of Novara, to the day when he breathed his last on his little iron camp-bed in the ground-floor of the Quirinal Palace, to those who during that period of almost twenty-nine years have most closely studied his character, and followed his career, his reign presents itself as a marvellously harmonious and completed epic. And the key to the whole poem is to be found in the title which the instinctive discernment and love of his people so early gave him, "Il Rè Galantuomo," "King Honestman." Honesty of purpose: that was what Italy most wanted in the young sovereign who received from his father's hand a sceptre under circumstances which would have made the stoutest heart to quail. The little kingdom of Sardinia had been wont to look on the army as its backbone. At Novara it found itself betrayed by a general, and its different divisions more intent on firing upon each other than upon the enemy; Sardinians firing during the engagement upon Genoese, and then

sacking the shops of Novara as a worthy pendant to the last feat, and the old troops of Savoy deliberately turning their backs on their comrades, and marching off the field. This frightful disorganization of an army was only the too faithful reflection of the discord and dissension between the various political parties in the State. Piedmontese cursing Lombards, and declaring that the Royalists of Piedmont had been sacrificed to the Republicans of Milan, the population of Genoa denouncing that of Turin, rising in open revolt, and only reduced to silence by the stern action of an armed force. The cannons of the Austrian conqueror frowning from the bastions of Alexandria, whilst in every town and village throughout the country reactionary priests, doing the work of Rome, were pointing the moral that all these national calamities were but the just penalty paid by a people for disobeying the Roman pontiff. Such was the kingdom of Sardinia in the first months of the new king's reign. He summoned a parliament to help him in his fearful task. The members of his first parliament only brought to, and reproduced in, the chambers of Turin, the political and moral anarchy of which the whole country was the scene. The king made a second appeal to his people, spoke to them in the famous proclamation of Moncalieri, in terms of reproach, of exhortation, of warning, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of a constitutional king to use: "I have done my duty; why have you not done yours?" To the honour of the Sardinian people, be it said, the strong outspoken appeal went straight to, and sank deeply in, their hearts.

King Victor Emanuel's second parliament furnished him at length with the fitting instruments by which the work of constitutional government was to be carried on, and since the meeting of that second parliament, the like instruments have never yet been wanting, and the regular functions of constitutional government have not been even for a single day interrupted or delayed.

It would be impossible to overrate the services rendered by King Victor Emanuel during the long struggle for constitutional freedom and national independence, and when we now look back upon all that he was and did, it is difficult to repress the feeling that much even of what was deemed his personal eccentricity, contributed to the result. Forty years ago Vinet wrote some admirable papers to prove that marked individuality of character was the thing most wanted in the nineteenth century. Mr. John Stuart Mill has written a good deal to the same effect, and the readers of Lord Macaulay's Life will doubtless recollect the criticism to which these opinions of Mr. Mill gave rise.

If a strongly-marked individuality, if a total absence of conventionalism, are things as greatly to be desired in domestic and social life as freedom, unity, and independence are in the life of states, it would be difficult to deny that the life of King Victor Emanuel must often have proved quite as suggestive to his subjects in its private as in its public phases. The two sides were in truth closely connected. He inherited from the example given, and the sacrifices made by, his father, the task of freeing his country from every foreign yoke. He equally derived from the whole experience of his youth and early manhood, the conviction that by nothing in the performance of his task could he be so fettered and restrained as by the vast and strong network of court usages and court etiquette, with all the crouching and fawning creatures of sycophancy and espionage, its eavesdropping chamberlains, its wily, oily chaplains, its eternal contrast to plain dealing, and truth, and nature. The resolve to free Italy from the foreigner became with him an idea so absorbing and so engrossing, that it never let him go for a single moment; and not even the hold which philanthropy had on Howard's mind, was stronger than

that which patriotism had on the mind of Charles Albert's son. In an almost equal degree, and for a kindred reason, the feeling of King Victor Emanuel towards an ordinary court-life was not one of mere dislike or repugnance, it was that of detestation, of abhorrence.

Superficial observers, ignorant of the king's true character, were quite unable to reconcile the contradictory facts that, whilst his usual mode of life might be termed almost rough and coarse, he perfectly understood and even rigidly exacted on state occasions the most minute forms of court ceremonial. There really was no contradiction whatever. The court ceremonial relates to the royal office, and ought therefore not only to be done, but to be done with care, and neither the high dignitaries of his own state, nor the ministers of foreign states accredited to his government, ought ever to be furnished with the slightest excuse for neglecting the signs which reflected more important realities. Every Italian knew that King Victor Emanuel infinitely preferred chamois hunting on the mountains of Piedmont, or wild boar hunting amidst the juniper thickets of San Rossore, to receptions of other royal personages, whom, in many cases, he had never seen before, and would perhaps never see again. But however great the attractions of the chase, they never prevented the King from abandoning at a moment's notice his favourite sport, and hurrying to his capital to do the honours of his kingdom if so required. Next to the chase his chief delight was in farming, and those who only saw him at La Mandria, might, if familiar with the traditions of English history, have imagined that they were beholding a counterpart of George III. at Windsor. The resemblance was somewhat treacherous, for our Farmer George, in the intervals of his agricultural pursuits, saw many fair provinces torn from his empire, whilst Farmer Victor's care for his flocks and herds did not divert him from the task of building a new empire up. The real fact was that whether in contact with or at a distance from his ministers, whether farming or hunting, his mind was always occupied with the same idea. It formed not the sole, but the chief, subject of his reading, and he rarely went to bed without reading an hour or more in the royal logbook, constructed according to his own direction, and for his own special use. He had in his cabinet two secretaries, whose sole duty was to read during the day all the more striking passages in the journals of Europe that bore on the acts of his government, or on the relations between Italy and Europe. If written in French or Italian, the scissors did the necessary work, and the extracts were pasted down. If in German, English, or any other European language, of which the King was ignorant, one of the secretaries, a Venetian polyglot, rendered the foreign notice or commentary into Italian for the Sovereign's use. That formed King Victor Emanuel's nightly reading.

He exacted with unsparing rigour from his secretaries that, in the performance of their task, they should always give the preference to dissentient or hostile criticism. He possessed, according to the testimony of all the statesmen who had most intercourse with him, whether Cavour or Ricasoli, La Marmora or Minghetti, great natural talent, an extraordinary power of taking in the bearings of a political situation at a single glance, a shrewd estimate of character, and that peculiar development of memory in reference to all the persons he had ever seen or spoken to, which appears to be as inherent in royal personages as the power of a shepherd to distinguish the faces of his sheep. Tc these natural gifts he united, after the fashion just described, a continuous course of reading on the subject which after all it was most important for him to know. Foreign statesmen, when conversing with him for the

first time, were often surprised at his knowledge of the views held by the politicians of other countries. When one knows how constant and familiar was his mental intercourse with the first publicists of the Continent, there was nothing surprising in the matter. And it may fairly be questioned whether, for the special task which he had set before him, this very peculiar discipline, these lonely readings under the Alpine tent, the Tuscan shooting-box, or the Roman villa, were not more useful and suggestive than the eternal recurrence of the same court-conventionalisms from which he could scarcely have disentangled himself had he lived in the usual court fashion. His reading was not, however, confined to this daily chronicle of Italian and European politics; he delighted in books of voyages and travels, and sometimes at the close of a day's Alpine sport would get his huntsmen to sit on the grass around him, while he read aloud for their amusement something by which he had been more especially interested when reading the night before.

Even this slight insight into the private life and personal character of the king may suggest the conclusion that King Victor Emanuel's decided individuality was of a kind not inharmonious with his great patriotic task. The man—the honest man—took precedence of the king, and the title of *Rè Galantuomo* was but the national expression of that belief. As in the case of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in France, his deep, broad, strong humanity was the foundation of Victor Emanuel's influence. In contrasting the character of Henri IV. with the last false and sanguinary rulers of the House of Valois, we think not so much of the valour in arms or the skill in diplomacy which the first Bourbon king displayed, as of the kindliness and geniality and generosity which endeared him to all classes of his subjects, and of the thousand traits of good humour by which, in the most common occurrences of life, the intercourse of the man with his fellow-men was marked. Doubtless the Bourbon was of a higher and a more varied intellectual type. No future Nodier or Ampère of Italian letters will ever point, in the columns of the *Pasquino* or the *Fischietto*, to such exquisite morsels of fun and satire as the editors of the *Satire Menipée* ascribed to the pen of the royal leader of the Huguenots. Yet Victor Emanuel will leave his own stamp, and it will remain as long as the name of Italy and the story of her struggles shall endure on that field of letters in which he most loved to toil. Each of his royal speeches, from 1849 to 1878, marks an epoch in the history of Italian regeneration, and in each of those speeches the most forcible and spirit-stirring passages, such as the famous "I am not insensible to the cry of pain which comes to me from all parts of Italy," are from the king's own pen.

How far Victor Emanuel merited the title of "King Honestman," by his bearing during the long national movement, may be best estimated by a rapid review of the successive influences employed to divert him from his straightforward path. "Get rid of the constitution" was the language addressed to him by Marshal Radetzki just after his accession to the throne; "all will then be well. You will find in Austria your warmest friend, and she will help you to the possession of Modena and Parma." And the simple answer was, "I cannot; I must keep my oath to my people." "Abolish the constitution," was urged in blind good faith by a large section of the old Piedmontese aristocracy, and the chief military men; and the counsel was echoed, in more affectionate and imploring tones, by an Austrian mother and an Austrian wife. He stood firm. Then came the Sicardi laws, placing priest and layman on the same level of civil equality; and the storm rose higher and howled

louder. To the Councils preceding the passing of the law he showed greater boldness and more true political sagacity than his own ministers. "If you deal with priests at all, don't merely tease and worry them; do enough to render them innocuous." Such was the language held by him to his cabinet. The two chambers voted the law, but the royal assent was not yet given. Might it not at the last moment be withheld? His old tutor, Bishop Charvaz, implored him to withhold his signature. His mother threw herself on her knees at his feet; but the maternal influence which turned back a Coriolanus from his march against Republican, did not deter Victor Emanuel from his onward course against Papal, Rome. Then, as if to mark the wrath of Heaven against the impious foe, wife and mother and brother were all struck down by the hand of death, almost at the same time. "It is too much—it is far too much to bear," he exclaimed, in an agony of grief. "Wife, mother, brother, all taken away, and the priests yelling in my ears that it is the just punishment of my sins, and that I shall never enter Paradise. But my road to Paradise shall be the happiness of my people.—(*La mia Via del Paradiso sarà la felicità del mio popolo.*)" Great and patriotic ministers stood by his side, but even those ministers were not always agreed amongst themselves. The chivalrous, high-minded, but too morbidly sensitive and fastidious Massimo d'Azeglio took fright at the violent language of the Turin press, and was willing to have trenched on the freedom of that press at the suggestion of foreign powers. Count Cavour held a bolder tone. Victor Emanuel sided with Count Cavour, made him his premier, and had to witness before long a Turin mob brought together by joint clerical and protectionist influences, attacking the premier's dwelling, and shouting beneath the windows of the royal palace, "We want bread, not laws." Again, Victor Emanuel stood firm by free trade, as he had stood firm against Jesuit assaults.

Then came the Crimean war, in which the participation of Sardinia, chiefly through the king's cordial concurrence, was openly denounced in Parliament as a piece of Quixotic folly. King Victor Emanuel had then to bear up against, first the rebuffs of the French and English Governments, which did not receive his offers of alliance with much cordiality, and next, against the, for a time, dissentient views of his own minister of war, La Marmora, and the, to the very last, most honest opposition of his own minister of foreign affairs, Dabormida. How the negotiations at the Paris conference of 1856 prepared the way for the memorable events of 1859 is known to all the world, but those only who lived in Italy during that period and saw a little of what was then passing behind the scenes can estimate the difficulties by which the king and his great minister were surrounded in their task. If at Paris the old traditions of French diplomacy and an infinite variety of court influences were brought to bear upon Napoleon III., at Turin the jealousy of rival statesmen was as constantly seeking to undermine Count Cavour. Successful as the war of 1859 was, its abrupt termination by the Villafranca armistice called into existence a host of political and diplomatic embarrassments more threatening at the time to the Italian cause than the cannons of the still unoccupied Quadrilateral. And here at this precise moment the true strength of King Victor Emanuel's character made itself felt. Cavour had withdrawn dismayed and to all appearance broken-hearted to Switzerland. His successor, Rattazzi, was writing to the provisional governors of the revolted provinces desirous of annexation to Sardinia, and to the Sardinian ministers at foreign courts, telling them not to indulge in delusive hopes, as there was no chance of obtaining

better conditions. The king, on the contrary, hoped bravely on, and told Tuscans and Romans to share his hopes. As the national prospects brightened there came another cloud, nothing less dark and ominous than the menace of a religious war. And when all these difficulties were overcome, and the successes of Garibaldi in the following year had placed nine millions of Neapolitans under the Sardinian dominion, it almost appeared as if the fresh difficulties, the democratic hopes, and provincial rivalries called into being by the Garibaldian movement would neutralise the advantages which it had procured. Then followed the death of Count Cavour, and in every corner of the civilised world might be heard the mournful prediction that the hopes of Italy were buried in the tomb of her greatest statesman. But seventeen years have elapsed since Count Cavour was laid in that tomb, and the onward march has never been arrested; and foremost in the van was still to be seen the figure of King Honestman, trusted by Venetians and Romans whilst they were still held down beneath the Austrian and Papal yoke, and permitted by Providence to justify their trust by the final liberation of Venice and of Rome.

A portrait to be true must have its shades equally with its lights; but the writer who pens a notice of the late King of Italy with a whole nation around him weeping for the monarch's loss, may be pardoned if at such a moment he refrains from adding these shades in the presence of the darker and more solemn shadows which have sunk down on the Palace of the Quirinal. In speaking of the late king I have mentioned in connection with his name that of Henry IV. of France. The people to whom the first Bourbon king gave peace and order were willing to overlook, in their gratitude for such boons, the faults which they could not ignore; and reverting to that large-souled humanity which was common to both princes, I believe that the memory of King Victor Emanuel will become associated in the mind of posterity with the thousand little traits of good temper and good humour, of personal tact and keen sagacity, with which it was associated in the minds of his own contemporaries. Of the anecdotes illustrating his ready tact one or two known as quite authentic may be given. When the conflict between Church and State in Piedmont was at its height a deputation of noble ladies from Chambery waited on the king, imploring him to revoke the decree by which the Nuns of the Sacred Heart were expelled from their city. They saw no prospect, such was the declaration made by them to the king, of having their daughters properly educated if the pious sisterhood should be removed. The king heard them very attentively, and at the close of their appeal most courteously replied: "I believe you are mistaken. I know that there are at this moment in the town of Chambery many ladies much better qualified to educate your children than the Sisters of the Sacred Heart." The ladies looked surprised, exchanged inquiring glances with each other, until at last one of them, addressing the king, begged him to point out the pious teachers of whose existence they were ignorant. "The pious teachers," replied the king, bowing more courteously than before, "are yourselves; your daughters can have no persons better qualified to superintend their education than their own mothers." The ladies of Chambery offered no further remarks, but left the royal presence-chamber in silence.

An equally characteristic trait was furnished when, after the annexation of Tuscany, he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance had been left open, and the king proceeded

towards this door. But the crowd of Pisans resenting the insult offered to the king broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal-archbishop. Victor Emanuel, waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time in a good-humoured tone—"It's all right. His Eminence is only teaching us by a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate we have a chance of getting to heaven."

Beloved as he was by all classes of his subjects he seems to have inspired an unusual degree of affection amongst the humble classes with whom he came most in contact, and of all the tributes to his kind-heartedness spontaneously paid in the Italian capital during the last hours of his life none perhaps was much more touching than the token of sorrow offered by the groups of peasants and farm labourers who came in from the estates of Castel Porziano, Belladonna, Porta Salara, &c., and remained in the garden of the Quirinal Palace, asking the news every five minutes, and not leaving until all was over. Immense as is the shock which his unexpected death has given to his own family, to all who knew and loved him, and to the entire Italian people, the calamity has not been without its compensations and consolations. It has bound together by the sentiment of a common loss the various members of the great national family. It has made them once more pass in review with the mind's eye the various forms of degradation and suffering which they not long ago endured, and has rekindled the feeling of joy and gratitude for their deliverance. It has taught them that in the battle of life, which in one form or another, for one cause or another, all men, either as individuals or as classes, must be prepared to fight—the best sword is simple honesty, the best buckler is unwavering faith. It was by the use of such weapons that King Honestman came forth triumphant in the successive campaigns of the long national warfare, and no better prayer can be breathed at the dawn of a new reign than that in these matters of singleness of heart and honesty of purpose the son and successor of King Honestman may tread in his father's steps.

James Montgomery Stuart.

Rome, *Feb.* 10, 1878.

LORD SHELBURNE.[1]

Severely as he was judged by certain contemporaries, the lapse of time has rendered it no longer necessary for a biographer to rehabilitate or whitewash Lord Shelburne. It cannot indeed be said that his contemporaries generally condemned him at all; and as the events of his time have receded into the perspective of history, his figure and attitude have steadily attracted more and more respect and admiration. Shelburne was one of those who are in their own time much talked of and little understood; but the mass of Englishmen in his time certainly both admired and respected him. The sole basis of such power as he possessed was his personal popularity and reputation; and it is certain that these went on steadily increasing from the beginning to the end of his career. Unusual popularity is always attended by detraction, and Shelburne's influence may be measured by the increasing enmity which he excited among his rivals. Johnson and Walpole merely repeat the cant saying of rival politicians when they say that his reputation had no solid foundation in the popular opinion, and that he recommended himself to the King only by his unbounded flattery and servility. Shelburne's manners were habitually popular: but this allegation could be nothing better than an ill-natured surmise. George certainly chose him as premier mainly on account of his popular qualities; and those very qualities made him additionally odious in the eyes of his Whig rivals. He was essentially a popular minister. Had Shelburne continued in office he would certainly have carried through that reform of the representation which Chatham had contemplated, and which the younger Pitt attempted in vain. He would have made more sweeping onslaughts on the restraints upon trade than lay in the younger Pitt's power. In all this the King and the people would have supported him, and he would probably thus have cut away Whiggism at its foundations half a century before the appointed time. Never was there a fairer prospect of Reform than when Shelburne became minister in 1782. That prospect was blasted by the Whigs. They boasted that they had "destroyed" the popular statesman: but the blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church.

Shelburne's detractors are all comprehended in one name—his political rivals. By the practice of the time it was the duty of every political aspirant to attach himself to some established faction, and to display such qualifications as he might possess for becoming one of its wirepullers. With the first party which Shelburne joined he soon found it quite impossible to act with any public credit or self-respect. He was yet a young man when he committed an offence which exiled him from that sorry camp, and opened a source of perpetual detraction. Again, when the King invited the two strongest of the Whig factions to unite and carry on the government in 1763, Shelburne served this coalition, though they had not a single statesman among them. It was natural enough that they should look askance upon him. Shelburne had taken part with an upstart faction, formed for the purpose of abolishing the Bedfords and Grenvilles altogether. In the eyes of the Whigs those who had composed this faction were vagabonds and outlaws; but Shelburne had disgusted the virtue of the Rigbys and Jenkinsons by his startling disregard of the great principle of honour among thieves. Shelburne, in a paroxysm of

[1] *The Life of William Earl of Shelburne.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vols. II. and III. Macmillan & Co.

(Continued from *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1875.)

public virtue, had committed that sin which public jobbers never forgave. He had sinned against the chief wire-puller of his party; and this crime rendered him as odious to the Bedfords and the Temples as to Lord Holland himself. In after years they made Shelburne's dismissal from office the price of their adhesion; and thenceforward he passed into the ranks of those who opposed the royal policy. His opponents triumphed: but who would not rather have the feelings of Shelburne throughout that long and noble opposition than of those venal Whigs who went over in a body to assume the royal livery?

But there were still among the Whigs a handful who were found faithful to their traditions. When Grenville resigned, the King proposed to his uncle to form a ministry; and the Duke placed at its head Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, a young nobleman who personally stood well with the King, and though boasting of no great abilities, had great temper, prudence, and judgment. Rockingham did his best to form a strong ministry. Could he have persuaded Pitt to join him, the government might to some extent have recovered the strength of the coalition of 1757. Pitt, not without reason, refused to play second fiddle to this youthful lord of the bedchamber. If Rockingham failed, as fail he must, Pitt would be, politically speaking, his residuary legatee. Pitt knew that by holding out a little longer he was safe to command the market. He, at last, would have no difficulty in forming a ministry on as broad a basis as he pleased. Pitt's influence was steadily advancing; the people were for him almost to a man; Temple was his sworn ally, and if Temple should prove restive, the Bedfords were only too ready to supply his place. Half the Rockinghams, he anticipated, in spite of their profession of party fidelity, would serve under him as readily as under their legitimate leader; and the event justified the forecast. Shelburne had already cast in his lot with Pitt, and Pitt had shown a disposition to prefer him before all the rest of his adherents as his chief lieutenant. No wonder, then, that Shelburne also declined Rockingham's advances.

This estrangement of Pitt from the Rockingham party was fraught with heavy misfortune to England. With Pitt and Shelburne at the head of that party, and the followers of Lord Rockingham and Lord Temple as its main support, England would have been spared the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by Grenville, and Townshend, and North, and obstinately carried out at the instance of the King. But the Rockingham party could put forward, not without reason, another view of the case. And here we come to that which perhaps has most damaged Shelburne personally with posterity. Shelburne, by refusing to forsake Pitt and join the Rockinghams, and by consistently keeping outside their pale, laid himself open to the jealousy and hatred of the most respectable political connexion of the time. The party of Burke and Fox was by no means above common human jealousies; and bitterly indeed did they avenge themselves on the independence of Shelburne. They never acted gracefully in office with him, though he yielded them the lion's share of the patronage. When at length Rockingham died in office, and Shelburne accepted his place without consulting them, the climax was reached. They never afterwards ceased to heap reproaches on his name: and it is the deliberate condemnation of these patriotic men that has affixed the most serious stigma on Shelburne's good name.

We see now clearly enough why Shelburne was so odious to the professional politicians of his time. He was, in the fullest sense of the word, an independent statesman. Here were three or four sets of professed intriguers, neither of which was collectively respected or trusted by the nation. They disliked each other, no doubt; but they must have detested one who gave himself the airs of a patriot, and did not conceal his own

contempt for them all, though he could not be sure of ten votes in either House of Parliament. This was bad Whiggism; and the Whigs reviled Shelburne accordingly. Nor was he better adapted to please the Tories. The Tories of that time had no opinions or policy in particular; but they had strong hatreds, particularly for the Whiggish arts of popularity-hunting. Now these arts were practised by Shelburne with the highest success. Shelburne was a kind, good-natured man: of simple and earnest address: very much what is called a "taking" man. "Il est simple, naturel," a French lady[1] writes of him; "il a de l'âme, de la force; il n'a de goût et d'attrait que pour ce que lui ressemble. Il a d'esprit, de la chaleur, de l'élévation. Il me rappeloit un peu les deux hommes du monde que j'ai aimés, et pour qui je voudrois vivre ou mourir." Dr. Johnson, who was indebted to Shelburne for much personal kindness, never thoroughly respected him on account of the familiarity of his manners. A nobleman, in Johnson's idea, should always be on the high horse. Dignity of manner without insolence was best; but the cruellest insolence was better than want of dignity. Johnson apparently preferred the dignified heartlessness of Chesterfield to the easy geniality of Shelburne; and respected the former more for keeping him day after day shivering in his anteroom, than the latter for entertaining him week after week in the best intellectual society of the day in the family mansion at Wycombe.

The highest praise Johnson is known to have given to Shelburne is that he was the sort of man to be at the head of a club. He added, to save misapprehension, "I don't say *our* club." What he implied was that Lord Shelburne, the friend of Franklin and Morellet, of Garrick and Sir William Jones, of Priestley and Turgot, the chosen pupil of Chatham, the second best debater in the House of Lords, and the shrewdest thinker in both Houses of Parliament, was not by any means a man to set at the head of a meeting of intelligent and cultivated people. He was only fit to preside at those vulgar social gatherings which in those days were the chief instruments of social and political influence, in all grades of society, and where the chief pursuits were drinking, gaming, and buffoonery. "Was he not," asked Boswell, with the obvious intention of "drawing" Johnson, "a factious man?" "O yes, sir; as factious a fellow as could be found. One who was for sinking us all into the mob." Boswell, who knew the obligations of Johnson to Shelburne, was naturally surprised at all this. He tells us that he inwardly hoped that Johnson really appreciated Shelburne's great character better. Beyond a doubt Johnson did so. But how monstrous must have been the prejudice which could thus distort, to a friendly eye, a character so truly noble as that of Shelburne; and how gross the general injustice of which Johnson's contempt was but a reflection!

The judgment of students of history has scarcely hesitated between the rancorous detraction of Shelburne's rivals and the popular estimation which ranked him with Chatham as an able and judicious statesman. The people were in the right; and since the heats of that generation have passed away, Whig and Tory opinions have united to do Lord Shelburne justice. The way for this was no doubt prepared by the consistent and farsighted liberality of his general opinions: but we do not know of one of his specially political acts which will not bear the test of a dispassionate examination. But these political acts were few, and they bore but little fruit. His general opinions, on the other hand, faithfully reflect that mighty sunrise of liberal thought which from one end of Europe to the other slowly and steadily advanced all through the latter half of the last century, and was only shrouded for a time by those sombre and threatening clouds which accompanied the heart-shaking convulsions of the French Revolution.

[1] Madame de l'Espinasse. Quoted by Lord E. Eitzmaurice, vol. ii. p. 227.

We have already noticed in these pages the first volume of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's work. That volume brings the reader to the middle of the year 1766, when Shelburne, then in his thirtieth year, accepted from Chatham the office of Secretary of State for the Southern Department, which he held for two years and a quarter. During that short time the hopes with which the Chatham ministry had set out were rapidly being dissipated. Chatham himself, shorn of his old popularity, had fallen into a condition of irritable lethargy. His old statesmanlike faculties seemed to have deserted him. While he refused even to aid in shaping the policy of his colleagues, he behaved to them individually with insupportable haughtiness. The most valuable of Chatham's servants were unquestionably those whom the patriotic moderation of Lord Rockingham had suffered to remain in office when their leader quitted it. Chatham knew this, and he hated them for it. Unable to sustain their position with honour, Saunders and Keppel quitted the Admiralty, the Duke of Portland resigned the post of Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Bessborough that of Postmaster-General. Conway was with difficulty prevented from following them; and by doing so he would have consulted his future reputation. He became utterly powerless and insignificant in the midst of the alien element which was now infused into the administration. It was the same with Grafton, who was only a premier in name. An alliance with the Bedford Whigs was the only thing left to Grafton, after the death of his brilliant and popular Chancellor of the Exchequer; and this meant a total abjuration of the principles with which the name of Chatham was associated. These principles Shelburne unflinchingly asserted. But Shelburne by this time stood absolutely alone. In vain he appealed to Chatham against his colleagues. Having nothing in common with them, odious to the King, and left by his chief to shift for himself, it was impossible for him to hold his ground, and his dismissal or resignation became imminent from the day of the compact with the Bedfords.

The first among the public questions of that day was that of the pacification of America. Shelburne, following Chatham, and taking a bolder and more liberal line than that of Rockingham, held American taxation to be illegal and unconstitutional. Had he been continued in office, he would have proved it to be unnecessary. The grounds of his intended policy are well summed up by Lord Edmond:—

"The chief expenditure of the mother-country on behalf of the colonies was incurred for military purposes. The total amount was estimated at 400,000*l.* annually. The question was whether that expenditure was necessary. If it were not, there was every probability that the ordinary revenue of the Crown, if carefully tended, and the grants of the Colonial Assemblies, would be sufficient for securing and defending America, and that there would consequently be no necessity for raising the difficult question of the right of the mother-country to tax. This was the opinion of Shelburne. He believed the road out of the difficulty to lie in increasing the land revenue, in reducing the military forces in the towns, where they could not be wanted except for overawing the colonists, and in only keeping up the force necessary to check the incursions of the Indians."—Vol. ii. p. 32.

That this was the true policy of England towards America is beyond dispute. Arguments, however, were not wanting on the other side. France and Spain, smarting under the humiliations inflicted on them by Pitt, were scheming to retrieve their losses; and they were encouraged by the weakness and division of the English ministry, which it was impossible to conceal. A great military force must be forthwith organised in America as a demonstration against the Bourbon powers. Townshend, always disliked and slighted by Chatham, and bitterly jealous of Shelburne's abilities and popularity, was the chief advocate of this view. He easily obtained his own way both in Parliament and in the cabinet. Conway stood alone among the professed Whigs in resisting him; for even Camden, Shelburne's only colleague who was a personal adherent of Chatham, forgot the principles of his

leader. Coercion was resolved on, and Townshend carried in the cabinet his scheme of the fatal Five Duties. Soon after this Shelburne ceased to attend the cabinet councils, and applied himself to doing what he could in his office of Secretary of State, to prevent the pernicious policy of his colleagues from producing its full crop of disasters. In this he doubtless did his duty as an Englishman, but he rendered his position as a minister untenable.

Townshend died suddenly, and the administration fell, as we have seen, into the hands of the Bedfords. The isolation of Shelburne now became more conspicuous than ever, and the Duke of Bedford was not long in taking active measures to remove the anomaly. To turn Shelburne out would have been to weaken the slender credit of the ministry with the country, and he contented himself with compelling Grafton to rearrange the duties of the secretaries. A new office, that of Secretary for the Colonies, was created. Shelburne was now deprived of all official connection with the affairs of America, and Lord Hillsborough, a tool of the Duke's, succeeded him. Shelburne submitted to the change. He had held his post as long as it was defensible, and he quitted it with honour and dignity. He was still a foreign secretary; and he made one more ineffectual attempt to maintain the credit and the traditional policy of the country. We need not repeat the story of the abandonment by the British ministry of England's old allies, the brave islanders of Corsica. Shelburne, who thoroughly understood his own province, would certainly have saved them from the hands of France, and the firm attitude which he maintained delayed their fate. The influence of England with the European powers was still dear enough to the majority of the cabinet to frustrate the avowed Bourbon policy of the Bedfords; but on this one point they were too elated by their other successes to accept defeat. Weymouth took care to assure all the diplomatists in London that Shelburne had lost all his authority; that England would never go to war for Corsica; and on learning the true state of the case, the French Ambassador flew to Paris. The attitude of the French ministry changed at once, and the fate of Corsica was sealed. The island soon surrendered to a French army, and thus was purchased the ascendency of the Bedfords in the Duke of Grafton's cabinet.

The time had now come when Shelburne must either resign or be expelled. Though quite alone in the cabinet, he continued to oppose the despatch of soldiers to overawe America and the illegal expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons. Grafton at length wrote to Chatham demanding Shelburne's dismissal. Chatham replied by declaring his own resolution to resign the Privy Seal, and Shelburne anticipated his foes by resigning the seals of the Foreign Department. The influence on British policy of both the Rockingham and the Chatham parties, including every man in England who was entitled to be called a statesman, was thus finally extinguished. There was not a single point worth mentioning on which these two parties differed, and the division between them is perhaps the most calamitous fact in modern English history. But for this division, there would not have been a war of coercion in America. Twenty years afterwards, there would perhaps not have been a war of repression against the French nation. The debt of England would have stood at less than half its present dimensions. Official reform would have been completed, and parliamentary reform begun half a century earlier. Free trade to a limited degree, and religious emancipation in its fullest extent would have followed, if Shelburne's convictions had been allowed to predominate. It is hard to say on which of the two lies the chief blame of this unhappy schism. The balance of culpability lay sometimes with one, sometimes with the other. Rockingham and his friends were to blame in not acknowledging the supremacy of Chatham; Chatham was to blame for the failures of the Government which he nominally

headed. Fox and Portland will never lose the odium of the coalition of 1783. Both parties united as cordially as they could in expressing the folly and wickedness of the coercion of America. They steadfastly opposed the growing influence of the crown, and agreed upon a general crusade against sinecures, and an improved public economy. During these years Shelburne was assiduous in his attendance in Parliament. On all questions of importance he embraced the popular side with more ardour than his rivals in opposition, and he was rewarded by increasing esteem on the part of the nation, and by increasing and not well-concealed rancour on the part of the Rockinghams.

In reviewing Shelburne's life, we cannot resist the conviction that he was one of those whose powers are better developed in opposition than in office. Such men always remind us of Sir William Petty's famous double-bottomed ship, and of the locomotive engine invented by the ingenious Earl Stanhope. The double-bottomed ship made head famously against wind and tide; but it sailed badly with wind and tide in its favour. Lord Stanhope's traction engine rapidly ascended a steep incline; but its pace slackened when on the level, and it would hardly go downhill at all. With the sole exception of Chatham, it was so with every independent statesman during the century of the Whig ascendency. An example of this, as remarkable as Shelburne himself, is afforded by a name which is closely connected with his own. Shelburne appears only to have seen Carteret once, when he was quite a lad, but the interview made a singular impression upon him. A year before he accepted office under Chatham, he had married Carteret's youngest daughter. Lady Sophia Carteret was then a girl of twenty, attractive, though not beautiful, and Shelburne was deeply attached to her during their short married life. Her death, indeed, in a certain sense, marks a turning-point in his career, for it led to his long visit to France, to his intimacy with Priestley and Morellet, and to his serious adoption of the views of the new school of political economists which was rising up in France. The parallel of Carteret's career, after his resignation of the Lieutenancy of Ireland, with that of Shelburne after his resignation of the seals of the Foreign Department, is remarkable. Like Shelburne, Carteret led year after year a vigorous and watchful opposition to his old political ally. Like Shelburne, personal jealousies deprived him of the fruits of his labours. As Pelham and his adherents feared Carteret, and excluded him from their cabinet, so did the younger Pitt and his adherents fear Shelburne, and exclude him from their cabinet; and though in both cases the victory was mainly won by the independent statesman, in neither case was the independent statesman able to vindicate his claim to share its fruits. Both statesmen were freely charged with subservience to the royal wishes; but here the justice of the parallel ceases. George II. cannot have greatly regretted the fall of Walpole; George III. bitterly felt the personal humiliation involved in that of North.

The death of Lady Shelburne in 1771 was the immediate occasion of Shelburne's visit to France and Italy in company with Barré. This visit Shelburne himself marked as an epoch in his life, for it led to his acquaintance with Turgot, Morellet, and many others of the French school of philosophers. Shelburne's views, both political and religious, had hitherto been very much of his own choosing; and he must have been surprised and gratified at finding how nearly they approached to those who had the reputation of being the most enlightened thinkers in Europe. Shelburne's opinions and those of the French philosophers were indeed of a common English stock; but in both cases the end of the century gave them a new and more decided form. Both in commercial and religious policy Shelburne now found himself diverging more and more from the old Whigs. There were, indeed, those

among them who knew the emptiness of Protection; but to have acted upon such a conviction would have broken up the foundations in the country on which the Whig party rested. And the Whigs were especially conservative in all matters relating to the Church. Shelburne had by this time become warmly attached to two celebrated heterodox ministers, Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price, the former of whom resided permanently with him as librarian and tutor to his boys. On his return from France, Shelburne warmly supported the famous Feathers Tavern petition, which had the twofold object of relieving the Latitudinarian clergy, and the general body of the laity who sought university degrees, from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The Rockingham Whigs, with the sole exception of Savile, opposed the Bill, and it was rejected by a large majority. Shelburne had early settled his own religious opinions on a plain deistic basis, and in this he never once seems to have faltered. "I consider man," he writes, "as placed in the midst of a beautiful garden, containing fruits, flowers, plants, animals—in short, everything the most lively imagination can desire, surrounded with great and inaccessible mountains. The wise part of mankind are content to remain in the garden, and quietly see that the door beyond is shut; the foolish part are continually struggling against nature, and trying to ascend. No man can observe the wonderful order which prevails through the world, but must be convinced that there was a First Cause. No man can reflect upon all he sees without feeling that it is not intended, in this life at least, that he should know more." For Shelburne, the duties of man might be summed up in the weighty words of the Hebrew prophet: "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Both in commercial and in religious policy Shelburne henceforth leaned strongly to the modern French school. It was the political economists whose society he chiefly sought. He discovered the greatness of Turgot: he saw that Turgot's policy was the only thing which could save France: and he foresaw that a similar policy would one day be necessary to England. When Condorcet brought out his *Life of Turgot*, Shelburne had it translated into English. He seems to have seen but little personally of Turgot; he saw more of Morellet. He had not long returned to England when Morellet paid him a six months' visit, of which Lord Edmond has extracted an interesting account from the Abbé's *Memoirs*. Shelburne took him to see the chief manufactures of England: and he introduced him to many men of eminence. Few things are more striking than the occasional glimpses of the intellectual society assembled at Wycombe and Bowood which these volumes afford. Shelburne early sought contact with all forms of intellectual ability. Among his frequent visitors were Garrick, Johnson, and Franklin. Bentham, whom he early sought out, was a constant inmate of Bowood, and it was to him that Bentham owed that connection with Dumont without which his genius could never have had its due effect in the world of European thought. Among the visitors of later years were Mirabeau, Romilly, and Gibbon.

The death of Chatham left Shelburne the acknowledged head of his party, which was thenceforth known by the name of the Shelburne Party. The younger Pitt joined this party in 1780. He came on the stage at a fitting time. Few conjunctures have ever been better adapted to stimulate the aspirations of a youthful statesman. It might reasonably be supposed that the name, the abilities, and the noted acquirements of Pitt, supported by the ardent temperament which he inherited from his father, would win him in time a respectable position in his party. Little, however, was it supposed that this prim young gentleman, fresh from college, would in four years' time form a ministry of his own, in which the veteran politician, to whom he owed his intro-

duction to the world, should vainly seek a place!

The events which followed in quick succession after the fall of the North ministry in 1782 are too well known to need more than a bare recapitulation. The Rockingham and Shelburne parties, still mutually repelled by an incurable hostility, though apparently united for the general good of the nation, joined to form a ministry. Rockingham was Premier; his party filled the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the headships of the chief departments. Charles Fox, with the seals of Secretary, bore the chief weight of the administration. Shelburne took the Foreign Office, and his friends occupied only subordinate positions. The lion's share thus fell to the Rockinghams. For three months the new ministry attacked its work vigorously. Negotiations for peace were commenced, important official reforms were effected, and more extensive improvements were planned. Everything promised well for the future, but the whole fabric fell to the ground by the sudden removal of the keystone. Lord Rockingham died, and the King, delighted at the opportunity of mortifying the Whigs, instead of sending for the Duke of Portland, sent for Lord Shelburne. The Rockingham party refused to serve except under a premier of their own section, and most of them resigned at once. Shelburne replaced Lord John Cavendish by William Pitt. He made peace with America and with the European allies of the Colonists. This peace secured to the States of America the rich inheritance of the West, of which their French and Spanish allies were willing to see them deprived. France, if possible, would have confined the States to the boundary of the Ohio, and taken the Mississippi for herself. Lord Shelburne's negotiations thus mark an important turning-point in American history.[1]

The Rockingham Whigs could not tamely see the chief fruit of their victory over Lord North wrested from them. They effected a coalition with Lord North, and against so formidable a combination Shelburne of course found himself unable to make head. In December, 1783, he resigned, and never afterwards held office. Whatever may be the estimate placed on Shelburne's claims to succeed Rockingham in the premiership, there can be but one opinion on the character of the coalition which displaced him. Morally viewed, it was gross and flagrant, and in the nature of things it could last but a short time. It disgusted both the King and the country, and Fox's rash attempt to defy both King and country in his East India Bill provoked the King into putting an end to this shameless and unconstitutional alliance. The best thing that can be said of the coalition is that it was the last of its kind. It belongs to a former period of history. Those who perpetrated it have found no imitators, and perhaps never will. Things were, in fact, so bad, that from this time they mended; and the political regeneration of England commenced with the younger Pitt, to whom the King intrusted the formation of a ministry. Popular expectation was fixed upon Shelburne, and it was natural to suppose that he would have a principal share in the new government. This expectation was disappointed, and none was more surprised at his exclusion from Pitt's administration than Shelburne himself.

We never could understand how Pitt's exclusion of Shelburne from his administration came to be deemed an

[1] On this subject Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has received an interesting communication from Mr. John Jay, the well-known American diplomatist, remarking that the credit which he gives to Jay and Adams for the success of the negotiations entirely agrees with some memoranda on the subject made by Lord St. Helen's, who, as Mr. Fitzherbert, treated on England's behalf with the European powers. Mr. Jay refers also to a letter from Mr. Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State, printed in the American State Papers, Class 1, Foreign Relations, vol. i. pp. 569-572, which leads to the conclusion that it was the deliberate intention of France to deprive the States of the Mississippi, and all to the west of it.

inexplicable puzzle. It was at first a surprise; but it was a surprise that was correctly interpreted as soon as it was known. Pitt had before him a perilous and difficult task; and he had a better chance of executing that task without Shelburne than with him. He had to face the strongest and bitterest opposition that ever confronted a minister, and its chief cementing principle was hatred to the independent statesman it had hurled from his place. To have set him up again, when there was a chance of doing without him, would have been a provocation which Pitt durst not give. To omit him was simply a prudent sacrifice to the prejudices of the enemy. This sacrifice had the intended effect. Pitt was at first tolerated; from toleration he passed to power; and to a power such as even his father had never wielded. In a year or two the prudence of his resolve was demonstrated. The people scarcely resented Shelburne's exclusion, and he was soon forgotten in the strong popular approval which the new ministry won. Besides this, there is no doubt that both Pitt and the King had been overborne by Shelburne when he was in office. They were still afraid of him, and it occurred to them to conciliate him by advancing him a step in the peerage. Pitt, by the King's command, offered him a marquisate. The King, he said, had resolved to reserve the ducal title for members of the royal family. Shelburne accepted, stipulating that if ever the King should change his mind on this point, he should be made a duke. He never believed that Pitt would be able to go on: he called him an "egregious dupe," and he retired to Bowood. The French Revolution, in which Shelburne took a deep interest, drew him from his retirement: he steadily opposed the war against France: he never ceased to protest, in his own memorable words, against England being made the "cat's-paw of Europe:" and once, in 1795, it seemed not unlikely that he would be called upon to join Fox in forming a ministry which should replace that of Pitt. Shelburne had learned to admire and respect France. His enthusiasm for the Revolution may be estimated by the fact that he collected every book and paper published on the subject on both sides of the water. This valuable collection was unhappily dispersed at his death. He wrote eagerly to Morellet to form a plan for his visiting Paris *incognito*, to see with his own eyes the great political changes which had taken place: but his health was rapidly failing, and the plan was never executed. The declaration of war in 1803, and the restoration of Pitt in 1804, roused him to some last exertions in public affairs; and in the following year he died. We know but little of his last years, except that he continued to believe in the ultimate triumph of liberty and of free trade, and did what he could to disabuse English public opinion of its prejudice against modern French ideas. As a politician, Shelburne cannot be reckoned among those who have produced a powerful impression on their age. His activity was not to be concentrated in a single channel; and he stood aloof from the political organisations of his time. He was mainly a breaker-up of parties, and a devoted adherent of two or three abstract principles. He left, nevertheless, a career which the politician may study with advantage, though not without the consciousness that he will imitate it at his peril. For the historian, his career has a wider significance: it exhibits one of the best extant examples of a rare type, the really independent statesman, who neither fears the crown nor flatters the nation.

E. J. Payne.

LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

PART II.

THE unbounded influence — even arbitrary power — which the heads of a family possessed over it, and which they had inherited from those who preceded them, had been annihilated at the Revolution of '93, not to be restored by the Restoration. The days were for ever past when parents could condemn their younger sons to the priesthood, or the celibate orders, and their daughters to the convent, to enrich the elder son, or give one daughter a dowry sufficient for forming a brilliant marriage. Even in the years preceding '89, a great revulsion of opinion against these abuses had taken place. I find in an unpublished memoir, dated 1830, this true remark :—"Cet usage avait déjà été vivement attaqué dans le siècle dernier, mais, comme il arrive souvent, l'abus avait cessé quand la plainte a commencé. Sans doute on a encore vu des réligieuses malgré elles sacrifiées aux interêts de leurs familles, mais ces exemples devenaient de plus en plus rares; ils étaient à peu près finis quand la philosophie a commencé à les proscrire." No longer could the young and beautiful heiress of the Beauvaus, as in 1770, be married at seventeen to a boy of fifteen, so small, that he had to be placed on a high chair at the wedding dinner that he might be on a level with his bride, the fathers exchanging a command in the king's guard, then saleable, for a large sum from the young bride's fortune. Never do I remember hearing of these forced marriages in the society we lived in. The new laws as to division of property made them comparatively unnecessary to family interests. The sound sense of the higher classes caused them to take home to themselves the truth, that no return of their legitimate princes could bring back to France the abuses it had cost such torrents of blood to wash away.

Having lived much in France, I have seen the way in which marriages are conducted there. Very false impressions on the subject prevail amongst us. It is true, marriages are proposed and arranged by the parents, but only up to the point of suitableness of fortune and position and the consent of both families being ascertained. All this agreed on (and these preliminaries are never begun without the concurrence of the man) the young lady—who is, or is supposed to be, ignorant of the project—is then consulted, the young people meet, if they are not already acquainted, and if they do not suit each other, the thing goes off. I have known many instances of this.

After the Reign of Terror, and in the early years of this century, when the convents were re-opened, there were many of the noble families who stayed away from France purposely to avoid the recognition of the empire. Their daughters were naturally educated in foreign lands, brought with them the germ of that freedom of thought and opinion which soon worked its change on the rising generation of the old Faubourg. Those however who, with true French dislike of other countries, and rooted attachment to Paris, returned as soon as life and liberty were safe, hastened to place their daughters in one of the two convents expressly adopted by the *noblesse.* These were the "Sacré Cœur," whose abbess was a sister of the late Duc de Gramont, and "Les Dames Anglaises," where were to be found many daughters of our own and Irish Roman Catholic families who, owing to the oppressive disabilities imposed on their Church in those days, could not give their children a liberal education in their own faith, and therefore sent their

girls here, while the sons went to Douay and St. Omer. A relation of ours, an Irish girl of a noble family, was sent in 1814 to the "Dames Anglaises," where she found herself the companion of the Mortemarts, Rohans, Montmorencys, and many of the greatest names in France. From her I have heard the following details.

So much prestige was attached to these two aristocratic establishments, that the great Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, saw in them the best chance of effecting in the rising generation the fusion between his new *noblesse* and the old one, which he found it so impossible to effect in the existing aristocracy. Although he succeeded in forcing some of them to accept posts at court, he could never produce anything but the most icy exchange of necessary civilities between the two parties. He then ordered several of his marshals to send their daughters to these convents. The Abbess of the "Sacré Cœur" refused to introduce the young *roturières* among the noble blue blood confided to her care. The emperor insisted, and as he had forced the mothers to form part of Marie Louise's household, so his will prevailed in respect to their daughters. A few girls of the newly-created dukes and marshals were admitted, but never really formed part of the society of the haughty little girls who clung together with all their mothers' obstinacy against any *real* intimacy with the intruders. Amongst these were, as my cousin used to relate, Aurore Dupuis, known afterwards as Mme. Dudevant and Georges Sand, a rough tomboy, placed there by some powerful influence, to be tamed. Without education, or apparent intelligence, she was placed at fourteen with the class of little girls scarcely able to read. Another was the lovely Fanny Sebastien, daughter of the marshal of that name, who became afterwards the unfortunate Duchesse de Praslin. In some few instances, the custom was still carried out of arranging the girls' marriages at these convents. I remember my cousin telling us that when she first went there, one of her schoolfellows, not quite sixteen, Mdlle. d'A——n, was married at the convent, sent a drive in an open carriage all over Paris with her husband to show themselves, and then brought back to the convent to take off her wedding dress and reassume the uniform of the pupils. The bridegroom went back to some embassy, where he was attached, and, happening to die there, she remained at the "Sacré Cœur" in her widow's weeds until a second marriage was arranged. This was an exceptional return to the fashions of the last century. In general the young ladies left at about sixteen, but they often returned of their own free will, on any grief or misfortune entailing a period of retirement,—and had generally a strong affection for the good nuns. My cousin resided with us after leaving the convent, and I remember when quite a child being taken by her to visit her old friends, and their life, from what I saw of it, was certainly anything but the gloomy ascetic one we English imagine, although its recreations and pleasures were simple, almost childish. The absence of all distraction from the outer world during the years of education had the advantage of forming habits of occupation of a more solid character than is general with us. The prevalent English notion that even if no more serious blame attaches to a Frenchwoman, she still lives only for dress and amusement, is most unjust and untrue. To begin with, as there is no dancing in Lent or Advent, they have only six weeks of carnival, a few balls perhaps in November, and garden parties in spring. The Paris world in those days always broke up in May, and they then went to the country for five or six months to economize and live on the fat of the land, left their smart gowns in Paris, dressed in washing gowns, and if they had guests (which was usually the case) they were members of the family or intimates for whom no expense of dress

or mode of life was required. This and the absence of morning visiting, that "thief of time," not in use with them, gave a woman's mind much more chance of culture, and if compared with the eight months' whirl of a London season, with the shooting parties, Cowes, Scotland, races, and constant dissipation of a fashionable lady's life, will leave small ground for the charge of a frivolous life against our neighbours.

Things are doubtless much changed since then, and in expense, lateness of hours, and ceaseless round of amusement, the Paris of to-day is beginning to vie with London; but it was not so formerly, nor is it so with a majority of their *good* society even now.

Their country houses were then in the rough, although magnificent. I remember when very young being taken to one of these ancestral mansions.[1] The drawing-room treasures of Laque, Buhl, Sèvres, had been hidden and saved by faithful servants during the Revolution. The walls and ceilings were of exquisite whitened Louis Quatorze carving, but the doors were opened by large iron keys, door handles being unknown. The floors of bedrooms and passages (except the state ones) were of brick —no carpets; the baths, wooden tubs taken from the laundry. The furniture, which had been confiscated in '93, was even in the best rooms replaced by common chairs, covered with white cotton, bound with red. But they were delighted with the cotton covers imported from England, notwithstanding the hostess's aversion for *La perfide Albion.* I heard her say to my mother, "Voyez-vous? en fait d'Anglais je n'aime que vous et les *Godfrey's salts*" —just imported as a novelty.

I returned to this same house in '65, and can truly say that having seen most of our great ancestral homes, some even while doing their best for a royal visit, this one equalled them, if not in size, at least in the union of splendour and comfort, in the *recherche* of its living and equipages, while it surpassed them in the originality and taste of proceedings. One detail struck me as *unique.* Each guest's room, all furnished in silk, had a *garniture de cheminée*, a writing-table and a little tea and coffee service on the side-table of splendid old Sèvres china, matching in colour with the hangings of the room. Each set would have made the pride of a London drawing-room.

[1] The Château de Mouchy.

Time has wrought much change in the home of my early youth. Those who only know the new Paris will scarcely believe that at the top of the Grande Rue de Passy, then out of the town, stood a dilapidated *château*, built by Louis Quinze on purpose that the royal children might sleep in fresh air and drink country milk. It commanded a magnificent view over the hills of Meudon, St. Germain, and the Seine, to which it sloped down through a pretty wooded park. The proprietors let a part of it, and there we passed several summers, leading as rural a life as if twenty miles off. It is now a quarter of the town.

It was a bright cheerful place the Paris of those days. I know not whether it was the glamour of youth, but it seems now dark and dull in comparison. The houses seem to have risen up and obscured that bright blue sky unconscious of coal smoke. I miss those gardens to almost every considerable house, their mossy walls, and the corners of the street where, often perched on the wall, stood a little summer-house, shaded by the acacia and lilacs, which showered their blossoms on the passers-by. I miss the *porteur d'eau*, who, in default of the water-pipes that now undermine the few remaining trees, toiled up with his barrel of water. I miss the nurse's *Cauchois* high cap, the little procession with its tinkling bell, the kneeling passers-by, and the followers whom piety led to turn and escort it to the door of the sick man; I miss even the horns practising *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, and *that* is saying everything, for the people themselves could not stand the nuisance, and it was forbidden by the police. I miss the deep shades of the

Parc Monçeau of my youth, now the fashionable quarter under the Haussman dispensation. There was a simplicity in it all, a repose in the life, with its day undisturbed, and its cheerful evening in the family *salon.* There was one drawback—the evening visits, which were with them a duty equivalent to our morning rounds, as no young woman goes into society during the first years of her marriage without being chaperoned by her mother or mother-in-law, and accompanied by her husband. Imagine a young Englishman in his honeymoon letting himself be packed up with his wife and mother-in-law to make a round of visits, and be presented to his bride's family, say a few stereotyped phrases, and then start off after a few minutes to do the same thing at another house.

There is something very touching in the respectful affection and care with which old age was (and is still) treated in France. Not only the parents', but the grandmother's *salon* is the point of reunion of the whole family, vying with each other who should best please and amuse the old lady. They never failed, whatever their evening occupation or amusement, to come in first and delight *Bonne Maman* and *Ma Tante* by their pretty toilettes, and be rewarded by the somewhat exaggerated admiration they elicited. But the old lady really thought her granddaughters marvels of beauty and grace. A very marked feature of French old age is its *bienveillance* to the young, an impossible word to translate, for it is neither good nature, kindness, nor indulgence—rather an habitual state of the mind disposed to admire and approve. This tone of feeling is but natural for children to their parents; and the young to the old are almost universally dutiful and affectionate. Well do I remember how pretty I used to think the slight inclination and kiss of the hand held out to them, which prefaced the morning embrace to *Bonne Maman.* Our own royal family is the only one in England where I have seen this graceful custom prevail. If young women and girls knew how much charm and *coquetterie* there is in this manner to their elders; how much younger they seem, how their grace and softness gains by contrast with old age, they would not in their own interests indulge in the *Get-out-of-the-way,-old-Dan-Tucker* style which obtains so much in our society at present. Even the young men were full of little attentions to their aged relatives. They really loved them almost as parents. When the Prince Consort's Life first appeared we all wondered at the deep grief he expressed for the death of his grandmother, a relationship scarcely taken so seriously with us. *Adorable et adorée* was the phrase used to me only a few months ago by a young Frenchman of the *most* modern set about the venerable mother of his parents. It must be said that the grandchildren were often brought up in her house, and that she, being much younger than the same relative in England, became almost a friend and confidant to these young men, who found in her that experience in the past and sympathy in the present which made her society as charming to them as it was to those of her own age. Not having in those days the resource of clubs, the young men came in with the news of the day to pass the time till the hour for the balls, thus bringing into these *salons* an infusion of youth which obviated dullness.

The mothers of these young men and women, after their daughters were married, gave up going out, and subsided into doing the honours of *their* mother's house. They were generally women under forty, who, with us, may still be seen in every ballroom as *fast matrons.* They had married at seventeen or eighteen, danced two or three years under the strict *chaperonage* of their own or their husband's mother, after which they were emancipated, and until their daughters were brought out and married, went into the world on their own account.

When accompanying their daughters into society they dressed soberly, avoiding pink or flowers, although as a rule still handsome women of thirty-eight or forty. After her daughter's marriage, the mother would only go to court, or to some great *fête*, such as those at the embassies, and then mostly as *chaperon* to the young women. A woman with married children going into the world on any other footing would simply have made herself ridiculous. Indeed it was the same still when I knew Paris many years later. The result of this state of things was that these ladies were only to be seen in their mothers' or their own *salons*, to which they drew a brilliant circle, for many of them were the most attractive women of the day. There, in an atmosphere of repose and cheerfulness, passed their middle age; in loving tendance on the old lady, whose mirthful sallies and original ancedotes were the life and soul of the home; while her small, white, shrivelled fingers worked with fairy-like rapidity; and she extended to all that ineffable *bonté* (another untranslatable word), the crown of old age, and in general the characteristic of the Frenchwoman of former days.

Justly proud as we are of the manliness of our men, the virtue of our women, the sacredness of our domestic hearths, the stability of our institutions, the dignity of our public life, might we not endeavour, more than we do, to put ourselves in the place of a nation not so highly favoured, and judge less harshly, less sarcastically of the difference between us? We look with contempt on their restless politics, their senseless mobs, the want of calmness and dignity in their assemblies, nay, even on their national character! We who do not know the bitterness of foreign invasion, the crushing, goading effect of desecrated homes, of outraged patriotic pride, we can scarcely realise what they must feel who have seen twice in a lifetime

> "Dans Lutèce flétrie
> Les étrangers marcher avec orgeuil."

Who that knows (and who does not?) Béranger's touching *T'en souviens tu;* does not feel that its concluding verse—

> "Grave en ton cœur ce jour pour le maudire;
> Et quand Bellone enfin aura paru,
> Que chef jamais n'ait besoin de te dire,
> Dis moi, Soldat, dis moi t'en souviens-tu"—

embodies the longing for a day of vengeance which is the underlying thought of every Frenchman, though he often resorts to bluster to disguise his sense of humiliation? Always in uncertainty of "perils from his countrymen," of perils from abroad, what chance has he of maintaining that calm good sense, that absence of excitement, that unconscious dignity in all public affairs, which a sense of national security alone can give, and for which the English, as a nation, are conspicuous? The absence of these qualities is at once a cause and an effect of their constant national turmoil, and to me this seems the key to much in their character. I have remarked that the women, who are not subjected to the same disturbing influences, have not the same faults as the men; and in former days a Frenchman was noted for the impassibility with which he encountered successes or reverses, whether in love, war, or fortune.

We do not understand them—we do not *wish* to do so. Did not our lower classes, and even a portion of our press—at least until the late war made a change in this respect—speak of Frenchmen as unmanly frivolous beings, whose morals were universally profligate, whose religion was a mummery, whose staple article of food was frogs, whose language was a jargon, whose politeness was a grimace? Do we even yet do them complete justice? In our judgment of other nations, should we not consider how little, through the difference of our habits and ideas, we can understand theirs, and trace the inner history of their lives? Their ways are not our ways. In some relations of domestic life we pronounce them wanting, because

custom forbids them to express those feelings, while in others our reticence deems their outward manifestations exaggerated. Take, for instance, a a Frenchman's devotion to his mother. I once heard a young Englishman (whom I believe to have been in his heart as much attached to his own) ridicule his French friend for having suddenly gone off to Paris "in one of those fusses Frenchmen keep up about their mothers." A man may be awkward in the hunting-field or at the cover, yet behave with brilliant courage in a boar hunt (far more dangerous than any of our sports); chase a *chamois* on heights which would do credit to a member of the Alpine Club, or hunt a wolf in the Ardennes —a quarry, by the way, which once proved a very awkward customer to a pack of English foxhounds. Their domestic happiness, so little believed in by us, takes, it is true, a different form from ours, because families often of necessity live together; but it is none the less *real*, and perhaps more likely to endure, as the daily contact with a family circle tends to prevent that *sans gêne* of manners and overbearingness of the husband, too frequent in our homes. A cheerful, good-humoured race by nature, temper, that plague-spot in families, is almost unknown among them. There was, in most of those I knew, the strongest affection between brothers and sisters, and more kindness to even distant relatives than is usual with us, where a man, separating by marriage from his paternal home, concentrates his affections on his wife and children. Should we not take all these things into account? balance the good with the evil of their character, and temper our conscious superiority with a doubt whether we might not in some respects take example from them?

The French are beginning to complain as we do that *society* in the true sense of the word is at an end. Political life, sport, the clubs and the excessive dissipation of Paris life have broken it up. But at the time I speak of it was at its zenith, and all French writers of *Mémoires* agree that the period between the years 1820 and 1830 was one of the most brilliant in the annals of the *Grand Monde.*

The Duc de Berri and his young wife, during their short union, resided at the Elysée, which was then, I have often been told, one of the pleasantest houses in Paris. Devoted to each other, and both fond of amusement, they delighted in giving *fêtes,* where superfluous etiquette was banished, and artists, men of letters, and foreigners were welcomed by the duke himself, a man of considerable culture and love of the arts. They took even greater delight in going off *à la* Darby and Joan to her favourite Gymnase to see Leontine Fay, the actress then in vogue, returning to a *petit souper,* where a Sicilian *Gigot à l'ail* was a not unfrequent dish. Although my recollection of the Duchesse does not go back so far as those days, there was something very winning about her when I saw her years after at the children's balls, which, after a period of retirement, she gave at the Tuileries, nominally for her eight-years-old daughter, but really that she might herself enjoy a dance with her young Orleans cousins, as only young foreign women enjoy the animal pleasure of dancing. The complexion of lilies and roses, the fair long hair whose tresses she had cut off and thrown into her husband's coffin—"*Ces cheveux que mon Charles aimait tant*"—her tiny feet and hands and fairy figure — all these charms were better than positive beauty. Her colouring and hair she transmitted to her daughter, the Grand-Duchess of Parma, whom we have seen in England. The Duc de Bordeaux was a beautiful boy, with a serious, determined face, and was said to have much character. A story is told that when of an age to begin his education, he steadily refused to learn to read, although quite willing to submit to a system of oral instruction. At last the Duchess, having

been called in, inquired the reason of this objection to the usual method of learning; he pointed to the under-precentor to whom he had taken a dislike, and said, "*Je ne veux pas apprendre à lire; parcequ'il lit toujours, et il devient tous les jours plus bête et plus ennuyeux.*"

At that epoch I can only recall the juvenile seasons. Numerous entertainments were given at the Tuileries and the Palais Royal for the young princes, who were of all ages under seventeen; and besides these the Apponys, the English Embassy, and other privileged houses where there were children, gave *fêtes* varying in character from lotteries, conjurers, and theatricals, acted by Leontine Fay—then twelve years old, who brought all Paris to the Gymnase, and became in time the best actress of the day—to children's daylight balls and *bals de jeunes personnes.* All these *fêtes* culminated in the procession of the *Bœuf Gras* on Shrove Tuesday, when the prize ox, mounted by a shivering Cupid and escorted by savages of both sexes, paid his visit to the Tuileries, to be inspected by the King and young princes; then to the Palais Royal and Public Offices, ending, in accordance with some old privilege, at the Hôtel Beauvau, where a youthful assembly awaited him, and where the poor Cupid was dismounted, warmed, and fed.

If the juvenile Carnival was so brilliant, what was that of the elders? They may have had less excitement than we have during the rest of the year, but they made up for it then. How they danced! not pushing about languidly in a quadrille the size of a five-shilling piece, but *steps* in a clear space, surrounded by admiring but critical spectators. The society entitled to go to Court was not so large then, but *all* received invitations to every *fête*, of which it gave many, winding up with the ball on *Mardi Gras*, which lasted till twelve o'clock, when all passed into the chapel for Ash-Wednesday service. There were also the great *fêtes* at the Palais Royal and the Embassies. The close connection of Austria with both the Napoleon and Bourbon dynasties made it *une ambassade de famille*, to whose balls the royal family went as well as to those at the English Embassy. (Prussia, Sicily, and Russia at that time had only Ministries.) The *noblesse* gave little *sauteries* to the piano, where all the men *à marier* came to take a look at the future partners of their lives, but they probably kept aloof from any small coteries where the Marshals of the Empire were received. A quarrel finally arose in 1827, when the Austrian Embassy determined to refuse acknowledging titles taken from Austrian provinces, and the Duc de Dalmatie was announced as Maréchal Soult, the Duc d'Istrie as Maréchal Bessières, &c. The Faubourg St. Germain followed the example, and the severity of its rules against the new *noblesse* and against any intimacy with the Palais Royal may be inferred from a passage in the *Mémoires de Madame d'Agoult,* who writes, we may observe in passing, in no friendly spirit towards that good society from which her own conduct caused her exclusion. She says she was obliged to ask permission of her mother-in-law, *dame d'honneur* to the Dauphine, before accepting an invitation to the Palais Royal; and it was granted in these terms:—*Ce sont nos Princes, vous ne pouvez refuser, mais*—a phrase follows which shows how hostile a feeling existed between the two camps. The amusements of the Carnival were thus much restricted for the young generation of the Faubourg. The parents gave in so far as to go to the very mixed balls of *ces petites dames*—as they called a society then holding a position between the two camps, and formed chiefly of daughters of some distant branches of the great families who had married bankers, *noblesse de province,* great speculators in the mercantile world, *fournisseurs,* &c. They were mostly pretty brilliant young women, who clung together, had good houses, spent plenty of money, and amused themselves.

The claim of cousinship, to which there is no limit in French families, afforded an excuse for the presence of the heads of the clan at these *fêtes,* conferring an honour which was returned by formal visits on such occasions as a marriage, a death, the *jour de l'an*, or the name-day. Then the old lady would receive her guests kindly, call them *ma petite*, and *mon enfant*, although she probably hardly knew one from another, and there it ended till the next year came round. They thawed also to *la perfide Albion*, in the persons of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, the latter a complete type of their own *Grandes Dames* in their easy sociability. I have often heard the English Embassy of that day quoted as one of the most agreeable houses in Paris; all parties met and fraternised under the genial influence of its charming hostess. She organized *fêtes* unique for their taste and magnificence; amongst others, in 1823, a series of *tableaux vivants*, a novelty imported from Vienna, in which the most beautiful members of both French and English society took part. The beautiful Miss Rumbold, afterwards Madame Delmar, represented the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and Lady Adelaide Forbes the Titian in the Louvre anointing its hair, which almost seemed to have stepped out of its frame to look at the Paris world. The painters Gerard and Sir Thomas Lawrence assisted in arranging this novel amusement.

After the Carnival there were few amusements. Good society did not frequent the theatres in Lent; there were a few concerts, and *salons* resumed their sway. But they were gradually losing their original character, as each year witnessed the extinction of some of those remaining from the old days. *Tenir salon*—by which was meant the lady of the house leading the conversation and keeping the whole company engaged, to the exclusion of whisperings, and of the *duets* which modern society is prone to fall into—was an art gone or fast going by. The last left of the old style were in the reign of Louis Dixhuit; the chief being those of the Duchesse de Duras, Madame de Gontaut, Madame de Montcalm, the Duc de Richelieu's sister, who received his political friends; the Duchesse de Broglie, the Princesse de la Tremouille, the beautiful Madame Rècamier, where Chateaubriand and his worshippers assembled, and that of the Comtesse de Custine, whose husband was an author, and who patronised rising genius. All these were political or literary *salons* with much influence. The Princesse de Poix at the Hôtel Beauvau, the hostesses of the Hôtel Malignon, Hôtel d'Osmond, and a few more, still preserved the old traditions, but they were fast dying away. Their successors received, but had not *salons.* The Duchesse d'Angoulême received at the Tuileries every Saturday, and her reunions were said to be pleasant. The Palais Royal had evenings open to celebrities and artists, as well as to the best of the *grand monde.* A few foreigners also entertained, amongst others, Mme. Graham, a Sicilian, married to a Scotchman, at whose small, but very agreeable house diplomats of all countries met and conferred without restraint, and Mme. Crauford, an American, I believe, whose daughter had married the Comte d'Orsay, and was mother to the beautiful Ida, who married the Duc de Gramont, and to Alfred d'Orsay, so well known in England. Her *salon* was especially popular with the young world.

Society must have been more brilliant during those ten years than it is now, either in London or Paris, if we may judge from the visitors to our house. Amongst them I remember Prince Talleyrand, with his lovely niece, the Duchesse de Dino, and her perhaps still more beautiful sister, the sovereign-Duchesse de Sagan; Chateaubriand; Old Denon, the Egyptian traveller; M. de St. Aulaire, afterwards ambassador in London, and with a literary reputation even then; M. de Barante, also an esteemed author; Pozzo di Borgo; Lamartine,

whose English wife brought him into British society; Mme. de Broglie, daughter of Mme. de Staël; the Duc de Noailles, then beginning to make for himself the distinguished position he has since held in politics and literature; Victor Hugo, then a very young man, known only by his poems and *Notre Dame de Paris* (he is of noble birth, son of a Comte Hugo); Mme. de Girardin (not the authoress, who belonged to the literary circles), whose charm and wit made her almost equally celebrated; Mesdames de Brignole and Durazzo, the latter particularly with a European reputation for beauty and attraction; the well-known Duc d'Alberg, his wife, and only child, Marie, one of our playfellows, who afterwards became Lady Acton and Countess of Granville. These—"*J'en passe et des meilleurs*"[1]—met on neutral ground at our house, although some held no other intercourse. There they also found our English poets Rogers and Moore; Canning, with his lovely daughter, afterwards Lady Clanricarde; Lord Francis Leveson, and other English people of distinction, who used to come to Paris before the railroad brought down the mob upon them. Of this society I cannot speak, as I was only a child at the time; but I believe it combined the very best of English and French.

In the beginning of 1830, after a short absence in Italy, we returned to Paris, when for the first time I entered society. The carnival was unusually brilliant. My young friends, the Orleans Princes and their sisters, like myself, were emancipated from the school-room, and danced at the great balls given in their honour. The Duchesse de Berri gave them numberless *fêtes*. All was as brilliant as a fairy scene. In spite of the darkness lowering over the political horizon, how little did we dream that all this gaiety was but the expiring flicker of the Bourbon dynasty, and that when I bid farewell, on May 30th, to the home of my youth, I was never again to see it as it was in those happy young days! Still let me acknowledge that whatever changes have occurred, I have found none in the kindness and constant affection of the many friends of my youth yet left me in France—affection which I shall prize and reciprocate to the end of my life.

In conclusion, let me again repeat that what I have said only refers to Paris and the French as they were many years ago. Of the actual state of either at this moment I know nothing but by hearsay.

These reminiscences of my early years have been developed by the light of reason and experience from the tenacious memory of childhood, as we see the photographic lens develop unsuspected objects in dark corners. It was long before I thought of applying my hoard of recollections to the object for which this sketch has been written. If, in attempting to carry it out, I may have seemed to exalt the foreigner above my own countrymen, I would anxiously disclaim the bare suspicion of such an intention. If, in speaking of those amongst whom my youth was passed, I have been somewhat blinded by friendship and gratitude, let it be so. The evil there was amongst them, alas! speaks for itself; there are enough eager to note it.

Most of those I have spoken of are gone to their rest—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

AUGUSTA S. CADOGAN.

[1] *Le Cid*, Corneille.

THE WAR CAMPAIGN AND THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.[1]

WHEN, in the early summer of last year, it became known that the *Daily News* had again succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Archibald Forbes as war correspondent, the public, remembering many graphic descriptions of Franco-German fight, and many instances of personal daring, looked forward to receiving at his hands the fullest measure of epistolary justice, for Mr. Forbes had already placed his war correspondence upon a height which was not likely to be challenged by other competitors—one even difficult for him to sustain in his future efforts.

Where success is dependent as much upon physical qualities as upon mental ones, and where the limit of daring and bodily effort has been already attained, it is no easy matter even to maintain a reputation which has been won by a lavish expenditure of physical and mental energy. It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Forbes has succeeded in eclipsing in Roumania and Bulgaria all his previous successes in Alsace and Lorraine, and has placed the whole fabric of war correspondence upon even a higher pedestal than had yet been given to it.

Almost all readers of to-day can recollect the beginning of war correspondence as a branch of journalism. When the newspaper came down to the million, or the million got educated up to the newspaper, a demand arose for a new class of writer—the special correspondent. A railway accident, a mining catastrophe, a royal visit, or a trial of strength between famous horses or boats' crews, all called for the services of the special correspondent—the ready writer, who came and saw and telegraphed, ere yet the dead had been buried, the royal guest had made his last bow, or the horses and crews had fed and rested. As time went on, however, and the demand for newer news and fresher "items" became greater, the work of the special rose higher and higher in the literary scale. It was found that of all literary labour his was the most difficult; it required in the man who followed it many gifts of brain and body which are but seldom found associated in the same being. It is said that one of the Federal generals in the American war declared to his soldiers, in an order of the day, that "his orderly room was his saddle." The desk of the special correspondent in war exists literally in the saddle; he has to carry his library in his head, and his life in his hand; he must be quick of limb and thought, heedless of sleep, be ready to eat when he can get food, nor stop to select his viands, be able to catch the picturesque or dramatic, when his brain is a blank through want of sleep, and his heart beats languidly from want of food. His tact must be of the greatest, for he has to outlive a hundred suspicions, to disarm as many antipathies.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about modern military liberality, the man of the pen is still at a discount among men of the sword. If the rifle fire is hot, or the scream of the round shot unusually loud, or the shell bursts close at hand, many eyes are turned upon the newspaper man to note how he takes it all. Soldiers are too prone to forget that getting shot is no business of the special correspondent's—is a contingency, in fact, that does not enter into the relationship existing between him and the paper which he represents.

A distinguished military writer has classed newspaper writers among

[1] The *Daily News Correspondence of the War between Russia and Turkey, to the Fall of Kars*, including the Letters of Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. M'Gahan, and other Special Correspondents. Macmillan and Co., London.

"that race of drones who eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all." This is scarcely fair; the ration-eating part may be true; but the work done by a special correspondent would tax the energies of the most active and robust soldier of any army in the world. The man of the pen has to win his "bubble reputation" literally "at the cannon's mouth." The day has long passed when a spectator can see anything of a battle without sharing to a great extent in the danger of the spectacle. A modern Eliza would have but a poor chance of beholding a Minden of to-day on any wood-crowned height secure from some far-reaching rifle-bullet; but the man who would attempt the task of describing the physical aspect of bodies of men under the ordeal of modern infantry fire must himself be near enough to the danger to catch those minute but most essential points which mark the gulf between reality and imagination.

But the danger which a war correspondent has to face in the field is nothing compared with the strain put upon his mental and physical qualities in the hours succeeding a general action. To convey the first tidings of the fight, to enable his paper to put forth those sensational capital letter announcements which catch the public eye at home, is the chief aim of the man who has just completed a long day of toil. To do this he has to perform feats of endurance which seem well-nigh incredible, even if taken by themselves; but following close upon the prolonged tension of actual exposure to fire, they become still more remarkable instances of what the human frame is capable of sustaining when the conditions of toil consist of open air and movement; and when the mind and body are nerved to exertion by the incentive of gaining a march upon a rival, or eclipsing some active competitor. Two of the most extraordinary instances to be found in the record of correspondents' enterprise are those of the ride from Plevna on the night of the 31st of July and that from Schipka on the 24th of August. The first, from Plevna to Giurgevo, thence to Bucharest by rail, and then without rest of any kind across the Roumanian frontier to the nearest Transsylvanian telegraph-office, from whence a six-column message was flashed to England, appearing in the *Daily News* of the 3rd of August. One hundred and fifty miles by saddle and waggon, beginning after ten hours on horseback under fire, would be enough to fully excuse absence of description or brilliancy of narrative; and yet, if Mr. Forbes never penned a description of a battle-field save that which tells of Schahofskoy's repulse from the ridge above Radisovo, on the evening of the 31st of July, his reputation as a writer of vivid and powerful narrative would be assured.

Not less remarkable was the second ride, three weeks later, from the Schipka Pass to the Simnitza Bridge, and thence to Bucharest, under the fervid sun of a Bulgarian August day. This ride was begun at the termination of some fifteen hours riding to and fighting in the Schipka Pass; and again it resulted in a telegram of five or six columns in length, filled with vivid pictures of that desperate struggle in which Suleiman Pasha wrecked his splendid army against the Balkan rocks—so much for the actual physical exertion which some chance paragraph in these letters discloses.

The question will naturally occur, Where were the letters written?—if between the battle and the despatch of the message the time was spent in covering one hundred miles on horseback. The letters were penned at the moment of the fighting, under the very fire which they so clearly put before us; they are, in fact, a series of mental photographs of fight taken from the brain at the moment they have been received by it; but, in addition to photographic fidelity to truth, they possess almost a sense of sound—of the noise, movement, and roar of battle which no picture can ever

realise. But there is another feature in these letters which deserves special remark, and that is their general correctness whenever the writer ventures into the difficult regions of forecast and prophecy. In such an uncertain game as war it is no safe matter to allow the opinion to stray beyond the limits of what has actually been achieved and to indulge in that pleasant, but most dangerous work of discounting the future. Several times Mr. Forbes essays this difficult task, and almost invariably his opinion has been verified by the after event. He held that the Schipka was safe in the hands of the Russians, while yet the Russian head-quarters were dubious enough over their possession, and the Turks were confident that the hard-fought-for pass must still be theirs. He asserted that Plevna could only be taken by regular investment at a time when the key of the position was being looked for by Russian engineers at half-a-dozen spots along the wide semicircle of hills from Gravitza to Dubnik. Nor does he in these letters ever permit a feeling of partizanship to blind him to the true state of the case, both as regards the military value to be attached to each movement of the hostile armies, or of the political questions underlying the war.

Representing a journal which strongly advocates what may be called the anti-Turkish side, Mr. Forbes bears ready testimony to the prosperity enjoyed by the Bulgarian peasant, whose lot he favourably compares not only with Russian or German peasants, but with our own people in these islands we deem so happy. The land, which only a year before was painted to us as ravaged by fire and sword, he shows to us filled with all the products of peace, teeming with crops of waving corn, stocked with farm-houses, round which horses and cattle clustered at sunset, and where everything betokened a degree of comfort and prosperity utterly unknown even across the Danube in "free" Roumania.

So glaring is this contrast between the prosperity of the "down-trodden" Bulgarian and the poverty of the liberating Russian, that a hope is even expressed that the picture of plenty and possession under the Turkish rule may react upon the land of the liberators in producing a similar state of comfort and of liberty. Perhaps in this matter history may again repeat itself; and, as the barbarians of the North and East caught in the fair and fertile lands of Lombardy and Spain a higher civilisation and a keener sense of art and comfort, so may the Moujik, brought in contact with the realities of a higher state of social existence, eventually hide deeper in his nature the rude instincts of his Russian blood.

Among the many fallacies which grew rankly during the past summer, there was none more striking than the eagerly-accepted belief in the weakness of Russia as a military power. The reverses of the Russian arms at Plevna and in Armenia during the months of August and in September, the inability of the commissariat and transport departments to supply the armies, even when engaged in Bulgaria, and the absence of that mobile power which so distinguished the German invasion of France in 1870, were all seized by public opinion in this country as clear evidence of the natural helplessness of Russia as an aggressive power. Hastily jumping from conclusion to conclusion, the supporters of Russian policy in the East, as well as those who held that Russian success meant England's disaster, were equally loud in asserting that the collapse of Russia as a military power was unmistakably proved by six weeks' war in Europe and Asia. They failed to perceive that much, if not all, of the disaster suffered by the invaders was to be fully accounted for by the fact that for two-and-twenty years the Russian army had been an unused machine in any war, save the petty and semi-barbarous campaigns against Central Asian Khanites; that it was,

in fact, a giant out of training—filled with all the material from which power in war is derivable; but clogged for the moment by those inevitable accretions which result from peace, and the privileges which peace permits to creep into the military system.

And yet, even in the very reverses sustained by the armies that followed Melikoff and Schahofskoy, Krudener, and Schilder, the formidable nature of New Russia was plainly discernible. Had there been present as spectators of these fights at Plevna any British officer who had stood through the hard day at Inkerman, or had breasted up the long incline at Alma, surely there must have dawned upon such a one the knowledge that to the patience and dogged stolidity of his old enemy of three-and-twenty years ago there had come a new and a terrible strength—the strength of a wild, fierce, and heroic determination to carry at any cost the position of his adversary. It was no longer the serf soldier of the Crimean days, who could not stand at Alma or force our weak lines at Inkerman, it was the Russian peasant gaily accepting death at the call of duty—playing the part of that matchless infantry, of which it has been said by an enemy, "They are unequalled; fortunately they are so few." Unfortunately for the future enemies of Russia, the scant numbers of her infantry will not have to be mentioned.

But it is not alone by the talent and energy of Mr. Forbes that the *Daily News* has succeeded in producing what may be called a contemporary history of the Russo-Turkish War. In the person of another correspondent that journal has been equally fortunate. Mr. MacGahan has indeed in some points succeeded in placing before his readers a more highly-finished criticism of the campaign from a military point of view than can be found in the pages of his fellow-correspondent, whose work we have heretofore referred to.

Those who had the good fortune to accompany Mr. MacGahan through his adventurous "Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva," will not need to be told that the courage and determination which carried him four years ago across the blinding desert of the Kizil Kum, and made him a sharer in all the hardships and glories of the Khivan campaign, have again been conspicuously manifest in Bulgaria and Roumelia. Nor will his power of description and keen insight into the errors of Russian generals and the corruptions of commissariat officials be subject of surprise to those who know how long and varied has been his experience of men and things in the great Republic of the West, as well as in the great Despotism of the East. Indeed his remarks upon Russian generals are so plain-spoken, that one is forced to conclude he must have enjoyed the protection of some one high in command in the Russian army; otherwise it is difficult to account for so keen and trenchant a pen being allowed to continue unchecked its career of criticism. It is this spirit of candid criticism that will give to this collection of letters its real value in the future. We feel that here we are reading the truth so far as it is possible to arrive at that one great historical essential.

History, written after long lapse of time, bears too many proofs of flagrant partiality; but this history written in the saddle, or in the dark corner of a wayside hut, bears in its free and fearless criticism the earnest of its truth.

Everywhere through these letters the reader gathers proof of the stalwart power of the Russian soldier, his cheerfulness under great privations, and his extraordinary marching capabilities. Despite the defects of strategy in the midsummer and early autumn, we are shown many glimpses of another class of Russian general, the product evidently of modern times, men who seem to unite the daring of some of the great cavalry captains of Napoleon, with the more stolid tenacity of the well-known

Muscovite type,—half Murat, half Suwaroff. Men before whom mountains disappear; snow becomes sunshine; at whose word soldiers dare the impossible, nor stop to count the odds. There is something singularly striking in this matter-of-fact age of ours in the picture of Skobeleff as we find it drawn by two different writers many times throughout these letters; perhaps the image that will live longest in memory is that description of Skobeleff on the 11th of September, when forced back by a valour even more desperate than his own from the redoubts above the Plevna-Loftcha road, he stood amid the wreck of his soldiers almost terrible in his despair.

In a nation like our own, where the military element is always subordinated to the civil, and where the civil in turn takes the colour of its thoughts from the mercantile interests involved in any question, it is almost impossible for the public mind to realise the strength of the military idea existing among such nations as Russia and Germany.

To fully understand the strength of that idea, we should ask ourselves what would be the state of thought in this country, if from the throne downwards every functionary of state were a soldier first, and a prince, peer, diplomat, head of a department, deputy, or deputy-assistant after. Yet this is precisely the state of things in Germany and in Russia. The governing class is military; between that class and the peasants there exists no middle class worthy of the name; hence public opinion as we know it here is unknown, or rather we should say that differences of public opinion are unknown; the peer and the peasant have still between them old feudal links of land-and-soldier service to the state; and the unquestioning obedience which the soldier learns as his first duty, is given as much to the policy of the government as to the orders of the general.

In a state of society so constituted, the fame of such soldiers as Skobeleff or Gourko becomes a thing quite different from any hero-worship possible among ourselves. The peasant is the true worshipper of warlike-deeds. Even Béranger, sound republican though he was, realised this fact in his *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*. When a general officer bid the 18th Royal Irish Regiment fight at Sebastopol "until the Irish cabins would ring with the news," he also understood it. Many lowly cots doubtless ring to-night throughout broad Russia with the deeds of Skobeleff and of Gourko; and if the day should ever come when Europe hears, as it has heard ere-now, the tramp of Russian columns in the Alps or on the Rhine; or Asia sees the grim battalions streaming south to the rich plains of Hindostan, the lessons now being learnt and the stories now being told over the pine-log fires of the hut-homes of Russia, will bear fruit both sweet and bitter.

As the campaign north of the Balkans centred solely around Plevna, so the chief interest of this book lies around that now famous stronghold. As we read through many letters ranging in date from July to November, we are face to face with that horse-shoe line of earthworks where, when history comes to tell to time its final story of this war, the world will learn how well a gallant soldier kept the Crescent flying in the teeth of what was at best but a bastard Cross. But we see only the outside; of the inner life behind the grim circle of these trenches we know nothing. The Turk needed not newspaper men to blazon to the world the matchless valour with which he held these oft-assaulted lines; but doubtless there came moments during those long five months of death and danger when the pale-faced Pasha and his hungry soldiery in the great stronghold caught glimpses of a day when the name of the unknown Bulgarian village would be a sunset-light resting throughout all time upon the fading fortunes of his race. The winning side dictates its terms to history;

the world will probably never know more of Plevna than can be gathered from the Russian sources; but many peoples, when sorely pressed by overpowering hosts, will remember that in every land there are innumerable spots lying in the tracks which conquerors must follow, where the weaker side, if resolute, may cast itself full in the face of a victorious army, and delay, if it cannot finally arrest, a conqueror's course. It is something too for this age of ours to have been able to bury Metz under the earthworks of Plevna.

With Plevna fell the military system of Turkey. All the strength of the Sultan's empire was centred in these lines, and the enormous force put forth by Russia to crush resistance at this one spot rendered the campaign south of the Balkans one unbroken success for her; the stream pent up against the earthmounds of Plevna poured forth when Plevna fell, and swept before it Schipka and Sophia. Adrianople disappeared in the rush, and within six weeks from the day of Osman Pasha's surrender, Muscovite soldiers, whose eyes had never rested upon sight of ocean, beheld the blue Ægean spreading south from the shores of Enos.

Upon this point all the prophets have been wrong. The experts among our own military men, as well as the correspondents writing from the scene of fighting, equally declared in the impossibility of a winter campaign. So it has been, and so it will ever be; the doctors and professors will be the first to draw the black line of rule across the *carte blanche* of the possible. The school can do a greal deal, but it can never put limits to what the genius of a leader may devise, or the courage and devotion of his soldiers may achieve.

On the vexed question of rival atrocities, these letters do not throw much additional light. To suppose that war can take place, particularly among eastern nations, without the element of atrocity being plainly evident, is to suppose what never has been in the past, and probably never will be in the future. To some among us the Cossack has become an eminent civiliser; to others the Bashi-Bazouk is not half a bad fellow. For our own part we believe that the only civilisation which the Cossack can disseminate is that "civilisation off the face of the earth" which some other Christian nations have long been adepts at.

One fact has however a right to be stated on the Turkish side. Men, fighting for their soil, their faith, their homes, are generally more ruthless in their vengeance than the invader who fights against them. Nobody denies that the Russians bayoneted our wounded soldiers at Inkerman; nor can there be any doubt of the horrors perpetrated upon the French prisoners during the retreat from Moscow. It is not only in the pages of Fezensac and other French writers, that these horrors are most fully revealed to us; but in the sober narrative of Sir Robert Wilson, our own commissioner with the Russian head-quarters. If we recollect aright, there is one episode related by him of his having entered a wood, attracted to it by the sound of human cries, and there found Russian peasant women dancing round a large number of French prisoners whom they had chained to trees, and were roasting to death.

It is not improbable that among the Russian soldiers now engaged upon the civilisation of Turkey there are grandsons of some of these she-devils who can have little, not only of the milk of human kindness, but of human nature in their veins.

In truth there has been too much about atrocities. War, especially when it is wreaked for conquest, is a terrible thing. In no war of this century or in the last, since Frederick deliberately overran and annexed Silesia, has Europe witnessed a war so thoroughly undertaken for conquest as this one which we are now beholding. The invasion of Spain by Napoleon was not nearly so aggressive in its character. The Empire, heir to the Republic, had some shadow of excuse for aiming at the destruction of the

last Bourbon monarchy existing in Europe; but the claim which the Czar would put forth for destroying the Turkish empire is not nearly so strong as Philip might have urged in defence of the Armada, or America might advance to-morrow for the conquest of Ireland; for it must be clearly held in mind regarding this war that the Turk is no stranger on the soil he has fought so hard to keep. So far as the mere antiquity of his faith is concerned it is older in Constantinople by a century than Protestantism is in London. The Turk, too, as a power, is much more a European than the Russian; and in applying the bag and baggage principle, it would be well to bear in mind that in moving out the Turks from Europe you are simply moving out Roumanians, Bulgarians, and Thessalians quite as much as you would be moving Bengalees or Madrassees from India if you proposed to expel beyond the Affghan frontier the Mohammedans of that empire.

Meantime while we write the game has been played out to the bitter end; the Turk lies prostrate, stricken too hard ever to rise again, save to mutilated and aimless existence. It matters little whether it is Greek or Bulgarian or Servian or Roumanian who will step in to the vacant dominion; the end will be the same—sooner or later the Cossack will stable his horse in Constantinople there to remain. The existence of Greece as an independent state will then be about as secure as that of Hanover was twenty years ago or as Holland is to-day. Anatolia will not long remain when Armenia is gone, no longer than Armenia remained when Georgia had been taken. Not a single argument has been used in Russia or in England in favour of the war which cannot be applied twenty years hence to an invasion of Palestine and Syria. The "keystone" once gone the arch will not long remain. "But before these things can happen we shall fight," we hear people say. Not a bit of it; you will have plenty to distract your attention; you will be no richer then than you are at present, probably poorer; for your coal and iron will not cost you more than they do now, and the boundless mineral and agricultural resources of America will have thrown the balance of trade into her hands. Your Indian empire will be a thorn in your side, a thorn driven deeper by every mile of Russian advance in Persia or in Syria.

"But Germany will fight even if we should not." Yes, Germany will fight; but it will not be in the East. She will have too much fighting to do in the west. Germany has never ambitioned the *rôle* of an eastern power: her outlooks are towards the west. Prince Bismarck can scarcely want more of Europe than satisfied Napoleon on the raft at Tilsit. The bones of Charlemagne lie in Germany, why should not his sceptre stretch again from the Baltic unto Biscay? England possessed in Europe two natural allies, France and Turkey; the first was our natural ally because the love of freedom lay deep within the hearts of both nations; the wants of one were not the needs of the other, but a common civilisation and a kindred liberty tied together in a single struggle against despotisms Germanic or Sclavonic, the thoughts and the aspirations of both people.

Turkey was our natural ally because since she ceased to be a menace to western civilisation she became the great check to a despotism far more dangerous to the human race—the ever-growing despotism of the Muscovite. Both these allies have been struck down; it might be said that when one fell in 1870, the end of the other was not far off—when Metz capitulated Plevna became possible.

We have heard it said that the penny papers had rendered war on the part of England impossible; that for the first time in their lives the people of this country had been brought face to face with the realities of the rifle, and that the havoc caused by the breech-loader, as described by the war correspondents, had caused a sensation

of horror in the public mind sufficiently strong to prevent us ever fighting except in self-defence. It has yet to be shown, however, that Englishmen are more readily impressed by the havoc of modern battle-fields than other nations; but one impossibility may be allowed in presence of the power of modern breech-loaders, and that is the impossibility of our ever being able to sustain a war protracted for any length of time on our present system of voluntary enlistment. The rapidly-succeeding waves of skirmish lines which are now found to be the only method of carrying a position would soon run dry if fed from the scanty resources of an army recruited on the voluntary system.

No. War on the Continent to-day means ballot or conscription; unless, indeed, it should be a war in which the spade will be made to dig the grave of British strategy in some solitary position based upon the sea, outside the lines of which no British regiment would ever venture.

As we have already said the spade forms an important feature in the story of this war as told in this correspondence; but in the increased power which the spade gives to the defence, one or two points should not be lost sight of by those who would seek from the example of this campaign to draw lessons for our future guidance. To the Turks the spade was a necessity. Their deficiencies of transport, and the absence of a perfectly organized staff in their army rendered that army helpless in striking power. In its different positions on the Quadrilateral and at Plevna it may be said to have resembled so many bull-dogs chained in a field: very dangerous to any force coming within biting distance; but perfectly harmless to anybody keeping outside the lengths of their respective chains. Unfortunately for the Russians Plevna was within biting distance of their line of communications, and Plevna had to be taken. The Turks being immovable then, or nearly so, it became absolutely necessary that they should entrench themselves up to the eyes, and the spade was their first necessity.

But the spade may become nearly as dangerous to the army that uses it as to the one that neglects it; like everything else it is good in its way; that way is even a long way, but its end can be reached. If the infantry soldier gets thoroughly convinced that in the shelter trench lies his hope of safety he will doubtless be a hard man to drive back out of these trenches; but it may also become a difficult matter to drive him on from them to the front. Digging may save a battle from being lost, but it has never won a decisive victory, and it probably never will.

It has been said frequently that this war has been a war of surprises. As the summer ran its quick course men caught eagerly at passing events, and drew deductions which seemed only made to be falsified. When the Danube had been crossed people began to speak of the campaign as well nigh over. When Plevna rolled back its many attacks Adrianople seemed a long way off. When Plevna fell the necessity of a second campaign was admitted on all hands, and not even the most sanguine friends of Russia counted on the winter passage of the Balkans and the conquest of Roumelia ere the Greek year had closed. And now, when the campaign is over, men speak of the losses of Russia in this war and of her consequently crippled condition. Is it not another fallacy? A short successful war never yet crippled a nation. Austerlitz did not prevent Jena; Eylau and Friedland did not prevent Wagram; Sadowa did not prevent Sedan.

Victory even when dearly purchased soon restores its losses by the increased sense of power it gives the victors, by the martial spirit it produces in a nation, and the confidence it inspires. When Russia next enters the field her power will be none the less formidable because 100,000 of her sons live to-day only in the memories of a great triumph.

W. F. Butler.

GERMAN VIEWS OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

We English are apt to consider ourselves as living in a house of glass, through which the noonday light of complete publicity penetrates into every corner and cranny of our political and social life. Indeed we often complain that the press, with its restless curiosity and unbounded license, is too fond of betraying what might well be kept secret, and exposing the national weaknesses, sins, and sores of Britannia, in a manner very detrimental to her good fame, and her position among her European sisters, who keep for the closet and the confessional what we proclaim on the housetop. Every fault in our military organisation, every new invention which might give us an advantage, in peace or war, over our rivals or our enemies, every diplomatic secret, the untimely disclosure of which must weaken the hands of our Government, is ferreted out with a keenness of scent which nothing escapes, and a persistency which will take no denial, and then forced on the attention of foreign friends and foes, with no small damage to our national interests. Our national tendency to self-depreciation, too, insures that other nations shall always know the worst of us. They know, for instance, on the very highest English authority, that this country is ruled by a histrionic adventurer, of purely Semitic sympathies, who is possessed with a frantic desire to plunge the country into war against an inoffensive people, whose only desire is to sacrifice themselves, without hope of reward, in the cause of civilisation and Christianity. They know, on equally high authority, that our army is composed of ignorant officers and weak little boys; that our war-ships are constructed on fatally erroneous principles; that the imperial throne of India is already tottering to its fall, only requiring a gentle push from the hand of Russia to level it with the ground.

And yet I think that every man who has mixed in foreign society, or is conversant with foreign literature, will allow that he has often heard and read accounts of English life which go far to prove, either that our continental neighbours make little use of the assistance we offer them for the interesting study of ourselves, or that our institutions, like our island itself, are covered by a murky fog, impenetrable to foreign eyes. The ideal English nobleman at the Porte St. Martin is still a stout red-faced farmer, in a broad-brimmed hat and long gaiters, with a thick stick in his hand, and a bull-dog at his heels. The English lady, at the Carnival at Cologne, still wears a poke-bonnet and a green veil, and is addicted to port wine or something stronger. I was astounded, on one occasion, to hear a German professor, of European celebrity, quietly assuming, as an undoubted fact, that the sale of wives at Smithfield was, or had been at a recent period, a perfectly legal transaction; and my indignant denial was received by the company present with a smile of amusement at my uncompromising patriotism.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested to my mind by the perusal of an address, delivered before the professors and students of the Berlin University, by the eminent physicist, Professor Helmholtz, on the occasion of his installation as Rector Magnificus. The title and main subject of his oration is "the Academical Freedom of the German Universities," to which, like almost all Germans, he ascribes their pre-eminence in Europe. But he also refers to the academical systems of England and France, and

dwells at some length on the constitution and general character of our two oldest and most famous universities, Oxford and Cambridge. We have here, therefore, an address from the highest academical authority in Germany, to the most select academical audience on the Continent of Europe. Yet even such a man, in such a place, draws a picture of our universities which borders very closely on caricature.

In speaking of their present condition, he says—

"Their large foundations, and the political tendency of Englishmen to conserve every existing right, have excluded almost every change, even in those directions in which it seemed urgently desirable. Both universities still retain, in the main, their character of schools for clergymen, formerly of the Romish, now of the Anglican Church, whose training, in so far as it conduces to the general development of the intellect, may be shared by laymen who are subjected to the same supervision and mode of life as was formerly considered proper for young clergymen."

This reads strangely indeed to those who know that our whole academical system was remodelled by Act of Parliament in 1854 (to say nothing of the University Commission now sitting with almost plenary powers), and that there is scarcely any part of the ancient constitution of our universities which has not undergone a radical change in the last quarter of a century. Nor do our bishops, I fear, regard Oxford and Cambridge as "essentially schools for young clergymen." They are more likely to complain of the very small number (not more than one in four at Oxford) of graduates who present themselves for orders. It is no longer essential that even the tutors of a college should belong to the Anglican Church, and some of them are avowed sceptics.

Again, the students of Berlin are told (and this is a matter of very trifling importance) that at Oxford and Cambridge

"The different classes of nobility are distinguished from one another by special badges"

on their academical costume; the fact being that the *different orders of noblemen* were never distinguished from one another, and that *all* distinctions of this kind have been, for some time past, abolished.

In two respects only does Professor Helmholtz consider the English universities worthy of imitation by the Germans:

"They develop," he says, "in their students, side by side with a lively appreciation of the beauty and youthful freshness of the ancient world, a strong taste for elegance and precision of style, which manifests itself in the mastery they show in the use of their native language. In this direction, I fear, lies one of the weakest sides of the education of the young in Germany."

(This is the more remarkable, if true, because direct instruction in the German language forms an important part of the school course even of the gymnasium or classical school).

"In the second place," he continues, "the English universities provide much better than we do for the physical well-being of their students. These live in spacious airy buildings, surrounded by lawns and avenues, and seek their chief amusement in games which excite a passionate rivalry in the development of bodily strength and skill, and are far more effectual for attaining the desired end than our gymnastic and fencing exercises. It should not be forgotten that the more young men are debarred from fresh air and opportunities of active bodily exercise, the more inclined they are to seek a factitious excitement in the abuse of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. We must also acknowledge that the English universities accustom their students to exact and energetic work, and keep them to the habits of refined society. As to the moral effects of their strict supervision, that is said to be rather illusory."

This passage is valuable, as showing that Professor Helmholtz errs from want of accurate knowledge, and not from any feeling of prejudice or antipathy. It is worth noticing that the same complaints are made, and the same compliments bestowed, by another of the great lights of natural science at Berlin, Professor Dubois-Reymond, in a very interesting article in the November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau.* He is speaking of the "increasing *banausian* shallowness"

of young Germany, the growth of "*Americanism*," and the decline of "*Hellenism*," and warns his medical students, more particularly, of the danger they incur by their neglect of classical studies, and a too exclusive attention to natural science, which, he says—

"Where it bears undisputed sway, robs the intellect of ideas, the fancy of images, and the heart of sentiment, and begets a narrow, dry, and hard disposition, deserted by the Muses and the Graces." . . . . "Besides the lack of classical taste," he goes on, "there is another deplorable circumstance. The young medical students (who had come before Professor Dubois-Reymond for examination) spoke and wrote incorrect and inelegant German. The uncertainty of German orthography, word-formation, and syntax renders instruction in the mother-tongue more difficult to us than to nations with settled forms of speech. But these young men had generally no notion that any value could be attached to refinement of expression and pronunciation, to a nice choice of words, to brevity and precision of style. We cannot help being ashamed of such barbarism as Germans, when we think of the loving care which *e.g.* Frenchmen and Englishmen bestow on the cultivation of their native language, a breach of the rules of which appears to them an act of desecration. This neglect of the mother-tongue goes hand in hand with a surprisingly limited acquaintance with the German classics. There was a time when men gave up quoting from the first part of Goethe's *Faust* because every possible citation was hunted to death. Are we approaching a time when we shall no longer quote from it, because the allusion would not be understood?"

The learned Rector also does full justice to the merits of the Oxford and Cambridge professors,

"Among whom," he says, "there are many highly-distinguished men who have rendered important services to science." But he adds that "in the choice of professors, party interests and personal friendship have generally much greater weight than scientific merit; in these respects the English universities have retained all the intolerance of those of the middle ages."

No doubt, as long as men are men, they will in England, as they most certainly do in Germany, *ceteris paribus*, give the preference to a friend or a man of sound (*i.e.* their own) opinions on politics and religion, and will not help an opponent or a stranger, who entertains false and injurious (*i.e.* other than their own) views on vital questions, into a position of power or influence. But Englishmen are not generally supposed to be exceptionally *un*fair or *un*scrupulous, and probably not one in five of elections at Oxford or Cambridge are made from party motives. The offer of a professorship in the latter university, which was made some years ago to Professor Helmholtz himself, is a striking proof that party and even national prejudices have less weight than the desire to procure the services of the ablest teachers.

"The different colleges," says the learned professor in another place, "exist in absolute separation from one another, and only the holding of examinations, the conferring of degrees, and the election of professors, are the concern of the university as a whole."

The time was when there would have been a considerable amount of truth in this statement, but any one who is competent to give an account of the *present* state of our universities would know, that one of the most remarkable and beneficial changes which have taken place at Oxford and Cambridge is the growth of an extensive system of inter-collegiate teaching (not to mention other kinds of connection), which binds the colleges together; and that it is now by no means true that "they exist in absolute separation, from one another."

"The English universities," continues Professor Helmholtz, "perform in many respects important services. They make educated gentlemen of their scholars, but gentlemen who must not transgress the bounds of the political and religious party to which they belong, nor do they in fact transgress these bounds. Oxford belongs more especially to the Tories, Cambridge to the Whigs."

This passage will be read with some astonishment at Oxford, particularly just after the now historical pro-Russian meeting of young Palmerstonians in that university, which will no doubt have opened the eyes of the professor to the amazing mistake which he has made. So far is it, moreover, from being the fact that university men are

kept strictly within the bounds of their religious and political parties, that there is probably no period of life in which more changes of opinion in religion and politics take place than in the years passed at college.

Perhaps the most astounding statement in the whole address, and that which betrays the greatest amount of ignorance of the actual state of things at our universities, is this, that

"The college tutors may not deviate one hairsbreadth from the dogmatic teaching of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their archbishops, and losing their pupils."

If the archbishops *have* this power, the present most reverend prelates are very remiss in its exercise. We should have to go far back, I think, in our history to arrive at a period when the bishops had any control over the teaching at the universities, and it ought to be well-known to any one who undertakes to give an account of Oxford and Cambridge that all tests have been swept away by Act of Parliament.

It appeared to me so very undesirable that so distorted a sketch should circulate in Germany under such high sanction as the faithful portrait of our greatest universities, that I ventured to send an article on the subject to the *Deutsche Rundschau* at Berlin, one of the most ably conducted periodicals in Germany, which well deserves to be more extensively read in this country. The accomplished editor, Dr. Rodenberg, sent my strictures in MS. to Professor Helmholtz, and they appeared, with his answer appended to them, in the February number of the *Rundschau*. His reply may account for one or two of the many errors into which he has fallen, though it hardly seems to justify him in speaking so authoritatively on a subject on which he had so little recent or trustworthy information. He evidently writes under the influence of impressions made on him long ago during a visit to Oxford.

"When I spoke," he says, "of the censure of the archbishops, I did not mean to attribute to them an official right of interference, but referred to the influence which the voice of the higher clergy exercised on those classes of society to which, formerly at least, the majority of students belonged. I was in England when the storm of anathemas against Professor Jowett passed through the English press, from very influential quarters. I was not a little surprised to see how small an amount of heterodoxy sufficed to raise this storm."

Again, he says :—

"It is difficult to form an opinion as to the extent of the effect produced by reforms, or even to learn from time to time which of the many proposed alterations have been definitively adopted and carried into execution. A connected account of these changes by a competent authority would be a very valuable boon to the German reader. I must confess that my own sketch refers to a state of things existing ten or even twenty years ago. My information, derived partly from books, and partly from oral sources, dates as far back as that. But it was not gathered from Dissenters alone, or other opponents, but also from working members of the universities themselves. In the address referred to by Mr. Perry, my object was to lay before my hearers a brief account of the results of the ancient constitution of Oxford and Cambridge, upheld for a period of 300 years. The recent reforms in those institutions have certainly been influenced by the example of the German universities, and afford honourable testimony to the practical good sense of the English; but they do not materially affect our judgment of the consequences of the ancient system. I am sorry if I have painted even the older state of things in too dark a colour. Where one depends on oral communication, there is no doubt a danger lest our authority may have seen through the coloured medium of his own isolated experiences. But the merits and deficiencies of a system which differs from the ideas and customs of his own home naturally make a deeper impression on a stranger than those to which he has been long accustomed in his own country. At all events it is very satisfactory to learn from one who is acquainted with both German and English universities, and who has shown in a recent article on the German Universities in *Macmillan's Magazine* (December, 1877), that he measures by the same ideal standard as ourselves that the development of the English universities has taken a better direction than it seemed to the friends of scientific progress to have done at no very distant date."

The errors into which Professor Helmholtz has fallen, and even the way in which he accounts for them, make us feel very forcibly how far we are still removed from those who, intellectually, ought to be our nearest

neighbours. Yet, after all, the fault is not perhaps altogether on their side. There *is* something very difficult to understand in English life and institutions, and our history explains the difficulty. Neither our highways nor our political constitution have been made by Napoleons with a *tabula rasa* before them. In travelling along the former you cannot proceed for hours, as in France, in the same direction along a straight high-road; you are perpetually turned out of your way by this man's field or that man's garden. And in trying to understand the latter you are continually coming across some antiquated form, some ancient privilege or custom, some vested right, which throws you out of the course which political science has laid down. We have a civil polity which includes, in theory at least, almost every form of government which has ever existed in the world. Absolute monarchy, limited monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, timocracy, and democracy, existing side by side, and agreeing or jostling one another as they may. We have a powerful and wealthy Established Church, with unbounded religious freedom. Our jurisprudence is a jungle of usages, precedents, royal enactments, judgments, and statute law—a jungle through which only a well-trained, thick-skinned legal trapper can make his way. Our social system, our distinctions of rank, the titles of our aristocracy, are equally hard to understand. The average Englishman does not understand them, much less the intelligent foreigner. The latter has read, perhaps, that no nobleman can be a member of the House of Commons, and then reads the names of Marquises, Earls, and Viscounts in every division-list. On further inquiry he is told that they are not Lords at all, but Commoners. Again, accustomed at home to look on the *noblesse* as a distinct class or caste, he is amazed on being introduced to the grandson of a duke who bears the same title as his butler. He finds that he may call a man *Mr.* to his face, but that the same person is insulted if he addresses a letter to him in the same way. The consequence is that the intelligent but puzzled foreigner makes assurance doubly sure by addressing you as "Sir, Mr., Dr. ——, Esquire."

Nor do our two ancient universities present fewer anomalies to the foreign inquirer than our other institutions. The changes which they have severally undergone, have not been made simultaneously, nor have they been generally made known to the public at large. The character of the teaching, and even the subjects of study, are not always the same in the different colleges, and the spirit in which they are ruled is often essentially different. It may be doubted whether an average Oxford or Cambridge man could give off-hand a clear account of the constitution of his university, or even of the particular college to which he belongs.

There prevails, moreover, a very remarkable reticence, the result of both pride and modesty, among the members of our most ancient schools and universities. You will rarely find an Oxford, or Cambridge, or Eton man writing panegyrics on his college, or enlarging in conversation on the learning of its tutors, or the wonderful performances and high honours of its students. Our scholars have an invincible repugnance *s'afficher* before the world at large, and their reputation suffers accordingly in this modern world of enormous "posters."

On the whole, then, we must not be greatly surprised that foreigners often utterly mistake what we ourselves imperfectly understand, but must do our best to enlighten them. It is, after all, worth while to be understood and appreciated by men of such eminence as Professor Helmholtz, and corporations like the Berlin University; and, in conclusion, I can but echo the Professor's wish, that some competent person would publish a full and clear account of the recent changes and present constitution of our two great universities.

WALTER C. PERRY.

THE ENGLISH LAW OF BURIAL.[1]

"*The English Law of Burial permits the performance of other than the rites of the Church of England in the churchyards and cemeteries of the National Church.*" This proposition is not new—it has been frequently stated by myself—it has been stated with the utmost force of argument by a distinguished dignitary of the Church residing in the precincts of the Temple, and adding to his ecclesiastical learning the legal acumen which pervades those venerable precincts—who has twice written to the *Times* newspaper, and who, on the last occasion, the 4th of September, 1877, received an entire endorsement of his view from a powerful leading article in that journal. To his arguments, and to the arguments of the *Times*, although many letters were written in connection with the general subject of burials immediately afterwards, no answer whatever has been given. It is therefore worth while to ask whether in point of fact the arguments have been left unanswered because they are unanswerable.

I. The position is this—the law of burials as it now stands in England satisfies all the demands of Nonconformists, and renders futile all the objections which Churchmen have raised to these demands. First, it permits the burial in our national churchyards of the corpses of those who die within the parish, whether Nonconformists or Churchmen, whether baptised or unbaptised. Secondly, it permits the use of other services over them than that prescribed in the burial office of the Book of Common Prayer. Thirdly, it will not enforce the intervention of the clergyman of the parish to prevent the use of such services if conducted without brawling or disorder. Fourthly, all that is prescribed by the law is the office which the clergyman is to use, and the class of persons over whom it is and is not to be used. All that is secured by the deed or by the traditions of consecration is that the ground shall be set apart as "a cemetery or burial-ground."[2] The *form* of a consecration service, whether for church or churchyard, has no legal validity, and depends on the will or fancy of each individual bishop; but even if it had any legal force, there is nothing in that for churches which confines it to the Church of England, and in that for burial grounds there is nothing which confines it even to the Christian religion. I shall proceed to state the grounds for these several positions.

(1) First, there is no law which debars those who die in the parish of their natural right to be interred in the parish churchyard; and to this right, difference of creed, or conduct, raises no bar.

The bodies of unbaptised children have constantly, and by a usage which has by this time acquired a prescription which no law would reverse, been buried within our churchyards. An Act of 48th George IV., chapter 75, expressly provides for the interment in churchyards of dead human bodies, even although not of the parish, thrown up on the shore, without regard to creed or race. A statute of 4th George IV., chapter 52, provides also for the interment of those who by a coroner's inquest have been declared

[1] Read at a meeting of clergy and laymen, Feb. 7, 1878.

[2] The usual deed of consecration for a *church* asserts that the church "is set apart from all profane and common uses, and to the service of Almighty God, and for the performance of divine worship, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England." Even in the case of a church, there is no exclusion of other rites. The deed does not say, "And none other." But in the deed for the consecration of *cemeteries* and *churchyards* this limitation does not usually occur, and they are simply set apart as "burial-grounds."

to be *felo de se*. It is needless to argue this point further. There is probably no one who would contest it. And yet in every one of these cases, the "desecration" (as it is strangely called) of our churchyards by the bodies of those who do not belong to the Church of England, or who would fall under one of the three excluded classes mentioned in the first rubric of the burial service (of which I will speak presently), has occurred already. "God's Acre" has already received within its limits the dust of the very persons whose burial there is so vehemently deprecated. In all these cases it is the Nonconformists who are within the law—it is the protesting clergy who are against the law. The interment of Nonconformists, at least in silence, is legal. The acknowledgment of this right is the concession of the key of the whole position. The "freehold" of the soil is invaded by the persons whom the clergy wish to exclude, and the invasion is guaranteed by law.

(2) Secondly, there is no law forbidding at such interment the use of prayers, hymns, or addresses to be spoken or read by the friends of the deceased. The only law which specifies anything for the religious ceremony of interment is that contained in the two introductory rubrics of the Burial Service. It is worth observing that the first rubric was not introduced into the Prayer-book till 1662, and that, therefore, during the whole period between the Reformation and the Restoration, from 1549 to 1662, the service of the Prayer-book might be used over the classes now excluded from the benefit of the Burial Service.[1]

I will not now detain you with this prohibition. Late as it is, and belonging to the most vindictive period of the English Church, it yet has by the legislation of 1662 become statute law. But it does not, as we have seen, exclude the *interment* of those three classes. All that it does is to prevent the *clergyman* from reading in its entirety over their graves the Burial Office; and by the second rubric it is ordered that the Burial Office in the Prayer-book shall be used by the *clergyman*. But there is not a word said to prohibit the use either of parts of the Burial Service over these excepted cases or of any other form of service, by the friends of the deceased. The law is a restraint upon the clergyman. It is no restraint on any one except the clergyman. And what the law allows has frequently taken place. Even in the case of funerals performed not only within churchyards but within churches, other forms than those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer have been constantly used. Hymns which have no place in the Book of Common Prayer are again and again sung at funerals. Addresses to the bystanders, or if not addresses words of consolation, even more effective than addresses, have been spoken. Orations till the beginning of the last century were not uncommon at the grave of the dead, or as part of the funeral service. For a long continuity of years the words which have formed the close of the funeral of every illustrious person interred in Westminster Abbey are not taken from the Burial Office, but are the words of an anthem written by a Lutheran composer and first sung over the grave of a Lutheran queen in the middle of the last century. All these practices, no doubt, if the words of the second rubric are construed with absolute rigidity, are against the strict letter of the law. But there are other usages of this kind, in our churchyards, which are not against the letter of the law, on which the law is totally silent, and which long custom has vindicated beyond all question. In many church yards there have been funcrals in which Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Druids, and all manner of such

[1] "No prohibition of the Burial Service for unbaptised persons or indeed for any class of persons is to be found in the Liturgies of Edward and Elizabeth . . . and the 68th Canon inforcing this statutory right only excepted persons excommunicate and impenitent." (Judgment of the Court of Arches in Escott *v.* Mastin, Broderick and Fremantle's Collection, p. 16).

societies have used in the presence, but without the interference of the clergyman, their peculiar ceremonies. Not only so—but Nonconformists have interred their dead in our churchyards with their own services, and addresses have been delivered by persons not belonging to the Church of England over the graves of the departed at the time of the funeral, to which no exception whatever has been taken by ecclesiastical or by civil authority. It has been stated publicly by the Rector of St. Helier's in the island of Jersey, that now for many years Nonconformists and Roman Catholics have, in the churchyard of that parish, without the slightest disorder or the slightest objection, used their own ceremonies in the interment of their own dead. Within the last two years a highly respected Russian priest was interred in the consecrated portion of the cemetery of Kensal Green with a service partly consisting of our own Liturgy[1] and partly of prayers from the Greek Office, offered up by the distinguished Archimandrite who now officiates in the Greek Church at London Wall. In the consecrated part of the cemetery of West Brompton,[2] at the funeral of the late Mr. Odger, addresses were delivered at the grave immediately after the conclusion of the service by the well-known Comtist, Professor Beesley, by the celebrated Radical, Professor Fawcett, and by the Rev. Mr. Murphy, a Nonconformist minister, without the slightest interference on the part either of the clergyman, the proprietors, or magistrate. Again, in the Preamble of the Act of 5 King George IV., chap. 25, an Act applying to Ireland, it is recited that this "easement of burial, according to the rites of the several religions professed by all classes of His Majesty's subjects," has been long enjoyed "in the churchyards of Protestant churches —and this apparently without any complaint or disorder arising even in that highly excitable country. Again, in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, down to 1819, were buried Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, and also, it is believed, other foreigners; and as late as 1811 the Turkish Ambassador was thus interred with the ceremonies of the Mohammedan religion, without remonstrance from the bishop or clergy.[1]

These instances, combined with the absence of any legal prohibition, show that the defilement or "besmirchment" of our churchyards (to use an offensive word employed at the late Church Congress) by services other than those prescribed in the Liturgy, has already taken place to such an extent that it is too late to protest against it as a novelty now to be introduced for

[1] "The chapel service in cases of Greek and Russian funerals is omitted. The English committal to the grave occurs. The Greek and Russian service follows." (Chaplain of the Kensal Green Cemetery).

[2] According to the Act for the establishment of this cemetery (West of London Cemetery) 1 Vict. c. 130, §3, the part where Mr. Odger was buried is "set apart for the interment of the dead according to the rights (query, rites?) and usages of the United Church of England and Ireland . . . . and when consecrated shall be set apart and be used and applied exclusively for *the purposes of Christian Burial.*" This last expression, which is the only one used with an exclusive sense, is equally employed in the next clause (§4), for the part set apart for the interment of persons not being members of the Established Church.

[1] "Monday morning (1811) about nine o'clock, the remains of the late Turkish Ambassador to this country were interred in the burial ground of St. Pancras. The procession consisted of a hearse containing the body, covered with white satin, which was followed by his excellency's private carriage, and two mourning coaches, in which were the late ambassador's attendants. On arriving at the ground, the body was taken out of a white deal shell which contained it, and according to the Mohammedan custom, was wrapped in rich robes and thrown into the grave, and immediately after a large stone, with a Mohammedan inscription on it, nearly the size of the body, was laid upon it; and, after some other Mohammedan ceremonies had been gone through, the attendants left the ground. The procession, on its way to the churchyard, galloped nearly all the way. The grave was dug in an obscure part of the burial ground."—From the *History of St. Pancras* by Samuel Palmer, 1870. Page 255. The name of the Turkish Ambassador (Mehemet Edfik Effendi) appears in the Register of St. Pancras.

the first time. The only argument that has been used against the legality of the permission of such services is the one which, when challenged to produce any such argument, was employed by the present Bishop of Lincoln, and by the present Attorney-General when asked a question upon the subject in the House of Commons. It was to this effect :—That such liberty was prohibited by a section of the Public Worship Regulation Act. It is sufficient to reply, with the distinguished "London clergyman" to whom I have before referred, "The Act in question made nothing lawful or unlawful which was not so previously. It was an Act for regulating proceedure and nothing more. It merely said : 'If the incumbent shall use, or permit to be used, in any church or churchyard, any service not authorised by the Prayer-book, certain methods of bringing him to account are hereby established.' It said not one word of new liabilities or new disabilities. It left the law as it found it. Were it true that the Public Worship Act made Nonconformist burials in churchyards illegal, or added one iota to the facilities of preventing or punishing them, we know full well that the Bill would never have been suffered to become law, or that its repeal would instantly be demanded by the imperious clamour of public opinion." If this be the only argument (and it is the only argument [1] which has been adduced), all that the Dissenters need demand is the repeal of that one Section of the Public Worship Regulation Act; and all that the 15,000 protesting clergy have to rely upon against the intrusions which they so much deprecate, is that very Public Worship Regulation Act which so large a portion of them have for the last two years been condemning with a vehemence which would lead one to suppose that its repeal would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon them.

(3) But, thirdly, there arises the question whether the permission could be refused. It may be said that while these cases would prove that the use of hymns, anthems, services, and addresses, other than those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, is admissible with the permission of the clergyman; and although it be conceded that such permission, on the part of the clergyman, would be lawful, yet that the law would justify him in refusal, and that his refusal would in that case render them illegal.

This, however, resolves itself simply into a case of trespass. It may be, as was argued in the instance of the erection of a well-known tombstone, that the clergyman, as trustee of the churchyard, might wish to reserve the whole of the ground for the purpose of feeding his sheep; but these considerations would not apply in the consecrated portions of our city cemeteries; they do not belong to the general law of the Church; they would arise at most from a complex and difficult question of the right of property, a right no doubt which ought not to be disparaged, but which still cannot be said to enter into the graver courts of conscience or of religion. But even if we grant this proprietary right, which has been already broken through and through by the acknowledged claim to interment, with or without the incumbent's consent,—even if, after having been compelled to concede the sacred soil for the interment of a saintly Quaker like Elizabeth Fry, the clergyman still claims the privilge of forbidding a word over her grave, we still ask who is to interfere, and how? Let us take a few instances. The grave has been dug for the body of an innocent unbaptised child, of whom our Saviour said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." To cause such a grave to be dug is, as we have seen, the undoubted right of its parents. The father or the mother utter a cry of anguish by the side of the little coffin. That, as we have seen, is an acknowledged custom. If the clergyman calls in the police, is there any law to sustain

[1] See Postscript to this article.

him in this refusal? Or a Welsh miner, of the Baptist persuasion, is borne, after some great catastrophe, to his last resting-place by his mourning co-religionists, singing perhaps a hymn of Wesley or of Doddridge. Is there, or is there not any statute law, is there, or is there not any ecclesiastical canon, which will justify the clergyman in forbidding the utterance of one of those sweet Psalmists of Israel? Is there, or is there not any law in these realms, so absurd, (I venture to use the words of the Primate) so "inhuman," as to enforce this prohibition? If there be, let it be pointed out. "No mere dictum will suffice of some ecclesiastical judge" (I quote again from "the London Clergyman"), "in some undefended suit, in some remote part of the country, denouncing a Dissenting interment as an unwarrantable intrusion. What we ask is, how will such a dictum fare in 'the refiner's fire' of a Court of Final Appeal, when all the legislation of the last half century, and every altered circumstance of the present will be taken into view?"[1] And what we further ask is, "Show us the statute or canon, chapter and verse, which, after the acknowledged right of interment, after the acknowledged right of the clergyman to permit the use of Nonconformist ceremonies, would justify a clergyman in forcibly preventing either the interment or the ceremony?"

(4) There is one right no doubt which the law of the land and the law of the Church insure to the clergyman and the churchwardens, and not only as ecclesiastical officers, but as citizens. It is a right also which all Nonconformists and even all Secularists would gladly concede for their own credit, as well as for the sake of the churchyard and the clergyman, namely, the right to call in the police to interfere with brawling or disorderly conduct.

Every legislative proposal which has been made on this subject has been accompanied by clauses or by wishes which have only not been expressed in legal provisions because of the difficulty of finding proper legal terms to prevent any infringement of decorum or respect on these occasions. But the existing law enables clergymen, churchwardens, proprietors of cemeteries, or any other body, to check disorderly proceedings on which not only Churchmen, but Nonconformists, and Nonconformists even more than Churchmen, would be grateful for restraints.

The practices excluded (down to recent times) were precisely named in the 88th Canon and in the 5th and 6th of Edward VI. c. 4.

They are not prayers or hymns or addresses by whomsoever uttered. All these were by implication permitted. The practices which the clergymen may repress are plays, feasts, suppers, Church ales, drinkings, temporal courts' leets, lay-juries, musters, or any other profane usage; brawling, fraying, fighting, smiting, chiding, drawing with the weapon.[2] With the power

[1] Such a case is the judgment of Dr. Lushington stated in the 6th vol. of the *Jurist*, New Series, 280, Feb. 8, 1860:—

"This was a case in the Court of Arches of office promoted by the secretary of the Bishop of Chichester against the father and another, for having buried or assisted to bury the corpse of an unbaptised child in the churchyard of Patcham, and having publicly read or performed 'a burial service' over the corpse.

"The parties submitted and acknowledged their offence, and were admonished and dismissed on payment of costs.

"Dr. Lushington observed, 'I cannot doubt as to the law. It is clearly illegal to collect an assemblage of persons in a churchyard for the purpose of forcibly burying the corpse of an unbaptised person, or to read a service over such corpse. By the ecclesiastical law, no person, unless duly authorised, can be permitted to *perform service* on consecrated ground.'"

But this was an undefended suit, and it may be observed that the first part of the judgment ("It is clearly illegal to collect an assemblage of persons in a churchyard for the purpose of forcibly burying the corpse of an unbaptised person") runs counter to the principle, now universally conceded, that every one dying in the parish has an undisputed right to interment. And the second part, on whatever ground it rests, does not prevent the clergyman from duly authorising a service other than the prescribed Burial Office.

[2] By 23 and 24 Victoria, c. 32, § 2, the ecclesiastical penalties were abolished, and civil penalties substituted, and the offence confined

of suppressing these, the churchyards and the consecrated portions of our cemeteries would be sufficiently guarded; and, at any rate, it is the only guard which the law allows under existing circumstances. A brawl, even a riot, may take place, even although the form used be that of our own solemn burial service; and worse could not occur were the Methodist to use his hymns or even the Secularist to make his address. It may occur, we grieve to say, by the misconduct of a single drunken clergyman, or by the folly of a rabble of mourners, who have been the followers of a funeral of the Church of England.

II. These then are the liberties which the law of England allows; these are the liberties which those who wish to maintain the law of our Church unaltered are pledged to defend; these are the liberties which the Nonconformists, in ignorance of their own existing rights, have, during the last few years, been seeking so vehemently to obtain.

It may be said with a smile of incredulity—Is it possible that such a secret can have been so long unknown? Is it possible that my friend Mr. Osborne Morgan has been for so many years kicking at an open door, and that my friend the Bishop of Lincoln has so long been invoking all the powers of Heaven and earth against a sacrilege which he has been for years permitting, and in which he at this moment acquiesces?

It would be astonishing, if it were not that English law, and especially ecclesiastical law, is constantly liable to these surprises. Every one was astonished when within this century some one demanded to fight the plaintiff by wager of battle. Many would be astonished at hearing for the first time that there is no such thing as a law of primogeniture in England. Many would be startled at the discovery that in the old Catholic Church the sacraments of baptism, marriage, and absolution could be performed without a priest, and the sacrament of confirmation without a bishop. Every one was astonished when it was found that a great suit under the Public Worship Regulation Act fell to pieces because the judge sat in Lambeth and not at Westminster. Many persons were astonished when distinguished Nonconformists found that they could legally deliver addresses on the subject of Christian missions within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Eleven thousand[1] clergy in 1864 were terrified beyond measure by finding that the doctrines of verbal inspiration, and the endless duration of hell torments, were not parts of the doctrines of the Church of England. Perhaps even a larger number in 1850 were exasperated almost to frenzy by finding that the absolute unconditional regeneration of infants in baptism might be freely questioned within the pale of the Church. Yet in each case not only are these doctrines now acknowledged to be lawful, but dignitaries of the Church are freely suffered to preach openly truths which formerly could hardly be spoken of except with bated breath; and in one case, that of baptismal regeneration, the late respected Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford wrote an elaborate work to prove that the decision of the Privy Council which affirmed the Gorham judgment was the only one which could be held compatible with patristic orthodoxy.

to the act of any one "who shall molest, let, disturb, vex or trouble, or by any other unlawful means disquiet or misuse *any* preacher duly authorised to preach therein, or any clergyman in holy orders in any churchyard." It is probable that this Act would guard the preacher of a Nonconformist community, as well as the clergyman himself.

[1] Probably 11,000 in 1864 would be nearly, in proportion, the same as 15,000 at the present time. But of those 11,000 would twenty sign the same declaration now? And is the value of the 15,000 signatures more than those of the 11,000 of which Bishop Thirlwall said at the time, "I cannot consider them in the light of so many ciphers, which add to the value of the figures which they follow; but I consider them in the light of a row of figures preceded by a decimal point, so that however far the series may be prolonged it can never rise to the value of a single unit" (*Guardian*, April 27, 1864).

In this very case of burials many in Scotland would 150 years ago have been astonished to find that an Episcopalian minister, or a Roman Catholic priest, could with all the paraphernalia of his Church, read the funeral service over the departed in churchyards of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. And most Englishmen probably will be startled to know that the practice which they so vehemently deprecate in England, has existed continuously and constantly for centuries without inconvenience in Ireland. The fact is that in subjects so complex, in laws framed without special regard to the new state of things which has sprung up around us, it is almost inevitable but that many practices will be found within the liberties of the Church that have before been treated as impossible. The fact of a liberty not having been discovered is no proof against its existence.

III. Now if this be so, let me briefly point out some of the advantages which would flow from the frank and full recognition that this long-vexed question is thus settled. To those eager partisans to whom nothing is so dear as a grievance I have nothing to say. I pity those members of the Liberation Society to whom this agitation has been the very meat and drink of the last few years. I pity those confident Conservatives and timid Churchmen who have been threatening disestablishment and fearing sacrilege, which they now will find has been part and parcel of the Established Church for centuries. But it is not to them that these remarks are addressed. There must be many amongst statesmen, on both sides of politics, there must be many reasonable Nonconformists, there must be many charitable Churchmen, who would be glad to escape easily, and without a struggle, from a combat in which every victory gained on either side is a loss to charity and to truth. Even should I have been able to prove no more than that Dissenters may use their own services with the permission of the clergyman, I should hope that there would be hundreds and thousands of our brethren who would rise to the elevation of their newly-found liberty, and give every facility for the performance of rites which are as natural to demand as they are painful to resist; and I should hope, also, that among Nonconformists there might be many who would feel that, in asking for this permission, they were doing nothing derogatory to their position—they would, in fact, only be placing themselves on the same level as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who cannot, by the existing law, read even our own Burial Service without the permission of the clergyman in whose churchyard it is to be performed. But should there be amongst our number any who, from wilfulness or from conscientious objections refuse to avail themselves of this liberty, then and then only, but then without doubt, it would be necessary to ascertain, perhaps by a single law-suit, whether the rights of property, which cannot exclude the interment of the Nonconforming dead, are sufficient to exclude the liberties of Nonconformist services allowed by the general law of the Church. If, as I hope, it should be found that these technical objections do not rise to the level of legal obstructions, then the experience of Scotland and Ireland, and those numerous instances which I before cited in England, justify us in believing that, even in the case of the most scrupulous of the clergy, the alarm will in a few years subside into a tranquil satisfaction that they are "fortunate beyond their own knowledge," and that that which I am assured has occurred in the case of the St. Helier's churchyard will occur throughout the country, namely, "that the Nonconformists will seldom take advantage of the concession made to them, the concession itself making it the more conciliatory, and leading them more and more to a favourable interpretation of our own beautiful Burial Service." Let Nonconformists be assured that half the bitterness of the contest on the side of Churchmen

is occasioned by the belief that they are asked to surrender a right which they have had for centuries. Let Churchmen be assured that half the bitterness on the part of Nonconformists is occasioned by the belief that they have a natural right from which they are excluded by an unjust law. If it can be made clear to the clergy that they have never had any such right to exclude, and to the Nonconformists that the existing law guarantees to them a right which they have always had, surely the winds and waves will cease, and perchance there will be a great calm. It cannot be deemed an unreasonable wish of Dissenters to be buried by the side of their ancestors in our national churchyards, and that from time to time the survivors should have the consolation of hearing the prayers or hymns with which they themselves are familiar. It cannot be deemed a foolish instinct for Churchmen to desire that grounds set apart, not "by what we call the ceremony of consecration," but by the far deeper consecration of the holy dead and the memories enshrined for ever in the lines of Gray's *Elegy*, shall not be exposed to disorder and tumult, still more that these sacred grounds should not from polemical purposes be closed. But funerals are not the times for the worst, but for the best, feelings of our common human nature to be uppermost.

> "Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Nonconformists, by desiring to bury their dead with those from whom they have been divided in life, renounce for the time their position as separatists. They recognise that at least in the case of churchyards there is a national religion, a State Church, which they do not think unlawful, and in whose most valued endowment they have no struggle in claiming a concurrent share. And doubly strong, doubly blessed, will be the national religion and the national Church when we find that it never has parted asunder in the grave those whom God, by our common English lineage, and our common human nature, has joined together.

A. P. Stanley.

P.S.—Since the composition and the delivery of this essay, there have been two discussions on the Burial Question. The first was on the morning of the 15th of February, in the Lower House of the Convocation of the Southern Province; the second was in the evening of the same day in the House of Commons. In the Convocation, the facts stated in the foregoing pages were set forth; but received neither elucidation nor contradiction, and a resolution [1] was passed by fifty-nine to nine which, if it became law, would curtail by a hitherto unprecedented encroachment the existing liberties of the Church, by prohibiting (whether intentionally or unintentionally) not merely the use of such Nonconforming services as those already mentioned, but the use of hymns, anthems, or the like, now so common in important funerals conducted in other respects according to the form prescribed in the Prayer-book. To this resolution was appended a rider encouraging the clergy and churchwardens, for the sole purpose of excluding dissenters, to dissever the sacred connexion between the parishioners and the churchyard by "providing cemeteries."

In the House of Commons the debate took a wider range, and was distinguished by the superior knowledge, moderation, and ability displayed by almost all the speakers, and, with the

[1] "That this House is of opinion that the Church cannot, without detriment to her spiritual character and without breach of trust, consent to admit within her consecrated burial grounds rites other than her own, and that by the relaxation of the existing ritual already adopted by this House, permittting an alternative service or burial without service, and the facilities that have been given for the provision of cemeteries, the grievances of Nonconformists may most properly be met." It is obvious that any modern law, incorporating these proposals, would definitively exclude all variations from the existing burial service except the meagre and uniform alternative service indicated.

exception of a few passages, remarkably free from any display of party spirit. The lucid speech of the mover of the resolution, which was only lost by a majority of 242 to 227, substantially confirmed the main positions laid down in the foregoing essay, and he asserted positively "that the common law of England, which vested the freehold of the parish in the clergyman and the churchwardens, gave to every parishioner—indeed to every person dying in the parish—the right to be interred in the churchyard quite irrespective of his religious opinions or of the consent of the incumbent, and to baptised persons not labouring under any social or religious ban the right to be interred with a religious service—the service of the Church—that being the only one known at the time the custom arose." That this was the law there could be no doubt. Lord Stowell, perhaps the greatest ecclesiastical lawyer who had ever sat on the English bench, laid it down that "every parishioner had a right to be buried in the churchyard without leave of the incumbent." Further, "Until very recent times there was no law whatever to prevent a clergyman, if he chose, from allowing Nonconformists to perform any service they liked in the churchyard. In 1824, Lord Plunket, one of the greatest lawyers —it might be added one of the greatest men that had ever adorned the House, said:[1]—"Suppose that the Protestant parson (that is, the Church of England clergyman) performs the rites of the Protestant Church (*i.e.* the Church of England), or that he waives their performance, there is no law in existence which in either case prohibits the performance of Dissenting rites in a Protestant (*i.e.*, a Church of England) churchyard." Mr. Osborne Morgan proceeded to add that this state of the law continued down to 1875, when the Public Worship Regulation Act was passed, and he then cited the opinion of the Attorney-General, already quoted in the foregoing Essay, to the effect that this Act (and as it appears from the above statement, this Act alone) restrains a clergyman from the liberty of permitting the use of Nonconformist services in the churchyard. That Mr. Morgan, with the strong personal and political interest which he naturally has in keeping the question open, or at least in obtaining a distinct law on the subject, and that the Attorney-General, in support of the view taken by the majority of his party in the House of Commons, should make the most of this solitary and doubtful restriction on the liberties of the clergy and the Nonconformists, is perhaps no more than might have been expected. But that, with those strong inducements to magnify, from opposite points of view, the legal difficulties of the case, they should have been able to find but this one recent enactment in support of their view is decisive as to the fact that, in the ancient ecclesiastical and statute law of England down to 1875, there was no obstacle to the performance of Dissenting or other like services in the churchyards or consecrated cemeteries. Mr. Morgan glanced at the possibility that the Nonconformists who used the churchyard for this purpose might render themselves liable to a civil action for trespass. But this again does not affect the general question; it only arises out of the complex law of freehold, which, as regards the interment of the dead in the consecrated soil, has been universally conceded, and, in the case of consecrated cemeteries, affects not the clergyman, but the joint-stock company.

These facts, as thus laid down by Mr. Osborne Morgan, were not contradicted in any subsequent part of the debate; indeed by one speaker they were urged against his resolution as proving that it was, according to his own showing, not needed. The result, therefore, of the additional light thrown on the legal view of the

[1] *Hansard*, vol. x., 2nd Series, p. 1457, March 22, 1824. In Irish parlance "Protestant" means a Churchman as distinct from a Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, and "Parson" means the "Incumbent," as distinct from "Parish Priest," which means a Roman Catholic Pastor.

question by the debates in Convocation and in Parliament is this—

1. That every one dying in the parish has a right to be buried in the church yard, with or without a religious service, with or without the permission of the incumbent.

2. That there is no alleged instance of a law to prohibit the permission of the use of Nonconformist services except a single clause of the Public Worship Act in 1875.

3. That the only Act limiting the nature of those services is that of 23rd and 24th Victoria, c. 32, which is entirely confined to the restraint of riotous, violent, indecent, or turbulent behaviour in churchyards, such as those who seek this liberty would earnestly desire to see observed.

4. That the only remedy which an incumbent (in the case of a churchyard) or the proprietors (in the case of a consecrated cemetery) would have against the introduction of such usages would be not an ecclesiastical suit, but a civil action for trespass—for which the chief ground has been already cut away in the case of churchyards by the acknowledged right of interment.

And the practical conclusion is that the churchyards and consecrated cemeteries are therefore open to the Nonconformists without any further change of law.

The Public Worship Act, the only statute on which resistance is founded, manifestly applies only to the mode of procedure in case an act already unlawful has been performed; and it cannot be set in action without the concurrence of the Bishop of the diocese or the Archbishop of the province, who (although in the single instance of the Bishop of Lincoln such an attempt was threatened, but not put to the proof) would, it is presumed, in no case venture to make use of the machinery of an Act concerning which every member of the Legislature on or off the episcopal bench repeatedly declared that it was not intended to create, and could not create, new ecclesiastical offences. And further, if it were put in force, nothing would be more easy than for the Primate who brought in the bill to move for the repeal of the clause—nothing more acceptable to the clergy whose protests have been the most clamorous against the admission of Dissenters, than to remove any part of a law which they profess to regard with at least equal detestation.

As to the civil suit for trespass, this remedy would, no doubt, be open to the incumbent of the parish or the proprietors of cemeteries. But a singel case would be sufficient to determine how far a right which has ceased to apply to the soil could be made to apply to the air of the burial-ground. And supposing that the transference of the guardianship of churchyards to burial boards, as proposed by Mr. Walter, were effected, the opportunity for such suits would cease entirely.

There are further two general points, which the debates in Convocation and in Parliament suggest—

1. The divergence of the clergy and the laity on this point. In the general public, 15,000 out of 20,000 clergy have (under whatever pressure) signed a protest against the permission of extraneous services; out of several millions of laity, only 30,000.[1] In the Lower House of Convocation, 59 to 9 voted against this permission. In the House of Lords, a majority voted for it; and in the House of Commons, only the small majority of 15 out of 469 voted against it. If the Church includes the laity as well as the clergy, "the living voice of the Church" has thus expressed itself by an overwhelming majority in favour of the permission of extraneous services.

2. The opportunity suggested by even a doubt on the present state of the law opens an obvious road to a pacific solution of the question, in which there shall be no victory on either side; but in which each will retain the rights, and no more than the rights, which both have had from the earliest times of the English Church.

A. P. S.

[1] The lay petition included Dissenters as well as Churchmen, and therefore the proportion is that of the whole population.

A VISIT TO KING KETSHWAYO.

Such exaggerated accounts have been sent to England of the state of things in Zululand, and particularly of the "atrocities" which are said to have been committed by orders of the king, in respect of numerous native converts, and to have caused a sudden flight of many of the missionaries from the district, that your readers may be interested in a narrative of a visit which has just been made to the Zulu king, by a Natal native, written down by himself in Zulu, and literally translated into English.

The writer is the manager of my printing-office, which is wholly carried on by natives. I have had him with me from a boy for more than twenty years, and I am sure that his statements are thoroughly to be relied on, as accurate reports of what he has seen and heard in Zululand, and of what he believes with reference to the condition of that country, and the intentions and wishes of its present rulers. I have added a few notes of my own, explanatory of native words, &c.

J. W. Natal.

Bishopstowe, Natal,
Oct. 29, 1877.

June 10.—I left Ekukanyeni [Bishopstowe] accompanied by my brother Ndokweni, Mboza, and Mbungumbu. I went to Mr. John (Shepstone),[1] and asked for a pass, telling him that I wished to visit some friends of mine living in Zululand, and also to see the King Ketshwayo. Mr. John wrote a pass for me, and I went and slept at Sikimyana's, and the next day I slept at Edendale, as I wished to see Mazwi, son of Langalibalele, who was ill. The next day I went on and slept at my brother Sifile's, and the next I went to Hemuhemu, our chief by birth. He had a goat killed for me, and on the morrow I returned to Sifile. Hemuhemu was very glad to hear that I was going to Zululand; he encouraged me too by his words, though many of my friends said that I should be killed in Zululand, since Ketshwayo was killing right and left. I went on from Sifile's and slept at my brother Ntungunono's, and stayed with him about three days, and then started and made straight for my father's kraal at the Umzinyati[2] I slept at Ngcazi's, and next day I slept at one of Pakade's kraals, where I found a great dearth of food, and the chief's wives, who were there, complaining bitterly about it; so we lay down without eating, and rose early in the morning, and went to sleep at William Ngidi's across the Tugela. We slept there two nights, and I went to Gwalagwala[3] to ask for a pass to cross at the drift. He gave me a pass, and I went on and reached my father's kraal, where I stayed three days.

Well! on the day when we left my father's kraal, we went and crossed the Buffalo into Zululand, and went on to Njuba's, which we reached at midday, and we got to Esigedhleni, a kraal of Matshana's, in the evening. I sent a man to report me to Matshana, and was given a hut for myself and party; and shortly there arrived a leg of beef uncooked, which we grilled and ate, and slept. In the morning Matshana sent for me, and I went to him, into a hut of his isigodhlo.[4] I asked him about the killing of people, saying "I am very much surprised to hear the stories about killing in Zululand.

[1] Acting Secretary for Native Affairs.

[2] Buffalo River.

[3] Resident Magistrate at Umsinga on the Zulu Border.

[4] Private apartment.

But I should very much wish to hear clearly from you, sir, if it is really true that I too shall be likely to be killed; since then I will go back at once. All my friends are afraid that I shall be killed in Zululand." Said Matshana, "I know nothing about any such matter here in Zululand. No one is killed, if he has not done wrong." Said I, "I hear what you say, sir; but can all that which is spoken be false, then?" He said "Yes."

Well! we passed on towards the king, and slept at Pakatwayo's, who, however, was not at home, but his sons treated us well, and procured food for us, while their sister cooked. We arose very early in the morning, and passed through a beautiful [burial] grove of a former chief of the ama-Cunu, uLembede, son of Ndima, where he was buried; there the soil of the valley is red.

As to that Chief Lembede, the people of that place still take great care of that grove, as those of the Zulu kings are always guarded so that no fire may touch the grass of those places. There is Senzangakona's grove, and Mageba's and Jama's; but Tshaka's is farther south, on the Natal side of the river [Tugela]. Those people of Lembede, though they are now under Zulu rule, reverence always that grove of their former chief; they never burn wood from that grove, because they would be burning a man of their own tribe. It is said that once upon a time some of their people went and chopped some of Lembede's wood, and he found fault with them in the form of a snake, according to that belief of theirs. uLembede, then, was very angry and went to the kraal which had chopped that wood, until a number of cattle were turned out and eaten to make atonement, and then that snake returned to his grove. It is said also that when those people at Lembede's thank their *idhlozé* (ancestral spirit) they go first to that grove and thank Lembede, and slaughter an ox, and then slaughter others at their kraal. I have seen his kraals and passed through them. That grove, it is said, was there before the time of Tshaka; and Tshaka himself is reported to have gone there once to look at it, because it was so beautiful.

We went on to the kraal of Nkisimane; but he was not there, but at another kraal of his lower down at the Ungoye hills. Well! when we got to Nkisimane's, his son was glad to see us, though he did not know us before, and sent his sister to cook for us, for we were exceedingly hungry. When we had eaten, he told me that I had better go to Mfunzi's, where I should find plenty of hospitality.[1] In the afternoon we went on and slept at the kraal of Nxaba, son of Mbeswa. Well! we arose in the morning and went on, and about 10 A.M. we saw Mfunzi's kraal. Ah! and Mfunzi saw me a long way off, and I saw him a long way off, and he ran and came, and I too got down from my horse and went to him, and we greeted each other. He took us into a hut, and said, "O! and I was actually dreaming of you! Look you, I have just been sitting talking with my people, and telling them how I dreamt I was speaking with the young lady [Miss Colenso] and the Inkas' Sobantu [the Bishop]. Now I see that these dreams of mine will make me run away another day if I should dream of being killed." He procured food for us, and took a fine calf, and slew it, and we ate. On the morrow food of all kinds was brought from his kraals, for he is an *umnumzana* [head-man] with kraals under him.

The next day I and my brother went up to visit the missionary, Mzimela [Rev. R. Robertson]. When we got there, he was glad to see me, and, it being Saturday, he wished me to stay till Monday.

I asked Mr. Robertson for writing-paper, that I might write letters home [to Bishopstowe]; he gave me some

[1] Mfunzi and Nkisimane were Magema's friends, Zulu Indunas, who had been repeatedly at Bishopstowe.

note-paper and envelopes, and I wrote two letters. He gave me snuff, and he gave my brother a pair of trousers, and he gave us beer to drink, and beans.

He then took me and my brother, and showed us a very pretty chapel and its beautiful decorations; he opened the harmonium and played it, and I too played it.[1] He took us also to see his school, and then we went again into his house. I asked him, saying, "All this beautiful labour of yours, which cost a deal of money—will you abandon it?" Said he, "Oh yes, but I don't care so much about the house and other things; I care most about these papers of mine. But I intend to put them in my hole, and go. For truly now I shall be left behind alone, and my people will go away. However, I shall not go away immediately; I shall wait till the proper time has come for it." I was much grieved to see such beautiful work, which would be left behind upon the ground and be destroyed. We then said good-bye to him and returned to Mfunzi.

In a few days we started, Muenzi accompanying us, and made straight for the king's kraal, Mfunzi having sent a messenger to Nkisimane to say that I had arrived. We left Mfunzi's, and slept at a small kraal of the king, called Ekudumeni. There we had a little difficulty; for a young man of that kraal, Nondhla by name, wanted to turn us out of his hut, and at last we went and slept at another kraal (Tshukû's) hard by. But the next day he atoned for his act with a [present of a] goat. Well! we went on, and slept at a kraal (Nomkwayimba) on this side of the White Imfolozi (river). We took a calf from some cattle of the king's which were there, which Mfunzi told us to slay and eat, and not go hungry.

In the morning we arose and went to the Inhlungwanzi (river), where the king was living. We arrived early, while it was yet morning. And when we had entered within the kraal Ezinhlendhleni, Mfunzi took us, myself and Mboza, to the hut of the Chief Induna [Prime Minister], and we went and saluted him. He was glad to see us, having already heard that we should arrive by the messenger who had been sent by Mfunzi while we were at his kraal. He asked for what purpose I had come, and I told him that I desired to see the king and speak with him. He asked if Sobantu was well; I said "Yes." And presently we left the hut and went outside.

When we had gone outside the hut I saw two converts, young men.

Well! we two sat down with those two converts under the shade of a tree outside the kraal, and I began to ask about the evil things I had heard as to the killing of converts. They told me that two converts had been killed, and this is the account which they gave me:—

"There was a man of Gaozi's who had been a convert for two years. When Gaozi first heard that his man wished to become a convert he tried to prevent it, and collected his council to inquire closely about the conversion of that man. But as the man would not abandon his conversion, the Induna Gaozi let him alone, to be a convert if he pleased; but he ordered that the king should not be told about that matter. So things remained until a whole year had passed. But afterwards, when the second year was nearly at an end, the missionary Mondi (Mr. Oftebro) went and told the king about that man's conversion, Gaozi not having told him what he should say to the king, and being moreover absent from home at the time. When the missionary told that matter to the king, he was astonished to hear that it had been hidden from him by Gaozi, and sent a man to hear the truth about it from Gaozi. When Gaozi heard that, he was alarmed, thinking that the missionary had gone to inform against him to the king,

[1] Magema can play the chants, &c., for service.

because he had concealed that matter from him; and he sent an impi[1] to kill the man at once, before Ketshwayo had sent a word of reply to him. So the impi went to kill him; and when it came to him, the convert, whose name was Maqamsela, asked them where they were going. They said that they had come to kill him. Whereupon Maqamsela bravely told them that he would not run away, but he begged that they would allow him time to say a few words of prayer. They consented, and he knelt down and prayed, and, when he rose up, he told them that he was ready now to die. Those who were sent, however, were all afraid to kill a man who was guilty of no fault at all, and they just stood and looked at him. Then some young fellow came forward and fired at him with a gun, and so died Maqamsela."

Such were the words spoken by those two converts to me and my brother. I particularly inquired of them if it was Ketshwayo who had sent to order that man to be killed. The converts denied that utterly, and insisted that Ketshwayo was not at all to blame for that shedding of blood. Ketshwayo, in fact, is grieved to see the missionaries leaving him, when he had done nothing to them. However, before I went to Zululand I heard that certain converts from Zululand had come to report to Mr. John [Shepstone] that Ketshwayo was killing the converts, and that he had killed an *innceku*[2] of his, because he did not come to the king at his order, now that he was become a convert. Perhaps that *innceku* was Maqamsela. Besides, of the two converts with whom I spoke at Ezinhlendhleni, one was a Zulu, and they had been sent by the missionary Mondi to inquire of the king why the missionaries and their converts were obliged to run away from Zululand And Ketshwayo, who knew nothing about their going away, replied to those converts that Mondi might go away if he liked, or might stay if he did not wish to go.

Those converts also told me the story of the death of another convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people down below. They said: "That convert came upon an ox which had died of disease, and sat down with the people, and all of them ate the flesh of it. After a while the convert went away to his own kraal. When he had gone away, there came other people of the neighbouring kraals to ask for some flesh of that dead beast, and, after eating it, many of the people became ill. Thereupon Sintwangu's people said that this was caused by that convert's having put poison in the meat, and they went to his kraal in a body and killed him. That matter was just like the case of Sigatiya, Matshana's man, who was said to have killed Ntwetive with poison, whereupon Ntwetive's people arose and bound Sigatiya with cords and kicked him with their feet, laying their grief to his account [a well-known case in Natal some years ago]. Evidently that convert was killed, though perfectly innocent of any fault, just like Maqamsela, who died through the error of Gaozi and Mondi, though I don't know why those two agreed to conceal that matter from the king. And so with that convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people, his death happened through a matter which was not clearly apparent to the people. But the Zulus affirm that the poison which killed those people was like that which is placed in meat to kill hyænas and leopards [strychnine, or ? arsenic]. It is said that all who were saved were made to drink milk, or vomited, and so were saved.

Well, we arrived in the morning to the king, at his kraal Ezinhlendhleni, near his grand kraal of Maïzekanye,[3] which name was given to it by way of threatening the Boers, meaning that if they came they would find him ready to fight with them. But at that particular time the king could

[1] Force of armed men.

[2] *Servant*, here *officer of the household.*

[3] *Lit.*, "Let the whole force come on!"

not show himself even to his own people, in accordance with certain customs of the Zulus, as he had just been under treatment with a view to having progeny. For in Zululand the king has certain times of abstinence, and the people too in like manner. The chief time of abstinence is that of the new moon, on which day no person does any work. Another is on a day when hail falls, or when a great wind blows, or when lightning strikes anything, or when a neighbour dies, on which day they go not out of the kraal, nor do any work.

Well! when we had been sitting some little time inside the kraal, lo! there was Nkisimane coming with his attendant. Mfunzi sent an *innceku*, Siwunguza, to go and tell the king that I had arrived. And I told Siwunguza that I desired to see the king, and that I wished to tell him about Langalibalele, and about other matters. The *innceku* returned and asked, "Where is Langalibalele?" I said, "He is at Capetown, he is well in health." He carried off those words to the king, and came back bringing meat, and we went to sleep at Maïzekanye.

Now I will copy the words which I wrote while we were staying at Maïzekanye.

July 23.—Since I have reached this kraal, I have not seen the king till this day. This morning at 8 A.M. we[1] went in to the Chief Induna Mnyamana, I and Mfunzi, and Nkisimane, and Mboza, and he gave us some beer. As we came out from the Chief Induna, we saw the king standing at the top of the kraal speaking with his people, who were seated in great numbers;[2] he was standing at the entrance of the cattle kraal.[3] On seeing him we went up to pay our respects. Ketshwago is a black *ikehla* [head-ringed man], resembling his father [the late Mpande or Panda], and firm in flesh. He is large, but his body is firm, not flabby, like the bodies of other large men among the Zulus. His face does not look so well as it did formerly.[4] He had on today a spotted blanket. After paying our respects, we went down to the bottom of the kraal. When the people went away from before him, the king sent to call us, he still standing at the same place. We came to him and sat down, and I spoke with him as follows:—

Magema. Ndabezita,[5] I have come here with the desire to see you. I wish also to tell you that a [hole for lamentation] door of intercession for Langalibalele has been opened to-day by the Governor (of Natal). Mr. John (Shepstone) says that it would be well that all who lament for him should come forward. I left the black chiefs in Natal going there to the governor, together with the amalubi from Basutoland. Also I wish to know about that which is said by people, *viz.* that you are killing people continually, without having tried their cause, and although the man may not be worthy of death. For you see, sir, those reports last year very much grieved Sobantu, till at last he sent to you, and wrote letters to go to the chiefs over the sea on the words which were spoken in your name by Mfunzi and Nkisimane. Those words plainly showed that these reports were false, and so they were silenced who spread those evil reports about you. And now it will be a joyful thing for me to hear from my lord, the King Gumede,[6] that truly such is the case; then I shall know from whom Mfunzi and Nkisimane received those words of denial. Further, I would inform you, Ngumede, that the son of Sobantu has arrived, by name Gebuza, who has come here to take in hand (in

[1] Magema carries a watch.

[2] The Zulu etiquette being that no one may stand upright in the presence of his superior.

[3] Which is in the centre of the whole kraal.

[4] *I.e.*, when Magema saw him seventeen years ago.

[5] A title of high respect, probably meaning "breaker-in-pieces of enemies."

[6] Title of respect.

the law-courts) all matters concerning natives.

The king was glad to hear that matter of Gebuza's arrival.

Ketshwayo. Well! I am glad to hear what you say. You see Sobantu there is a father to me, he is not like other white men; his words are different from theirs, they are pleasant. And yet I do not know why he cares for me; he has not seen me from the time when he saw me quite a boy, on his way to the king (Mpande), when he was given the land Kwa'Magwaza. I hope that Sobantu will always have a care for me, for those white men are talking — talking—talking, and they want to come down with might upon me. But for my part, as I have done no wrong, I will not run away. And yet through that I know the ruin of the land will come. For this land and these people whom I rule are Senzangakona's, I have not *konza'd*[1] for them to any one whatsoever; it is only myself in person that have *konza'd* to the English; I have not *konza'd* for these people of ours. As for me, look you, I don't approve of killing a man. But the Zulu people are bad; it is they who wish to kill one another, whereas I do not allow it. Here, you see, are Mfunzi and Nkisimane still alive, whom people have been after continually, seeking that they should be killed. Well! how is it that they are still alive? And in the time to come you will find them still here.

Magema. Ndabezita, I should wish much to hear also about those stories of converts whom it is said you are killing. For, when I was there at home, it was reported that three converts had come to inform Mr. John (Shepstone) about them. And, moreover, this very day, I find the missionaries and converts already gone, running away from you. I wish to know the meaning of this.

Ketshwayo. Au! they are liars! Do you hear what he says? I too don't understand the meaning of that; I only see that all the missionaries have gone away, without my knowing why they are gone away, without their having said a word to me, whereas I had treated them very kindly. Therefore, since they *have* gone away secretly from me, they had better go away for good, and not come back any more. For truly I don't know any good at all that they have ever done for me; all they did was to say that all the people ought to be converted, together with all my soldiers, and Mzimela (Mr. Robertson) himself is continually saying so to me. But I had him there, for I answered him that we don't know anything about that; he had better go and make converts of the soldiers of his own people first, and after that these people of ours may be converted. On my word I don't know what wrong I have done to those white men who have gone away from me.

Magema. King of kings! That is good. Gumede! And I too say, sir, that the soldiers of the king and the whole Zulu people should be converted. For what means that being converted? Is it not a good thing to be converted? To be converted, sir, it is to practise what is right and good before men and in one's own heart, to carry a white heart through reverencing Him who made all men. That is not being converted, Gumede, when people cast off the power which is appointed to rule over them, and despise their king, and go and live with the missionaries.

Ketshwayo. A! Well then, if that were the case, it would be all right, since that is quite proper.

Magema. Ndabezita, that's true conversion, and that is what Sobantu wishes, that people should be converted, respecting their chiefs, and living in their own kraals.

Ketshwayo. O! well then? is Sobantu a white man, eh? Why Sobantu is quite an *umcentu* (native) like myself; he desires what is right and good.

Magema. Ndabezita, it ought to be known by all men that Unkulunkulu (the Great-Great-One) does not

[1] Done homage.

live in the houses of the missionaries, that He is in all places. It is right that the people, being converted, should live in their own kraals, and pay respect to their king, and keep a clean heart, and worship Unkulunkulu.

Ketshwayo. Those words which you speak are good; they are quite a different thing; the missionaries don't do that. And, now that they have quite gone away, I don't know what they ever did for me; for, when I was in trouble about Langalibalele, they refused to help me; I was helped by Sobantu alone; they had better go away, and not come back any more. They ought at all events to have bid me good-bye, if they went away of their own accord, and then, when they wished to return, they might have done so; I should not have said anything to that.

Magema. Thou of the Great House! I should like to know who it is that takes from here all the stories concerning Zululand, and carries them to the white people?

Ketshwayo. It is the Zulus here, themselves, and the white men here, and travellers.

Magema. Gumede! Nkosi (Sire)! I don't at all understand that going away of the missionaries without your knowledge, when you had not harmed them. And for my part I commend that word of the king's that they had better not come back, since they have made a fool of the king; for he had given them land out of kindness, without their paying anything for it. And now they have gone away without saying good-bye to their king. I say the king had better stick to that.

Ketshwayo. Down there at Sintwangu's, a convert chanced to get hold of some meat of a diseased ox, and handled it, and some people became ill [? died] from eating it; thereupon those who mourned laid their mourning to the charge of that convert, and killed him. That matter was reported to me after the convert had been killed. I was startled at that when I heard it, and blamed Sintwangu's people very much for killing a man without my orders. But they assured me positively that he did that. I said that they ought to have brought him bound to me that I might hear the charge against him. But that convert did, no doubt, a very bad deed.

The other convert [who was ill-used] did not belong to [1] the missionaries. He was a man of ours, who, having become a convert, was killed by our people without my orders. For this is the sort of thing the converts do. There was one of Mondi's converts who took a girl of the (*isigodhlo*) royal harem, whom I meant to give to another man, her (intended) bridegroom having died. When that girl had been married to that convert, there went an *impi* without my orders, set on by the induna, and ate up that convert's cattle. When I heard of that, I sent a messenger with an order that they should restore all the property. But, for all that, I see that I am now in disfavour with the missionaries, though I don't know what harm I have done to them.

Magema. Baba, I for my part am rejoiced to speak with the king to-day. For I wish to hear all those words which are brought to us from time to time by these two men, fathers to me [Mfunzi and Nkisimane], your dogs, your feet, whom in particular I desired to bring me here into your presence, without whom I could not have come into your presence this day, whom I have brought in order to produce their words before you, that I might hear plainly whether they were speaking out of their own hearts or not. And there are many words of mine which I spoke to them when far away there at home, and I wish to hear whether they brought them to the king.

Ketshwayo. Quite right! But, look you, we are talking standing; and I shall like (some other day) to talk indoors, sitting down at our ease. Now, go down for a while below.

Thereupon we saluted respectfully

[1] *I.e.*, was not living with.

and went away, and the king entered a hut in the *isigodhlo*.

Well! those are the words of my talk with the king of the Zulus on the day when we began to see one another. There is the sad story of the death of that convert, who died without the king's knowledge. One who knows the story of the ruin of Matshana will see plainly how matters stand with black people, and how the black chiefs are attacked with accusations. Moreover, one who knows well the story of the ruin of Langalibalele and the charge brought against him by Mtshitshizelwa, and how he was blamed for the guns which were brought for his young men by their white masters at the Diamond Fields, will see plainly that the death of that convert did not occur by the order of Ketshwayo, but through silly practices[1] that convert was killed. The king's word availed not, his silly people did according to their silliness, just as that man of Matshana's was killed, who was said by the *izanusi* (wizards) to have killed Ntwetwe by evil practices. Well, and the end of Sigatiya's affair, what was it? Why, Matshana was completely ruined through it; it was said that it was he who sent his people to kill that Sigatiya; and that talk, in fact, drove Matshana away from Natal, and he fled away to Zululand. After many years the truth was brought to light through the trial of Langalibalele, that Matshana never sent men to kill Sigatiya; and so Matshana was ruined for nothing at all, and his people were killed for nothing at all. Will it be the same, I wonder, in the case of Ketshwayo? It ought to be thoroughly known that Ketshwayo is wholly blameless in respect of the death of the convert.

As for the other sad story of the death of a convert in Zululand, which I was told by Ketshwayo. I was told it also by the two converts of Mondi's. Ketshwayo's words confirm those of the two converts, and their words confirm those of Ketshwayo.

[1] "Smelling out."

It is right that all people should know that Ketshwayo loves his people; he does not at all wish that they should kill one another, or that he himself should kill them. He has altogether abandoned the policy of Tshaka and Dingane, and carries on that of the English in earnest. He does not wish to hear with one ear only. If one man has gone to inform against another he summons him who has been informed against, that he may hear and decide the case properly. If a man has committed a great crime he makes him pay a fine with cattle. During all the time I stayed in Zululand I saw Ketshwayo sitting in his seat, judging the causes of his people, and his judgment was excellent and satisfactory.

July 27.—The king called me, desiring to speak with me words of farewell. I went into the *isigodhlo*, together with Mfunzi and Nkisimane and Mboza. When we had entered we sat down and saluted respectfully. We said—"Bayete!"[2] Whereupon the king said—"Au! why do you sit so far away, Nkisimane? Come near, and then we shall hear one another." And so we went near, for in fact it was I who was in front of the others, and I was afraid to approach very near. But the king called me and bade me approach close to him, until at last we were so near that one of us might have stretched out his arm and touched the other. I pulled out my papers from the pocket of my jacket and began to write a few words, watching, too, for the king's reply that I might write it down also. I then uttered my words about the rule in Zululand, as follows:—

"Gumede! thou of the source of the Great House! I am rejoiced to speak with you to-day. Moreover, I am astonished that you, being so great a king of the whole country, should have the heart to speak with me, who am a mere nothing, a mere boy, a dog of a dog, the merest dust here upon the ground. But I know that the king is exceedingly wise above

[2] The royal salutation.

many people. And now there is one point which I especially admire in the government of the Zulus this day. For I see nothing whatever of what I was told of before I came hither, viz., that here in Zululand people are killed for nothing at all, innocent people, and that the king has no concern for his people. On that account, Silo [Leopard], all my friends warned me not to come here, till at last I went and inquired of the Inkos' Mr. John [Shepstone], who said that there was nothing of the kind.

Ketshwayo. O! Mr. John spoke the truth; he is not a baby.

Magema. Well, but—Nkos'—ever since I arrive here I have not heard of anything evil, I have not seen any man killed; all I have seen is the king judging the cause of the people, just as they do at home in Maritzburg. But, Gumede, there is one matter which I do not like, and which I wish to lay before you. When Tshaka and Dingane forbade that there should be wizards (*izanusi*), they came to an end, whereas I find the land governed by witchcraft.[1] But I know that you are wiser than other men; I thought also that wisdom advances continually day by day, so that we of the generation of to-day are wiser than the generations that are past. I do not approve of that matter of the *izanusi*, it is bad, they are madmen; the rule of the king will not come clearly into the light, if he allows his people to be governed by such processes. Why in Zululand then the king is—the *izanusi!* and the Indunas are—the *izanusi* too! for there is not a case that is heard in which a person has not been smelt out to begin with by *izanusi*. To my mind, Gumede, this seems utterly bad, and I do not wish to conceal from the king an evil practice.

Ketshwayo. Yes, indeed, you have spoken truly. We know that Tshaka put a stop to that; he killed the *izanusi* because they told lies about people; he chose out *izanusi* who could be depended on for truth. But nowadays everybody says that he is an *izanusi*, though they are only seeking to deceive with evil practices. At this time, for instance, there is a great deal of sickness among women who have been doctored [with philtres] by [black] doctors, fetched by the young men from among the white folk in Natal. And the one thing is connected with the other. So I, too, complain very much about the *izanusi*.

Magema. Ndabezita, I wish to hear about that girl of the *isigodhlo* (royal harem), who was taken to wife by the convert; what became of her?

Ketshwayo. That girl, the daughter of Mlomowedhlozi—that's her father's name—is among the white people (in Natal), and that convert ran away with her to the white people. When they ran away I let them alone, and the cattle too, which that convert had to pay as fine.[2] I returned them to the missionary (Mondi).

Magema. Yes, sir, that was very right.

During all this time while we were sitting with the king the girls of the royal house were wondering very much at seeing me write all the words that were spoken by the king, and expressed their astonishment loudly.

Ketshwayo. Ah! I for my part am greatly pleased with Sobantu for the pains he has taken about Langalibalele. Why! it seemed as if he were actually fighting for myself on behalf of Langalibalele. I was hoping that, if he was allowed by the authorities, he would place him here in my hands, and I would take him and place him in his old land at Engcuba.

Here the king, while speaking thus, stretched out both his hands.

Magema. Baba, when I set out from home, I went to take leave of Mr. John, and he said that I was to salute very much for him the king and Matshana. For, sir, we are living pleasantly, and all is quiet, and the business of bringing back Langalibalele is being considered.

[1] *Ukubula*, "divination."

[2] For carrying her off.

Ketshwayo. And do you too hear the story about Somtseu (Sir T. S.), that he is coming here to make us pay hut-taxes?

Magema. No, Ndabezita, I have not heard it.

Ketshwayo. Do you say that you hear nothing—not a word—to the effect that we are to be made to pay taxes?

Magema. No, Gumede, I know nothing about that; I can't repeat the talk of people which is like mere wind.

Ketshwayo. We don't know truly what to make of it. But if Somtseu should come here to us, we shall just inquire of him, begging him to restrain his arms a little while at first, until he has told us, and we perhaps let him alone, and agree to what he says; for truly we will not run away, since we have done no wrong whatever towards the government; we shall just stand, and see what he will do to us.

Magema. Ndabezita, it would be very good that you should allow that black men who have been taught should settle in your land, and carry on the work of teaching, and enlighten thoroughly your land.

Ketshwayo. I too should like that exceedingly. But as to the missionaries, I don't want them any more, since they have broken off (*hlubuka*[1]) from me without saying a word of farewell to me.

Magema. And I too, Ndabezita, would not say anything about white men (settling here); I speak only about black men.

Ketshwayo. You see, this killing of people, we know nothing of it here; it is news to us. But on the day when Somtseu was here we told him that we should kill an *umtagati*,[2] and also any one who should defile the royal harem. And Somtseu agreed to that, and said that among his own people too a man who does those things is killed.

Magema. Yes, Gumede, that is right, provided that you have heard the cause of such an one, and have seen certainly that he has done the evil. The white people are not speaking of this sort of thing when they say that you are killing people.

Ketshwayo. Look you,—you will go with Mfunzi and Nkisimane, who go to make my lament for Langalibalele to Mr. John, and will then go on to my father Sobantu. By which road will you go?

Nkisimane. Baba, we shall go by the lower road, and cross the drift at Emakabeleni.

Magema. But I shall go on to Matshana, and cross the drift at my father's place.

Ketshwayo. Not so; it's not good that you should separate from one another. Won't Magema be in want of food? You must go with him, and go on to Etaleni, and go there to Makelekehlana, and get from him for Magema a calf [yearling] from among those black ones of mine; and then go to Gwadi, and get for him two good fat wethers. And tell Makelekehlana that he must not do as he is continually doing to me;[2] tell him that this man is my mouth, who speaks for me even when I am not there in person; so that every man at whose kraal you sleep shall give you out of the king's cattle, that he may not want food.

We all thanked the king. Afterwards the king bade us go into the great house into the *isigodhlo* and have some beer given to us. We thanked the king, and bade farewell, and went out. We were admitted into the *isigodhlo*, and were given beer, and drank, and went out, and went to bid farewell to the Indunas in the hut of Mnyamana (Chief Induna), where were the Indunas Mnyamana and Vumandaba.

[1] Thus the missionaries *hlubuka'd*, that is, they *separated* from Ketshwayo. This is the word which in Langalibalele's case was always translated in official documents "rebelled."

[2] Evil-doer, murderer.

[2] Play me his usual trick (saying that he has not got the animal which the king orders).

Magema. Gentlemen, I have now come to bid you farewell.

Mnyamana. I should like Ntshingwayo to be called, and to come here.

So Ntshingwayo was called, and entered the hut, and a large *isikamba* [pot] of beer was brought that we might wet our lips.

Mnyamana. Be so good as to tell us, and let us hear, what you have said to the king.

Magema. Well, then, Buteleri,[1] I for my part have enjoyed myself with the king. But I wish to tell you that the *izanusi* are doing what is not right; and whereas Tshaka and Dingane condemned them, you, the king's Indunas, allow them to be here. That seems to me bad—very bad. I wish to tell you that all the Zulus across the Tugela (refugees in Natal) wish to return here to-day, being oppressed with trouble coming from the white men, through having to pay much money to the government and to the white landowners. But I assure you that there is not one who will come back to be killed, for truly you are people ruled by *izanusi*, who tell you that this or that person is an evil-doer. I don't believe for a moment that those persons are evil-doers, and I blame very much your doings in this respect. Why, don't you know that you have now joined yourselves entirely with the laws of the Queen? I don't see what good you are doing by allowing these *izanusi.* Further I wish to tell you that it would be good that all the children of Zululand should be instructed, and get power to be wise like white men. Your sons ought to speak with the white chiefs, and to go across the sea, and speak with the great Queen of the English, who is kind and gracious in all she does; you ought to know that. Now I can venture to speak with you thus freely, for I admire—I admire the government of Zululand as it is carried on by you. I should say confidently that among the Zulus the country is quiet, and life is pleasant here; nay, I find here what is most excellent, the king judging the causes of his people. I had been told that many people were being killed; and you know that Sobantu and all good white men are grieved to hear that, and it grieves all native people too like myself. Now I bid you farewell. But I wish to tell you that to my mind Ketshwayo's doings which I have seen are excellent. There ought to be here some instructed black men to instruct your children. Also I ought to tell you that I have spoken with Sobantu, and told him that I wish to go to Capetown some time or other, and see the living and ruling and doing of the white men.

[1] The name of an ancient ancestor here used as surname for Mnyamana.

All this they agreed to, saying that my words were excellent. All three also gladly assented to the teaching of the children. They parted pleasantly from us, and begged to be very much remembered to the Inkos' Sobantu. We went off, and went to sleep at Ensindeni.

Now let me give some account of the peaceful state of Zululand. Well, in Zululand there is no war; there is no mustering of people for evil work; there is no calling together an *impi.* A little while ago Somtseu (Sir T. S.), son of Sonzica, sent a messenger to Ketshwayo to say that he was going to set the Boers to rights, and Ketshwayo must collect an armed force to assist him, in case anything should happen from the Boers fighting with him. So Ketshwayo mustered the whole tribe of the aba Qulusi, which lives to the north, and said that they were to stay assembled at Somtseu's word, and to attend to Somtseu's word, and, in case the Boers should fight with him, then the aba Qulusi were to render help, and go at once to assist Somtseu. Ketshwayo did all that, wishing to obey the commands of the Queen, though he did not want to do it, since no occasion had yet arisen for his fighting with the Boers, as they had not attacked him; but, from what

I saw at Maïzekauye, he is well prepared with ammunition, &c., in case any one should attack him. Well, so the aba Qulusi stayed on in full force until Kaitshana came, sent by Somtseu, to say that all was right, there was no fighting among the Boers, and then the aba Qulusi dispersed to their homes.

The next day we arose at Ensindeni, and said farewell to Gaozi, and went on our way. . . .

When we reached Ekukanyeni (Bishopstowe), all our own people rejoiced, and all our friends, to see that we were not killed. The two Indunas went with me to Mr. John; we waited several days while the Inkos' was occupied with his duties, and at last we saw him.

Well! on another day Mr. John called us. And when I entered there with Mfunzi and Nkisimane, there were in the room Manyonyo and Mqundane, and Manyosi, Indunas, to listen to the matter that was to be talked about by the Indunas of Ketshwayo. Mr. John asked the names of the Indunas and wrote them down, and then bade them speak. They spoke all the words of their message, and Ketshwayo's lament for Langalibalele, who was kept a prisoner, and his prayer that the governor would, it may be, allow him to be brought back to Natal. The Inkos' was much pleased, and told the Zulus that on the morrow he was about to start on a journey with the governor, and they must come back again on his return, when he would reply to those words, and would tell the authorities here that the Zulus had brought that message. Afterwards I produced my words before the Inkos' about the government in Zululand, and told him that not a man is killed by the king's orders in Zululand nowadays without his cause being heard, and that I only found fault with one thing, *viz.* that Ketshwayo allowed *izanusi* to be there. The Inkos' was very glad to hear my words, and agreed with me about that matter of the *izanusi*, and said that they ought not to be there. I told the Inkos' also about the killing of the converts, that it was not Ketshwayo who killed them. The Inkos' was glad to hear that, and said that he too did not understand "*ukukolwa*" (conversion) to be merely wearing white men's clothes; he said that "*ukukolwa*" was uprightness, doing what is good, and respecting also the authorities of the land.

The Inkos' gave Mfunzi and Nkisimane beautiful spotted blankets and their supplies of meat daily. And he told them to come back when he should have returned from his journey, at which we rejoiced.

MAGEMA MAGWAZA.

EKUKANYENI, *Oct.* 29, 1877.

NOTE.

WITH reference to the remarks on translations of foreign military books, in the paper by a "Staff Officer," in *Macmillan* for February (page 325), we are informed that for the last year and a half the Council of the Royal United Service Institution have been endeavouring to fill up the hiatus in military literature referred to by our contributor. A portion of each number of the Journal of the Institution is devoted either to translations of foreign professional works or to original articles on the mode in which foreign nations deal with naval and military matters, such as tactics, organisation, &c.

EDITOR.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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SEBASTIAN.

CHAPTER X.

THE PREBENDARY'S GARDEN PARTY.

THE family at Monksdean Rectory were all agreed on one thing, that Sebastian must be met at Petherton Junction on his way to the prebendary's. At first only Amos was to go; then Mrs. Gould found she could not well bear the thoughts of her son being so near without seeing him, if only for a few moments. Then the girls, three of whom were still unmarried and at home, begged to be allowed to use their little savings towards going with their father and mother "to see Seb," if only for an instant.

Sebastian reached the junction one hot Saturday afternoon in June, having at length obtained his bishop's countersignature to his testimonial from Markland.

He had written home to tell the time he would be at Petherton Junction, and more than half expected his father in some way would contrive to meet him there, as he could not himself run down to Monksdean before Sunday.

Sebastian, therefore, was not greatly surprised to see the stout little form waiting, and the grave dark eyes—not quite so calm as usual—watching for him as his train drew into the station.

But he was not prepared for the little group that stood with his father: and after all the various fashions of women he had seen on his travels and during his stay at London, no more pleasant a picture had his eyes beheld than that same little group.

His mother seemed to him so little changed that he half felt the years past since he was a boy must be a dream. His sisters' faces, which were not particularly pretty, were so frank and sweet he thought their clear health and summer freckles better than beauty. Their modest, coarse straw hats trimmed with white scarves, their sober-hued dresses, and white cotton gloves, had a fresher, purer look than any of the costumes which had astonished his eyes that day.

Between delight at seeing Sebastian, and dismay at the rougher usage time had given him than any of their home circle, the girls found it impossible to keep their lips quite steady and their kind eyes dry. Mrs. Gould, shocked at the evident want of strength in that otherwise manly and well-built form, leaned upon it more than she would have wished as the little party moved to the waiting-room.

Amos preserved an almost perfect outward calmness, for his sense of change was slow, and would be coming over him days afterwards when remembering this meeting.

Sebastian felt it hard to have to leave such a group so soon, but he had, he thought, need to be as early as possible at the prebendary's to become

acquainted with his next day's duties which were rather dreaded by him. As he made this known he was pushed by loving, though reluctant hands into the train of two carriages, and in which he was the only passenger to Petherton.

One bit of news his youngest sister had found opportunity to impart to him with a gleam of mischief in her wet eyes. And when the train had borne him off out of view of them this news kept Sebastian's eyes brightening with excitement, and yet glancing in dismay at his clothes which, though his best, were far from new. In London he had been so perplexed to know how to render himself fit for the prebendary's inspection in his travelling suit, that he had decided to don his best; but he was reluctant to do so, since, though more suiting the occasion of his first introduction of himself as his god-father's curate, they were of an earlier fashion, and had in fact been kept for best too long already.

The prebendary, with what his friends when he told them of it, called his "usual charming fore-thought," had sent to tell Sebastian he need be under no anxiety as to expenses, as on reaching the hotel in London at which he was to stay, he would find a letter. Sebastian, however, had not found the letter there, and as the promise of it had made him more extravagant with his own supply than he would otherwise have been, he was sorely inconvenienced. The truth was, the prebendary had been so much engaged in relating to his friends the comfortable arrangements he was making for his new curate, that the little matter of posting the letter had slipped his memory.

Sebastian felt sure there had been some accident in the post to cause delay, for nothing could be kinder than the prebendary's letters had been, and it was only after his sister's news that he felt intense annoyance at the omission.

The news was neither more nor less than that a certain family not unknown to Sebastian were away on a visit at Stowey-cum-Petherton, and were staying with an intimate friend of the prebendary's.

Sebastian comforted himself with the thought that some time might elapse before he would meet them and that in that time his wardrobe might be replenished.

Yet he found it very hard to have the two opposing wishes troubling him at once, for without doubt he longed for a sight of her he was hoping to avoid.

He had a walk of two miles after leaving little Petherton Station. He was congratulating himself upon having arrived in plenty of time to talk over his duties with the prebendary, when, as he entered the well-known street, he saw one carriage just leaving the rectory door, and another approaching it, while another whirled past him, very narrowly escaping knocking him down.

From these signs, and from sounds of many voices from over the garden wall, Sebastian made the unwelcome discovery that he had arrived on the day of his god-father's annual garden party.

There was only one entrance to the house except a little door a long way round, and used only by servants. In old times the prebendary had so strictly forbidden Sebastian's use of it that he felt an overpowering repugnance to avail himself of it now. Besides this, with only an odd shilling or two in his pocket, he did not feel inclined to pass himself in through the servants.

There was nothing for him, therefore, but to enter by the same way as the visitors who were rapidly arriving.

This was through a long, low conservatory, decorated rather sparingly with plants that were neither very rare nor luxuriant.

In the hall beyond, Sebastian as he entered, recognised Miss Jellicoe the prebendary's sister, receiving her company and dispensing cups of tea.

She was of height almost as majestic as her brother, but somewhat gaunt and thin.

Sebastian remembered this lady only by her height and her perpetual smile. But he remembered how severe she had been on points of etiquette, and felt uncomfortably conscious of his dusty boots and little black bag, which latter was all he had brought of his luggage from Petherton Station.

He slipped in, concealing himself as much as he could behind a portly old lady, and remained behind her till she had shaken hands with Miss Jellicoe, received a cup of tea, and turned away disclosing the dusty arrival. He had just caught sight of the prebendary's huge form in the garden to the left, standing towering above his guests in his shovel hat, and long coat reaching to his prodigious gaiters.

Miss Jellicoe's smile for a moment vanished at the apparition of Sebastian, and only came back very faintly indeed after his brief and apologetic introduction of himself. Her reply was by no means reassuring or relieving to his embarrassment.

"We had no *idea*, Mr. Gould, you would reach us so early. We expected it would be quite late in the evening before you *could* possibly arrive." And then the usual gentle, subdued laugh began again, as she added—

"Will you take a cup of tea? or do you prefer coffee?"

Sebastian begged to be allowed to go to his room, and, on receiving Miss Jellicoe's assenting smile, hurriedly gave way to some new arrivals.

He looked about in hopes of seeing some of the old servants, but feeling very doubtful as to whether he should remember them.

There was only a smart maid at the foot of the stairs, and a butler carrying a tray of glasses towards the garden.

Sebastian stopped, told him who he was, and inquired what room he was to occupy. The butler told him of one, and Sebastian found it to be the same he had used before, and hastened thankfully towards it. But he had no sooner opened the door than he started back and hurried away, for two ladies were there adjusting their hair and shawls.

In despair he went to what used to be the prebendary's dressing-room, but found it turned into a study. Here he waited, glad of a rest, though very hungry, and by no means enchanted by his reception.

In a few minutes the butler came to find him. He said the prebendary desired him to express his great regret that his responsibilities in the garden prevented him from coming immediately to welcome him, and that Mr. Gould was to do just as he pleased about joining them there after he had refreshed himself. At the same time a maid came from Miss Jellicoe to beg him to come down and take a cup of tea, as she was sure he must need some refreshment after such a journey.

Sebastian felt inclined to take his bag and follow the little party now returning to Monksdean. But his life had been such as to leave him rich in patience, and, after having been shown to the prebendary's bedroom, he descended into the hall, where, utterly weary, he threw himself into the chair in a corner pointed out to him, and received from Miss Jellicoe's fair hands a cup of weak and almost cold tea.

"I am sure you must want it," she observed, with affected sweetness.

Sebastian was not at all sure, but sipped it as amiably as he could.

"Do you take sugar and cream?" she inquired; but when Sebastian replied affirmatively, she only smiled, and, without taking any more notice of him, turned to receive other visitors, leaving him to draw back his extended cup, still sugarless and creamless.

He was just meditating in his desperation, clearing at one sweep the plate of wafer slices of bread and butter near him, when the voices of

the new arrivals struck him, and caused him to look towards them.

They were three persons; but at first Sebastian noticed only the two foremost. One of them was a gentleman of about forty-five years, with a light complexion and a dark scowl, a small, insignificant figure, and a consequential step and manner. The young lady on his arm had also a light complexion, but dark hair and brown eyes, and a mouth that, in its repose, had more pleasantness and sign of inward joyousness than many people's brightest smiles.

She would have been pretty, whatever might be her lot in life or the turn of her mind, but with all the evidences about her of a soft, careless life, and of a bright, freshly-seeing, truth-loving mind, she was one of the most lovable and winning of human beings.

Sebastian would certainly have now looked upon her with exceeding wonder and delight, but that a sense of depression and humiliation, quite incomprehensible to him, had stricken him at the sight of her.

What affected him so strangely now Sebastian hardly knew. He was certain it was not mere admiration of a softly brilliant and sweet face; not pleasure at the meeting with an old friend; not mortification at the contrast of their fortunes; not jealousy of the handsome young man who followed behind her, looking upon her with just such a calm satisfaction as an accepted suitor might look. No; Sebastian felt sure it was not one of these things that caused that sudden passion of pity for himself and his hard life, that coldness through his frame, that sickness of the world; it was not one of them, but—was it all?

Dora stood a few moments talking to Miss Jellicoe, though she declined taking tea. Her face was turned towards Sebastian's corner, though she did not see him; but he watched every expression of her face those few moments closely enough to feel sure that all that had been brightest and sweetest in her character as a child and in her early girlhood had developed more in her than those faults that had sometimes repelled him.

The keen sense of the absurd that had always been part of her was now still there, but with all kindliness and sunny mirth rather than satire. The twinkle in her eyes, as they caught sight of the prebendary in the garden, was worth seeing.

Two enthusiastic admirers of his arrived in the persons of two young ladies, who overpowered Miss Jellicoe with tender inquiries concerning him. While they were doing so the eyes of one fell on the huge slipper in which the prebendary was obliged occasionally to rest his swollen foot.

"Oh, there's his darling slipper!" she cried, and, seizing the huge shapeless thing, touched or pretended to touch, it with an impassioned kiss.

Nothing could be more demure than Dora's face as she watched this scene, or more rich than the fun which swam in her eyes.

At last, in their amused progress round the hall, they fell on Sebastian.

Sebastian was not surprised, or flattered, or consoled in any way at seeing Dora's brows arch, and her eyes grow serious, and her lips part. He had seen her look just so as a baby, at some cottager's child crying in the road, or at the sight of a maimed bird or dog, or anything showing signs of trouble, and was well aware so weary and faint a traveller as himself would be sure to awaken her pity.

After saying something quickly to her father, Dowdeswell turned and scowled hard at Sebastian, and then both came towards him.

Sebastian put down his tea-cup, and rose to meet them.

"How do you do, sir?" said Dowdeswell. "I should not have known you, but for my daughter's reminding me who you were. I am delighted to meet a native of my native village, particularly the son of my rector."

Sebastian, as he received Dora's kind hand and kinder glance, was so

eager to withdraw what he feared he had shown of pain before, that he perhaps threw too much earnestness in his greeting and expressions of pleasure at meeting her. Judging by Dora's deep and lingering blush, and Dowdeswell's scowl, and a certain restlessness on the part of the gentleman who had entered with them, Sebastian had a strange suspicion he had erred in this matter.

Being plainly shown his company was not desired by Dowdeswell's party, he returned to his chair, and his cold tea.

A young man who had been standing near, waiting for a cup of coffee which Miss Jellicoe had insisted on his having, and had then forgotten all about, said to Sebastian—

"Oh, Dowdeswell's here, is he? We shall have enough of the possessive pronoun, then, this evening. We call him 'my' Dowdeswell of my park, myshire. We shall have enough of 'my opinion,' 'my daughter,' 'my yacht,' and 'my everything.'"

When Sebastian went out in the garden, he found it little altered since he used to wander about there, feeling the most hopeless little dunce the world contained. There was the fine old church with its square tower, divided from the garden only by the low laurustinus hedge and pretty gate. The rustic roofs of farm buildings appeared quaintly over the high garden wall.

Sebastian waited till the Dowdeswells had been received by the prebendary, and then presented himself.

His god-father met him with an air of affable familiarity, rather than hearty welcome.

"Well, Sebastian," he said, in a voice that might be heard nearly all over the garden; "here already. Why, instead of having prayed for the wings of a dove that you might fly away and be at rest, you must have prayed for the pinions of a carrier pigeon, that you might be here and at your work."

And the prebendary broke out into his deep ha! ha! ha! which was echoed softly by a bevy of his fair admirers.

"And I hope you have been enjoying a substantial repast after your journey," said the prebendary, loudly enough for every one to hear of his thoughtful consideration for the new curate.

Sebastian, in his anxiety to cease being the object of general attention, bowed. But the prebendary would not let him escape without further inquiring in the hearing of all present—

"And feel, I suppose, like a giant refreshed, eh?"

Seeing Dora's eyes glancing at the prebendary with some keen, dainty satire, gave Sebastian encouragement to answer with better grace than he might otherwise have done. Meeting the prebendary's eyes, Dora stooped over a rose-tree by which she stood, that he might not see the smile she could not control.

"I see, Miss Dowdeswell," said he, "you are admiring that rose. We *do* rather pride ourselves on our roses."

"Roses!" echoed Dowdeswell, turning back to Sebastian as his daughter walked on with the prebendary. "I should like these people to see *my* roses," and he scowled at his host's blossoms almost vindictively.

"I recollect them being wonderfully fine at the Combe," observed Sebastian.

"Nothing like them, sir, anywhere in the country," declared Dowdeswell. "My gardener has got the first prize for three years. When you are my way, I should like you to see my Marshal Neils and Duke of Wellingtons. What! do they call those strawberries? I wish I had a plateful of my British Queens here to show them."

The prebendary was leading the way to what he called the fernery—a little musty house where stood on shelves, some depressed-looking plants that appeared utterly crushed by the

grandeur of their own names, which were written in large letters on each, and which, like certain families, they left to speak for them without giving themselves the trouble to assert their qualities in any other way.

"Ferns," averred Miss Jellicoe, with a softly confidential tone, turning, as she followed the prebendary's party into the little door; "ferns are my brother's weakness."

"She may well say that," muttered Dowdeswell to Sebastian. "I wouldn't allow such things as these in the wildest part of my park. I should like these people to see *my* semi-tropical house just now, my tropical, and my purely English! No experiments there, sir; no chance things. When *I* want a good thing I pay a good price; that's the principle *I* go upon."

At that moment it happened that Sebastian's and Dora's eyes met as the prebendary was trying to teach her to pronounce the name of some shrivelled-looking thing in the centre of the fernery, and a smile, neither could help, was exchanged between them. Dowdeswell noticed it, and his habitual scowl darkened as he scrutinized his companion sharply.

"You've not been home yet since your return from New Zealand, I think," he remarked, after scowling uninterruptedly at Sebastian for some time.

"No, not yet," replied Sebastian, still spellbound by the soft archness of Dora's face, as she listened to the prebendary.

"Then you've not seen my alterations at the Combe," continued Dowdeswell. "I am having a pathway cut through my little wood, facing my gates, you know, that I may have a direct way to the church. It will be so much more convenient for my daughter's marriage, than if we had to go round the usual way. Perhaps you may be home at the time—it's to be in two months from now—and can assist your father. He is to marry them. Of course many clergymen in high positions, among my acquaintances, take it rather hard I don't ask them; but I am one who always like to stand up for my own place, so I prefer my daughter being married in my own church, by my own rector."

They had followed the prebendary at some little distance after quitting the fernery, and were now standing with his party on the brow of the hill, from which was the pet view of the place. The prebendary and his sister were pointing out the chief things of interest: the cathedral towers, the curves of the river, the great Tor, and the different park lands, invariably following up their observations with the usual duet of bass and treble laughter.

Sebastian had listened to Dowdeswell's news without surprise. His words had been only an utterance and verifying of Sebastian's own thoughts of Dora, and the man who had entered with her, and who now stood near her.

He was a man Sebastian could not look at without thinking of the best and sunniest aspect of country life, its healthiest activities and purest repose. There was something of the hunter without a touch of the jockey, something of the student without any of the painful reserve or self-absorption of the recluse. He was not conspicuous for personal comeliness, yet was really handsomer than many a conspicuously handsome man. There was the quietness that really perfect features give to a face. He was slightly under middle height, but had the dignity and easy strength of a military man. His face had a sunburnt blandness, and seemed to Sebastian's keen eye to show signs of every good gift of mind and heart but one. The absence of this one made Sebastian wonder more than the absence of any other would have done. For a man with the sure prospect of merging his life in Dora's to show all utter absence of happiness was so incomprehensible to Sebastian that he could not keep his surprise

from showing itself in his look whenever he turned it towards Dora's companion.

Dowdeswell saw and noticed Sebastian's evident interest in his friend.

"My future son-in-law," he whispered, "most superior man! He has had a great domestic affliction. I dare say you did not hear of the case over at New Zealand. It was kept as quiet as it could be here after the trial, on account of the great respect felt for him and his family. Let me introduce you — he knows your father."

It happened that the prebendary had just engaged Dora and the person of whom Dowdeswell was speaking in the study of a tree, for the crookedness of which he was giving some elaborately scientific explanation.

Twice Dowdeswell had spoken. The second time he did so, still without attracting his attention, Sebastian said hastily—

"I beg your pardon, but what name did you say?"

"Rudall," answered Dowdeswell.

"Not, of course," said Sebastian, smiling at himself for such an idea occurring to him—"not, of course, one of the parties in the divorce case?"

"Yes," replied Dowdeswell, "this is the man, and all the world respects him the more for his great misfortune; if not he would not be about to make such a marriage."

The smile passed very suddenly from Sebastian's face, and he gazed at Dowdeswell with wonder, and with concern deepening to disgust.

He had not noticed Dora had turned and was introducing Rudall to him—by his request—till he heard mention of his name.

Sebastian fell back a step or two in uncontrollable repugnance from the man who stood before him saying something kind as to his knowledge of his father, and holding out his hand with unaffected cordiality. With difficulty Sebastian recovered himself sufficiently to acknowledge the introduction in the briefest, sternest manner, and to walk on quickly as if he had just seen some one he wished to overtake.

Dowdeswell's scowl deepened as he looked after him, but gave place to a smile, and turning to Rudall, who was greatly surprised, he said—

"You mustn't expect much at first from a disappointed rival. He was in love with Dora at eleven years old."

As the prebendary and Miss Jellicoe had been witnesses of Sebastian's rudeness, they hastened now to make the most of Dowdeswell's explanation by subdued but prolonged laughter at Sebastian's expense.

But a moment or two afterwards the prebendary found opportunity to say to his sister, with an angry look in the direction of Sebastian's retiring figure—

"Most unseemly conduct!"

"Very indeed," answered Miss Jellicoe.

"Will not do here at all," declared the prebendary.

"So presumptuous!" murmured his sister, before looking round to smile on some approaching friends.

Supper was announced at nine o'clock, but only half of the prebendary's guests managed to find places at his table. Sebastian was not one of them, nor did he much covet the honour. His hunger had left him, and in its stead had come a feverish restlessness and excitability that made him regard the discovery he had just made with increasing concern and abhorrence.

Dora to be married to Cicely's husband! He could scarcely believe he was not in some strange, unhealthy dream, as he repeated the words over and over to himself while wandering in the almost deserted garden. At one moment he would shun seeing them, at another find it impossible to keep his eyes from watching them.

When he looked on Rudall he could hardly believe Cicely had not shown him her husband's portrait, so exactly

did he fulfil the idea she had given of him; and after all it was not Rudall who most inspired him with indignation, or even Dowdeswell. The person who appeared to him most unnatural and most untrue to her character and best instincts was Dora.

Several times that evening she coloured or grew pale as she became aware of Sebastian's eyes regarding her with cold, stern, and half-pitying astonishment. Yet sometimes she took courage to return his look with one of proud denial of the inward wrong of which he seemed to be silently accusing her. She supposed him to be possessed of a narrow-minded prejudice against the idea of her marriage with a man who had suffered so great a humiliation as Rudall, and such a prejudice appeared to her quite unworthy of Sebastian, and quite calmed the little agitation which the revival of old times, at the sight of his face, had caused her. She thought his apparent readiness to condemn came with his newly-acquired dignity as a clergyman, and tried to smile at, instead of being pained by, it. But she could not conceal from herself, and could scarcely conceal from Sebastian, that she was pained, and very deeply.

Rudall had evidently taken the view of Sebastian's behaviour suggested by Dowdeswell, and showed a slight uneasiness that was either a very well-controlled or very mild form of jealousy.

Sebastian felt that if he had not received the confidence of Cicely in strict secrecy, and given his word to her to make no disclosures to Rudall without her consent, and been still more solemnly intreated to keep silence in that last sad letter of hers, he could not have refrained from calling aside this man and telling him the whole truth. But he was doubly bound to silence, and knew not where to seek Cicely and demand a release from his promise.

But he began to ask himself, though pledged to keep Cicely's position from her husband, was he bound to keep it from others? He certainly was not so bound by words, but did Cicely consider him pledged in honour to do so?

Would not interference on his part be even cruel, he thought, and unnatural? If he put the truth of Cicely's case before Rudall now, it was more than probable that she would refuse to receive her husband, though he should go to her, ever so eager for a reconciliation. Sebastian knew there was more strength in her quiet firmness than in the strongest passions of most women. She had secretly watched him, and had assured herself his love had passed to another, and had told Sebastian that nothing could make her return to him as his wife—that so strong was this resolve, she would rather remain unjustified before the world than give him those proofs of her innocence that would, perhaps, in spite of herself, make him feel himself bound to claim her.

After all they *were* divorced. Cicely had been as dead to Rudall for two years, and after her return to England and her discovery of his new attachment, she had said he was as dead to her, that nothing would make her even see him again willingly. In this case, then, Sebastian asked himself, was he at all justified in hindering or rendering unhappy a marriage that had every prospect of being harmonious and peaceful at least.

Cicely had already had time in which to recover partly from the shock of her hearing of it, and had probably settled down to some gentle and useful plan of life, benefiting rather than hurting others by her sorrow. In Sebastian's eyes she was one of those, who, "going through the vale of misery, use it for a well," and "go from strength to strength."

Why, then, since the revelation of the truth might bring Cicely such doubtful good, should Dora's young life be darkened, as it would be, if

she loved this man with all the strength of her good heart, and this truth were now made known to her?

It is true that doubts were in Sebastian's mind as to whether she did so love him. These doubts, and perhaps something else filled his eyes, and could be partly read by Dora as she wished him good-night. Whatever she read there, certainly startled her.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUNDAY "INSTITUTION."

THE prebendary's affability disappeared with his guests, and the time Sebastian passed in his presence, afterwards, was gloomy indeed.

It was easy to see that his friendship for Dowdeswell had brought him into a position he did not at all like, however amiably he bore himself in it.

Even in the short time he passed with Sebastian when his visitors had gone, and the drawing-room shutters were closed on the moon-lit and dew-pearled lawn, the prebendary took care to explain to his curate how it was simple charity, and by no means choice, that had led him to countenance Dora's engagement with Rudall.

Perhaps, however, had the prebendary told the whole truth to his god-son he would have owned that he had been taken by surprise in the matter, and led by the force of circumstances, even more than by charity, into a predicament peculiarly distasteful to him.

When Dowdeswell had first come down upon him to entreat, in his own overbearing, impetuous manner, his assistance in overcoming the repugnance to the marriage already shown by several clergymen of position having refused to perform the ceremony, and by the coldness of Dora's best friends, the prebendary had thrown up his hands in horror, and declared he should regard the affair as "a moral bigamy."

But Dowdeswell had some strong points to urge as reasons for the prebendary changing his opinion on the matter. He reminded him that he himself had first introduced Dora to the house where she met Rudall's father and mother, and other members of his family. The prebendary *did* remember it, and groaned over the recollection. He protested that he had then no idea the St. Georges were related to the Rudalls, or even acquainted with them.

"Just so," Dowdeswell said, standing before the nervous prebendary, his frown darkening over him like a thunder-cloud. "Of course, if we could any of us have foreseen the danger of this we should have acted very differently. As it is, I see no use in blaming any one; and I think it very hard there should be blame at all, except to the wretched creature who has left poor Rudall in the cruel position of being neither married nor single. But owning it is an unfortunate business—that we would have done anything to prevent—the question is, as it couldn't be prevented, what's to be done now? Dora meets at the house of your friend this man's relations whom she afterwards visits, and finds them people such as she says she had never met before. She must change everything when she comes home. She never knew what religion was, or education, or intellect, or goodness, or anything worth knowing, till she knew these people — confound them!—though I *do* believe in their superiority— that I must own. It does one good, sir, to see the old boy, the father of all those middle-aged and elderly sons, complete lord and master still, with his patriarchal beard on his cheque-book whenever there's an extra need among them. When I saw him, and the mother whom they all look up to as a queen, I must tell you, Mr. Prebendary, I couldn't wonder such a girl as Dora, who has never known a mother, brother, or sister, should fall in love with their family life, which is, I believe, all the real falling in love there's been on her side."

The prebendary observed that if they were gifted with so high a sense of honour, it was a pity they should have encouraged an innocent girl to become involved with so unfortunate a person as Rudall.

"They did not encourage anything of the kind," declared Dowdeswell, "though such a marriage was what they most longed for for him; for with them marriage is looked on as the greatest object in life. But of course they couldn't help her hearing of his sad position, or of what he was thought of by all who knew him. The poor people all about had tales to tell her of his charity and goodness. She knew the longing of the whole family was to see the shadow driven away from his path by a really good marriage. Then, when she sees him, and he takes comfort in her society—and I must say two never met who *seemed* more plainly made for each other—what is more natural than that Dora with the new high-flown notions she's picked up from them as to a motive or a mission, or whatever they call it, in life;—Dora, with her own little first whisper of a love story hushed by the sea between her and a certain person we know of—eh, Prebendary?—what's more natural than that she should open her good, warm, little heart as a hospital for a wounded spirit, and all that sort of thing? Dora has, in fact, her father's practical common-sense, and she doesn't care to spoil what may be a very happy life by moping over a love-dream that a "missionary's assistant" beyond the seas is the hero of; or to waste the good things of life her grandfather, till his old age, and her father, in his young days, slaved to provide. Yet she has, too, her mother's generous, romantic nature, and must do something out of the way—even in the resolve to make the most of her life and fortune."

At first the prebendary was resolutely and gloomily against the very idea of the marriage. But there was something flattering in the faith Dowdeswell had—that Prebendary Jellicoe had power, and he alone, to banish the frown of Society, and make that which was now inevitable all bright by his approving countenance.

Dowdeswell paid him several visits, and worried and perplexed him with alternate fits of passionate vindication of Rudall, and of deep depression. The end of it was that the prebendary extended a gracious hand to Dowdeswell, and declared that, if necessary, he would marry the misguided pair himself. After that Dowdeswell looked for the world to smile on them, and he proudly resented any hesitation on its part to do so.

Sebastian retired at last to his room with a feeling of deep irritation as well as despondency, and with the sense of having bitterly blundered in leaving his post at New Zealand on the strength of his god-father's fair promises.

The next morning, the prebendary, feeling ill from the effects of his exertions of the previous day, informed Sebastian he would have to undertake the chief part of the service. Sebastian prepared himself for his duties with very different feelings from those with which he had always anticipated his first Sunday work in England.

But, from that morning, Sebastian's "day of small things" was at an end. The results of his patience, his toil, his bitter experiences, and tender cherishing of faint hope, showed themselves now as he little expected. Never had he thought less of himself, or of shining in any way, than on the morning when he walked sadly across the prebendary's velvet lawn, his nearest way to the church.

He had taken his sermon from a parcel of the very earliest he had written for the clergyman to whom he had been lay-assistant, and who had delivered it in his usual mechanical cold manner, so that its worth had been hidden from Sebastian himself. But scarcely had he read the first few sentences in the prebendary's

pulpit, than his hearers became aware of something holding their attention, as it had never been held before. In Petherton Church, the heavy respectability of the prebendary's discourse had been borne with so many years as to make it the only thing expected there, and it was no wonder that the congregation should be as if electrified to find suddenly a fresh fountain of eloquence breaking over them, to see standing forth one, who, by his face, worn with trouble, yet beautified by a joy unknown to any there, by his form, worn, yet ennobled, by its pilgrimages and fatigues in the service of others, and who, by these signs, might have been but just left behind at his work by the band of apostles who walked with their Master in the flesh. The best feelings of his hearers were touched before they had time to think of guarding them, their hearts filled with holy desires before they had warning to close them.

Dora listened with the surprise and reverence with which one finds an early and almost forgotten ideal realised far beyond expectation. She had always believed there was more strength in Sebastian's character than the world gave him credit for; but had little thought ever to see so fully and wonderfully developed those powers she had admired in his student days of failure and humility. But the higher Sebastian rose in her estimation, the more keenly she felt his coldness to herself; the more serious his evident repugnance to her marriage with Rudall. She did not take her father's view of Sebastian's conduct towards Rudall; she was not vain enough to think jealousy or envy the cause of it. Before she had heard Sebastian preach, she had felt vexed at his displeasure as being caused by a too hasty judgment and ignorance of the true worth and true story of the man to whom she was betrothed. But when she thus saw his mind in its ripe manhood and clearsightedness, she began to tremblingly wonder if indeed he might not have power to see deeper into this matter than herself, or Rudall, or her father.

Dowdeswell, in his usual blunt worship of success in any form, and the success particularly of one over whom he could claim any kind of patronage, talked, when service was over, exactly as if he had been the only one who had ever had an idea of Sebastian's distinguishing himself at all.

He had suddenly an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote, relative to Sebastian's early life. He told how his father, little Amos, used to lament over Sebastian's stupidity, and how he himself had often said to him, "Don't despair, he'll turn out better than you expect. Why, *I* was almost as much of a dunce myself at his age." He even told with pride how many times Dora had got into trouble by running out with her little lessons to get assistance from the dunce, and how angry she used to be at hearing her gratuitous tutor called by that name, as she had an idea he was a marvel of learnedness.

It was an institution of long-standing for several of the prebendary's neighbours to go through the rectory garden on their way home, as it saved them a roundabout walk through the village. In fine weather they frequently lingered to hear the prebendary's expositions of his own sermon, or to praise his flowers, so that usually, between one and two p.m. on Sunday, the terrace in front of the house was quite a gay little parade.

On this Sunday the prebendary was not particularly anxious for the customary promenade. His foot was somewhat tender, and the conversation, being solely about his new curate, was utterly uninteresting to him.

Yet never had the "institution" been in greater force. It was all very well for people to excuse themselves for lingering on the plea that it was such a delightful morning, and the garden was looking *so* charmingly bright. The prebendary had his own idea as to the true cause of the unusually large assembly of his fair parishioners.

For some time he walked with Dora, partly because he always had a notion he looked to the greatest advantage by the side of the prettiest and best-dressed lady present, partly because he liked her society, but most because she was the only person he had spoken to that morning who had not talked of Sebastian Gould.

Dowdeswell had with him the friend with whom he was on a visit, and who was enthusiastic in his appreciation of Sebastian's powers. This gentleman gave Sebastian a very cordial invitation to Stillinghurst; and when he had gone, Dowdeswell remarked to Sebastian, with some seriousness in his jocularity—

"There's your chance now, if you don't happen to get on with our friend Jellicoe. This St. George is the patron of the Stillinghurst living."

"What is the Stillinghurst living to a poor curate from the colonies?" said Sebastian; "you might as well say there's a bishopric vacant."

"Not at all," replied Dowdeswell, with energy. "Stillinghurst is intended for St. George's nephew, a boy at school, whose life is no more certain than other lives, and whose taste for the Church is, according to report, very uncertain indeed. Meantime, an old numskull has charge of the parish, and my friend St. George is seriously concerned at the character of the Church deteriorating, which used to draw half the country. He's determined to go in for what he calls pulpit power. He asked me, the instant we came out of church, who you were, and seemed quite cut up on hearing the prebendary looks on you as a fixture here. But, as I tell St. George, unforeseen changes *will* arise sometimes, eh?" and Dowdeswell looked searchingly under his scowl at Sebastian.

Sebastian answered that he hardly thought the prebendary would be thinking of a change very soon, after sending to the antipodes for him. Yet he felt no little interest in all Dowdeswell had to tell him in connection with Stillinghurst.

Once, while passing them, the prebendary chanced to hear the name Stillinghurst, and immediately became anxious to appeal to Dowdeswell on some subject he and Dora had been discussing. Dowdeswell while answering walked on with the prebendary, leaving Sebastian behind with Dora.

The first thing both thought of was the last occasion on which they had walked side by side. That had been in the orchard at Monksdean. Sebastian had said some words which Dora had remembered all these years so well that now, as he walked beside her in the prebendary's garden, her heart beat as fast as if he had but just said them. But that, perhaps, was because she was angry with herself for remembering them so well.

"Do you often go to Stillinghurst church?" asked Sebastian, for the sake of saying something that should be as nearly nothing as possible.

"No," answered Dora. "I nearly always go to our own church. I like hearing the voice I have been used to hear almost every Sunday of my life."

"I am rather surprised at that," said Sebastian.

"And why?"

"I should have thought my father's old-fashioned idea of things would hardly have suited you now."

"I must ask why again," said Dora, chilled by his cold manner, and suspicious as to the meaning of his words.

"I know he is apt to abide somewhat obstinately by old beliefs and laws, one of which especially might have interfered with your friendship."

"You need not hesitate to tell me what that is," said Dora proudly; "but I will not trouble you, for I can guess very well what you mean; yet I do think it is unlike you, Sebastian, to judge me, and judge me so severely, so *cruelly*, before you know even as much as my merest acquaintance knows; for how should you, stranger as you are here? I understood you yesterday too well. I saw you took the most superficial and unkind view possible of my engagement to Mr. Rudall."

"Less superficial than you think, Dora," answered Sebastian very gently, touched by her calling him by the old name—the only one she had ever called him by till their meeting yesterday. The pleasure of hearing it seemed so much more real than the fact of her engagement to Rudall that for the time it occupied all Sebastian's mind.

Dowdeswell, though in energetic conversation with the prebendary on some topic of evident importance to him, had glanced back uncomfortably several times at Sebastian and Dora. He came up to them while Dora's face still wore its proud, pained look. He glanced suspiciously at Sebastian, who, while shaking hands with him and Dora, let his eyes rest searchingly and sadly on her face.

Sebastian, preoccupied as he was, could not fail to perceive something of Dowdeswell's uneasiness; and when at the gate, he turned back and said, in a low, confidential tone,

"Don't put Stillinghurst out of your head quite yet. Nothing like having two irons in the fire—secret of *my* success—" Sebastian very plainly read Dowdeswell's desire to give him something to think of of more importance to him than the approaching marriage.

With the exception of the church duties falling to him, Sebastian felt for the rest of that Sunday as if he had slipped back to the dreariest part of his boyhood. Things were exactly the same in the dull old house.

At nine in the evening the same old dinner stand and tray were placed in the same old corner with the cold leg of mutton and Indian pickles, concerning which the prebendary made the same little old, old joke, about Miss Jellicoe having once made herself ill with them.

All day they had shown a certain coldness and reserve towards Sebastian, having evidently agreed between themselves that he was assuming a position in the house and before the prebendary's parishioners very different from that which they had intended him to take. Perhaps it was for the purpose of reminding him of this that they conversed after supper on subjects on which he could have little or no interest, on account of his long absence from England.

But as he sat turning over the leaves of a book he had been sick and tired of years ago, when he was ten years old, Dora's marriage was alluded to, and suddenly Sebastian's sense of hearing became almost painfully acute.

Miss Jellicoe talked of how great a millionaire Rudall would become if such an immense sum as Dowdeswell had proposed was really invested in the business.

"But he does not seem to me at all the sort of man for managing so large an affair," she observed.

The prebendary said he believed it was ultimately to become a company, and that Rudall would have very little trouble in connection with it. Rudall was not at all in love with the idea; he had been content to keep it as it was—a fairly substantial business — but Dowdeswell chose that way and no other of investing the thirty thousand pounds he was to give with Dora.

"They are to reside in Wales, are they not? so Dora told me a few days ago," said the prebendary's sister, leaning back in her easy chair, and stroking the tortoiseshell cat on each elbow of it.

"Well, there appears to be some difficulty with regard to that matter," answered the prebendary. "Dowdeswell is exceedingly perturbed about it."

"Indeed!" Miss Jellicoe said with kindling curiosity. "I thought it rather strange Mr. Rudall did not join us in the garden after church. And does he oppose Mr. Dowdeswell's plans as to Dora's place of residence? I should have thought their wishes would be law to him. Thirty thousand pounds and a wife who is sole heiress to a wealthy man like Dowdeswell are surely such a chance as a person of Mr. Rudall's position and family misfortunes could never have dreamed of."

"It is rather a complicated matter," answered the prebendary, with the air of one possessed of a vast amount of private information. "Dowdeswell, it appears, has ever since the beginning of the engagement been thinking much of a little property in North Wales left some time ago to Rudall. It is almost a ruin, but has historical associations, which I suppose our friend Dowdeswell thinks will give some distinction (besides those she already possesses of wealth and beauty) to the future Mrs. Rudall. He is prepared to spend a handsome sum for its restoration and enlargement, which, by all accounts, are necessary. He says the world will ask Who is this Rudall your daughter is married to? Rudall of where? or what? And Dowdeswell says that for him to answer 'Rudall of Plas Llewellyn' will be a very different thing to having to confess his son-in-law is Rudall of the firm of Rudall and Co., and plaintiff in a divorce case."

"A most natural and proper wish of Mr. Dowdeswell," declared Miss Jellicoe, "very indeed! Don't *you* think so, Mr. Gould?" she added, condescending to consider it time to show the silent curate his existence was remembered.

Sebastian was so commonplace as to say he should for his own part feel more satisfaction in being connected with a comfortable business than a tumble-down residence; a remark which made Miss Jellicoe refrain from addressing him again for some time.

"But what difficulty is it you speak of?" she inquired. "Surely Mr. Rudall cannot possibly presume to object to such a *very* sensible plan?"

"The truth is," answered the prebendary, "our friend Dowdeswell has been reckoning without his host. He has thought and planned out all this—has sent down and had photographs taken of the place; has employed some young literary friend of his who has written a tragedy of a high order,—too classical though, I believe, to suit the present degraded state of the English stage. There's no doubt the young man *has* real ability, for Dowdeswell tells me he is charmed with my "Converted Costermonger," which has made a deep impression on him. Well, Dowdeswell has employed this young man to search for local evidences of Plas Llewellyn being the true birthplace of the famous prince of that name. However, Dowdeswell has only quite lately opened his mind to Rudall on the matter, and to his great vexation Rudall informs him that unfortunately Plas Llewellyn was part of the property settled on his former wife at their marriage."

"But did not everything revert to him again at the divorce?" inquired Miss Jellicoe, indignantly.

"Such is usually the case," replied her brother, "but it was not so in this instance. This person was penniless when Rudall married her, and he, on obtaining a divorce, in order, I suppose, that she should not further disgrace him by the want of common means of subsistence, arranged that she should keep what had been settled on her—this Plas Llewellyn being part of the settlement."

"I wonder she had not more pride than to consent to retain anything from the man who had divorced her," said Miss Jellicoe.

"But you must remember," explained the prebendary; "that she asserted her innocence to the last, and said that so far from refusing what Mr. Rudall so generously arranged for her she felt herself bound to accept it in order to live in a manner becoming to his wife, which she should always morally consider herself."

"What an abandoned creature!" murmured Miss Jellicoe, fondly stroking her cats. "But can't they buy the place back for Dora if her father is so extremely anxious about it? I should think that poor creature would be glad of the money."

"The difficulty is," answered the predendary, "that Rudall is greatly averse to entering into any negotia-

tions with his former wife, even through lawyers. However, he has, out of consideration for Dowdeswell's wishes, made inquiries, and now, finding that the former Mrs. Rudall is residing at Plas Llewellyn, declines positively to take any further steps in the matter. Dowdeswell and he had words about it last night after leaving us, and there is really no telling how it will all end."

While Sebastian was thinking how he could ask in what part of North Wales Plas Llewellyn was situated, the old bell-wire in the conservatory began to give spasmodic jerks, and finally the bell rang loudly.

The late and unexpected visitor was Dowdeswell, who, when shown into the room, appeared to be suffering from some great annoyance. His lips had a sullen obstinate set, and his scowl was very decided. Yet he laughed as he entered, pushing his light thin hair and adjusting it with the tips of his fingers, a habit that was very frequent with him. He spoke in a tone he meant to be careless, but was thick with subdued excitement.

"My dear prebendary," he exclaimed, "I deserve to forfeit your friendship for coming upon you like this!"

"No, no, no," cried the prebendary in his most affable tones, as he rose on one leg and turned the other round on the leg-rest so as to confront Dowdeswell. At the same time he extended a hand every one knew must not be grasped, his enemy—gout—having already done that, and being extremely jealous of a like civility from others.

Dowdeswell placed the tips of his fingers gently under it, and said—

"I come to you to-night as a friend; indeed, we were returning to Monksdean, on account of the illness of my aunt, and lost the train. There's no other to-night, and as you are so much nearer than St. George, I have come to beg shelter till the morning. But if it will inconvenience you or Miss Jellicoe in the least——"

The prebendary and his sister interrupted him with assurances that they were "charmed."

"But where is Dora—here?" asked Miss Jellicoe, rising from between the cats, with an air of great delight.

"Yes," replied Dowdeswell, "here she is, bag and baggage, in the cab at your gate. She protests against such an invasion, and, indeed, for my own part, but for circumstances which I'll explain to you presently, even the poor old lady's illness would not make me so presume on your great kindness."

Miss Jellicoe declared that to herself unexpected pleasures were ever the sweetest, and she did so with the impressiveness and inspiration of manner with which she usually uttered such hackneyed sayings, as if she had invented them.

She then rang the bell to order the boxes to be carried in, and went herself into the conservatory to meet Dora.

Sebastian then saw very plainly that his presence put a restraint on Dowdeswell for a moment or two. But after a gracious nod towards him he seemed in his impatience to open his mind to the prebendary again, unconscious of his existence. Seizing his host's hand, forgetful of gout, and oblivious of the prebendary's grimaces, he said rapidly—

"My dear friend, I shall never forget this kindness. I am in an awkward strait, most awkward. It's more than illness compels me to leave so suddenly. The truth is, I don't want to be at St. George's to-morrow when Rudall calls. I hate scenes, and things are now becoming serious, indeed I fear——"

Here Dowdeswell, warned probably by the prebendary's expressive eye that there was a third person in the room, became suddenly cautious.

Miss Jellicoe now entered with Dora, whom she affectionately placed in her own chair between the two cats, and immediately Sebastian discovered a grace in tortoiseshells he had never seen before.

She began at once to reply to the prebendary's expressions of pleasure at the accident which had brought her under his roof, with a merry description of how the train went off just as they reached the station.

Sebastian at first thought there was more excitement through the suddenness of her father's movements than sadness or anger at Rudall's conduct. Her colour was brighter than usual, and her eyes had the restlessness of one afraid of her own thoughts, and keeping up a show of interest in outward things, lest a moment of repose might reveal her true feeling. She did not speak to Sebastian till Miss Jellicoe went out of the room to make arrangements for her unexpected visitors.

Then she turned and asked him if he had any messages to send home, as she should go and see them at the rectory in a day or two.

As Dowdeswell and the prebendary were deeply engaged over some letters the former had just produced from his pocket, Sebastian could answer her without notice. He begged she would tell his people he felt too much a stranger yet in his new life to be able to give a very clear account of it, and that from certain hints from the prebendary he feared he was to be too fully engaged to hope for a run down to Monksdean for some weeks.

"How strange it will seem to have you taking duty in the old church," she said, with a curious kindling of her eyes, as if the idea came to her for the first time, and with it a host of childish memories.

"I used to look forward to it as one of the most desirable events," observed Sebastian; "but it's wonderful how these wished-for things lose their charm when you are close to them, like glow-worms by daylight."

"Why should the charm be gone in this particular instance though, I wonder?" asked Dora, with her old quick penetrating glance and hearty naturalness of manner that some of her fair rivals called boldness.

How easy it was for Sebastian to fall into a like frankness for a moment, and to answer her sweet look of friendly interest with eyes too full of hopes he had hardly owned even to himself, as he said—

"I have been away a long time, Dora, and I find things much changed."

"Yes," Dora said, softly, and a a little confusedly. Then she sat very quiet, looking down at the tigerskin rug, and Miss Jellicoe's entrance made it unnecessary for them to say more to each other till they had to say "Good-night."

That was soon; for Dora complained of feeling tired, and went early to the room Miss Jellicoe had prepared for her. But her weariness did not prevent her walking up and down her room for half an hour, though no one but Sebastian heard her soft monotonous little march.

As the conversation (now little guarded) between the prebendary and Dowdeswell revealed to him Rudall's real position concerning Plas Llewellyn, Sebastian did not wonder Dora should be unable to rest that night.

Rudall, it appeared, had made another attempt to meet Dowdeswell's wish, or rather his demand. He had written to his lawyer authorizing him to propose to the present owner of Plas Llewellyn, in the most delicate manner possible, the transfer of the estate to himself for a price far beyond its value. An answer to this proposal only reached Rudall on the Sunday afternoon, it having arrived at his office by the morning post and been sent on to him at Petherton. This communication was to the effect that the owner of Plas Llewellyn was reluctant to part with the property, which she had improved as much as her means allowed; that she would not entertain Mr. Rudall's proposal, but would give back the estate to him on his making the request of herself personally; there being certain matter to arrange in connection with such a transfer, which she must decline to enter into in any other way than by a personal interview with Mr. Rudall.

This letter Rudall had shown to Dowdeswell, saying he had of course, as Dowdeswell would see, no power to go further in trying to meet his wishes. Dowdeswell, however, most vehemently declared, on the contrary, that the way was made easy for him, and if Rudall had not courage and reliance enough in his affection for Dora to go through a mere matter of form with a woman who ought to be no more than dust and ashes to him, he was not a fit husband for his child, and their engagement had better be considered as broken off.

They had parted in deep irritation and apparently obstinate firmness on both sides; Dowdeswell dreading Rudall's influence with Dora, so as to induce her to take his view of the matter.

This was what caused him to decide on leaving Petherton so suddenly, and made him choose rather to come to the prebendary on losing the train than to return to the house of Mr. St. George.

When Dowdeswell had told Dora of Rudall's obstinacy, there had, he informed the prebendary, been "a scene." She had wept bitterly, and said repeatedly, "Unless I thought his life's happiness depended on me I would not have this marriage for the world; and if he still cares for her and dares not face her—let him go: he does not care for me."

The last words said on the subject that night in Sebastian's hearing were said by the prebendary.

"My dear friend, don't hasten or precipitate conclusions. Depend upon it you have not heard more yet from Mr. Rudall than his first natural distaste to meet a woman who has so disgraced him. Wait a bit; it is more than probable his second thoughts will guide him to a more wise and natural decision."

Sebastian had perhaps less sleep that night than the two, or rather the three, most deeply concerned in the quarrel. But with him the whole thing formed itself into one tormenting question that haunted him till morning; and that was—"If these two, whom they wish to drive to meet each other, really do meet face to face, will Rudall ever return as Dora's lover? Would Cicely have the strength or the folly to let Rudall go off to his second marriage still in ignorance of the result of her father's fatal yet successful journey?" Sebastian could hardly believe it possible for any woman to persevere in so unnatural a course.

CHAPTER XII.

A DANGEROUS TEST.

The next morning, as the prebendary, with Dora's assistance, was moving himself and his leg-rest from the breakfast-table to his favourite sofa in the bay window, the servant came in with a card, and said—

"The gentleman who brought it begged to see the prebendary a few moments."

Glancing at Dora, Sebastian saw she bent her face lower over the leg-rest she was arranging at the window; and he fancied it was to hide the glow of triumph that came to her cheek at the news of the arrival.

The prebendary gave directions for the gentleman to be shown into the drawing-room, and turning aside to Dowdeswell, said—

"It *is* Mr. Rudall. Of course h knows you are here, and will ask to see you. What shall I say?"

"I must see him, of course," answered Dowdeswell, scowling more than ever. "I would not for the world have any unpleasantness in your house. I'll go in with you, shall I?"

The prebendary was only too glad, as he was requiring the support of an arm.

Miss Jellicoe was not in the room, so Sebastian found himself alone with Dora and his torturing sense of injustice to her and to Rudall in concealing the true position of Cicely.

But while the struggle was going

on between his intense desire to speak, and his dread of possibly ruining Dora's whole life, the prebendary returned.

"My dear child," he said, going to Dora, and patting her shoulder with his stiff fingers, "Mr. Rudall earnestly begs for an interview with you, and I have told your father I certainly think he should allow you to comply with his request—as," he added, with affectionate, but strong emphasis, "I am sure he may rely on your being firm and loyal with regard to your father's wishes."

Gently and almost tremblingly as Dora rose and put down her book, Sebastian saw in the least possible lifting of her eyebrows and dainty chin, a supreme contempt for the prebendary's pompous warning.

A moment or two after she had left the room, Sebastian caught sight of Dowdeswell in the garden, dabbing his head with his pocket handkerchief. Since the prebendary had returned from seeing Dora into the drawing-room, he had put on his spectacles, and sat down to study a little photograph. Soon he looked up, and said to Sebastian—

"This is the subject of the present contention. Really it appears to me it should indeed possess remarkable associations to be worth so much perturbation."

He threw the little card across the table to his godson, having no idea of the deep interest with which it was taken up.

It was a photograph of the dreariest of little Welsh buildings, on the dreariest and most sombre of Welsh mountains—a rude little tower with a heap of stones on one side of it, and a bramble-bordered ravine and waterfall on the other. Under it was written—"Plas Llewellyn."

While Sebastian was looking at the little picture of the subject of so much trouble, Dora was rapidly, as she thought, turning the victory on her father's side.

The prebendary had closed the door upon her, and she found herself alone with Rudall in the old-fashioned drawing-room, which was a perfect bazaar of Miss Jellicoe's Berlin wool work, from the window valances to the hearthrug.

Rudall was standing at the window that opened on the lawn. The strong light of the summer morning was on his face, and Dora could not help seeing by the worn look about his finely-cut eyelids, and the half sad resignation in the set of his lips, that he had undergone no slight suffering since they last met.

"Good morning, Clarence," she said, coldly.

Rudall's manner was even more gently affectionate than usual as he met her.

"I have been so grieved, Dora," he said, "to think of our miserable parting last night—so grieved that God knows how life would be endurable at all to me, if all may not be as it was between us."

Dora was silent, struggling against the pity that the true ring of regret and signs of hours of suffering in Rudall's voice moved in her. For the moment she longed to say all should be as it was, without further trial of his love and patience. But she knew this would only let loose a fresh tide of difficulty in her father's anger.

"This is the first real cloud that has come over our engagement, Dora," said Rudall.

"Yes," Dora answered, a little absently and coldly, for she noticed that he avoided the word she thought would have been more natural than "engagement."

"I wonder if you have felt it half as oppressive and dismal as I have," said Rudall.

Some moisture must have been in Dora's eyes to make them so bright as she gazed out on the prebendary's geraniums fixedly, and answered—

"I only know that I have felt I would have faced the greatest difficulty I can imagine to have prevented it."

Rudall could not help understanding

by this, however gently said, that she thought his opposition to her father's wishes unnatural, and implying weakness in his love for her.

He rose and went to the window, and Dora knew by his hard, but subdued sigh, the struggle that was going on in him.

After some moments he came back, holding out both his hands to her.

"My darling," he said, "before you trust your bright life to such a storm-beaten ship, you should at least have full command over it. You know what I have to face; you can guess something of what it will cost me; but you, and nothing else, not even my own judgment, shall command me in this matter. Dora, if you have anxiety enough to keep us together, to say to me now, 'Go through this for my sake,' I will do it."

Dora, with her hands trembling in Rudall's, even then longed to be as generous as himself; and to say, "You have all my love, and shall have all my trust, without passing such an ordeal." But even if she could truthfully say it, that would not save the breaking of the sunny peace she loved so well, for there would be her father's obstinacy still to face. She had seen too well what that was by his movements on the previous day.

Then, too, there was a certain craving in Dora's heart to learn something of the real strength of Rudall's affection for her. He had told her long ago that he could never love any woman as he had loved his wife. But since then (nearly two years ago) Dora flattered herself he had disproved that assertion, and that his love for herself equalled or excelled his former love for his unfortunate wife. The thought of this being so was very pleasant to her, because she trusted it might atone for the absence from her own heart of those things which she had read and heard should belong to a true and deep love.

Rudall's declaration to her father that he would rather break off his engagement with her than see this woman, who had been his wife, had stirred in Dora much doubt — suspicion, and some indignation. Her pride required of her to let him be submitted to the test he so shrank from. Of course, reluctance to see the woman was, she thought, natural enough; but to prefer to lose Dora and the bright peaceful life they had planned, to looking on the face that, as Dowdeswell had said, "should be as dust and ashes to him,"—this she could not understand, or reconcile with the idea of such love as alone she cared for. It was really no arrogance or love of power, or shrewish jealousy, but a tender yearning to prove there was more love between herself and Rudall than there seemed to be that made Dora throw all her persuasiveness into her voice and eyes, as she gave her hands to Rudall, and said—

"Yes, then, Clarence; I do ask you, for my sake, do it."

It was so easy to take any emotion in such lovely eyes as Dora's for love itself that Rudall felt he ought to be a happy man, as he kissed their tears away, and gave the required promise.

Dora, too, was much happier, as she went out into the garden with Rudall to meet her father.

All the delightful business of preparing for an early marriage had as great a charm for her as for most girls, and her heart made a joyful rebound now that she felt the brief but cruel suspense was over.

"We need not hurry in," said Dowdeswell, with an amiable scowl in the direction of the dining-room window. "The postman has just been, and I fancy our friends are engrossed. I caught sight, unintentionally," he added, smiling and bending towards Dora, "of our young Saint Sebastian, entranced over a voluminous epistle in too dainty a handwriting to be from his bishop, I fancy." And Dowdeswell laughed so loudly over his own wit, that the prebendary came limping to the window, and declared that joke, whatever it was, must be told over again.

Accordingly it was repeated with embellishments; and while passing the window again, all, as a matter of course, glanced smilingly in at Sebastian. As Dora looked, she met his eyes fixed on her with an expression that not only startled her, but that made her feel certain he had some very strong feeling with regard to her reconciliation with Rudall. She withdrew her smiling look rather haughtily, and the group passed on.

When they returned Sebastian had gone from the room. He had retired to his own bare, damp, half-furnished parlour that had been described to him before he left New Zealand as a private study commanding *the* view. Here he read again with increasing perplexity the letter over which Dowdeswell had seen him so engrossed.

It was in a handwriting which Sebastian had almost forgotten till he saw the address at the top of the page.

"PLAS LLEWELLYN,
"ARRAN BACH, N. WALES,
"*Friday*.

"DEAR MR. GOULD,—I am in much need of what kindness I may hope to still deserve from you, if indeed I do still deserve any. As I know nothing of your whereabouts, I shall venture to send this to your father at Monksdean Rectory, begging him to forward it to you without delay.

"My dear friend, I am punished now for my self-will by being placed in the most unnatural and cruel position imaginable. The last insult I could have conceived is now offered me. This poor home, uninhabitable till I came here, is now requested from me as part of the settlement for the lady Mr. Rudall is about to marry. At first I showed what my feeling was about it by declining to go into the matter at all. Her family have, it seems, pressed upon him so urgently that I now receive another appeal, this time in his own writing. Will you think me mad when I tell you I have replied that I will only give up what he requires if he will ask me personally. If he *can* do this, I feel I shall have afterwards the peace that utter contempt ought to give me.

"Besides this, I confess to you I have a wish that is strong as the wish of the dying (though I am in health) to see him once more—I mean before it will be sin to do so. Yet my heart is torn so terribly by *this* wish, and the hope that he may not have such cruel indifference for me as to be able to meet me and ask this thing to my face.

"You may, perhaps, understand all this better when I tell you that now it is too late for there to be any question which way his duty lies, since he is now, I hear, within a few weeks of his marriage. I have determined that, unless you advise me not, I will give him the letters you know of *when we part*. I will not try him so far as letting him see me after he knows all. His being able to come and ask me this is proof enough surely of his unalterable purpose to marry her at any cost. As for her, since she is so eager for my poor home, she and the world shall know it had not been sullied by so mean a tenant as she thinks. Am I cruel or unnatural? Then tell me so, and save me in time. Will you come to see me, and be present at the interview between Mr. Rudall and myself? I have suggested next Tuesday, and I know that he is not likely to fail. Do you think that I should not see him, and the truth be made known some other way? If so, act for me. *I leave all in your hands*, as I should have done at first but for my great horror of him considering himself bound to me after his love had perhaps utterly ceased.

"If I seem to you weak when I should be strong, as I was strong when I should have yielded, remember the desolation I have borne, and the cruel insult that now distracts me and almost breaks my heart.

"Yours truly,
"CICELY ——."

Sebastian had not much time for consideration of his difficult task. Scarcely ten minutes had passed since he came up stairs before some one knocked at his door, and Dowdeswell, opening it with respectful hesitation, said :—

"Gould, the heat has driven us in, and we have been told you would allow us to smoke a cigar here. I think," he added, looking back at the person who accompanied him, "there *has* been such a thing done since last year, eh, Mr. Gould?"

Sebastian said he could not deny it, and forgetting, in his desire to be hospitable to the best of his small ability, that Cicely's letter lay open on the table, got up to invite them in.

"I must say like the Irishman, there's only one chair, but you're both welcome to that."

Dowdeswell laughed, and took it; and while Sebastian and Rudall were looking about to see how to dispose of themselves, Rudall's eyes fell on the open letter. The habitual repose of his face became immediately disturbed by surprise and some deeper feeling, and he looked from the letter searchingly into Sebastian's face. That look seemed to Sebastian to verify a suspicion that had been floating in his mind from the first moment he had seen Rudall. How different it was from the glance of gentle jealousy with which he had followed Dora when she had been speaking to Sebastian! What a depth of passionate suspicion was in it! What kindling curiosity!

Sebastian, in his great perplexity, was glad of some insight into one, even though only one, of the three whose destinies he seemed called upon to decide. He was determined to try and see more still as to Rudall's true state of feeling before he resolved on how to answer Cicely.

As though to make room for Rudall and himself to seat themselves on the little table, he took up the letter, folded it, and put it in his pocket. Even this made Rudall's eyes wince as if he had received some insult he could not openly resent.

"We seem doomed to interrupt your correspondence this morning, Gould," said Dowdeswell, smiling. "Don't let us prevent you finishing your letter, for, I suppose, the twentieth time, eh?"

"Not quite," answered Sebastian; "but I have certainly been a little perplexed over it. I'm afraid the prebendary is not well enough for me to leave, and I am asked suddenly to run down to Wales."

Rudall was leaning against the side of the meagrely-furnished bookcase. Apparently even this possession of Sebastian's was repugnant to him as a support after such a declaration, for he withdrew an inch or two from it, and stood holding his cigar and looking out as if something particular in the prospect had just attracted his attention.

"Wales! That's odd enough. Why Rudall's off there in a day or two I suppose," observed Dowdeswell. "Oh, oh! it's a Welsh lady, is it, Gould, that all the pretty girls at Petherton and Monksdean are to be disappointed for? That's too bad."

"My correspondent is a married lady," answered Sebastian. "She needs my advice on certain matters her father when dying left in my hands."

Rudall had withdrawn his gaze from the distant object on which it had been resting, and brought it to the table between himself and Sebastian.

Sebastian was ready to encounter his look when it should come to his face, and to attempt no further concealment, there at all events, as to his knowledge of more than Rudall himself knew. He felt sure it was doubt as to whether he could bear before Dowdeswell any more significant allusions to Cicely that kept him from demanding explanations.

Sebastian, before reading Cicely's letter, had felt very doubtful as to whether the knowledge of the true state of things would be likely to make any of the persons concerned happier. But when he knew by that letter the real unquietness of Cicely's

mind, and saw Rudall's agitation as his eyes fell on it, Sebastian had suddenly a strong personal disgust at the thought of his marriage with Dora. So high was his idea of the love due to her, that he had felt it profanation to marry her to a man who could not offer her his first as well as his last love. But since the last few minutes, when he had seen how far from being broken was the real marriage tie of Cicely and Rudall, he felt it would be a cruel and dangerous deception even to be silent or to leave the option of silence to Cicely. In this Sebastian, so far as he could trust his own judgment, felt utterly unselfish. Indeed he felt he was deeply injuring himself with the Dowdeswells, being sure that his intervention would bring upon him the passionate anger of Dora and her father. But even this seemed a slight evil in comparison with the self-reproach and pain he should feel if Dora really married this man. He also began to consider he had been very remiss as to the entreaties of Cicely's father, and that he certainly owed it to his memory to do what now remained in his power to atone for what he considered his weak subjection to Cicely's wilfulness.

Dowdeswell, still innocent, ignorant of anything more than the coincidence of the two having to take a journey to Wales so shortly, said—

"Why not go down together, so far as your ways agree?"

"*I* am willing," answered Sebastian, "and should be really glad to have your company, Mr. Rudall. I am going north, as I believe you are?"

"Are you?" cried Dowdeswell to Sebastian, eagerly. "Is it anywhere near Arran Bach?"

"Very near," said Sebastian, quietly.

"Have you been there before?" demanded Dowdeswell, leaning forward, and laying the disengaged fingers of his hand, holding his cigar, on Sebastian's knee; "do you know the place? Do you know the old ruined castle there, Plas Llewellyn?"

"I have not been there before; but I intend to see it if I go there now," replied Sebastian, still watching Rudall.

"Then *would* you take a sketch of it for me—do, there's a good fellow. These photographers have no idea of the right aspect. I want something showing more the—the—castellated character of the place; and get in the window of the room where Llewellyn was born if you can more clearly. I should really esteem it as a great favour to *myself*, if you could, without inconvenience, do this for me."

"I will do so with pleasure if I have an opportunity," said Sebastian; "but perhaps Mr. Rudall would take a turn with me presently, and we could see whether it would be convenient to arrange our journey together or not."

Rudall's anger had been too long and quietly increasing to be repressed when once his eyes met Sebastian's, as they did now in open questioning.

"Excuse me," he said, with a very evident effort at steadying an angry voice; "but I must decline being any party to your intrusion on this lady. Indeed, I must say I cannot bring myself to believe any business has been left in your hands of a nature to necessitate a personal interview."

Till this, Dowdeswell had been entirely unsuspicious as to the destination of Rudall and Sebastian being the same. But when he heard Rudall's strange and apparently unreasonable words, and saw his face pale with passion, and his blue eyes quite destitute of their ordinary gentleness and calm, an indefinable but strong foreboding of mischief came across him.

He began to scrutinize Sebastian, scowling in such hard thought as to bring his light eyebrows into one unbroken line.

A half-reproachful look from Sebastian, in Dowdeswell's direction, warned Rudall of what he had done by his impetuosity.

"I think we had better talk the matter over by and by," suggested Sebastian, with an attempt at careless-

ness. "Perhaps, as my time is not my own, we may not be able to arrange for the same day."

They continued to smoke and look from the window, for some minutes in silence, only broken by commonplace remarks from Sebastian.

In these few minutes, Dowdeswell's curiosity as to what Sebastian's business at Plas Llewellyn could be, had deepened into a most disquieting and intense distrust. He remembered now, with vividness, Sebastian's evident repugnance to Dora's engagement from the first hour of his entrance into the prebendary's house. He recalled his evident and unconcealable admiration at his first sight of Dora; his coldness, almost, Dowdeswell thought, rudeness on his introduction to her future husband. Thinking of these things in connection with the present discovery of his acquaintance with Rudall's former wife, and Rudall's evident resentment at that acquaintance, Dowdeswell became too restless to endure himself in silence in the young men's company. Rising, he proposed that they should try the garden again, as he was of opinion Mr. Gould's room was by no means the cooler of the two.

He and Rudall went out together first, while Sebastian remained behind, looking for his hat. Suddenly he felt Dowdeswell's hand laid rather heavily on his shoulder, and, looking up, he met his light grey eyes looking at him with subdued, but vindictive suspicion.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Gould," said he, letting out in his expression of countenance and accent some of the vulgarity he generally concealed so well, "I don't understand the way in which you are acting at all. I advise you to take care what you are about, sir. These are matters in which mischief may be easily done, but not by any means easily undone."

Sebastian, without resenting his unpleasant manner, looked at him frankly, almost pityingly, as he put out one hand to close the door, while he laid the other on Dowdeswell's arm.

"Mr. Dowdeswell," he said, "I will not deceive you, but will tell you plainly you are in a false position. I have seen it from the moment I knew of your daughter's engagement to Mr. Rudall, but was powerless to tell you so, though, as you may have seen, indeed as you must have seen, I have been most deeply concerned about it. The letter I have received this morning makes it impossible for me, without danger of great mischief, to conceal from Mr. Rudall certain facts I should, by rights, long since have made known to him. Believe me, I shall do or say nothing of myself to influence him; but I must, in common truth, tell you that this interview I must have with him, may cause you disappointment. It may not do so, but my own impression is that it will."

Dowdeswell was for detaining him, and insisting on some further explanation; but Sebastian reminding him by a gesture towards the door that Rudall was probably waiting near, he went out gloomily, Sebastian following him.

As they were passing through the hall, Dora called to her father, thus unwittingly hastening the opportunity for Sebastian's conversation with Rudall.

When Dowdeswell entered the dining-room, Dora was sitting at the table, having unpacked her little desk, and placed it, in a business-like way, opposite the prebendary's big one, about to begin a pile of correspondence. She wanted her father to remind her of the address of one of his old Liverpool friends, whose daughters were eager to be her bridesmaids. Dowdeswell told her, and then, taking the newspaper handed him by the prebendary, who was also writing letters, went and stood at the window, looking out at the two, in whose conversation he was feeling so painful an interest.

To be continued.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.[1]

Few men have left behind them a fairer or more enviable reputation than Dr. Arnold. He died at the age of forty-seven, and was Head Master of Rugby for only fourteen years; yet that brief life exercised a powerful influence, not only upon the generation to which he belonged, but still more upon that which has succeeded him; and in those fourteen years he achieved a work of almost immeasurable usefulness and importance. The sermons preached during this crowning epoch of his life have now been collected in six volumes by the loving care of his eldest daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. They are admirably arranged and edited. Those of the previously published sermons which had least of permanent value and interest have been excluded from the collection, and there can be little doubt that in their present form they will take their final and permanent place in English literature. The publication of this edition is the greatest service which has been rendered to the memory of a great and good man since the Dean of Westminster wrote that admirable *Life of Dr. Arnold* which has served to perpetuate his work, and has been deservedly welcomed as perhaps the best biography of recent times.

Some books may almost be said, without a paradox, to die of their own immortality. They do their work so effectually as to render themselves needless, and they are effaced because the thoughts to which they gave original expression have become the common heritage of even the least original minds. The unfamiliar views of one decade often pass into the commonplaces of the next, and the reputed heresies of our youth are sometimes the accepted orthodoxies of our manhood. The remark is illustrated both by these sermons of Dr. Arnold and by those of the eminent contemporary with whom he often found himself in respectful antagonism. When we read the sermons of Dr. Newman, we admire the subtlety of their insight, the loftiness of their spirituality, the *curiosa felicitas* of a style which, while it often seems to aim at an almost bald simplicity, keeps us spell-bound with an unaccountable fascination. Yet so completely have the religious thoughts, and even the phraseology, of "Mr. Newman of Oriel," passed into our current homiletic literature, so familiar has even his peculiar pronunciation and method of delivery become, that we can hardly account for the fact that his sermons were once regarded with intense suspicion, and were believed by large sections of the Church to teem with the subtlest insinuations of dangerous heresy. Different in all respects as were the sermons of Dr. Arnold, a similar remark applies to them. He says: "It would be affectation were I to dissemble my knowledge that these volumes will be received in many quarters with a strong prejudice against them";[2] and he evidently anticipates that they will have so far diverged from the accurate intonation of the then prevailing shibboleths, that they will be charged with being "latitudinarian." Few who now read them without traditional bias would think of reviving so obsolete a charge. When we read in the introductions to the various volumes, a plea that Christians should get over their extreme reluctance to admit the prin-

[1] *Arnold's Sermons.* In Six Volumes. New Edition, Revised by his Daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. (Longmans.)

[2] Vol. iii. p. v.

ciples of Christianity into the concerns of common life, and not "ridicule as visionary and impracticable" an application of its spirit to their everyday practice,[1] we feel what a change has come over the popular views on such subjects. In these days we could hardly think it needful to argue that "a sermon addressed to Englishmen in the nineteenth century, should be very different from one addressed to Englishmen in the sixteenth, or even in the eighteenth;" or that it is most undesirable to reserve, for the use of religious exhortation, a stereotyped and conventional phraseology. The sermon on "the Unity of the Spirit"[2] might be preached in these days without its occurring to any critic that it would needlessly encourage an excessive indifference as to variety of religious opinions, and too low an estimate of the advantages of agreement even in the outward forms of Christianity. The famous sermons on "Moral Thoughtfulness," and those on "The Temptations of School Life," have had so many successors which are even stronger and plainer in their language, that, had they been preached in these days, they would have produced no further impression than such as was created by the noble and commanding personality of him who uttered them. Under these circumstances it might have been considered needless to collect and edit the sermons in any other form than those in which they have been hitherto accessible. Yet we cannot but rejoice on many grounds that this edition has been published. The sermons deserve preservation in the best possible form, not only because they belong to the history of English social life, in that phase of it which is most characteristic, and of which we have most reason to be proud;—not only as having inaugurated a new form of literature, which, however humble, may tend to results of priceless value;—not only because they throw light on the mind and character of a brave, enlightened, and noble-hearted teacher;—but even from their own intrinsic merits. The truths which Arnold was the first to bring into prominence, in such aspects of them as bore most directly upon the life of Public Schools, have, since his time, found frequent expression, but have never been expressed in directer or manlier language. Even in style his sermons were fresh, forcible, and in the highest sense, eloquent. More than once, indeed, Arnold speaks of his style in a tone of apology. "In point of style," he says, "these sermons are wholly devoid of pretension; for my main object was to write intelligibly, and, if I have succeeded in this, I must be contented to be censured for much homeliness, and perhaps awkwardness of expression, which I had not the skill to avoid."[3] But if a man's style be but perfectly sincere, and perfectly natural, he can never alter it to advantage, nor is he likely to express in any better way the truths which he has to deliver. The very "defects" of his style may thus be "effective," and few men had less need than Arnold to apologise for any deficiencies in expression. His style is a very model of strength and straightforwardness, of lucid reasoning and manly good sense. As he was original in desiring to apply "the language of common life to the cases of common life, but ennobled and strengthened by those principles and feelings which are found only in the Gospel," so there are no better specimens of this method of preaching than those which he has furnished. Arnold wrote his Rugby sermons for the most part between morning and afternoon service, and preached them before the ink was well dry on the last page. It is to this very fact that much of their charm and force is due. A man whose mind was less fresh, and pure, and strong, could not do this; but Arnold's thoughts were well matured, and were held with a grasp unusually firm, and the rapidity with

[1] Vol. i. p. viii. [2] Vol. i. p. 50.

[3] Vol. i. p. viii.

which they were thrown into form gave them all the eloquence which springs from the emotion of the moment, so that they have something of the fire and rapidity of the extempore orator. Arnold was too sure of the truth and value of what he had to say to need any ornament in its expression. He never seeks an illustration; he never consciously elaborates a closing paragraph. But when he does use an illustration, it is often an exceedingly happy one; and when his style rises to a more impassioned strain, it reaches a high level of natural eloquence. What can be more forcible than the comparison—perhaps the longest in these six volumes, and one so applicable to thousands at this period—of the condition of fallen man to that of "men who are bewildered in those endless forests of reed which line some of the great American rivers,"[1] in danger from the venomous snakes and the deadly malaria, ignorant of the path, and "in doubt whether the tangled thicket in which they are placed has any end at all; whether the whole world is not such a region of death as the spot in which they are actually prisoned; whether their fond notions of a clear and open space, a pure air, and a fruitful and habitable country, are not altogether imaginary; whether there remains anything for them but to curse their fate, and lie down and die."[2] What again can be better than this? "As the vessels in a harbour, and in the open sea without it, may be seen swinging with the tide at the same moment in opposite directions; the ebb has begun in the roadstead, while it is not yet high water in the harbour; so one or more nations may be in advance of or behind the general tendency of their age, and from either cause may be moving in the opposite direction." And to take passages in which there is no illustration, what boy with a heart in him could have listened unmoved to such sermons as the two on "Christian Schools,"[3] or to the noble and stirring appeal, a rare example of glowing emotion expressed in the language of perfect self-control, which concludes the stern, yet touching, sermon on "Death and Salvation"?[4] Sermons like these will never become obsolete. There is not one master of any Public School in England who might not profit from the study of them. There is not one, I suppose, who would not admit that as these are among the earliest specimens in our literature of school sermons, so even in a generation which possesses Bishop Cotton's Marlborough sermons, and Dr. Vaughan's Memorials of Harrow Sundays, they still remain the best models of what school sermons ought to be. One, at any rate, who once had the honour of being a head master, may be allowed the humble testimony that he would have hailed these volumes had they appeared a year or two ago with the deepest gratitude, and might have reaped from them advantages which he regrets never to have possessed.

It must not, however, be supposed that the majority of these sermons would only be valuable to schoolmasters. It is one distinct element of their merit that very many of them do not bear directly upon school life at all; and that even when they were addressed to youthful audiences, they aimed at awakening interests which extended far beyond the narrow horizon of boyish vision. Three especially of these volumes—the third, fourth, and sixth—have a permanent theological value, and the notes and introductions to them might be read with great profit by many of our clergy as the best possible antidote to prevalent errors. The merits and influence of Arnold as a theologian have, I think, been underrated. At any rate I can recall but few modern clergymen whose opinions would furnish a more wholesome study. The note of disestablishment has been

[1] Vol. iv. p. 2. [2] Vol. iv. p. x. [3] Vol. v. pp. 49—62. [4] Vol. v. p. 155.

clearly heard, and nothing can avert that national disaster so surely and so satisfactorily as a timely wisdom and liberality on the part of Churchmen. Already the increase of diligence and faithfulness and devotion among the clergy have won for their entire order a respect which, but for other circumstances, would have gone very far to disarm all semblance of national, and almost of political, hostility. But side by side with this wide, self-denying energy has grown up a spirit of clericalism and sacerdotalism, which, unless checked, will be socially and religiously fatal to the existence of the Established Church. By clericalism I mean that elaborate separation from the laity which is but too plainly symbolised by peculiarities of dress, pronunciation, and bearing; and which, in its occasional developments, is made the excuse for that charge of effeminacy so unjustly brought against the clergy. But this effeminacy, if it can fairly be charged at all against any of the clergy in social matters, is less common, and far less injurious, than the timidity of thought, the cowardice in the expression of opinion, the dread of diverging a hairsbreadth from the current "orthodoxy," the want of fearless independence and honest forthrightness, the tendency to run in well-oiled grooves, the conventionality of language which serves to cloak real divergences of opinion, the adoption of a phraseology purely professional—in one word, the want of perfect reality, naturalness, and manly independence — which may at times be noted as a grave fault in some of our ordinary theological literature. To read Arnold's sermons, after reading too many of those which are now in vogue, is like passing out of the conservatory into the free air and eager breeze of heaven. And if the faults to which I have alluded be what is commonly meant by "clericalism," then "sacerdotalism" is its still more dangerous kinsman. By sacerdotalism I mean the assumption of supernatural privileges of such a kind as to glorify and elevate the individual and his order, to identify the Church more and more with the clergy, and to substitute the word "priest" in all its sacrificial, heathen, and mediæval connotations for the word in its sense of "presbyter," in which sense alone it is recognised by the New Testament, and by the English Church. To this social tendency, and this religious corruption, Arnold was a brave and uncompromising though a perfectly courteous and considerate foe. The manner of his controversial essays is as commendable as the matter is forcible. He never descends for one moment to that coarse and bitter railing by which fanatical ignorance strives to conceal the utter absence of ability and knowledge.

While directing many a powerful blow against the principles of the Oxford School, Arnold always spoke of the individual writers of that school not only with perfect kindness but even with sympathy and respect. Yet all his principles made him the severe opponent of every practice and theory which tended to draw ineradicable lines of distinction between the clergy and the laity. Want of intellectual manliness is the very last charge which any one could ever have brought against Thomas Arnold. There was nothing exotic about his sentiments, nothing conventional about his language. He was a model for all clergymen in this respect more than all others, that—like Canon Kingsley—he was every inch a man. And he had the faith of a man in all its vigour—the faith which would have scorned any mere respectful complaisance at the hands of an opponent—the faith which desired the pure air of heaven and the clear light of day. If there was one thing which he detested more than another it was an insincere argument. He saw no sanctity in pretentious incompetence. Ignorance never appeared to him any the more venerable because it uttered its dicta as from an oracle. He earnestly laboured to destroy that

un-christian superstition which, as a necessary consequence of straining at the gnat, for ever swallows the camel. Clearly perceiving that the business of a theologian consists in the twofold work of interpreting the Scriptures and of applying them —of which the first requires a study of criticism and philology, and the second a knowledge of our own and former times, together with the general constitution of the human mind and character,—he had but little respect for a large proportion of what is called Divinity, and openly stated his opinion that the writings of unqualified divines were in theology particularly worthless. Arnold here hit upon a temptation to which some religious teachers are particularly liable. Accustomed to teach authoritatively, and to have their utterances accepted as authoritative by the majority of those immediately around them, they have been too apt in all ages to assume for themselves a monopoly of orthodoxy, and to attach a most extravagant importance to the assertion of their individual opinions, and that too on subjects with which they do not even possess an elementary acquaintance. We who are clergymen should not resent the warning that the intensity of our prejudices is no true measure of the value of our convictions, and that no spectacle is more saddening than that of

> "Blind Authority beating with his staff
> The child that might have led him;"

or that of Ignorance taking itself for Infallibility, and anathematising what it does not understand. Against such dangers — increased a thousandfold in those who breathe that intoxicating incense of support and flattery which is weekly burnt for their adherents by our party religious newspapers—the writings of Arnold will form an admirable preservative. It is impossible, in the brief space at my disposal, to analyse his remarks on the value of historical study to all who are called upon to preach; but how different would have been the tone and the writings of some of our clergy if they had followed the advice given in the introduction to the *Sermons on Christian Life and Doctrine!* How unspeakably might many of them have profited by turning away from the perilous employment of perpetually contemplating narrow-mindedness and weakness in conjunction with much of piety and goodness, by turning to the great springs of truth, human and divine—to the Scriptures to remind us that Christianity is in itself wholly free from the foolishness thrown round it by some of its professors; to the great writers of human genius, to save us from viewing the Scriptures themselves through the medium of ignorance and prejudice, and lowering them by our perverse interpretations in order to make them countenance our errors.[1]

All of us might learn a lesson of life-long value if we would merely accept the advice which Arnold gave forty years ago—never to lay aside the greatest works of human genius of whatever age or country; to read the lives of the saints, and good Christian biography of all ages; not to misquote and misinterpret Scriptures by harping on isolated texts without sufficiently exercising our minds to master the meaning of profound and difficult writers; and to acquire comprehensive views of large portions of the sacred volume taken together.

It would carry me too far were I to speak of Arnold's views—liberal and enlightened as they were—on the true relations of Church and State, and his condemnation of that fatal tendency to which he does not hesitate to apply the term "the antichrist of priesthood." He held that the main truth of the Christian religion barred for all time the very notion of a mediatorial or sacrificial priesthood. He held that there was and could be but one priesthood—that of Christ; and one mediator—the Man Christ Jesus; and that there was no point of the

[1] Vol. iii. p. xiii. seq.

priestly office *properly so called* in which the claim of the earthly priest was not absolutely precluded. There is no place at all for such a priest for *sacrifice*, since there is but one atoning sacrifice which has once been offered; nor yet for *intercession*, since there is One who ever liveth to make intercession for us. A priesthood in the sense in which that term is used by some modern ritualists, Arnold regards as a high dishonour to our true Priest—the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, leaving this subject, we must at least allude to the influence which Arnold exercised as a theologian. There may be some who will grudge him any such title, and if by a theologian is merely to be meant one who has busied himself with scholastic technicalities and transcendental metaphysics, then he would have been the first to repudiate the name. But it will be a disastrous day for theology when it comes to be identified with a range of inquiry so narrow, so dubious, and so unpractical; and if *he* is a theologian who wisely guides the religious views of churches, then Arnold has far more claim to be so regarded than "a hundred would-be's of the modern day." The clamour with which his opinions were received reminds us of Milton's lines—

> " Men whose faith, learning, life and pure intent,
> Would have been held in high esteem by Paul,
> Must now be called and printed heretics
> By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call."

Arnold's main contributions to theology in these volumes are the Essays on the Interpretation of Prophecy, and on the Interpretation of Scripture. On both subjects his views are now maintained by most thinking men. As regards Prophecy, he saw that prediction is wholly subordinate to moral teaching, and that the mere announcement of events yet future is the lowest part of the prophet's office, being indeed rather its sign than its substance. The prophets dealt with eternal principles, not with chronological combinations. To startle the death-like slumbers of selfishness, to fan the dying embers of patriotism, to curb the base oppression of power, to startle the sensual apathy of unbelief, were the prophets' noblest functions; nor is it possible to gather from these inspired poets a single prediction in which some deep moral purpose, some profound spiritual lesson is not involved. The school of interpretation which lays stress on material details met with no sympathy from Arnold, because he saw that such a method of illustration was often "accidental, generally disputable, and theoretically false." "It is a very misleading notion of prophecy if we regard it as an anticipation of history. . . It is anticipated history, not in our common sense of the word, but in another and far higher sense. . . . It fixes the attention on principles, on good and evil, on truth and falsehood, on God and His enemy. . . . The earliest prophecy of Scripture is the sum and substance of the whole language of prophecy, how diversified soever in its particular forms." On these points, and on the ever-widening horizons of prophetic fulfilment, the reader will find many wise remarks in illustration of Arnold's fundamental principle that the prophets did not in the first instance cast themselves into the ocean of futurity; that the forms of their prophecies belong to their own times, the spirit of them to times that were to come; that their words have not only an historical sense originating in contemporary circumstances, but also a spiritual sense, "worthily answering to the magnificence of their language, but in its details of time, place, and circumstance indistinct to them; nay—as we still see through a glass darkly—indistinct, when it rises highest, even to us." [1]

Arnold's views of the Interpretation of Scripture were marked by the same reverent sincerity and masculine wisdom. The dishonouring literalism which will defend even the most pernicious custom if some text can be

[1] Vol. iii. p. 335.

quoted in its apparent favour; the ignorant unwisdom which strews the paths of social and moral progress with stumblingblocks wrenched out of the sacred page; the irreligious religion which depraves God's best gift in support of man's worst inventions—these bad traditions still survive, and if they no longer flourish, they yet continue to be powerful for evil even in their decay. But to Arnold is due in no small degree the merit of having dealt to them their death-blow in the minds of reasonable men. His Essay on this subject is stamped with the same high characteristics as his other writings—calmness, courage, clearness, perfect consideration for the feelings of others. He points out the *impossibility* of rightly comprehending Scripture if we read it as we read the Koran, as though it were in all its parts of equal authority, all composed at one time, and all addressed to persons similarly situated.[1] He fearlessly exposes the incompetence of the majority of commentators, who are too often greatly insufficient in knowledge and still more so in judgment, "often misapprehending the whole difficulty of a question, often answering it by repeating the mere assertions of others, and confounding the proper provinces of the intellect and the moral sense, so as to make questions of criticism questions of religion, and to brand as profane inquiries to which the character of profaneness or devotion is altogether inapplicable." He laid down the broad principles that commands given in the Bible to one man or to one generation are, and can be, binding upon other men and other generations, only so far forth as the circumstances in which both are placed are similar; and that the revelations of God to man were gradual, and adapted to his state at the several periods when they were successively made. This principle of "accommodation" is liable indeed to grave abuse, but it is a principle distinctly recognised by Christ Himself, and it will be always safely applied by strong and honest natures. Whether the reader be always inclined or not to accept the solutions which throughout this volume on Scriptural interpretation are offered for various moral and other difficulties of Scripture, he will not fail to profit by the fearless honesty with which they were met, and he will see them treated as though they were neither to be spoken of with bated breath, nor regarded as in any way dangerous to religion. In point of fact Arnold was a wise interpreter of Scripture, and a wise defender of Christian verity, because he clearly apprehended the truth on which his son, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has dwelt — less persuasively indeed, because from an immensely different standpoint, and with a large admixture of other elements—but with consummate literary skill. Even the Rabbis and Talmudists could see, and could state, in direct opposition to their own methods of exegesis, that *The law speaks in the tongue of the sons of men.* The meaning of that maxim is that, in all interpretation of Scripture, allowances must be made for the human element; for that factor of the divine message which is tinged with the writer's individuality; for the necessary and inherent imperfections of all earthly expression; for the use of metaphor and hypallage and hyperbole, and that impassioned style of utterance which rejects the possibility of a wooden and soulless letter-worship: for the absurdities which arise when we turn the swift syllogisms of natural rhetoric with all their impetuous force into the hard syllogisms of unemotional logic; for the fact, in short, that human language, at its very best and greatest, is, and can be, but an asymptote to thought, and that this must more than ever be borne in mind when we deal in finite speech with conceptions which are infinite. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the Rabbinic maxim which I have quoted "the very foundation of sane Biblical criticism," though, as he truly adds, "it was for centuries a dead letter to the whole body of our

[1] Vol. ii. p. 280 seq.

Western exegesis, and is a dead letter to the whole body of our popular exegesis still." No man can mistake the elements of a saving faith; even a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot possibly err in deducing from the Scriptures all that is necessary for salvation. But when we pass from questions of practical religion to questions of Biblical interpretation it is not too much to say that every commentator, however learned, must go egregiously astray if he be devoid of literary culture. Exegesis is a domain from which mere ignorant convictions, even when they claim to speak *ex cathedrâ*, must be remorselessly expelled. Mr. Arnold has rendered a memorable service by the incontrovertible clearness with which he has proved this proposition, and in dwelling upon its importance he is, in one particular direction, continuing the theological influence of his illustrious father.

I have dwelt on the position of Dr. Arnold as a Churchman and as a theologian because in these spheres his merits are but partially recognised, whereas none deny, and all are grateful for, the reformation which he effected in English schools. To dwell on that reformation—its nature, its extent, its beneficence, the methods by which it was accomplished — is not possible in this paper, but those who are familiar with school life will be able with the aid of these volumes to trace it for themselves. Certain it is that English schools have undergone a very marked change for the better during the fifty years which have elapsed since he was elected Head Master of Rugby. Those changes have carried with them a change also of our whole social life. They began to work from the very day when—to recall the scene so beautifully described in the grateful pages of Arnold's two eminent pupils, Dean Stanley and Mr. T. Hughes—in the then mean and unsightly chapel of Rugby School, dimly lighted by the two candles of the pulpit, were seen above the long lines of youthful faces the strong form and noble face of the greatest of English schoolmasters, and the voice was heard, "now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord." To trace the course and the issues of this social reformation might be an interesting task; but at present, as one of the least worthy of those who in a similar office to Arnold's own would fain have caught something of his spirit, I can but lay upon the base of his statue a wreath of respectful gratitude. Few teachers have arisen since his death who could reach high enough to place that wreath around his brow.

"Ut caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis
Ponitur hic imos ante corona pedes."

F. W. Farrar.

FROM THE QUIRINAL TO THE VATICAN.

From the Quirinal to the Vatican, from the death-bed of the Re-Galantuomo, the first King of United Italy, to the death-bed of Pius IX., the last Papa-Re of Rome, the transition has been most startling and most sudden. In all the circumstances associated with these close coincidences of royal and papal deaths, Italy may well feel justified if she once more gratefully recognises the influence of the benignant star which was believed to have so often shed its light on the fortunes of the nation. The Re-Galantuomo, so singularly fortunate in all the events of his life, was not less fortunate in the place and time of his unlooked-for death. An interest of a very different character would have attended the close of his life had it occurred at his Piedmontese villa of La Mandria. There would not, there could not, have been found there, the assemblage of domestic political and religious associations which imparted so varied and, in some respects, so important an interest to the last sad farewell taken, to the last solemn blessings given, in the little chamber on the ground-floor of the Quirinal; nor was the Re-Galantuomo less fortunate in the time of his departure. Had he died only two months earlier, the prospect of a possible embarrassment in Italian affairs arising from his decease might have lent fresh vigour to the Ultramontane conspirators who were then holding Marshal Macmahon in their toils. But his death, so closely preceding that of Pius IX., furnished the occasion for rekindling in the mind of the aged pontiff all the more generous feelings towards the house of Savoy and the Italian people, by which the commencement of his pontificate had been marked, and paved the way for a better understanding, if not for a complete reconcilation, between the new Pope and the new King.

A German commentator on Machiavelli, when expanding and illustrating that passage of the *Prince* in which the Florentine secretary has set forth how completely all the calculations of Cæsar Borgia were overturned by the sudden death of his father, Pope Alexander VI., has observed that, strange as it may seem, the one element in all human combinations which is most certain and unavoidable—the element of mortality—is the one most generally overlooked. The remark, however, did not hold good in the case of Pius IX., for it would be difficult to discover amongst the illustrious and august personages of the nineteenth century another individual whose decease, whether proximate or remote, has been made the theme of so much speculation, and who, before closing his eyes, has been in an equal degree a party to the discounting of all the political and religious contingencies which his end might bring about. Given up again and again by his physicians, it was his lot to belie all their predictions, until they at last ceased to foretell his approaching death; and then, when they had all agreed that he might live yet two or three years, he put their science and their art once more to scorn, and died when every man in the Vatican believed in the further prolongation of his life. The strange medley of inconsistencies and contradictions by which his character and career were marked revealed itself even in this last phase of his existence; and just as the most fitful and capricious, the most spasmodic and impulsive of human beings had favoured the world with the proclamation of his personal infallibility—the frail mortal whose uncertain health was in youth

the chief cause of his exchanging the profession of arms for that of the Church, lived on with all his physical infirmities to the age of eighty-five, in his constant illnesses and constant recoveries almost suggesting the idea of the milk-white and immortal hind, "still doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Shortly after the Italian occupation of Rome at the close of 1870, when the animosity between the representatives of the Italian government and the occupants of the Vatican was at its height, there appeared in the windows of all the Roman print-sellers a photograph representing Pope Pius IX. and King Victor Emanuel arm-in-arm, both smiling most pleasantly, and apparently on the very best possible terms. During the seven years that elapsed from its first appearance until the death of both Pope and King, the photograph steadily maintained its place as one of the most popular and profitable articles of the photographic trade, nor did its sale appear to be in the least degree affected by the violent language of the Papal briefs and speeches denouncing the Savoyard usurper, or the equally violent declamations in the Italian parliament and press against the clerical foes of liberty. It seemed as if a certain shrewd and sound instinct had taught the people that in the midst of all this war of words much latent good feeling existed towards each other in the hearts of the sovereign and the pontiff, or at any rate that if no such good feeling existed it ought to exist, and that its existence would promote the best interests of the Italian State and the Catholic Church. The much-talked-of but never-realised conciliation held its place in the minds of the people far more surely than it entered into the calculations of the statesmen or the churchmen; and the popular instinct in this case, as it is in so many others, was a better political guide than the hesitating and distrustful counsels of the cabinet or the curia. The conciliation came at last, and came in a manner so unexpected and amidst circumstances so touching that men could not but regard it as brought about by the interposition of a higher power, and designed to illustrate far higher truths than those bound up with the alternate successes of liberal and clerical opponents, or even with the triumphs of a national and Ultramontane warfare. Pius IX. had never ceased during the whole course of his life to be an Italian patriot; during the earlier period of his life he had been a sincere reformer, and at one epoch it is no exaggeration to say an Italian revolutionist. If his revolutionary period was not of long duration it was at any rate so strongly marked that the early friends who then shared his hopes and aspirations would never consent to look upon him in after life in any other character, and some of them even set up a theory as to his relation to the Church much akin to that once in favour as to Sunderland's relations with our James II. That was simply absurd, and it would be throwing away time to exhibit the evident proofs of its absurdity, and to show that however mistaken in his means Pius IX. had ever during his pontificate the same end in view—the welfare of the Roman Catholic Church.

As a reformer his tendencies were not disclosed for the first time on his elevation to the papal throne. There exists, and in all probability will soon be published, an extensive correspondence which Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, when Bishop of Imola, held with the chief political authorities in Rome, and in which the future Pope seeks to impress on the leading persons of the government the necessity of adopting a number of most important reforms, of which some are as much wanted at the present day as when Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti penned the letters alluded to. To give an example, he implores the Papal government to make such arrangements with some foreign state as may place at its command a remote island for the sole objects of a penal colony, declaring that all the attempts to deal with brigandage and with the

like crimes in the papal state will prove fruitless, unless the criminals shall for a term of years, or if required, during the whole of their lives, be completely separated by a distant ocean from the rest of the population. There is every reason to believe,—it is but justice to the present Italian government to make the statement—that the actual rulers of the Italian kingdom have an equal conviction of the same truth, and that if full effect has not been given to it the fault lies much more in the jealousy of foreign powers than in the diplomatic action of Italy itself. Pius IX. was a reformer, both from the principles which made him desire a better state of things, and from the kindly feeling which made him desire an increased amount of happiness amongst all around him. But it happened with him as with the Emperor Napoleon III., that he often felt most keenly, and in consequence of this feeling promoted most readily, the happiness of the individuals with whom he was brought into immediate contact; and their personal gratification was but too often in direct antagonism with the happiness of the great masses of subjects intrusted to their rule. The more honest advisers of Napoleon III. were so well acquainted with this dangerous weakness in the character of their sovereign, that when they proposed to him any great administrative reform, they not unfrequently made it a regular stipulation that he should not consent to grant personal interviews to the parties whose interests would be wounded. That official adviser of Pius IX. whom it would be unsafe to rank amongst the more honest of his class, his cardinal-secretary of state, Antonelli, was so well acquainted with the same peculiarities in the character of the pontiff, that his constant and, as it proved, perfectly successful aim was to shut out Pius IX. as much as possible from all intercourse with all persons, excepting those who were subservient to the Cardinal's own aims, whose interests were identified with his own, and whose happiness was not likely to be much affected by any sympathy felt or efforts made by them for objects of general and public welfare. Much has been said during the last seven years of the imprisonment in the Vatican of Pius IX. The matchless effrontery with which, in Belgium, France, and the Rhine Provinces, circulation was given, with the full knowledge and sanction of the Catholic hierarchy, to the legend respecting Pius IX.'s alleged captivity, and the constant and public sale in those countries of straws taken from the august prisoner's pallet, and of photographs representing him behind prison bars, throw a striking light on the reckless character of Ultramontane ethics. The Ultramontane prelates, who during their annual visits to the Vatican had the constant opportunity of seeing Pius IX. surrounded by all the old Byzantine splendour of his court, who knew that all his movements were as free as those of their own sovereigns, must have performed a very curious mental process when they succeeded in reasoning themselves into the belief that the constant and daily representation in their presence of that enormous lie was a matter calling for no protest or no rebuke. It must be presumed that they had accepted and acted on the principle set forth with such clearness by Loyola in is "Rules," that if any object seem to the devout believer white, and the Church tells him it is black, his unhesitating duty is to regard and pronounce it black, in accordance with the decision of his spiritual guides. When the story of his reign shall be faithfully and fully written, more prominence will be given to the involuntary imprisonment which, during twenty-eight years, he endured at the hands of his Cardinal-Secretary of State; or, what amounts nearly to the same thing, to the strong, though subtle, network of precautions by which the

Richelieu of the Papacy made his Louis XIII. his helpless and unresisting tool. And when the same story shall be narrated in all its details, prominence will likewise be given to the fact that at one period of his reign — in the summer months of 1860, immediately preceding the severance of Umbria and the Marches from the Papal dominions — a constant watch was kept over all the movements of Pope Pius IX. by the agents of the French police then employed in Rome, for the purpose of impeding any attempt which it was then believed he wished to make to escape to Austria or Spain,—an event which, had it occurred, would have robbed France of the right to exhibit herself to the whole Catholic world as the guardian of papal independence. When that history shall be faithfully and fitly told, justice will be done to Cardinal Antonelli, and if it should prove difficult highly to extol his merits, the amount of his demerits will certainly be lessened. He did many mischievous things. But he held with Fielding's predatory hero that mischief was a thing much too precious to be wasted, and that it should only be employed in exact proportion to the special end which it is intended to secure. Cardinal Antonelli's especial end was to heap up wealth in the coffers, to concentrate power in the hands, and to place fair women at the disposal, of Cardinal Antonelli, and he scrupulously and conscientiously abstained from the commission of any evildoing which was not directly and immediately subservient to the main purposes of his life.

The real difficulties of Cardinal Antonelli's task can only be understood when they are viewed in connection with the personal character of the Pope-king whom he served. Some idea may be formed of the trouble involved, and the care required in the management of Pius IX. from the details, not generally known, of his demeanour on the night when, after the assassination of Rossi, he quitted the Quirinal in disguise for Gaeta. The chroniclers of that event have mentioned that his immediate determination was prompted by the sudden advice of a French ecclesiastic which he regarded in the light of a providential warning. But these chroniclers have passed over in silence the following facts. When all was ready for the departure, the trusted persons who had made the necessary arrangements brought, as the chief part in these arrangements, the disguise—the layman's dress, the wig, the beard, and the green spectacles which the Pope was to put on. He at once declared that he could not with a due regard to his present dignity be a party to such mumming. Point by point was then contested, and at a time when every moment was precious he was brought only by degrees to accept first the dress, then the wig, next the green spectacles, and last, after a hard struggle, the beard. Then he was conducted through the several rooms of the Quirinal which were opened by a master key. At one of the last doors the key refused to do its work, and Pius IX. at once declared that this was an intimation from Heaven which decreed that he ought to remain in the Quirinal and be a martyr. The vacillation or oscillation of his character was however even less embarrassing than his personal piques. A good deal has been said of late on the attitude of the Jesuit father Curci towards the Vatican, and of the harsh treatment which he experienced at the hands of Pius IX. The true relation between the late Pope and the Jesuit fathers will be better understood when it is known that Father Curci had been strongly urged by Pius IX. to write the history of his life and reign, that the Jesuit refused, and allowed it but too clearly to be understood that the reason of his refusal was the dislike to undertake a biographical whitewashing of Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti. The Pope never forgave him. Such were some of the most prominent and familiar features in the character of

the Pope-king whom Cardinal Antonelli so long served—it would be more correct to say over whom he so long ruled—as secretary of state.

The best tribute to the memory of Cardinal Antonelli is the frightful state of anarchy into which the Vatican was thrown immediately after his death, and which it continued to present until the moment of Pius IX.'s decease. The mind of the poor old Pope was eternally tossed to and fro in a perfect tempest of accusations, recriminations, calumnies, inuendoes, raised up around him by the fury of rival factions, so that it is scarcely too much to say that whatever may be the degree of papal command over the purgatory of another world, it did not during the last fifteen months of Pius IX.'s sojourn in this world exempt him from the experience of something greatly resembling a purgatory here. The meeting of the Swiss guards, so soon after the present Pope's succession, deserves to be regarded, not so much in the light of a regular Ultramontane conspiracy organised against Leo XIII., as in that of the natural crown and climax of the general confusion in which the new Pope found the whole Vatican plunged when he formally took possession of its halls. It is probable that this state of matters had not a little to do with hastening the decision of the Conclave, for the Sacred College had to take into account not merely the importance of exhibiting to the Catholic world the spectacle of early and united counsel, it had also to face the present and pressing necessity of bringing something like order into the precincts of the Vatican.

The election of Cardinal Joachim Pecci to the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church was chiefly, if not wholly, due to the reaction provoked amongst the Italian Cardinals against the violent Ultramontane agitation by which the Catholic world has been long convulsed. That reaction assumed two widely distinct forms—one on the part of nearly a half of the Sacred College to let the relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government remain for the moment on pretty much the same footing as they have exhibited since 1870, in other words, to continue protesting against the Italian aggression, but not to push the antagonism much further than a mere protest; whilst with another section of the Cardinals this modified hostility would have been exchanged for an open and direct conciliation. Cardinal Pecci himself belonged to the former group, and may indeed be regarded as the most faithful representative of its views. During his civil and ecclesiastical career as governor of the papal provinces of Benevento and Perugia, as nuncio at the Court of Brussels from 1843 to 1846, and finally as archbishop of Perugia, and from the last-named date until his elevation to the tiara, he furnished ample opportunities to the infinite variety of persons with whom he came in contact for correctly estimating his character, and the general estimate thus formed is beyond all question highly favourable. The anecdotes which have been lately published respecting his singular vigour in the administration of Benevento are declared by persons then living in that province to possess a somewhat apocryphal character. But it is certain that he brought from the court of Leopold I.—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he developed and strengthened at that court—a more than common degree of diplomatic *finesse*, the habit of tolerating political and religious differences, the talent and tact by which statesmen or churchmen placed by their office amongst hostile and contending parties contrive to keep on good terms with foes as well as friends, and even inspire the antagonists whom they must combat or curb with the belief that as regards the enemy with whom they have to deal they might go further and fare much worse. The position in 1846 either of a civil governor or an archbishop in the third city of the papal dominions gave to its holder

the means, if he possessed the tastes, of not only exhibiting aptness in the discharge of his official duties, but also of indugling in many social courtesies and hospitalities; and Perugia abounds in pleasant and grateful memories of the social gatherings and genial hospitality during the early part of Cardinal Pecci's official and episcopal rule. Of his alleged vein for poetry it might perhaps be safe to believe that his verses were probably much admired by his vicar-general, chaplains, and secretary; but there is no evidence of his ever having, like old Pope Urban VIII., inflicted his own sonnets without mercy on the persons who sought an audience on matters of public business. His interest in the fine arts is much more positively attested by his care for the preservation of the glorious artistic monuments in which Perugia abounds, and even by the expense, considerable for his means, which he personally incurred in the work of restoring the cathedral, whatever the taste may be with which those restorations were carried out. But the opening years of the archbishop's sway were marked by events of a far more exciting character than these.

The creative genius of Italy was all concentrated in a task far nobler than any efforts of plastic or pictorial art—it laboured to build up a structure more imposing than the cathedral of Milan, and towering aloft more proudly than St. Peter's dome itself. One of the chief masters in this national undertaking, Vincenzo Gioberti, was the personal friend of Monsignor Pecci, and the patriots of Perugia felt pleasure and pride at the arrival in their city of the author of the *Primato;* and the fact that during his stay amongst them he was the honoured guest of their bishop, naturally served to increase the esteem in which they held their ecclesiastical ruler. At length the war of 1848 broke out, and the band of patriotic Perugians which left the city of the Apennines for the plains of Lombardy included in its ranks some even of the clerical teachers in the episcopal seminary. Then all Italian patriots learned with dismay that the same pontiff who had blessed the first movements of the Italian revolution had just as openly denounced that revolution when it assumed the natural and quite inevitable character of a national war. Straightway archbishops and bishops, taking their cue from the Vatican, discovered that Italian nationality had its heterodox aspect, and that Gioberti's *Primato* contained certain propositions fit only to be put in the Index. The archbishop of Perugia was not less susceptible of enlightenment from on high than his episcopal colleagues; but it is only common justice to add that he did not, like so many of their number, treat with contempt and rigour the Liberals of his diocese, on whose patriotic efforts he had so lately smiled. The learned professors of his episcopal seminary, Adamo Rossi and Marchesi, were exposed, on their return from the Lombard campaign, to no annoyance for the part which they had taken in the same, and the archbishop, who not long afterwards was raised to the rank of cardinal, often did acts of kindness—very cautiously and almost secretly, it is true, but still he did them—to the more enthusiastic and uncompromising members of the Liberal party, who from the known character of their political opinions were the especial objects of suspicion and vigilance to the papal police. The social life of the Umbrian capital soon reflected but too faithfully the elements of political discord; and from the force of circumstances, much more than from any change in his personal tastes, the archbishop no longer did the honours of the city as in the days when he first assumed its civil and episcopal government, until his mode of life became at length one, if not altogether of seclusion, certainly of extreme retirement and comparative privacy. Of his occasional visits to Rome, and his personal relations with the Vatican, people only heard from

time to time that whenever his official duties summoned him to the papal capital, the cardinal-secretary-of-state, Antonelli, exhibited a degree of uneasiness which did not leave the mind of his eminence until the moment that Archbishop Pecci again left Rome for Perugia.

In 1859 the character, firmness, and tact of Cardinal Pecci were subjected to a fresh ordeal. As one of the first consequences of the war waged by France and Italy against Austria, the subjects of the Pope at Perugia rose in arms against the Vatican, as they had done in so many other cities of the papal territory, drove its representatives out of their walls, and established a provisional government. The inhabitants had fondly hoped that their rising would receive at the hands of the French Emperor the same connivance if not open countenance, which he had given to the insurrectionary movement in the Legations; but they were cruelly undeceived when, unopposed by either French or Italian troops, the papal soldiers retook the city and signalised the recapture by acts of wanton cruelty and bloodshed. From that moment the position of the cardinal-archbishop became about as difficult and delicate as it is possible to conceive, placed as he was between a government reimposed, amidst most sanguinary scenes, on a hostile population, and a population thirsting for a fresh opportunity to throw off the yoke.

That opportunity was furnished in the autumn of the following year, when, by the rout of Lamoricière's motley host at Castel-Fidardo, the papal army was destroyed, and Umbria and the Marches, liberated by the presence of Fanti's and Cialdini's troops, became, after an almost unanimous vote of the people, incorporated with the other dominions of King Victor Emanuel. Cardinal-archbishop Pecci now reaped the fruits of the personal good-feeling which he had exhibited towards the oppressed members of the Liberal party during the period from 1849 to 1860. Men felt grateful for all the good he had done without too closely calculating its amount, for they could not refrain from bearing in mind all the evil which it was in his power to have performed. His pastoral letters spoke indeed like other pastoral letters of the heavy afflictions which had fallen on the Church through the assaults and impiety of the wicked; but "the wicked," as directly and personally represented by the prefects Commendatore Gadda and Marquis Tanari, or the Mayors Evelyn Waddington and Count Reginald Asidei, always found that the views of the cardinal as to the expediency of removing a troublesome parish priest, or making some change in cathedral or other ecclesiastical buildings, did not, after all, differ widely from their own. And in the cabinet of the Minister of the Interior at Turin or Florence, when Signor Peruzzi or Count Cantelli had occasion to speak of the Italian bishops in their friendly or hostile relations to the state, the minister would frequently express the opinion that if all prelates acted after the fashion of Cardinal Pecci of Perugia, the collisions between government and clergy would neither be very frequent nor very alarming. It would be a great mistake, however, to infer from these or similar facts that the training of the young ecclesiastics in the diocese was marked by a much more liberal character than in other places; the priests who received their training in the seminary of Perugia came forth from the establishment not much more friendly to civil government, to lay independence, and to Italian unity than the great body of their colleagues, whilst it was equally a matter of observation that the young men who, after pursuing their studies there, renounced the idea of taking orders and entered the ordinary walks of civil life, distinguished themselves by an unusual amount of red-hot radicalism, as if the natural reaction from the tone of their clerical teaching had driven them into the opposite extreme.

But there was no lack of ecclesiastical law, lore, and controversial acuteness amongst the clergy more directly dependent on and associated with the bishop. The Vicar-General Laurenzi is a church-lawyer of the highest order; and the conductors of the local organ specially devoted to the advocacy of Church interests, *Il Paese*, may be honourably contrasted with many other periodicals of the same colour for the temper, talent, and tact of its controversial writing.

Such were the chief administrative and political antecedents of the churchman whose name had, for some years past, been often in men's mouths as that of a probable successor of Pius IX. He was believed to be an object of much dislike to the Jesuits. It was rumoured that the knowledge possessed at Berlin of his conciliatory character and habits had made his possible election to the papacy a matter of deep interest in the chancellery of the German Empire. It was well known that he had been constantly kept at a distance from Rome by the jealousy of Cardinal Antonelli; and when Pius IX., just six months before his death, conferred on him the rank of Cardinal Camerlengo, the appointment was regarded not so much in the light of a high dignity, spontaneously bestowed by the pontiff, as of an obstacle artfully placed by Ultramontane influence in the way of Cardinal Pecci's elevation to the tiara. But the duties devolving on the Cardinal Camerlengo, as interim Pope, though imparting plausibility to a common belief that he was not likely to be elected, never led to the enactment of any possible legal disqualification, whilst the opportunities which they furnished to Cardinal Pecci of bringing out into greater relief the personal characteristics which would fit him for the office may have, it is surely not unreasonable to assume, contributed in a considerable degree to his success. It would be the height of rashness, at so early a stage of his pontifical career, to venture on any positive and sweeping prediction of what the course of that pontificate is likely to be. Leo XIII. has been chosen as the representative of that large majority of the members of the sacred college which is desirous of maintaining an attitude, if not of direct amity and conciliation, at least of an extremely mild and modified antagonism, towards the Kingdom of Italy and other civil governments. But he has to deal with a minority in the sacred college, and that minority is of a restless, turbulent, daring, and not unfrequently unscrupulous character. The Pope has a persuadable, pliable—one might even say, if the word could be fittingly applied to so august a personage, that he has a squeezeable—side in his character. It is not more certain that the Tiber flows into the Mediterranean and that the Apennine forests will shed their leaves in the autumn, than that every form of Ultramontane and Jesuit pressure will be brought to bear on the will of Joachim Pecci to render him, if possible, the mere instrument of an Ultramontane policy.

The chances of success may in part be estimated by the foregoing account of the Pontiff's past career. If I have succeeded in faithfully conveying to the reader my own impressions and convictions, he will be prepared to expect in the acts of Pope Leo XIII. an attitude not greatly dissimilar from that maintained during thirty-two years by the Cardinal-bishop of Perugia. The attempt to stand well with rival and contending parties, the not unnatural ambition to make a great figure in the world, if the course of events shall permit him to do so; the habit of maintaining a dignified reserve, when such reserve clearly suggests itself as the most expedient line; in a word, a marked unwillingness to compromise the great interests of which he is the guardian by any inconsiderate step in one direction or another—are characteristics which he has often showed, and which are likely to be still displayed. The resolu-

tion and energy revealed in his first acts, chiefly in the clearing away of abuses in the internal arrangements of the Vatican, must not be overrated, nor accepted as sure indications that an equal amount of firmness will be always displayed in the general government of the Catholic Church. The position of the new Pope is not altogether enviable. He is surrounded on all sides by snares and pitfalls; and it required all his instinctive caution to avoid the Ultramontane trap set for him in the proposal to have the coronation ceremony performed publicly in St. Peter's, where, if the plans of the intriguers had proved successful, the accession of the new Pope-king would have called forth a clamorous demonstration in favour of Pope-kingship, certain, and intended to provoke, a counter-demonstration in favour of Italian unity, and thus to furnish an opportunity of representing to all foreign powers the untenable position of the new Pope in Rome. The action of the pontiff in his relations with foreign powers must of course be much affected and modified by the personal qualities and political antecedents of his cardinal-secretary of state; and not the least of the embarrassments encountering Leo XIII. has been the difficulty of finding in the sacred college an individual who combines the political and religious attributes wanting for such a post. One eminence is too much disliked, another much too popular in Rome; one is well-versed in the traditions of the curia, but has no experience of foreign policy; a very able and generally-esteemed cardinal appears to unite in his person all requisites for the office, but alas! he is found to be deficient in one,—the power of communicating by speech his ideas with common clearness, not to say ease and fluency; whilst another member of the supreme council of the Church is shrewd, witty, almost as well versed in the combinations of European politics as Prince Gortchakoff, but suggests the doubt whether the dignity and decorum of the Holy See will be promoted by a statesmanship which, if it should recall the *finesse* of Mazarin, may not improbably suggest the morals of Dubois.

It would appear that the appointment of Cardinal Franchi to the post of cardinal-secretary presented itself to the mind of the pontiff as the best means of bringing to a close the many embarrassing questions connected with the choice. The persons who are believed to have the best opportunities of estimating Cardinal Franchi's character from his past career, and of anticipating from the same his probable action as secretary of state, feel no little difficulty in forming any definite conclusion. It was not expected that he would, under any circumstances, accept the post. That he should have been a candidate for the papacy was natural enough, and equally natural that he should look forward to the chances of better success in another conclave, for Pope Leo XIII. is on the verge of three score and ten, and Cardinal Franchi a much younger man. The post of cardinal-secretary of state has always been regarded as disqualifying its holder for the office of future pontiff in a degree far beyond that of Cardinal Camerlengo, so that Cardinal Franchi, in accepting the office, may be held to have virtually abandoned all hope of ever wearing the tiara. Then the post of prefect of the Propaganda is held for life, whilst that of cardinal-secretary is dependent on the Pope's pleasure. A large income, with immense patronage and influence, is attached to the first, whilst the second no longer possesses, as it did when the papacy was a temporal power, corresponding advantages; it seemed therefore most unlikely that Cardinal Franchi would exchange his high dignity of prefect of the Propaganda for one in which he would be removable at pleasure. But Cardinal Franchi, defeated in the attempt to secure the tiara, has thrown himself heart and soul into the contest for the

secretaryship of state, and has at last succeeded in ousting from the post Cardinal Simeoni, by whom it had been held since Cardinal Antonelli's death, and whom Leo XIII. appeared for some time not unwilling to retain. What objects may Cardinal Franchi be presumed to have in view in this eager desire to wield, if not all the influence belonging to a Pope, at least all that of a cardinal secretary? The objects are, beyond all question, much more of a political than of a religious character. They may indeed be assumed to possess a directly personal character, in this sense, that Cardinal Franchi has ever been desirous of playing a conspicuous part on the great stage of Roman Catholic politics. Cardinal Franchi, even though holding the office of prefect of the Propaganda, is not commonly believed to trouble his head much about the conversion of the heathen. It may fairly be questioned whether the elevation of morality and religion in any of the states of the Old or the New World much engrosses his thoughts. But in all the annals of the Church it would perhaps be difficult to find a man who, by inclination, character, and habit, has been more completely at home in the region of political intrigue than Cardinal Franchi has constantly shown himself to be since his first entrance into public life. I have spoken of his "character," but the real character of Cardinal Franchi would be more difficult to define and to describe than that of Cardinal Antonelli. Jonathan Edwards has observed of a certain class of men that their character reminds you of nothing so much as of the successive skins of an onion. You may fancy, if you have never examined it, that there is some tough kernel in the centre, but you peel off one coat, and then a second, and then a third, and so on, until with the last coat the entire onion has been peeled away. In Cardinal Franchi you remove the upper skins of the *Abbé Galant* and *Petit Maître*, who, had he figured at the Versailles of the seventeenth century, would have exchanged witty scandal in the recess of the *Œil-de-bœuf*, and might even have furnished matter for witty scandal at other courts; then you come to the skin of the keen-witted and astute diplomatist, ever ready to turn the weaknesses or wants of the court to which he is accredited to the advantage of his own sovereign or himself; the next coating reveals a politician apparently of enlarged and liberal views, professing to understand and act in harmony with the intellectual and social requirements of his time; but you must not trust too much to appearances, for you may find in the last skin that liberal appearances are but appearances after all, and serve only to mark the aims of an ambitious churchman, and the ends of an all-absorbing and despotic Church. With Cardinal Franchi as secretary of state, we may feel pretty confident that the influence of the papacy as a political power, and of Italy in so far as reflecting or strengthening the influence of the papacy, will be brought to bear not only on the Eastern Question, but on all other questions of international interest, with a subtlety and an energy which Cardinal Antonelli's statesmanship, even in its most vigorous days, was unable to exhibit. A man so eminently a politician must beyond all doubt have had some political aim greatly at heart in his intense eagerness to secure the secretaryship of state. That eagerness reminds one of nothing so much as of Cardinal Antonelli's resolve that nothing—not even death itself—should be able to suggest to the diplomatists accredited to the Vatican the imminent danger of his power passing away. Almost the last act of Cardinal Antonelli's life was grimly characteristic. The very day before his death he was informed that Baron Baude, then newly accredited, desired an interview, after presenting his credentials to the Pope. Cardinal Antonelli was almost at his last gasp; but he got himself dressed with the greatest care, and, propped up on

cushions, called for, and drank off, about half a bottle of brandy before receiving the French diplomatist. By the help of this alcoholic auxiliary, he appeared as brilliant, witty, shrewd, and pleasantly sarcastic as he had ever been when in perfect good health. In short, he produced on Baron Baude the precise impression which he intended to convey; for the French minister, just after the interview, assured a friend that the stories about the dangerous state of Antonelli's health were all mere nonsense.

The problems with which the new Pope has at once to deal are greatly different from those which engaged the attention of Pius IX. on his elevation to the papal throne thirty-two years ago. The actual change in the relations of the Vatican to all civil governments, and more especially to that of the kingdom of Italy, is much less important than the change in its relations to public opinion and to free inquiry. The facts that Italy now possesses a constitutional government, and that its various provinces have been united into a single state, have by no means so momentous a bearing on the present condition and future prospects of the entire papal hierarchy, as the fact that in every Italian town and village every imaginable question as to the respective duties and powers of Church and State is the theme of full and free discussion. The Pope and the sacred college must now, in a degree never before experienced by popes and cardinals, take into account the daily shifting shades of political and religious opinion as visible, not merely in Rome itself, but in the other great political and social centres of the Italian state. The same remark holds good, though not to the same extent, respecting the position in which the Catholic Church now finds itself throughout the Austro-Hungarian empire and in those districts of Catholic Germany where, thirty-two years ago, the press was not yet unfettered. During the last six months, but more especially during the last two months, the Italian press has been teeming with articles on the question whether, as the first condition of real Italian progress, it is not desirable to promote a general awakening of religious opinion? What the writers of these articles mean by a general awakening of religious opinion in Italy is not always easy to understand, though one fact is clear—that the writers in question have very imperfectly realised in their own minds the vast magnitude of all the issues involved in such a movement. They have not attempted to weigh its difficulties in opposition to the Church, its still greater difficulties if originating within the Church itself, the almost total want of the human instruments fitly qualified for its direction, and the utter unpreparedness, through previous mental and moral training, of the millions whom it is proposed religiously to instruct and elevate. These considerations, however, do not render less suggestive the fact that the want of a higher tone of religious thought is becoming every day more frequently and more loudly expressed by the chief organs of Italian public opinion, and this more general expression undoubtedly reveals more general feelings and convictions. This, however, is a condition of the public mind extremely different from the political and patriotic aspirations universal in 1846. In that year, and in the two years immediately following, one heard on all sides the assurance that, if Italy could only succeed in attaining civil freedom and national unity, religious questions would at once be lost sight of; that Italians, in short, felt no interest in religious inquiry, and would be content with according, as their forefathers had done, an outward and conventional respect to the ceremonies of the Church, without troubling themselves as to the deeper phases of religious life. Without seeking to overrate the amount or importance of the change

which on these questions has been effected in public opinion, it is not the less necessary to keep in mind that a change has taken place which has altered, and is every day altering still more, the relations between the Italian clergy and the Italian people. The question so recently mooted as to the expediency of a legislative change in the measure of the papal guarantees is even less important in itself than as a symptom of the degree in which such matters are assuming a more prominent place in the national thoughts.

Many amongst the public writers who now discuss the benefits likely to accrue from an awakening of religious opinion mean in reality nothing more than the return, under the altered conditions of united Italy, of that connection between the State and the Church which, in the system of the old despotic governments, made the clergy instruments of state police. The views of such persons when closely sifted amount simply to the belief that it is very convenient for governments to have in their pay and at their disposal a large body of men whose avocations bring them into contact with all ranks of society, who possess special influence over the female mind, and who can give or withhold certain articles—in this case religious ceremonies—of which the presence at critical moments is highly prized, and the absence keenly felt and bitterly lamented. No doubt the ministers of religion in every Catholic country, considered quite apart from the greater or less amount of truth in the doctrines which they are assumed to teach, possess such attributes, and are so far well fitted to be the instruments of state police. The remark would hold equally good of barbers or bakers, taken as a class. For every peasant or workman who goes to mass on a Sunday or saint's day five go to the barber's shop to get themselves shaved; for one woman who reveals the twinges of conscience to a confessor twenty women confer with the hairdresser on their *coiffure*, and if this is true of the first and second, it is even more the case with the third class; for saddening as must be the admission, there is no man indifferent to the bread that is baked in ovens, whilst comparatively few prize at its real worth the bread that cometh down from Heaven. To what extent the priests under the old papal *régime* were employed as government detectives became known when, after the overthrow of the regular government at the close of 1848 and the withdrawal of Pius IX. to Gaeta, the police archives were examined by the provisional government then established, and were found to contain many thousand secret reports furnished to the police by the parish priests and confessors of the various churches. Such a revival of religious influence as should be in effect the mere commission of the oldest sins, and that not even in the newest ways, will assuredly bring no good to Church or State in Italy. But there is, I repeat, the unmistakable aspiration in many quarters for a religious awakening of another and much higher kind, and with the forms which this aspiration has already taken, and may be expected to take, the Roman curia will soon be called upon to deal. The character and habits of the Pope may render him not unfit to assume and maintain a becoming position amidst these new phases of national life; for his secretary of state, Cardinal Franchi, religious opinions will probably be regarded as so many political counters, to be employed in the games of official, diplomatic, and international intrigue. The religious forces of Europe may be expected before long to figure once more on the stage of politics side by side with our old friends, "The Latin Races," and with all the purity and piety which they have invariably exhibited in the diplomatic chancelleries of Madrid and Constantinople.

DAPHNE.

SHE stood upon the hill, and sigh'd
  (A lovely child, untouch'd by care);
"I cannot bear my life," she cried;
  "My life is very hard to bear!

"The level moors around me lie,
  The heather blooms—it always did;
Why are the moors so level? why
  Are they not by magnolias hid?

"O for a sorrow or a sin!
  A touch of Nature's real force!
O for a martyr's crown to win,
  Or for a criminal's remorse!"

A rosy hue illumin'd skies
  That blush'd beneath a sunset kiss;
She look'd with discontented eyes,
  And cried, "How beautiful it is!

"Why are the foolish heavens bright
  When suns arise and suns depart?
O heart of mine, why art thou light?
  Will nothing ever break my heart?"

She stamp'd her foot upon the ground—
  A daisy died beneath the tread—
Then with her angry forehead frown'd
  At the calm heaven o'er her head.

"The lightning's flash, the thunder's crash—
  Such things may be, for they have been—
I want a hurricane to dash
  And crush the stupid, senseless scene!"

She tossed her arms into the air,
  And Youth, in her undaunted grace,
Shone forth as innocently fair
  As in a little baby's face.

A shadow flitted o'er the grass—
  (No shadow falls without a cause)—
As carelessly she saw it pass,
  As carelessly she sees it pause.

Why comes he still at evening's close,
  When solitude is most endear'd—
This fair-hair'd man, with Saxon nose,
  Blue, cheerful eyes and ruddy beard?

She stands aloof—in beauty's pow'r,
  Fresh as a rose, as lily pure;
She is the sweetest little flow'r
  That ever glorified a moor.

Love unpossess'd is still most dear,
  Ere use has put it to the proof,
And manly hearts draw very near,
  When lovely maidens stand aloof.

He spake: "I leave to-morrow morn,
  Only to say good-bye I come."
She answer'd with a sort of scorn,
  "Men go away—girls sit at home."

He scann'd her with his cheerful glance;
  Her maiden charms are quite complete;
A little breeze began to dance
  Amid the grasses at his feet.

A little ruffle cross'd his brow
  (While idly waved the feather'd fern);
He said, "Altho' I leave you now,
  Some day, perhaps, I may return."

Her dainty foot disturb'd the grass—
  "If *I* had wings—if *I* were free—
Alas! you are a man. Alas!
  I only am a girl," said she.

The rosy sunset softly lit
  Her shining eyes and smiling lips;
She look'd so beautiful in it,
  She almost did its light eclipse.

Laden with honey from the moor,
  The heather-bee flew slowly o'er—
As sweet, as heavy, as secure
  He felt the burthen that *he* bore.

And so he spake: "We need not part
  If thy dear will should will it so.
Thy image reigns within my heart,
  Or if I come, or if I go."

The maiden blush'd. With startled eye
She listen'd. Will she e'er forget
The tender light that woo'd the sky?
The glow of sunshine ere it set?

By Israel the offering
Of firstborns meant their very best;
And ah, the first of everything
Is dearer far than all the rest.

The first steps that her baby's feet
Take toddling to a mother's knee,
First cheers triumphant heroes meet,
The sailor's first return from sea;

The first review that praised a book
(Dear praises, met with eager faith!);
Of love, the first sweet tone or look
Are things remember'd until death.

Daphne may leave or take his heart,
But 'tis his hand, and his alone,
First touch'd the string that will impart
Its sweetest music to her own.

He said, "Two lives like thine and mine
May with a bright contentment meet.
Let sorrows, cloud, or pleasures shine,
The path is trod by willing feet.

"A little home in Kensington,
A little wife the mistress there,
A little purse to carry on
Household expense with modest care.

"A little brougham, when days are clear,
A little page, to play his part—
One only thing *not* little, dear—
The love within each loyal heart!"

As he advanced, her hand to seize,
She raised it with a soft command,
And, stepping backwards, murmur'd, "Please—
Oh, do not touch my little hand!"

With delicate, caressing grace
Her little hand she stroked and kiss'd,
While he look'd keenly in her face,
Seeking for something that he miss'd.

"You do not like me?" "No," she said;
"Or not in such a way as this."
And nodded up and down her head,
To mark a stronger emphasis.

With careless ease and gesture frank
  She turns to him; he never stirs;
But, as their glances meet, his sank
  At the unclouded light in hers.

She spoke in a delicious voice,
  Like woodland bird untrain'd by art;
The music made his heart rejoice,
  Altho' the meaning vex'd his heart.

"I have not any fancy for
  The dull delight of things like these;
I mean to wed a brigand, or
  A bishop among savages."

"You are a child!" "Ah, no," she cried;
  "I am a woman, as you see;
But life must be as far and wide
  In action, as in time, for me.

"I'm seventeen! Life stretches on.
  What should I do, from youth to age,
With little homes in Kensington,
  A little brougham, a little page?

"I, who would watch in brigand's cave
  With rapture for his footsteps' sound,
Or with my bishop, dare the wave,
  While poison'd arrows flutter round!"

Her radiant face has sought the skies,
  As if the skies inspired her thought;
In the wild beauty of her eyes
  A spirit shines by man uncaught.

And then she laugh'd and turn'd to him,
  Crying, with eyes that gleam'd and shone,
"Does not that little house look dim?
  That little house at Kensington?"

His heart beat with a faster stir
  Than e'er in court its pulses drew,
When he, the well-known barrister,
  Rescued the man whose guilt he knew.

"You are a child," he said; "alas!
  I cannot win you. Yet, unwon,
When years have pass'd, as years will pass,
  May you not prize what now you shun?

"There *are* no brigands." Angrily
  She cried, "There are—you *know* there are—
In Corsica and Italy,
  In Spain, Dalmatia, and Navarre!"

Her wistful glances sought his face;
  She seem'd to battle with his will,
And almost pleaded for the grace
  Of *letting* there be brigands still!

He yielded brigands. "Well—perhaps—
  There *may* be some; but, in this age,
They are not what they seem, in caps
  And feathers, on the gaudy stage.

"And as for bishops——" With reproof
  She stopp'd him sharply. "Have a care!
'Neath Westminster's enchanted roof,
  'Mid cluster'd shafts and pillars fair,

"Where painted sunbeams glow and fade,
  And music thunders as it list,
I saw two living bishops made,
  And so I *know* that they exist!

"And one went sailing o'er the seas,
  To seek that clime of ice and snow,
Where even tears of mine would freeze
  If I permitted them to flow.

"And one a lovely island sought,
  Where cannibals, with eager feet"—
She glow'd triumphant at the thought—
  "Welcome the man they hope to eat!

"And one went south and one went north—
  I longed with either to have gone—
Would not such life be ten times worth
  The little life at Kensington?"

He quail'd her fiery glance beneath;
  She laugh'd—he sigh'd. "These men," he said;
"These holy men, defying death,
  Go forth alone—they do not wed."

"Who wants them to?" she sharply cried;
  "Who dares a single life condemn?
Marriage is small, the world is wide—
  Why should I want to marry them?

"Brigands and bishops, both unknown—
  Is life less absolute and true?
It, only It, is all my own—
  Why should I give it up to you?

"Let those enjoy a mild estate
  Whose cheeks are pale, whose hearts are faint;
For Me, I will be something great—
  Either a Sinner or a Saint!"

He started back, abash'd and vex'd,
  She stood erect, serenely bright,
Her childlike glances unperplex'd
  By aught that could profane their light.

"You know not what you mean." "I do!"
  "You touch torpedoes in your play;
You'll change your mind." "What's that to you?
  Of course I'll change it every day.

"But one thing I will never change,
  Through all the change that years reveal—
The wish for something Great and Strange,
  The wish to Suffer and to Feel!"

The crimson ball, severely round,
  That might have been a miracle,
Sank swiftly down beneath the ground,
  And left a twilight on the hill.

THE GOTHIC FRAGMENTS OF ULFILAS.

The great majority of English readers are not aware of the vast treasury of wealth which exists for all who love the English language in the fragments of Ulfilas the Goth; and unless they are scholars of some pretension they are probably acquainted with little more than the name. We purpose giving in this article a short sketch of the most conspicuous features of these remains, and showing some of the numerous points in which they become a mine of original ore for those who are interested in the earliest forms of their own speech, and can find a pleasure in tracking home some long-familiar and well-hunted word to its secret lair.

It will be well to give at the outset some brief account of the personal history of Ulfilas and of the singular fortunes that have attended his work. About the year 258 A.D., in the reign of the Emperors Valerian and Gallienus, the Goths laid waste Asia Minor, which was then for the most part Christian, and carried off out of Cappadocia and Galatia numerous prisoners, among whom were some priests. These Christian prisoners became the means of sowing the seeds of their own faith among their new masters, and among the Christians thus captured were the ancestors of Ulfilas. They had already lived sixty years among the Goths when Ulfilas was born, and this fact accounts for his use of the Gothic language and for his Gothic name, which is equivalent to our modern word "wolf." His birth took place somewhere about 318 A.D., when the Goths were in possession of the Dacian provinces north of the Danube. After the death of Constantine, and when his son Constantius was reigning in the east, Ulfilas at the age of thirty was made first bishop of the Mœso-Goths. He laboured for seven years in the provinces beyond the Danube, when he was compelled to seek refuge with Constantius about 355 A.D. from the persecution of the heathen Gothic prince Athanaric. The bishop and his followers had a dwelling-place assigned them south of the Danube, in the mountains of the Hæmus, the modern Balkans. This was the sphere of his labours for more than thirty years: he was within the confines of the Roman empire, and therefore under the protection of Rome, and he spent nearly half his life there preaching, studying, and writing. He preached in Latin, Greek, and Gothic, invented the Gothic alphabet, which was an adaptation of the Greek, and left behind him many translations, sermons, and treatises. He was taken ill, and died at Constantinople, whither he had gone at the bidding of the emperor on the affairs of the Church, in his seventieth year, A.D. 388. He translated from the Greek the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with the exception of the books of Samuel and Kings, which he prudently omitted, fearing the warlike influence they might have on his inflammable nation. As far as we know, the Gothic language had never before been used for literary purposes. Nor is it probable that it had. As late as the ninth century copies of the translation of the Scriptures by Ulfilas were still in existence; after that we lose sight of them. Up to that time the Goths carried with them in their various migrations this sacred and national literary monument. Till within the last fifty years all that remained of it were fragments of the four Gospels, preserved in what is known as the Codex Argenteus. This MS., now kept in the library of Upsala, in Sweden, was probably written about 590 or 600 A.D., when the East

Goths were ruling in Italy, and it came, after unknown fortunes—perhaps by the agency of Charlemagne, who conquered the Goths in Spain, or by other means—into the possession of the Abbey of Werden, near Düsseldorf, where it was found by Arnold Mercator towards the close of the sixteenth century. Thence it found its way to Prague, whence it was taken by the Swedes to Stockholm in 1648. Then it was brought to Holland, and again purchased by the Swedes for 600 dollars, bound in silver, and given to the University of Upsala. It is written in silver letters, with gold headings to the sections and to the Lord's Prayer. Out of 330 leaves only 177 remain. In 1818 the Epistles of St. Paul in Gothic were discovered by Mai and Castiglione in a monastery of Lombardy, written on palimpsests. With the exception of a few other fragments of minor importance, this is all that remains to us of the priceless version of the Gothic bishop; but this has been the means of making known to us the structure and composition of a language which would otherwise have irretrievably perished; and it is impossible to overrate the importance and the interest attaching to an original version of the New Testament, whether we regard it linguistically, historically, or theologically.

We proceed now to illustrate these observations from specimens which we shall present to the reader in the following order:—1, illustrations of grammar and language; 2, additions found in the Gothic text; 3, omissions; 4, peculiarities of translation; and 5, variations of reading and interpretation.

1. The Gothic language is the oldest representative of the Teutonic branch of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic family of languages, and bears a striking analogy in the structure of its grammar and in its vocabulary to the Greek and the Sanskrit, while in certain points it has retained a perfection of form which is not found in the Greek. It marks the neuter in nouns, adjectives, and pronouns. It possesses a dual of personal pronouns and verbs; and in this respect it is curious to notice in the Gothic version a degree of precision which is absent from the Greek. For example: In St. Mark xi. 2, where our Lord is giving orders to His two disciples concerning the passover, the Gothic runs, "Go *ye two* into the village over against you," and the dual is preserved throughout. Again in St. John x. 30, the Gothic uses the dual for rendering our Lord's words, "I and my Father are one;" i.e., *we two are*—Gr. *ἐσμέν*. And again in St. John xvii. 11, 23, "That they may be one as we *two* are one." So likewise in 1 Cor. xii. 21, "The head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of you *two*." And in Eph. vi. 22, when St. Paul says "that ye might know our affairs," meaning those of himself and Tychicus, he uses the dual in the Gothic version.

The Gothic language has also a passive voice and a causal form in verbs.

In reading this old version, one is struck by the homeliness and simplicity of the language used, and by the strange light that is thrown upon some common English or German word, as though we suddenly came upon it in an earlier stage of existence. As this is perhaps the point that will most interest the general reader, we will give several examples.

In St. Matt. v. 35, "Swear not at all . . . . neither by the earth, for it is His *footstool*." Gothic, fotubaurd; *i.e.*, footboard.

The original of our word *wreak* is seen in St. Matt. v. 44, "Bless them that *curse* you." Gothic, vrikandans. The word commonly used for Lord, Frauja, is still familiar in the German Frau and Fräulein.

Few persons who are glad to think of and to see their *friends* are aware that the word *friend* is a genuine present participle of the Gothic verb

frijon, to love; Sanskrit, pri; and that in like manner the word *fiend* is a present participle of the verb fijan, *to hate* (Luke xix. 27); *friend* and *fiend* therefore being respectively *lover* and *hater*.

A practical difficulty which must always beset those who would write English phonetically is the mode of distinguishing between the *son* of the family and the *sun* in the heavens. It is remarkable that this is a difficulty arising out of the original sound of the two words, both being derived from the Sanskrit su, *to beget*. And there is in Sanskrit one word, súnu, which combines the two meanings of *begetter* and *begotten*, or *sun* and *son*. In the Gothic, sunna or sunno is sun, and sunns, son. (See Matt. v. 45.)

In the modern *alms* the etymological connection with *pity* is obscured if not forgotten, but the original *tenderheartedness* reappears in the Gothic armahairtitha even more plainly than in the German barmherzigheit.

Two words in common use at the present day are found in the phrase "lock thy door"—galukans haurdai, Matt. vi. 6—the latter word probably containing the origin of *hoarding*. "They think they shall be heard for their *much speaking*," Matt. vi. 7, is in the Gothic filuvaurdein, *fulness of words*. Our word *thief* is found in the Gothic thiubo, while *steal* and shop-*lift* are representatives of stilan and hlifan, which are both used in Matt. vi. 19, 20. With the latter compare the Greek κλεπτῆς. In "take no thought for your life" we find the earliest use of our own *mourn* in maur naith, and in "more than meat" we see the origin of food and fodder in the Gothic fodeinai. "Consider the lilies of the field," Matt. vi. 28, is in Gothic "the *blooms* of the *heath*"—blomans haithjos; and so, in ver. 30, "the *grass* of the field" is the *hay*, havi, and in John vi. 10, "There was much *grass* in the place;" while *to-morrow* is gistradagis, *i.e.*, *yesterday*. In the Gothic we discover the original meaning of the word *believe*, German glauben, Gothic galaubjan; for it is a causal form of liuban, *to be dear;* galaubjan, *to hold dear, to trust.* So compare gadragkeith, *giveth to drink*, a causal of drigkan, *to drink*, Matt. x. 42. "Enter ye in at the strait *gate*," Matt. vii. 13, and "I am the *door*," St. John, x. 9, are rendered in the Gothic by the one word, daur. "Ye shall know them by their *fruits*," Matt. vii. 16, is bi akranam, that is, by their *acorns*. So "fruits meet for repentance," Luke iii. 8, akran. (Comp. corn.) Centurion is in Gothic hundafaths, so bruthfaths is *bridegroom*, the last syllable in both cases being the Sanskrit pati, *lord*. The last syllable of *bridegroom*, which always strikes one as somewhat harsh, is in Gothic, preserved in its original form and meaning, namely, guma, *man*. So the roughness of the "r" is absent from the last syllable of the German Bräutigam. In Matt. viii. 13 we read, "and his servant was healed in the self-same *while*," weilai.

In "when he was come into Peter's *house*," and "he arose and went to his *house*," the Gothic has gards and garda, which still remain in our *yard* and *garden*, and in Stutt*gart*, &c. So 1 Cor. x. 22, "Have ye not a *garden* to eat and to drink in?" In Matt. ix. 12, ni thaurban hailai lekeis: "they that are whole have no need of the physician," we find the words darben, bedürfen, whole and leech.

In "he that taketh not his cross," Matt. x. 38, we find the cross in all its original offensiveness as galga, the gallows. See also Galatians, vi. 12, 14.

In Matt. xxv. 42, "I was a hungered," we have gredags, showing that the time was when the word *greedy* bore less offence than it does now. As a singular illustration of the vicissitudes that befall words in the lapse of ages, we have in the Gothic of Matt. xxvi. 74, and the corresponding passages of Mark and John, "and immediately the cock crew": suns hana hrukida, which in its modern equivalents would be, *soon the hen croaked*. The same thing

is conspicuous in the two words *queen* and *quean*, one of which has inherited imperial glory and the other reproach and shame, though neither originally meant more than *woman* or *wife*, being the Gothic qino or quens, Matt. xxvii. 19, 1 Cor. ix. 5. Greek, γύνη. So, in like manner, when Joseph of Arimathea was called gabigs, *rich*, the modern *big* meant somewhat more than it does now. Other curious changes in meaning are to be discovered in the *elephant hair* with which John the Baptist was girded, Mark i. 6, the camel and the elephant being equally unknown, and the name of the one being wrongly assigned to the other; in x. 25, in the leathern girdle which he had about his hup (hips), and in the descent of the Holy Spirit like a *hawk*, sve ahak, Mark i. 10. So the "two young pigeons" of Luke ii. 24, toos juggons ahake. It is strange that the appellation of a timid bird like the dove should have passed over to its direct opposite in disposition, the hawk.

We find the original of the common word *bed*, Mark ii. 4, in the Gothic badi.

The advocates of the modern practice of intoning and monotoning may find some countenance for the habit in the fact that there was a time when to sing out and to read out were one and the same thing; and so the Gothic of Mark ii. 25, "have ye never read"—is us*sag*gvuth. (Comp. Luke iv. 16, of our Lord "he stood up for to read.") The word for *parables* is *yokes*, Mark iv. 2; gayukom, and "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," iv. 11, are its *runes*, runa. The word for millstone, Mark ix. 42, asiluqairnus, is the relic of a time when the mill was worked with asses, and the second half of the word probably survives in our word *churn*.

"The *book* of divorcement," Mark x. 4, reminds us of the original Hebrew term, sefer, *book*, which is rendered in the A. V., "*bill* of divorcement." The word for *riches*, in Mark x. 23, reminds us of a time when the chief wealth of the nation was in cattle—faihu, German vieh; and the turn in the context which is given to "*trusting* in them" by the change to "*hunting* after them" (hunjan) is a good practical commentary thereon. We come upon the origin of the modern word *kiln* where we should perhaps not expect it, in the *winefat* that was digged by the husbandman, Mark xii. 1, kelikn.

Two other common words are found in strange places in Mark xiv.: "say ye to the goodman of the *hive*"—heiva—and in xiv. 43, "a great multitude with swords and *trees*," trivam. The first origin of the Hanseatic towns is discovered in the Gothic of "they call together the whole band," Mark xv. 16, hansa. Our Lord is described as being "twelve *winters* old," Luke ii. 42, tvalib vintruns; and the epithet magus (Germ. magd), is applied to the "*child* Jesus" in the next verse.

The original nature of evil as a departure from good is beautifully seen in "to do good or *ungood*," Luke vi. 9, thiuth taujan, thau unthiuth taujan.

In Luke viii. 20 we see the mother and brethren of our Lord *yearning* to speak with Him, gairujandona, in ix. 5; the disciples are told to shake off the *mould* from their feet in going out of the unworthy city—mulda; so in 1 Cor. xv. 48, "as is the *mouldy*;" and in v. 62 of the same chapter, that the *plough* was originally a *hoe*, hoha, from which he who looked back was not fit for the kingdom of heaven. In x. 19 the disciples are told that they shall tread on serpents—trudan ufaro vaurme—i.e., *tread on worms*. When the tempters are asked, xx. 24, "Whose image hath it?" the word is mannleika; and in v. 36, those who are equal to the angels are *even* with them—ibnans.

In John vi. 63 we find the familiar *it boots not* in "the flesh *profiteth* nothing"—boteith.

In John xv. 1, "I am the true *vine*"—veinatriu—*i.e.*, wine-tree, is found; and in xviii. 1, "where was

a garden" — aurtigards — we see the original of the modern *orchard*.

From the Epistles we may take a few examples of interest, *e.g.*, Rom. viii. 3: "What the law could not do in that it was *sick*," siuks; ix. 27, "sand of the sea, malma mareins, the first word survives in the German zer*mal*men; 1 Cor. i. 20, "Where is the wise"—handugs, *handy*—recalls a state of society in which dexterity was regarded as wisdom. In 1 Cor. vii. 21, "*care* not for it," the Gothic is ni karos. In ix. 7, *milk* is found as miluks. In xv. 9, St. Paul calls himself the *smallest* of the apostles—smalista. In 2 Cor. xi. 33, he speaks of being "let down through an *eye door*"—augadauro—which shows that *window* was originally *wind-door*. In Phil. iii. 5, "the stock of Israel" is called the *knot*, knodai, and the "thrones" of Col. i. 16 are sitlos, *settles*. It will be readily conceived from these examples, which are given only as specimens of many more, what a rich mine there is in the Gothic fragments to reward the investigation of the student.

2. There are a few *additions* to be noted in the Gothic text of the New Testament. In Mark iii. 32, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee." The Gothic adds, with some MSS., *and thy sisters*, which, at all events, corresponds more exactly with the words following in the last verse of the chapter: "The same is my brother, *and my sister*, and mother." There is a note at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, which runs, "It was written to the Romans from Corinth." In the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, 1 Cor. x. 17, there is the remarkable addition of the words in italics: "We are all partakers of that one bread *and of that one cup*," which, considering the antiquity of the version, may be regarded as very important testimony to the practice of the Gothic Christians in the middle of the fourth century. In the 29th verse of the same chapter we find this addition: "Why is my liberty judged of the conscience *of the unbeliever?*" At the end of the first Epistle to the Corinthians we have this note: "The first Epistle to the Corinthians was written from Philippi, as some say, but it seemeth rather, by the apostle's own showing, to be from Asia"—with which modern writers agree. Comp. xvi. 8. In 1 Cor. xii. 15, 16, the Gothic adds to the clause, "If the foot should say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body," the words, "*nor to the body;*" and so to the words, "If the ear should say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body," *nor to the body;* and in xv. 10, it reads, "I laboured *and endured* more than they all." These are some of the additions which are to be observed in the Gothic version of the New Testament. Ephesians i. 6, instead of being, "Wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved," runs "in *his* beloved *son*." In Phil. ii. 28, instead of St. Paul saying, "and that I may be the less sorrowful," the Gothic makes him say, "that I may be the more glad. thinking how it is with you."

3. We pass now to the *omissions*, as distinct from those portions which have unfortunately been lost to us from the defective condition of the MS. The first is the omission of the word *openly*, with the best MSS., in Matt. vi. 18, "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee *openly*." Again, in xi. 2, "John sendeth *two* of his disciples." The word *two* is omitted, where probably διὰ was read instead of δύο, which is however not without MS. authority. In the narrative of the Pharisees being displeased on account of the disciples eating bread with unwashen hands, Mark vii. 2, the words almost requisite for the sense in English, *they found fault*, are omitted, as indeed they are in the best MSS.; and similarly in the eleventh verse, there is in the Gothic nothing answering to the words *he shall be free*, which the Authorised Version has inserted with a view to complete the supposed sense of the Greek. By far

the most important omission, however, is that of the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, in the beginning of the eighth chapter of St. John (viii. 1—11), together with the last words of the previous chapter, "And every man went unto his own house." As is commonly known, this is a much disputed passage, but we are only concerned now to record the fact that the Gothic is one of those ancient versions in which it is not found. The other omission, for which there is also MS. authority, is that of the words, "through his blood," in Col. i. 14.

With regard to the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark, we are unfortunately not in a position to determine whether or not they were contained in the MS. used by Ulfilas, because there is a defect in the Gothic MS. at that place. As however the hiatus does not begin till the twelfth verse, and the three first verses of the doubtful portion still remain, it would seem to be well nigh certain that the rest of the remaining verses had originally formed an integral part of the Gothic version of St. Mark.

4. The translation of Ulfilas from the Greek is for the most part wonderfully close and accurate. In a very few instances he has slightly departed from the original, and we may suppose had authority for so doing, and in one or two cases he seems to have endeavoured to give a gloss; but, as a whole, there can be no doubt that his version is highly valuable, even on this ground. The expression, Matt. v. 37, "Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," as well as the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil," is ambiguous, as it is in the Greek, but in both cases the probability seems to be that *from the evil one* is the meaning of the Gothic. In Matt. vi. 14, 26, "your heavenly Father," is "your father who is *over* heaven," ufar himinam.

Even the Greek order is observed in Matt. viii. 10, "not in Israel such faith have I found," and so in Luke viii. 47, where the construction is more complex, "she came running, and falling down to him, for what cause she had touched him, told him in the presence of all the people, and how she was healed immediately."

In Mark ix. 8, instead of "save Jesus only with themselves," we find "save Jesus only *with himself*."

In xii. 29, we find, "The Lord God our Lord is one," following what is probably the true meaning of the Old Testament Hebrew.

In St. Luke ii. 14, we have the beautiful reading and rendering of Jerome preserved, specially commended by Keble, and generally followed by Roman Catholic interpreters also, indefensible though it may be critically or theologically, "on earth peace towards men of goodwill."

In ix. 4, 47, where the English version has rendered the same Greek word διαλογισμὸς by two, "Then there arose a *reasoning* . . . and Jesus perceiving the *thought*," the Gothic has used but one. On the other hand, in John vii. 1, "After these things, Jesus *walked* in Galilee, for he could not *walk* in Jewry," where the Greek has but one, the Gothic uses two. Again, in Luke xvi. 10, where the Greek and English have used two dissimilar words to express opposite ideas, πιστὸς, ἄδικος, faithful, unjust, the Gothic has chosen two similar words, triggus and untriggus.

It is possible that in Luke xix. 42, we have an instance of a grammatical error, perhaps the only one to be found throughout the fragments, where ἐκρύβη, to which the real subject is τὰ, is rendered "now *it* is hid from thine eyes."

In John vii. 39, where the A. V. supplies *given* in the words "The Holy Ghost was not yet *given*, because that Jesus was not yet glorified," the Gothic has "The Holy Ghost was not yet *on them*, because," &c.

One of the blemishes of the existing English version is found also in the Gothic, namely John x. 14, 15, where it renders, "I am the good shepherd

and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep," instead of "I know my sheep even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." This, however, may be a matter of punctuation in the printed copies. In the next verse, however, the still greater blemish of the A. V. in not discriminating between *flock* and *fold* for ποίμνη and αὐλή is avoided by the one word being rendered avethi and the other avistri.

In x. 24, "How long didst thou make us to doubt," which, in the Greek, is *lift up our soul*, that is, *hold it in suspense*, the Gothic is literal in its rendering—saivala unsara hahis. In xi. 39, Lazarus is said to have been *dead four days*, which expresses the single Greek word τεταρταῖος, and is one word also in the Gothic, fidurdogs.

It has been a matter of some doubt whether the contest with beasts at Ephesus, to which St. Paul refers (1 Cor. xv. 32), was metaphorical or not. In the Gothic, whatever ambiguity there may be originally, is preserved by the verbal following of the Greek, bi mannan du diuzam vaih.

The obscure phrase used by St. Paul in 2 Cor. i. 18, "The things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea yea, and nay nay?" which is interpreted by Alford to mean that there should be "both affirmation and negation concerning the same thing," is thus rendered by Ulfilas, "that with me the yea should not be yea and the nay nay," which unquestionably gives the sense which the writer intended to convey.

Gal. v. 16—"I say, then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh," is rendered, "I say that ye walk in the spirit and fulfil not," departing slightly from the Greek.

Eph. ii. 16, "Having slain the enmity thereby," that is, by or on the Cross, becomes in the Gothic "having slain the enmity *in himself*," in sis silbin. Gal. iv. 32, follows the Greek exactly, "as God *in* Christ hath forgiven you."

5. Foremost among the illustrations of reading and interpretation to be gathered from the Gothic version, must be placed the celebrated passage, 1 Tim. iii. 16, where the authority of Ulfilas is distinctly in favour of the reading which all scholars have now adopted, and by which the "*God* was manifest in the flesh" of the A. V. is shown not to be genuine; the Gothic runs, "Great is the mystery (runa) of godliness *which* was manifest in the flesh," so that the MS. Ulfilas used may have had ὅ, or more probably ὃς, but certainly not θεὸς.

In Mark viii. 22, "And he cometh to *Bethsaida*, and they bring a blind man unto him," Ulfilas reads "Bethany," which is also supported by some MSS.

In Mark ix. 40, the Gothic reads, "He that is not against *you* is for *you*," instead of *us*. There is authority for either reading, but that which Ulfilas followed is perhaps to be preferred. Alford says, "in the divided state of the critical evidence, the reading must be ever doubtful."

In John ix. 8, the A.V. has, "The neighbours and they which before had seen him that he was *blind*," but the better reading is "that he was *a beggar*." The word is the same in the Greek as that for "he sat and *begged*," or rather the substantive cognate to the verb, but in the Gothic two quite different words are used for the noun *beggar* and the verb *begged*.

In John xiv. 31, the Gothic reads, "but that the world may know that I love *my* Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do," for which, however, there seems to be no MS. authority.

The "blindness" which "happened unto Israel," of Rom. xi. 25, is in the Gothic, daubei, "deafness." The Greek is πώρωσις, which is ambiguous.

In Col. i. 12, 13, "Who hath made *us* meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," and "who

hath delivered *us* from the power of darkness," &c. Here the Gothic reads *you* in both cases, for which there is some, but apparently less, MS. authority.

In Col. iii. 8, there is a slight difference of reading. Instead of "filthy communication out of your mouth," the Gothic joins this to the catalogue of the things they are exhorted to put away, and then inserts "*let it not proceed out of* your mouth," for which there seems to be some authority.

In 1 Thess. ii. 13, "The word of God which ye heard of us," is rendered "the word of the hearing of God," so that the παρ' ἡμῶν is taken away from ἀκοῆς and joined to παραλαβόντες. The precept in v. 22, "abstain from all appearance of evil," is rendered somewhat more feebly, "keep yourselves from every *thing* of evil."

In 2 Tim. iv. 10, the Gothic reads "Crispus" for "Crescens," but there is also a variant Kreskus, which is clearly identical with the ordinary Crescens.

From this brief and fragmentary sketch of the more striking features of the Gothic version it will, it is hoped, be seen how full it is of interest to the philologist, the critic, and the theologian. And yet, except among scholars, it is probably but little known. We are not aware that any modern critical English edition exists. There are several foreign editions, the best probably that of Gablentz and Löbe in 4to, a very excellent one in crown 8vo by Massmann, one in 8vo by Gangengigl, which however is deficient in accuracy, and the Swedish edition of Üpstrom. We may safely affirm that there is no branch of the Teutonic literature of deeper interest to the student than these ancient remains of the primitive Gothic version of the Gospels and Epistles. It is to be regretted that there is not more of them. The ravages of time have been very cruel, the early part of St. Matthew's Gospel is lost to us; there is a terrible gap from the end of the eleventh chapter to the thirty-eighth verse of the twenty-fifth, while part of the twenty-sixth, and the whole of the twenty-eighth, are wanting. St. Mark's Gospel is complete, with the exception of the last eight verses, which have been lost. The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth chapters of St. Luke are missing. There is a gap at the end of the sixteenth, and the remainder of the Gospel is wanting after xx. 46. The commencement of St. John is imperfect till we come to the middle of chapter v., then it goes on with a few blanks till xix. 13, where it unfortunately ends. The Acts of the Apostles does not exist. The Epistle to the Romans begins at the end of chapter vi., and is fairly perfect till xv. 13, then there is a blank till xvi. 21. The MS. which the Gothic followed evidently ended at xvi. 24. The First Epistle to Corinth is very defective, the second is complete, and a note at the end says it was written from Philippi of Macedonia. The Epistle to the Galatians has a gap in chapter i. and in chapter iii. The Epistle to the Ephesians has a gap in chapter v. and in chapter vi., and the rest of St. Paul's Epistles are more or less imperfect. They come to an end at Philemon 23. This is all that we possess of the New Testament. There are a few fragments of the Old Testament, and of a commentary on the Gospel of St. John; but this is all that has as yet been rescued of the original Teutonic language that was spoken by the Goths in the third and fourth century after Christ.

One very important inference fairly deducible from the existence of this version of the New Testament which dates from the middle of the fourth century A.D. is the existence of a Christian population among the Goths at that early period. We see also that the Scriptures must have been held in high esteem as the treasury of life, for otherwise they would not have been translated. It is also clear that the best MSS. would be chosen for that purpose, and therefore the version of Ulfilas has considerable

value as a witness to the reading that stood highest in his day. For instance his authority in such a case as 1 Tim. iii. 16 must be acknowledged to be very great. It is too early to suppose that a variation so great as that between the revised English Version and his had already crept into the text. It could then have had no existence, and therefore the witness of the Gothic version must add very greatly to the presumption against it. In like manner, when we find him writing in 1 Cor. xi. such an addition as "we are all partakers of that one cup," whatever may be the authority or the explanation of the words added, there can be no question that they afford unimpeachable testimony to the practice of the Christians of his day, or at least of those over whom he presided. The denial of the cup to the laity is indeed not a point on which we stand in need of any such early testimony, for it is one that was not mooted till long afterwards, but there can be no hesitation as to the nature and importance of the testimony being what it is. We may trust, therefore, that enough has been said to show the high interest and importance of the remaining fragments of the early Gothic version of Ulfilas, and that the sketch now presented, which does not aspire to give more than a cursory account, may have the effect of awakening a wider and more general interest in the study of a noble language which is one of the richest inheritances of the past, and is closely connected with our own, both in structure and vocabulary, as well as with its immediate descendant, the modern German.

STANLEY LEATHES.

THE RAPID TRANSPORTATION OF ARMIES.

The subject of army transportation has always been one of primary importance in the conduct of great campaigns, but it is only of late years that "a railway has become an engine of war more powerful than a battery of artillery." The application of steam to transportation has perhaps as much modified the art of war as it has the pursuits of peace; and through its ability for more rapid concentration of troops and supplies at distant points, it gives greater vigour to a campaign, and a vast advantage to the side having superiority in this respect. Certain military writers, both on the Continent and in this country, have lately devoted much attention to this subject of steam transportation as an auxiliary in war; but while the struggle between Russia and Turkey has given them frequent opportunities of making comparative reference to the late Civil War in America, it is singular that they have neglected to note the great fact, that, perhaps never before nor since that time was witnessed such rapidity in the transit of armies for long distances, with their vast munitions and supplies as during that memorable struggle. It is my purpose, in what follows, to supply this omission, first briefly mentioning, however, some of the more remarkable performances on the Continent during late wars.

During the concentration of the French army in Northern Italy, at the beginning of the campaign of 1859, says a German writer, no fewer than 604,380 men, and 129,227 horses were moved by railway. The average time taken to transport troops from Paris to Genoa, was five days, including the passage by water from Marseilles to Genoa. The entire distance did not exceed 650 miles. On one occasion, a battalion of troops was brought from Lille to Marseilles, a distance of about 540 miles, in forty hours. At the time when the greatest activity was displayed, 8,500 men and 500 horses were transported daily from Paris to Marseilles, and on one particular day 12,000 men and 650 horses were safely carried through. No accident of any sort occurred during the whole period, nor was the ordinary traffic of the line suspended.

In 1866, during the concentration of the Prussian army on the Austrian frontier, the whole of the Eighth Army Corps, comprising 31,000 men, 8,500 horses, and 3,220 vehicles, was moved by rail in six days from the Rhine into Saxony. In the same year, the three Austrian corps, numbering altogether 123,000 men, 16,631 horses, 259 guns, and 2,777 vehicles—which, after the victory of Custozza, were hurried from the quadrilateral northward to oppose the invader, threatening the capital of the empire from Bohemia—were in ten days moved nearly 500 miles, from the north of Italy to the Danube.

All these achievements again were surpassed by the work done by the German, and especially the Prussian, railways in the summer of 1870. The order to mobilise was telegraphed from Berlin on the 15th of July, and three weeks afterwards, three large armies, numbering altogether more than 300,000 infantry, 45,000 cavalry, and 1,000 guns, were pouring across the French frontier, the men having, in the interval, been collected and transported by rail from every quarter of Germany, from the shores of the

Baltic and the North Sea, from the most eastern territories of Prussia, from Saxony, Hanover, and Silesia.

These examples show, no doubt, that the railways of the Continent have been properly utilised in the transportation of troops to the theatre of war; but the movements mentioned by no means equal some of those performed by steam transportation both on rail and on water in the American war. In no other struggle have railways especially been brought to perform so important a part in military operations as they were in the United States during the southern rebellion. 1,769 miles of single-track military railways were, during that campaign, at one time operated exclusively by the quartermaster's department.

In the United States army, the quartermaster's department is charged with the duty of providing means of transportation by land and water for all the troops and all the *matériel* of war. It furnishes the horses for artillery and cavalry, and the horses and mules of the waggon trains; provides and supplies tents, camp and garrison equipage, forage, lumber, and all materials for camps, and for shelter of the troops. It builds barracks, hospitals, and storehouses, provides waggons, ambulances, and harness—except for cavalry and artillery horses; builds or charters ships or steamers for any purposes, constructs and repairs turnpike-roads, railroads and their bridges, clothes the army, and is charged generally with the payment of all expenses attending military operations not assigned by law or regulation to other departments. The feeding of the men belongs to the commissary or subsistence department; that of the animals to the quartermaster's department. But in both cases the latter must transport the supplies. There was never any good reason why these two departments should not be consolidated; and a bill with the object of their union under the more fitting name of Department of Supplies was only lately introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Banning, M.C., from one of the Ohio districts.

The force employed in the repair, construction, and operation of these 1,769 miles of line numbered at one time as high as 23,000 men. This number, it must be noticed, did not include some 15,000 *employés* in the quartermaster's department on duty at one time at Nashville, Tennessee. So large a force at a single depôt could well be used to advantage in more ways than one, and Major-General Donaldson, Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the Cumberland, early recognised this fact, by organising his *employés* into a military force, where they were regularly drilled and taught a soldier's duty. These men were under fire on more than one occasion, lost several of their number in engagements, and behaved well in face of the enemy. In November, 1864, when General Hood advanced on Nashville, no less than 7,000 of these *employés* were engaged in constructing the trenches which surrounded the city. Finally, General George H. Thomas assigned the forces of the quartermaster's department a position in his line of battle before Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864, and it took its place in the trenches while the battle lasted, holding an important part of the works, and releasing a like number of troops who would otherwise have been held in reserve.

The part of the Federal army known as the Army of the Cumberland was, during the rebellion, more dependent upon a long and mountain railway for its supplies than was any other part of the northern forces. Especially was this the case after it had moved south from Nashville. Two slender rods of iron, crossing wide rivers, winding through mountain gorges, plunging under mountain ranges, passing for hundreds of miles through a hostile country, and everywhere exposed to the raids of an

active enemy, favoured by the thick forests, which bordered the line throughout nearly its whole extent, were worked night and day in the dead of winter, carrying subsistence to an army of 100,000 men, and half as many animals. At no time, during the march from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, and thence to Atlanta, in Georgia, were the railway trains five days behind the general commanding. The reconstruction of the railway bridges over the rivers Etowah and Chattahoochie are unparalleled feats of military works. The Etowah bridge, 625 feet long, and 75 feet high, completely destroyed by the enemy, was rebuilt by the labour of 600 men in six days. The Chattahoochie bridge, six miles north of the city of Atlanta, was also completely destroyed. It was 740 feet long, and 90 feet high. It was rebuilt by a detachment of the Construction Corps in four and a half days. The rapidity with which the railways were reconstructed and even orginally built, is easily accounted for. Trains loaded with timber, iron, water, and fuel for the engines, preceded the trains carrying subsistence and ammunition. The railway *employés* followed the advance guard, and scarce was communication broken before it was again restored.

Among the more remarkable of the achievements of the quartermaster's department, during the American war, was the transportation of the Twenty-third Army Corps from Clifton, on the Tennessee River, to Washington, District of Columbia, and thence to the coast of North Carolina. It is not too much to say that this is one of the greatest examples on record. Early in January, 1865, General Grant desired the presence of the Twenty-third Corps, then at Eastport, in Mississippi, before making his great movement about Richmond. He hesitated ordering it to move, however, under the apprehension that owing to the period of the year, and the severe weather, it would be impracticable to transport so large an army that distance through a northern climate, and over the mountains, in sufficient time to answer his purpose, from forty to sixty days being considered as the shortest period in which the movement could safely be effected. However, it was finally decided to make the attempt, and the necessary orders were issued from the War Department. Within five days after the movement had been decided on in Washington, the troops on the Tennessee River, nearly 1,400 miles distant, were embarking on transports, specially chartered for that purpose. The distance transported was about equally divided between land and water. The average time of transportation of this corps, with all its artillery and animals, from the embarkation on the Tennessee to the arrival on the banks of the Potomac, was not exceeding eleven days; and not a single accident happened causing loss of life, limb, or property, except in the single instance of a soldier who improperly jumped from a railway waggon, under apprehension of danger, by which he lost his life; while, had he remained quiet, he would have been as safe as were his comrades in the same carriage.

The transfer of so large an army, with ample time and preparation, for so great a distance, even in summer weather, would of itself be a marked event; but when it is understood that not more than four or five days elapsed after the movement was decided upon by the War Office, before the embarkation of the troops was actually commenced nearly 1,400 miles away — that within an average of eleven days the corps was encamped upon the Potomac—that the transfer was made along rivers obstructed by fog and ice, over mountains during violent snow storms, and amid the unusual severities of midwinter in a northern climate; at a period of the year, too, when accidents upon railways, arising from the breaking of machinery or of rails in ordinary traffic, are of frequent

occurrence—when it is known that the comfort of the troops had been so carefully provided for, and the police of the different roads so thoroughly organised, that during the whole movement not the least injury of person or the loss of property occurred, with the exception of the soldier already alluded to—the writer feels justified in claiming so complete and successful a movement as without a parallel in the history of warfare. The credit of this achievement is due to Colonel L. B. Parsons, a volunteer officer, who, after the war, returned to civil pursuits, like many thousands of other officers in the American army.

Another example of quick transfer was the transportation, in the autumn of 1863, of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Army Corps from the Potomac, through Maryland and Virginia, thence through Ohio and Indiana to Lewisville, Kentucky, and thence to Nashville and to Chattanooga, a distance of 1,200 miles, in eleven days, to reinforce the army of General Thomas at that place. A third great transfer was that of the Sixteenth Corps, ordered from Eastport, on the Tennessee River, to New Orleans, to cooperate in the reduction of Mobile. The embarkation began on the 5th of February, 1865, and was completed on the 8th. The fleet of forty steamboats sailed on the 9th, and the entire command, consisting of 16,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, with their horses, and several batteries, arrived at New Orleans on February 23rd, having been moved 1,330 miles by water in thirteen days. In June, 1863, an army corps, then in Kentucky, was transported by rail and water to Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River, a distance of over 1,000 miles, within four days from the time of embarkation. These are but a few of the many quick transfers of troops which took place during the American Civil War. The amount of service performed both by rail and water was enormous, and only equalled by the magnitude of the war in all its aspects. To appreciate the difficulties of performing this service, it should be remembered that not only were the railways in a hostile country, but the great network of river navigation was for a long period either entirely under the control of the enemy, or so situated that its navigation was liable at any moment to be obstructed thereby.

Another important element of success to the northern army was its well-arranged Ocean Transportation Service. At one time this department employed no less than 719 transport vessels, representing a tonnage of 224,984 tons. This immense fleet was almost constantly employed in transporting supplies or moving troops from one point to another. At one time, December, 1864, no less than 300,000 men were entirely dependent for their supplies upon water transportation. The winter was unusually severe; storms swept the ocean, and ice blocked the bays and rivers. Yet only three vessels were lost at sea, and the loss of life and property was not great. One example will show the workings of this branch of the service. In May, 1864, the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, numbering about 25,000 men, and 6,000 animals, were moved from City Point, Virginia, to Texas; the fleet comprised fifty-seven ocean steamers, with an entire tonnage of 56,987 tons. They were all provided for a twelve days' voyage, allowing for the consumption of 947 tons of coal, and 50,000 gallons of water per day. The fleet arrived safely at its destination, not a single accident having occurred on the passage. The expense of the expedition amounted to 6,937*l.* 14*s.* per day.

Inasmuch as horses and mules have more or less to do with the transportation department in all campaigns, it may not be out of place to note the cost of these animals during the war in question. One division of the quartermaster-general's office, at Washington, was charged with the purchase, procurement, and disposition of horses

and mules for cavalry, artillery, waggon, and ambulance trains, and for all other purposes for which horses and mules were needed by the armies. The records show that the prices paid for cavalry horses ranged from 28*l.* 16*s.* per head (the lowest contract price), to 37*l.* per head (the highest market price). The prices for artillery horses ranged from 32*l.* 4*s.* to 37*l.* per head. The prices paid for mules ranged from 34*l.* to 39*l.*

From the records in the office of the War Department at Washington, it appears that, under the organisation prevailing during the third year of the war, the armies in the field required, for the use of cavalry, artillery, and for the trains, one half as many horses and mules as they contained soldiers. The full ration for a horse was fourteen pounds of hay, and twelve pounds of grain daily, twenty-six pounds in all. The gross weight of a man's ration of subsistence was three pounds; the forage for an army therefore weighed, when full rations were supplied, about four and a half times as much as the subsistence stores. The supplying of this vast amount of forage was in itself a great undertaking. With armies marching in the field, the forage was of course, in great part, gathered along the line of march; but when the troops occupied fixed positions, grain and hay had to be brought from the north by rail and by water transportation. It has been estimated that during the war there was a supply of forage exceeding

22,816,271	bushels of Indian corn (maize), costing . . .	£5,975,863
78,663,799	bushels of oats, costing . . .	£15,272,405
1,518,621	tons of hay, costing	£9,719,177
21,276	tons of straw, costing . . .	£85,104
A total estimated cost of .		£31,052,549

After four years of experience in the field, the armies of the United States were in an organised condition as remarkable as it was efficient in all other particulars. Especially were the trains well managed. In June, 1864, a special order was issued by Lieut.-General Grant, then Commander-in-Chief in the field, prescribing the means of transportation, camp and garrison equipage, for the armies in the field. After prescribing for the headquarters of the army, army corps, divisions and brigades, for regiments and for batteries, the following rule was laid down for arriving at the number of waggons to be allowed the artillery, &c. "For the artillery and small-arm ammunition train, the number of 12-pounder guns, multiplied by 122, and divided by 112; the number of rifled guns, multiplied by 50, and divided by 140; the number of 20-pounder guns, multiplied by 2, and the number of 4½-inch guns, multiplied by 2½, will give the number of waggons allowed. The number of guns, in horse batteries, multiplied by 100, and divided by 140, will give the waggons allowed. For the reserve artillery, ammunition of twenty rounds to each gun in the armies, the number of waggons allowed will be obtained as follows: Multiply the number of 12-pounders by 20, and divide by 112; and the number of rifled guns by 20, and divide by 140."

The military telegraph was of course a most important instrument in the conduct of these vast operations. During the rebellion, about 15,000 miles of military telegraph lines were constructed and operated. The average cost of these lines was, in 1864, no less than 18,700*l.* The funds for their support were furnished from the quartermaster's department, and were discharged under the direction of the chief of military telegraphs.

Thus much for the transportation service during the American Civil War. A more recent example from that country was the moving of the Second Regiment of the Line from Atlanta, in Georgia, to Lewiston, Idaho territory, by way of San Fran-

cisco, the Pacific Ocean, and Portland, Oregon, in July, 1877. This most wonderful example of quick transit demonstrates what can be accomplished in the United States, with the aid of the motive power of steam on land and water, and of the electric telegraph, in case of an emergency requiring the prompt concentration of an army at any point within the borders of that nation. The Second Regiment of Infantry, consisting of 30 officers and 344 enlisted men, started from Atlanta, July 13, 1877, under orders to *move without undue haste*, and with extraordinary *impedimenta*, consisting of forty-two laundresses, with their children, and about 60,000 lbs. (27 tons), of luggage, equipage, and munitions of war. The battalion arrived at Lewiston on the 28th of July, 1877, having consumed exactly fifteen days in moving a distance of 4,302 miles, being at the rate of 286 miles per day. This movement was made without an accident of any sort, or the loss of a man or a pound of property. The movement was made for the purpose of reinforcing Major-General Howard in his campaign against the Nez Percé Indians, and when first ordered was directed to be made with the utmost despatch; but before the troops started, this order was qualified to permit laundresses and private property to accompany the regiment, and to move without undue haste. Its rapidity was also checked by the hesitation of one railroad to furnish transportation, because the quartermaster's department at that time had no money to pay for it, and no authority to promise to pay, owing to the failure of the Forty-fourth Congress to provide funds for the support of the army for the current year.

How far the length of time occupied by the recent Russo-Turkish war may be attributed to the imperfect state of the communications available for the invading army cannot at present be more than conjectured. The forwarding of supplies means the furnishing of a great host of men, horses, and baggage animals with food and the munitions of war. It means a continuous daily supply of hundreds of tons of food for man and beasts, and, in the case alluded to, all this was forwarded for a long distance over one line of railway, ill supplied with rolling stock. Even that imperfect communication was, however, infinitely superior to anything at the command of Russia during the Crimean War.

JAMES H. HAYNIE.
Captain U.S. Army.

THE CLERGY AND THE THEATRE.

A correspondence has recently taken place between the Bishop of London and the Rev. Stewart Headlam respecting a lecture upon "Theatres and Music Halls," which the latter delivered in the autumn of last year at Bethnal Green. The lecture and the correspondence to which it has given rise, affords opportunity for saying a few words about the relation in which, it seems to us, the clergy must stand towards the theatre and all that is akin to it. About the lecture itself it is not necessary for our purpose to say a single word. Those who wish to see it can procure it for themselves at the modest sum of twopence, from the *Women's Printing Society*, 216 *Great College Street, Westminster.* We may only remark that if Mr. Headlam thought proper to publish the lecture it appears to us it would have been better to do so upon its own merits and without the addition of the anonymous, and, in many respects, offensive letter which prefaces it.

In discussing the subject there appear to be the following points to be kept in view:—

(1.) *That a change, in the Church of England at any rate, has come over the expression of theology, and therefore the relations of the clergy of that Church towards theology have become modified or altogether changed.*

(2.) *That the Church of England is a great social, as distinct from a great ecclesiastical, institution.*

(3.) *That the theatre exists, and in all human certainty will continue to exist.*

(4.) *That necessity is laid upon the clergy to have opinions about such places and the frequenting of them*—opinions based not upon tradition or upon personal prepossessions, but upon reason and knowledge—and that their office compels them to speak openly according to their convictions about such matters apart from fear or favour. Let us discuss shortly each of these points.

(1.) *A change, in the Church of England at any rate, has come over the expression of theology, and therefore the relations of the clergy of that Church towards theology have become modified or altogether changed.*—When we speak of the theology of fifty years ago, we allude to the sermons of that period. It was by such a mode that theology in those days expressed itself. Outside the Church its voice, as a rule, was not heard. It did not bear upon practical matters. And the sermon was intended to touch only upon abstract subjects. It not unfrequently professed to set forth the entire scheme of salvation. Illustrations of the practical kind were few; dogmas of the abstruse and traditionary sort were plentiful. Topics of the day were avoided. There was the believer's portion, and the appeal to the unconverted. Now without any disparagement of this kind of discourse, and of this theological state of things, I think we shall admit that both the tendency of sermons, and the general conception of the clerical office, for the last fifteen years or so, have been different, and, on the whole, in the direction of improvement. A clergyman need now have no fear of being practical. He can hardly be practical enough. Unless he is practical no one will pay much heed to him. Religion, theology, like everything else in the present day, has to shew its *raison d'être*. The clergyman may be useful in helping people to regulate their lives, but he must have something beyond his mere *ipse dixit* for making good his authority. And as he must be in the Church so must he

be out of it. He must, if he is to make his mark in his parish, have as wide an experience as possible of all that interests and influences his people. He must be as well read as the average of them. He must be on a level with the topics of the day. He must be able to deliver a lecture upon a popular subject. He must show an intelligent interest in what is stirring the mind of the country at any given time. In short the clerical profession has become merely one among others, and the clergyman has in many things become just as the layman. And of course those clergymen who aspire to make their influence felt conform to this altered state of things. They find that the clergyman is not the less, but the more, respected who is as capable of a political opinion as any one in his congregation; who is, to give an example, a keen judge, and perhaps a performer, of music; who is, as his time allows him, as careful a reader of new books and pamphlets as are any of those persons who are prepared to admire or disagree with his last Sunday's sermon. It is felt that the clergyman is not, according to the opinion of the fox-hunting squire, "only wanted for Sunday,"—but that he has a work for the Monday and the rest of the six days also, and that it is only his experience of the previous six days—his political, his social, his literary, his parochial experience—which gives him the right and ensures him the certainty of being listened to with fairness on the Sunday. Now, of course, if this feeling be strongly felt and vigorously acted upon, we may expect the amusements of the people, just as much as their morals, to be a general consideration of the clergyman and a topic of his sermons. Indeed it seems hardly possible to judge of people's morals without first judging of their amusements. And the clergy do judge—often unfairly and indiscriminately. They speak without knowledge; they speak of those things of which not unfrequently they have no experience and of which they are not therefore competent to form an opinion. It is hardly too much to say that not one in twenty of the clergy who take exception, for example, to the theatre and to the members of the theatrical and musical profession, are in the habit of attending the theatre. We are not at this moment saying it is their duty to do so. All we say is that to give advice with respect to amusements may fall within the province of the clergyman; that he can claim no right to speak of that of which he has no knowledge by personal experience; and that if he feels it his business to speak on such subjects he can hardly avoid coming to the conclusion that it is his duty to know what he is talking about. "Never," said the present Dean of Westminster in a sermon preached when he was severing his professorial connection with Oxford, "never take exception to a book—certainly never condemn it—without having read it." And the maxim applies all round. If a clergyman claims to guide his flock it seems suitable that he should have a full personal knowledge of all that is likely to influence them. If he speaks from hearsay evidence or from his own prepossessions, he is only speaking in a way which will make one half of his audience laugh at him and the other half despise him. It appears to us, then, from these considerations, that if a clergyman is to be of use in the present day he will necessarily regard theology from a different point of view from his clerical forefathers, and that if he does so the world must not blame him for doing many things from which they abstained.

(2.) Perhaps the matter becomes clearer when we examine the next point proposed, *that the Church of England is a great social, as distinct from a great ecclesiastical, institution.* In fact we might say that the present ecclesiastical position of the Church of England is determined by its social position. It has a great religious work to carry on, but that work must be carried on, and, as it seems to us, may be

carried on, in every way with greater advantage by remembering and making use of the social position which it occupies. The clergy of the Church of England are a married clergy. The intercourse between them and the laity is in every way encouraged; not only as regards matters of business but as regards also the hospitalities and amenities of daily life. The presence of a curate at a lawn-tennis party is as much a witness to the intermingling of clergy and laity as is a mixed gathering of bishops and country gentlemen at a diocesan meeting. The clergy of the Church of England are thus enabled, or should be so, to deal much more directly with the needs of the people —speaking and acting as they can do from a free personal experience—than are, for example, the clergy of the Church of Rome, whose knowledge of life is in many cases only gained from the confessional. The Anglican clergyman reads the novels that lie upon your table, he can sing the last new song, he knows about the University Boat-race, or the Eton and Harrow match—you can talk as freely to him in nine cases out of ten as you can to any layman. Whatever it may be as regards the hierarchy of the Church of Rome, and those among her clergy who may have special missions entrusted to them, this is not the case as far as the rank and file of her clergy are concerned. The latter see little of their flocks except in church or in times of sickness. As to knowing anything of cricket-matches, or novels, or general politics, they know about as well whether they have relations permanently settled in the moon.

Doubtless to those of them who are keen to turn it to account, there is a decided advantage in this respect on the side of the clergy of the Church of England. And it is difficult to see where, in this social aspect of things, you can draw the line—to determine, with regard to amusements, which may be engaged in by the clergy, and which must be debarred to them. In his *Bishopric of Souls*, Archdeacon Evans points out the contempt into which the clergy may bring their office, and how much mischief they may be the authors of to their flocks, by attending archery meetings. As to balls and theatres, these, of course— as in his day they were tabooed by many even of the non-Puritan laity— he does not discuss. Probably he would have thought any clergyman as deserving, at the least, suspension who meditated taking part in such amusements. He seems to have approved of fishing, which he describes as a "quiet, meditative pursuit, and which, therefore," he adds, "may without impropriety be enjoyed by the clergyman." But time and theology have alike changed since the vicar of Heversham wrote his once celebrated volume. Indeed it seems hard to say now what a clergyman may not do, that is, consistently with proper attention to his own special work. As regards the theatre, at any rate, it is difficult to understand why, if he may be present at a representation of a play in a private house, or during a "reading" given by an eminent actor, a clergyman should not see the same play more adequately performed in public by professionals, than it can be in private by amateurs, or witness one of the great impersonations of the eminent actor's. There appear only two arguments which can be brought forward in defence of such a proposition. One is, that it is not the representation of a play which is so objectionable, but the adjuncts of the theatre, and the support which the attendance of respectable people at the theatre gives to those whose moral character is unworthy of it. The other is, that a clergyman should have no time for such amusements; that the indulging in them tends to unfit him for his work; that such amusements are often in their effect contrary to the results at which he should ever be aiming. The former of these arguments will be better dealt

with by and by. But the latter seems to prove too much. Carried out to its logical results, it would assert that a clergyman should not engage in amusement at all; for there seems to be no reason why a play should unfit the clergyman, who likes seeing one, for his work, any more than a visit to the Royal Academy, which is always held to be quite admissible, should hinder the labours of him who is fond of pictures. No doubt there is a party in the Church of England who *would* like to see the clergy withdrawn from amusement altogether — who would prefer that their life should be taken up with saying offices and so forth. All that need be said in reply to *that* is, that as it takes all sorts to make a world, so it takes all kinds of clergy to make a Church of England. There is no objection to those who prefer saying offices to any other mode of spending their leisure time, so passing it; but they must not try to make their way of carrying out their ordination vows the rule for everybody. If the Church of England is a social institution—if the clergy accordingly have to mix with the laity, it must surely be left to public opinion and the general good sense of the clergy themselves—a good sense which we may confidently hope intercourse with the laity will in every way deepen, even if it does not create it,—to prevent either an exaggerated importance being attached to amusements in general, or to particular forms of amusement being indulged to the detriment of the ministry or to the scandal of congregations.

(3.) Our third point is that *the theatre exists, and, in all human certainty, will continue to exist.* Those who object to the theatre will hardly bring forward any argument to show that the desire for witnessing histrionic performances, or the faculty for producing them, belongs necessarily to a depraved state of society, or to a low ebb of moral sensibility. Such desires and such faculties, however they may be abused and misemployed, have been shown over and over again to be inherent in human nature. The argument which is usually brought against the theatre is the one which we hinted at above, viz., that its adjuncts are objectionable, and that it directly tends to foster immorality. "We may grant," objectors say, "that a good play well performed is not merely a pleasurable, but a useful thing; but of how many plays now being performed in London could you affirm this character? And your actors and actresses, what kind of people are they? what sort of lives do they lead? what is there to encourage them to take a worthy view of their profession, or of life in general? Will you assert that the morals of the most of them will bear looking into? Even if the plays, some of them, may be pronounced harmless—even if those who perform them do not offend decency and outrage morality before the curtain, what takes place behind it, in the green-room?" This statement contains two arguments which are worth a little examination—the one that actors are a great deal worse away from, than in the presence of, the public; the other that, whatever the theatre is capable of becoming, in London, at any rate, the stage is in a degraded condition.

With regard to the former argument, we may reply that people are too ready tacitly to assume that an actor or a singer belongs to the rag-tag-and-bobtail of society. People, in speaking of such persons, do not always speak that which they know; or, if they do know that which is to the detriment of certain actors, they do not take the trouble to distinguish between individuals, but take for granted that *ex uno disce omnes.* For example, we have heard some people speak exactly in the same terms of such eminent artists and such worthy members of society as Herr Joachim and Mr. Irving, as we have heard others speak of those public performers whose morals would perhaps not bear a close inspection. As a rule, we may assume that persons

who speak in this sweeping and indiscriminating way, do not know what they are talking about. But if they did, their objections would prove too much. If they say that it is not what takes place on the stage, but what takes place behind it, which makes them shrink from encouraging the theatre, we have a right to reply that they have no right to single out the theatre for attack, and exempt from their diatribe not merely the other artistic professions, but social life in general. If it is not what a man is as you know him, but what he is when you, as it were, don't know him—when he is behind your back—which is to influence you in applauding him or in denouncing him, then where consistently can you draw the line? When you visit the Royal Academy, you should, if you have the courage of your convictions, look into the private life of every one of the artists whose productions decorate its walls, lest unwittingly you be encouraging by your presence and approval a man whose personal life you would feel bound to condemn; nay, further, in society, you should, in all fairness, before you descend from the drawing-room to the dining-room, inquire into the previous history of each one of your neighbours, in order to avoid sitting down with, and thereby recognising, some outrager of morality! The fact is, that we are bound to say of actors and actresses, as we say of our neighbours, that life is too short for rigorous examinations into the past doings of those we casually meet; that so long as we *know* nothing, we have no right to assume anything; that if people are civil and agreeable, it is our duty to meet them in a like spirit, and to think the best of them. And further: if we are to judge by hearsay of actors and actresses, it is only a foregone conclusion which can make us decide against them; for if we hear one man denounce an actor, another is sure to tell us that *he* met the reprobated individual abroad, at St. Moritz or at Mürren, and found him a most agreeable well-informed person.

There is more to be said for the other argument, *i.e.*, that the London stage is in a degraded condition. That, we fear, is an incontrovertible fact, Well, admit that it is; admit that low and vulgar are mild terms to apply to many of the entertainments which are at present popular; admit that the current tendency of the stage, as far as the public is concerned, is to make immorality familiar, and, as far as the theatre itself is concerned, to make, in contradistinction to what has been said above, the institution as it exists in practice—the world of *employés*, of ballet-girls and supers—a perfect sink of iniquity; admit, with Cardinal Manning, that every place of theatrical representation, from the opera house to the penny gaff, is a link in the vast chain of vice with which the world is compassed—and what follows? Surely this—that we are in the presence of a mass of evil towards which it behoves us to bear something else than a mere indifferent attitude. Surely we should either try to accomplish the impossible by suppressing the theatre altogether, or attempt—what is more likely to be successful—the reformation of it and its surroundings. But reform can be promoted in only one way, and that is by the agency of public opinion. It can do for the stage what it has done for the gaol and the workhouse. It can influence the theatre as it has influenced the drinking customs of the upper classes of society. Public opinion, it is true, will not affect details; and the stage requires particular as well as general improvement. But let public opinion give the impulse, and specific reforms will follow as a matter of course. In London there may still be found, we will say, three or four theatres where the plays are unobjectionable. It will be, we think, by the public who care for the theatre giving an honest support to those establishments that something towards the resuscitation

of the stage and of the actor's profession may be effected. It will be by patronising those houses where the art—if it is not of the best, has at any rate a tendency to become good—it will be by shunning those houses where the staple of the entertainment consists in appeals either to the passions or to the vulgarity of the audience; it will be by extending the right hand of fellowship to those actors and actresses who are truly endeavouring to dignify and elevate their profession, by endeavouring to lead all actors and actresses whatsoever to consider that art consists in something else than in the ability to dance a *cancan* or to sing a *topical* song; it will be by these remedies, in conjunction with many others upon which in this paper we are not called upon to touch, that we shall help to place on a proper footing that which must exist, and which must either become better and better, higher and higher; or, on the other hand, worse and worse, lower and lower. And with this principle in view there seems to us to be no reason why clergymen should not attend the theatre. If they would not merely speak of the stage as the Bishop of Manchester has done, but take a step which he, apparently, has some reason for not taking —*i.e.*, witness in person the plays they recommend—they might, it seems to us, do much not merely to elevate and extend the influence of the stage in this country, but do much to purify public morality, and to put to the blush all that offends against it.

(4.) For, to come to our last point, *necessity is laid upon the clergy to have opinions about such places and the frequenting of them.*—We remember once hearing the story of how an excellent clergyman, a High Church man, a member of the council of the English Church Union, was enabled to introduce a reform into a circus which he had visited with his children. He was shocked with the profanity of one of the jokes made by the clown; and after the performance he wrote to the manager stating what he objected to, and pointing out to him how much exception was taken, owing to practices of this sort, by excellent people to the theatre in general. The manager in reply thanked him cordially for his note, assured him that he had taken care to prevent a repetition of what had been complained of, and ended by saying how much he wished that respectable people would visit the theatre and promote the welfare of such establishments by their comments and suggestions. It seems to us that this story shows clearly how useful it is for the clergy to have an opinion upon the theatre, based upon personal knowledge, for the sake both of those who perform in it and of those who frequent it. There is no saying how much impropriety they might be able to check—how high a standard they might be able to insist on; they cannot tell how far they might be able to strengthen and to assist the weaker consciences of their flock, by being able to speak from experience on such matters,—by letting it be seen that men, whose calling is the most solemn, who have to engage on work the most important and serious which can occupy human beings, can give their attention to that which might at first sight appear to be trivial and beneath their notice, but which, after all, has perhaps the most important influence upon public morality. We remember the present Master of the Temple being severely taken to task in the *Guardian* for sending his Sunday-school children to a circus which happened to be visiting Doncaster on the occasion of their annual treat. He was able, of course, to take very good care of himself; but not the least important of his remarks, and the one which bears upon our present subject, was this: "That it behoved clergymen, with regard to amusements, to be as diligent in commending what was good as they were in reprobating what was bad." He seemed, in other words, to have said what we are urging here,

that it behoves the clergy to know what they are talking about. It is because their experience in such matters is so slender that the clergy have so little influence with their flocks in respect of the real difficulties of life. They may be great in theological subtlety; they can preach a sermon upon faith, they can distinguish between justification and sanctification; they can discourse eloquently upon matters which, as a rule, trouble nobody; but with regard to practical matters—the thousand and one things concerning which people would be truly grateful for a word of sober, sensible advice—they have, in general, nothing to say worth listening to, and this for the best of all reasons—because they know nothing. Young people look back upon their confirmations; they say "they were taught nothing then which made an impression upon them; that the view of life which was set before them was an unreal view; that the clergyman who prepared them seemed to have no sort of sympathy with them." Farmer's lads in a village say "they don't take to the parson; he don't seem to understand poor folk; he don't seem to hold with what they want." No one can deny that these charges are made, and few of us can consistently deny the force of them. As long as the duties of the clergy are not confined to the pulpit—as long as they are expected to know something of, and to enter into, the social life of the people, the latter will be the real test by which they will be judged. As we have said before—if a clergyman can show that he takes an interest in, or has an opinion about, that which moves and influences his people upon the six days of the week, depend upon it he will never want an audience upon the first. If he makes it clear that the less practical side of life alone absorbs his attention, or that his attention is never bestowed upon those things which invest that which has a tendency to become unreal with a permanent and practical aspect, he has no right to complain that his congregation is composed chiefly of women;—young and old; sentimental, nervous, and conservative.

We, of course, have not touched on many aspects of the question which this paper has dealt with; we have merely called attention to the subject. Our object will have been more than gained if we have, in however small a degree, helped people to feel the unreal relation, upon which there is a tendency to insist, between the clergy and the laity, and that all honest attempts to rectify such a state of things should be recognised and encouraged.

A. T. DAVIDSON.

TWO SONNETS.

HER LAUREATE.

I AM, indeed, no theme with you for song—
A poet you, yet not for me your praise—.
You crowned another woman with your bays,
Lifting your voice to Heaven, triumphant, strong,
And fear by future rhymes to do her wrong:
If I should walk beside you in your ways
An echo would pursue us from old days,
And men would say, "He loved once, and for long!
So now without great love he is content,
Since she is dead for whom he used to sing,
And daily needs demand their aliment."
Thus some poor bird who strives with broken wing
To soar, then stoops, strength gone and glad life spent,
To any hand that his scant food will bring.

HEREAFTER.

IN after years a twilight ghost shall fill
With shadowy presence all thy waiting room—
From lips of air thou canst not kiss the bloom,
Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill,
And the old longing that thou couldst not kill,
Feeling her presence in the gathering gloom,
Will mock thee with the hopelessness of doom,
While she stands there and smiles, serene and still.
Thou canst not vex her then with passion's pain;
Call, and the silence will thy call repeat,
But she will smile there with cold lips and sweet,
Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain
That once she wore—the tears she wept in vain
At passing from her threshold of thy feet.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AN "ANGLICAN" VIEW OF THE BURIAL LAWS.

ALTHOUGH the intricacies and "glorious uncertainties" of the law are proverbial, no one surely could have been prepared for the brilliant legal paradox which has recently been sprung upon the ecclesiastical world in the pages of this magazine. Its authors are indeed no less important and estimable persons than the Master of the Temple and the Dean of Westminster; and their enterprise has assuredly been prompted by that characteristic desire to promote peace among Christians and goodwill among all men for which their names are held in universal honour. And yet it is impossible to believe that their amiable effort is destined to be crowned with success. Like other attempts at premature conciliation, it is far less likely to heal than to embitter with new acrimony the miserable strife which has of late years been forced upon the Church of England. Dissenters will be buoyed up with fresh hopes of obtaining, through the aid of these powerful allies, a conclusive and crushing victory for the one idea which now possesses them—Disestablishment; while the clergy will stand aghast at finding notions about "desecration" attributed to them on so high an authority, which never once entered their imagination, and at seeing the opinions of almost the whole profession, on a plain and practical question, treated as a practical joke. Dean Stanley, they will say—the most loving of men—should know better than to echo the bitter taunts of hostile newspapers. He might easily learn, if he would inquire, that no clergyman considers his graveyard "defiled" by the interment of poor little unbaptized infants or shipwrecked sailors or Christian Nonconformists,[1] nor yet feels his freehold "invaded" by the approach of any persons whatever who have a legal right of burial there. It is the threatened strife of tongues and religions and rituals among those peaceful graves that the clergy so vehemently deprecate as "defilement:" it is the invasion of the secular power, standing where it should not and meddling with what it ought not—first in the churchyard and afterwards, it is feared, in the church—that they regard as an emblem of coming desolation. Were the churchyards not so closely connected with the churches as they are, little or no objection would be raised to their transfer under state control. Nay, such transfer would probably, in many cases, be heartily welcomed. Else, why the present clerical demand for rural cemeteries where all denominations would be buried side by side, each with their own rites, under the guarantee and guardianship of the civil power?

But this is by no means all that has to be said. The "discovery," to which public attention and criticism has now been invited, purports to be a *legal* discovery. It must therefore be discussed on legal grounds; and its arguments must be confronted with the well-known and established maxims

[1] The present writer has been in Holy Orders for thirty years; and he has never once heard, from any clergyman in any part of the country, the expression of any feelings about "defilement" of churchyards by Nonconformist burials there. He has also consulted many clergymen of larger and wider experience than his own, and he has invariably found that they indignantly repudiated, for themselves and for all their acquaintance, this unworthy imputation.

of English law. Will it bear the light which such an investigation would throw upon it? It is here maintained that it would not. But to answer the question fairly, it is necessary to examine very closely what it is which is supposed to have been "discovered." And on careful scrutiny the discovery appears to amount to this: that every sort of heterogeneous funeral rite is, at the present moment and under the existing law, permissible in the churchyards of this country, *because everything is lawful to be done in England which is not expressly forbidden to be done by a Statute of the Realm.* It seems indeed hardly credible that a legal maxim should be announced as a "discovery," which would virtually involve the abolition of the whole Common-law system of jurisprudence in this land. Yet it is capable of proof that such is the unsound legal basis upon which the present paradox has been constructed. The premiss is repeatedly laid down: "There is no LAW expressly stating that you shall *not* do this or that;" and then the inference is triumphantly drawn, "therefore you are perfectly at liberty to do it." "Show us," it is said, "the *statute* or canon, chapter and verse, which would justify the clergyman in preventing the interment or the ceremony." It is demanded, "Is there or is there not any *statute* law? If there be, let it be pointed out. No mere dictum will suffice of some ecclesiastical judge, denouncing a Dissenting interment as an unwarrantable intrusion [unwarranted, that is, by the established *customs* of this Church and Realm]. What we ask is, How will such a dictum fare in the refiner's fire of a Court of Final Appeal, when all the *legislation* of the last half century will be taken into view?"

We Anglicans think it will fare very well. We do not conceive of English law as consisting wholly, or mainly, of Statutes. In our view, "law" is no artificial production, made by the *motu proprio* of Parliament or Sovereign. We regard it rather as the great silent current of the nation's habitual life, which acquires expression and utterance from time to time, as occasion demands, in "statutes of the realm." It is by the great stream of their common customs that nations live, and their "statutes" are but variable patches of such custom, fixed and made permanent for a season—as patches of floating ice are nothing more than solid portions of the stream on which they float. For the correctness of this view we have so high an authority as that of Lord Mackenzie, who says that "customs founded on general consent are the first rudiments of jurisprudence; and, when legislation is resorted to, it is generally to confirm, add to, or modify, rather than to supersede, these primitive usages."[1] Any other view of Law than this, we take it, belongs to a despotic rather than to a free constitution. Accordingly, the Final Court of Appeal—if we may base an opinion upon its recent decisions—lays the very greatest stress upon custom. It has even gone so far as to throw over a plain statute, quoted on the front page of every Prayer-book in the kingdom, because it had been melted away (so to speak) by a long-standing custom to the contrary. The clergy, therefore, need not be in the least afraid of the Final Court of Appeal on this burial question. They may rest assured it will always judge, as English judges should, by "statute" where statute exists, and by long-established "custom"—not by the rule of promiscuous licence or chaotic *laissez faire* — wherever statute does not exist; and they may feel secure that their sacred trust (their "freehold," as it is invidiously called) will not be wrenched from them by any unkind surprise, until at least their Lordships shall have been persuaded that four negatives ("no law exists") are as good as one positive legal enactment; in short (as the saying is), that "four white rabbits are equivalent to one white horse."

[1] *Studies in Roman Law*, p. 4.

But stay! We may have gone too fast. It would seem that a certain amount of "custom" really is pleaded in the paper before us. It behoves us, therefore, to look very carefully into the matter. We must watch with keen attention this newly-found stream of English habitudes; we must trace up to its source this important element discovered among the parochial customs of the country, which is to establish by law, and to assert as our heritage for ever, the happy reign of chaos and of "every man in his humour" beneath the eaves of our grand old parish churches. Strangely enough, however, we begin with a gap. The customary parish life of the last generation or two must surely be well known to the 15,000 clergymen and 30,000 laymen who have recently petitioned against their alteration. Well, we will go back a century farther. But there we find the clearest evidence—in Calamy's *Nonconformists' Memorial*, and in the solitary gravestones of Puritans and others, who preferred to lie in fields and gardens rather than come under the restrictions of the parish churchyard—that no such licence was known, at least in their day. We ascend, then, higher still. But the customs of the Reformation period are perfectly clear, not only from the general history and legislation of those times, but notably from a curious law of 1606 (3 James I., cap. 5), which expressly forbade all "recusants"—too unconscious, it would seem, of the splendid liberty now discovered for them—to evade the parish churchyard, with its unwelcome but established and inevitable ritual. Passing on to the Middle Ages, we find in the Sarum *Manual*, in Lyndwood's *Provinciale*, and in Wilkins's *Concilia*, abundant evidence of our English burial customs at that time. But we find even more. We light upon a positive legal maxim to this effect (35 Edw. I., cap. 4):—"Forasmuch as a churchyard is the soil of a church, and what is planted therein belongeth to the soil, it must needs follow," &c. Perhaps it is not necessary to go back to yet earlier times, when the National Church was committed to a stricter obedience to the foreign maxims of the Roman law. But if we do, we shall find ourselves still haunted by similar evidence of the fixed and established customs of Christendom. We shall read in the Theodosian Code a law about "asylum," on which Van Espen comments as follows:—"Hoc totum spatium [*i.e.*, the 'septum ecclesiæ,' the fore-court of the church], subjaciens adjaciens Templo, haud aliter quam ipsum Templum, asylo cedere vult" (V. E., iv., Part 2, p. 68).

And now, in the face of all this overwhelming evidence of a well-established custom to the contrary, what—we ask with profound curiosity—has been advanced in the learned paper before us, to prove so rooted a custom in England of unrestricted ritual freedom in her parish graveyards, that nothing more need be done to legalise it? Will it be believed that the only fragments of evidence offered us are the following:—(1) That no clergyman customarily raises any objection to the *silent* interment of unbaptized infants, nor yet to the *silent* interment of suicides there. The paper, by some oversight, also refers to the interment of unknown corpses cast up by the sea; forgetting that, by express statute (48 Geo. III., cap. 75, § 2), it is provided that, in all such cases, "the minister, clerk, &c., shall perform their several and respective duties as is customary at other funerals." Yet these cases are adduced to help out the proof that vocal heterogeneous ritual is allowed by the Burial Law of England. (2) The second piece of evidence offered is this: That hymns have frequently been permitted at church funerals; and that in cemeteries, where, of course, the clergyman's interest and power in keeping order are at their minimum, even addresses have been delivered; as, for instance, over Mr. Odger's grave in New

Brompton cemetery. (3) The third piece of evidence is far more bold and trenchant. It plainly affirms at last the existence of a custom which, if well established and widely known, should terminate the whole controversy. It maintains that "Nonconformists have interred their dead in our churchyards with their own services." Here then we have the proof, which has hitherto been so conspicuously absent. It is clear that, if this be of frequent occurrence throughout the country, the 15,000 parish clergy have all been mistaken about their parish customs; and that, without knowing it, England now stands committed by her common law to unrestricted funeral independency. Let the 30,000 laymen look to it, for they stand liable to be condemned, with heavy costs, if they presume to support an action against any sort of ritual intrusion—Romanist or Secularist, Heathen or Christian, Buddhist, Parsee, or Confucian—in the quiet precincts of their parish churchyard. But what is our surprise, on casting one more despairing glance at the paper in our hands, to find that the alleged burial customs of England are evidenced in this paper in the following curious manner: "It has been publicly stated by the Rector of St. Helier's, Jersey, that now for many years Nonconformists and Romanists have used their own ceremonies in the interment of their own dead." Well, but Jersey is not England. It is the very island of which Blackstone takes pains to warn us: "They are governed by their own laws, which are for the most part the ducal customs of Normandy."[1] Why then take us there, unless under serious distress for proof more to the purpose? But we look again: "Lord Plunket said: there is no law in existence (in Ireland) which prohibits the performance of Dissenting rites in a Protestant churchyard." The question, however, is not about *law* in Ireland, but about *custom* in England.

[1] *Warren's Extracts*, p. 50.

We are next taken to Kensal Green cemetery, where one day, it appears, "a highly-respected Russian priest was interred in the consecrated portion with a service partly consisting of our own Liturgy and partly of prayers from the Greek office." No "benevolent connivance" could be more innocent or more natural! But what bearing it has upon the established burial customs in English churchyards it is indeed hard to make out. One more crowning evidence, however, is in reserve. "On Monday morning (1811), about nine o'clock, the remains of the late Turkish Ambassador were interred in the burial-ground of St. Pancras. The procession consisted of a hearse, containing the body, covered with white satin, &c. On arriving at the ground, the body was taken out of a white deal shell, and, according to Mahometan custom, was wrapped in rich robes and thrown into the grave. After some other Mahometan ceremonies, the attendants left the ground. The procession, on its way to the churchyard, galloped nearly all the way." Such, then, are the burial customs of England. Such are the "discoveries" by which we are to be induced to believe that, by English law and English custom, our beautiful and tranquil churchyards, in every town and country parish throughout the land, are open at any moment to the introduction of alien rites, and to the performance of any heathenish and unheard-of ceremonies that it may please a romantic mourner to suggest, or an imaginative undertaker to invent.

When will Englishmen come to see that, not in defence of their own rights, not in uncharitable or unchristian bigotry, not with any sidelong view to their own dignity or their own purse, have almost the whole clerical profession in this realm protested (with a unanimity, in these days, quite unexampled) against the miserable confusion of all things sacred and profane, which the legislature is now

invited to sanction under the very eaves and windows of the parish churches? The clergy are not averse to any reasonable concession. They are not in the least afraid of any contact with Christian Dissenters, living or dead. On the contrary, they urge, with increasing persistency and unanimity, the extension of the cemetery system, which involves such contact. Many of them are beginning to suggest entire disuse of "Consecration" in such places,—or at least that separate graves, not areas, should be thus placed under the benediction of the Church; while the State is entrusted with the general guardianship of the whole cemetery. And some have cordially acceded to the proposal that one chapel, and not two, should henceforth be constructed in all such burial-grounds; no objection whatever being felt to the common use of such a covered-place, when no principle would be trampled upon and no foothold be gained for acknowledged[1] projects of farther hostile invasion.

Surely it cannot be beyond the wisdom of our statesmen, in Convocation and in Parliament, to take advantage of the present favourable turn of public feeling, and—by some bold measure—to challenge the munificence and moral courage of the laity to divert the danger that is now threatening their Church. That danger is plain; and it is imminent. It is this, that the very catastrophe which men like Lord Harrowby, the Dean of Westminster, and the Master of the Temple, are the foremost to deprecate, should be actually brought to pass by the recklessness of their ecclesiastical policy; that the 15,000 clergy should, in indignant despair at their abandonment and betrayal, be converted into an irresistible band of Liberationists; and so that the engineer should finally be "hoist with his own petard," the fatal horse be dragged within the walls by Trojan hands, and "Plevna" unrelieved and left to its fate, turn out, after all, to have been the last bulwark of a ruined cause.

G. H. Curteis.

[1] See *The Liberator*, June, 1875 (Mr. Griffith): "They should not only claim the churchyard, but the use of the church also in the next Bill." *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1876 (Mr. Dale): "The Liberationists are compelled to give great prominence to the national character of the Church, and to the right of the nation to appropriate Church property to other than ecclesiastical uses." *The Nonconformist*, January 23, 1878 (Mr. Williams): "The Burial Question could only be settled by the clearest acknowledgment of the right of Englishmen to bury their dead in the parish churchyard. If that was so, what could they say but that the parish church was also their place of worship? . . . All the parish Churches existing before 1811 should be handed over to a body chosen by the ratepayers, to be disposed of as that body of ratepayers should choose."

ANCIENT TIMES AND ANCIENT MEN.[1]

On the last occasion on which I had the pleasure of addressing this society, I alluded to the surprising discoveries which Dr. Schliemann was just at that moment making at Mykenæ. I can to-day lay before you a few photographs which will enable you to form a clearer idea of the excavations carried on by that indefatigable treasure-hunter. I have unfortunately no picture to show what the hillside of Mykenæ was like before a German spade disturbed the rubbish which had accumulated there during more than two thousand years; but you can from one of the photographs form a tolerable idea of the amount of soil that had to be removed before we could again stand on the same rocky ground on which the kings of Mykenæ, the ill-fated Pelopidæ and Atridæ, had once wandered.

These excavations on the hill of Mykenæ appear to me to be of far greater importance to archæologists and to all who try to decipher the earliest pages in the history of humanity than the happy discovery made by Dr. Schliemann a few years since at Hissarlik. We do not know, we can only guess, the historical significance of the different strata of houses at Hissarlik; and even if we choose to call one of these strata Troy, we must first carefully ascertain what we mean by Troy. There is the Troy of Greek tradition, quite independent of the Homeric poems; there is, or there may have been, a real Troy, that formed the centre of many floating myths; there is the Troy, as conceived and localised in the *Iliad;* and there is, lastly, the Troy fixed upon by later antiquaries, from the time of Alexander to the present day. According to Dr. Schliemann, the poet of the *Iliad* was separated by 2000 years from the real Troy, that forms the second stratum at Hissarlik, and fills the soil from twenty-three to thirty-three feet below the surface. This gives an ample allowance for the growth of legends, and would seem to make it difficult indeed to identify that subterraneous Troy with the poetic Troy of Homer.

In Mykenæ the case is different. The ruins which we see there are the ruins of the stronghold which was destroyed not later than 468 B.C., and all that Dr. Schliemann has brought to light from these ruins gives to the period before 500 B.C. on Grecian territory an historical and tangible character which it never had before, and which no criticism can ever again destroy.

This discovery in Mykenæ, then, is true treasure-trove. But you must not imagine that Dr. Schliemann possesses an archæological divining-rod. That he has been most fortunate, he would himself allow. But he has also been a *vir fortis et tenax propositi,* who deserves, and one does not grudge it him, that the goddess of fortune should be propitious to his labours. He did not simply go to Mykenæ and begin to dig in any spot he fancied, and so with more good luck than wit stumble on the old royal graves of the Pelopidæ. No; he had first made it clear to himself, from Pausanias and other sources, which were the localities in Greece where, at the time of Pausanias, therefore in the second century after the birth of Christ, there were traditions of the existence of ancient graves. The old Greek traveller[2] did not see in the ruins of

[1] This address was delivered at the meeting of a literary society in Dresden, in the house of the Russian Minister, Herr von Kotzebue, on March 20, 1877.

[2] Pausanias ii. 16, 4.

Mykenæ much more than later travellers have seen. He saw remains of the walls which surrounded the Akropolis (περίβολος), the Gate and the Lions, such as we see them here in Dresden, in an exact copy. But besides these, he speaks of the spring Perseia, which rose in the ruins of Mykenæ, and of the subterraneous buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they kept their treasures; of a grave of Atreus, and of the graves of those whom Ægisthos murdered together with Agamemnon, at the feast, on their return from Ilion. According to Pausanias, Agamemnon had a separate grave, as had also his charioteer, Eurymedon, whilst in another Teledamos and Pelops were buried; and then, again, as it appears, in a separate grave, Elektra, whom Orestes is supposed to have given in marriage to his friend Pylades. Already at that time there were different stories as to the grave of Kassandra. Whilst the twin sons, whom tradition says she bore to Agamemnon, Teledamos and Pelops, and who were murdered at a very tender age by Ægisthos, were buried in the Akropolis at Mykenæ, it was uncertain whether the grave of their Trojan mother was to be found at Mykenæ or at Amyklæ. Pausanias also mentions that Klytemnestra and Ægisthos were buried at some distance from the circle of the walls, because probably they were not considered worthy to lie nearer to those whom they had murdered.

It was therefore clear that at the time of Pausanias, there were not only graves, but treasure-houses on the Akropolis in the neighbourhood of the encircling walls, and that tradition ascribed these to the race of Atreus.

This was the first settled point. The second was the historical fact, that the old town of Mykenæ was finally destroyed by the Argives twelve years after the battle of Thermopylæ, that is, in the year 468 B.C. Argos, we are told, would not follow the lead of Sparta, and had not therefore sent any troops tc Thermopylæ. Mykenæ is said to have sent eighty men to Thermopylæ and four hundred to Platææ, together with the Tirynthians. For this, or for some other reason, a jealousy is supposed to have arisen between Argos and the once famous Mykenæ, which twelve years later led to a war between the neighbouring cities, and ended in the reduction of Mykenæ, chiefly by famine, and its final destruction.

These were the two settled points on which Schliemann built his calculations.

Between 468 B.C. and 150 A.D. nothing of any importance happened at Mykenæ. The antiquities, therefore, which are found under the rubbish on the hill must, if they are of any age at all, be older than about 500 B.C., that is, they must belong to a period during which, as yet, we know but little concerning true Greek history and art. By the expression, "if they are of any age at all," I do not intend any would-be learned doubt. I only wish to point out that Dr. Schliemann must have been prepared, either to find no graves at all, or to find nothing in the graves, or lastly, and this had been also maintained, to find that the old graves had been plundered, and used again in the old Byzantine epoch for new interments. So far as the facts are yet brought to light, a really scientific denial of the great age of the treasures found in the graves seems to me very difficult, however ready I am to allow that in such matters one cannot be sceptical—*i.e.*, conscientious enough. As yet nothing has been found in the lower strata that could be ascribed to a later date than 468 B.C. The only Greek inscription which Dr. Schliemann found and sent over, must, as far as we can judge from some of its characters, the *chet* instead of the *spiritus asper*, the *o* for *ω*, the *ε* for *η*, be earlier than that date. It was found,—so Dr. Schliemann informed me in a letter, dated 20th October, 1876—in the upper Macedonian stratum.

As the fortress of Mykenæ was built on the rock, the first question was how

deep one had to dig before arriving at the hard historical rock, and then at the graves mentioned by Pausanias. I have letters from Dr. Schliemann, written as early as 1874, when he quietly visited Mykenæ, and sunk thirty-four wells to see what layers of soil had accumulated, what pottery and other antiquities they contained, and what amount of labour would be needed to bring again to the light of day, the royal dwelling and royal graves of the descendants of Tantalos.

I mention all this to show that Dr. Schliemann, against whose Homeric hypotheses no one can have protested more strongly than I have done, deserves our gratitude and admiration in a far higher degree than he has yet received them. Dr. Schliemann knew what he was looking for, he found what he sought, and even more; and every honest student, whatever soil he may be exploring, be it dust of the body, or dust of the mind, will know how often in seeking for his father's asses he has found a crown.

Whether the graves which Dr. Schliemann has opened on the Akropolis, in the rock, contain the bones and treasures of Agamemnon, of Eurymedon, of Elektra, of Kassandra, and her twins, whether in other parts nearer the walls the graves of Klytemnestra and Ægisthos will be found, are questions which can never be decided, till they are more sharply defined.

The tombstones, which lie on the graves, but which, from the appearance of the fragments, may have been parts of a larger monument, are certainly older than 468 B.C. They are still half oriental, and recall Assyrian art; they are perhaps of Lydian origin, though here and there in the ornamentation we trace the Greek ideal of beauty and harmony in the entwining of the lines. On one of the tombstones, the symbol floating in the air recalls the figurative representation of Ahuramazda on the later Persian monuments.

Without appealing to the giant skeleton of Orestes (Herod. i. 67), we can hardly doubt that the colossal skeletons found in the graves at Mykenæ belong to a royal family, partly because of the locality, partly because of the rich treasure buried with them. The skeletons were covered with large plates of thin gold, and on the skulls lay golden masks which seemed to bear more or less of a portrait character. If the work of many of these ornaments is superficial, and the material not very massive, we must remember that they would only be made in haste for the funeral pageant, as is the case in other royal graves.

Old, therefore, the graves certainly are, and royal most likely. That Dr. Schliemann should recognise in one of the masks the features of *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων*, who can wonder? Who would have had enough self-control in a similar position not to express such a conjecture? The objection raised by a German *savant*, that the skull was not fractured by a two-edged axe, and that therefore it could not be the skull of Agamemnon, could hardly have been meant in earnest, any more than the argument I once myself used in a scientific society in London, when I was plied on all sides with reasons, which were no reasons, to induce me to acknowledge that the gold treasure of Hissarlik contained the regalia of Priam and Hekuba. I then quoted the verses from Homer, where Hektor says that formerly the city of Priam had been rightly called rich in gold and copper, but that now the lovely treasures had vanished from the houses to be sold in Phrygia and Maionia.[1] If, therefore, we were to take every word of Homer literally, as many in that assembly of archæologists, and especially their president, Lord Stanhope, seemed inclined to do, I said, in self-defence, that a treasure of such

[1] *πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι*
πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον, πολύχαλκον·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξαπόλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά·
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μῃονίην ἐρατεινὴν
κτήματα περνάμεν' ἵκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεύς.

Il. xviii. 288.

value as Dr. Schliemann had found in Hissarlik could not possibly be the treasure of Priam, and the place where it was found could not possibly be Ilion, unless Hektor—had told a lie. No, we must not deal with ancient poetry and ancient legends after this fashion. How seldom can history authenticate the assassination of a king or of a sultan, let alone tradition!

Nothing is more unfettered than tradition. Homer does not tell us that Agamemnon was entangled in his bath in a net and murdered by Klytemnestra by three stabs. According to Homer, Agamemnon was driven by the storm to Malea, the abode of Ægisthos, hospitably entertained by Ægisthos, and then murdered whilst feasting, like an ox by the manger (*Od.* iv. 514, 537; xi. 411; *βοῦν ἐπὶ φάτνῃ.*) None of the companions of Agamemnon, none of the followers of Ægisthos were left alive. It does not follow necessarily from Homer's words that Klytemnestra was present at the feast (*Od.* xi. 410), and though it is said that she killed Kassandra, there is nothing in them to show that she herself murdered Agamemnon.

Legend is legend, and not history, and nothing would be more unhistorical and uncritical than to try to remove the contradictions of which every legend is full; and whilst adopting one poet, such as Homer, as the highest authority, to declare, as so many people do, that all that contradicts him must be more recent or mere poetic invention. Pindar certainly knew his Homer as well as we do, and yet he does not scruple to let Kassandra be killed at Amyklæ in Lakonia.[1] At the time of Pausanias,[2] too, it was said that the grave of Kassandra was at Amyklæ, not at Mykenæ, and Pausanias himself saw there a sanctuary and statue of Kassandra, who was called Alexandra, as well as monuments of Klytemnestra and Agamemnon. In Æschylos the name of Mykenæ is never mentioned.

No, in spite of the uninjured skull, the king buried on the Akropolis of Mykenæ may well be the Agamemnon of whom people told Pausanias that he lay buried above in the citadel, the same of whom Æschylos wrote, the same of whom the Homeric poets sang. But, in spite of Homer, in spite of Æschlyos, in spite of Pausanias, we know no more of a real Agamemnon than we should know of Attila, if we heard of him only in the *Nibelunge;* or of Charles the Great and young Roland, if we had to form our idea of them from the popular tales in Germany, and the old French Epos of the Karlowingian Cycle; or even if, as in the case of Roland, we possessed a tombstone with the name of Hrutlandus.

What we have gained from the discoveries at Mykenæ, for the historical treatment of Greek antiquity is this: that we can, with greater probability, relegate the myth of the fates of the rulers of Mykenæ, to that class of traditions which have wound themselves like ivy round the mouldering stem of real historic facts, and no longer to those which have arisen from the mere decay of old conceptions. Mykenæ seems to have been the theatre of real tragedies, however much these have been overgrown with fables of gods and heroes. No one, for instance, even if a skeleton of a swan had been found in the graves of the old Akropolis, would have explained it as the father-in-law of Agamemnon, though the great antiquity of the legend of the swan, may be indicated, in spite of Homer's silence on the subject, by the drawings on some of the oldest pottery found at Mykenæ. The legend is a pure myth, and just as mythical is the original legend of the four children of Tyndaros, Kastor, Pollux, Helena, and Klytemnestra.

The old legends, however, seem to have been amalgamated later with the semi-historical traditions of the princes of Mykenæ and Lakedæmon, much in the same way as the *Nibelunge* myths were intertwined with the historical legends of Burgundy, Verona, and the

[1] Pyth. ii. 32. [2] Pausanias, iii. 19, 5.

land of the Huns. Who now doubts that Helena, the sister of Klytemnestra, was an old goddess, a real daughter of Zeus, just as Kastor and Pollux were *Dioskuroi*, i.e. sons of Zeus? From a goddess she changed into a heroine, from a heroine into a true princess, not *vice versâ*. There were temples to Helena, and festivals in her honour, and she was worshipped, with Menelaos, as a goddess. As everything was pardoned in Zeus and in Aphrodite, so also in Helena, in her original character as a goddess. Although she had been carried off by Theseus, yet she became the wife of Menelaos. Though she allowed herself to be tempted away by Paris, and afterwards married Deiphobos; yet Menelaos, when he at length recovered her, held her in high honour. Lastly, she passed for the wife of Achilles, and, in spite of all this, Stesichoros was smitten with blindness, because he had spoken disrespectfully of her. This is intelligible, if Helena was originally a goddess, and the lot of the immortal was afterwards attributed to the mortal by popular tradition. A real young princess, of whom traditions related such things as are told of Helena, would never have been treated with such honour and admiration by Homer, the singer of conjugal fidelity, or, however great her beauty, have been raised in the old Greek popular thought to the rank of a goddess.

It is easily intelligible that in later times the old legends of the gods and heroes were looked on as historical, and localised in various places in Greece; and we can hardly now doubt that the Akropolis of Mykenæ was such a spot in the old history of Greece, which attracted to itself from all quarters, like clouds, the misty forms of the myths, till hill and clouds mingled together, and it was no longer possible to distinguish the nebulous forms of legend from the men who had really lived on the hillside of Mykenæ. To express myself in Kantian phrase, I consider the antiquities which Dr. Schliemann has discovered in the graves of Mykenæ as the *Ding an sich* of the legend of the Atridæ. But legend has its mythological intuitions (*Anschauungen*), perhaps even its own categories, which we must master in order rightly to understand the phenomena as they appear in Homer, Pindar, or Æschylos.

And now I have arrived at the point where I can explain to you why, amidst my studies on the Science of Language, of Myth, and of Religion, I have taken so keen an interest in Dr. Schliemann's excavations in Troy and Mykenæ. The graves of Mykenæ give us the uttermost limits to which we can trace back the real and palpable history of the Greeks. Whether the half-burnt bones in those graves belonged to Agamemnon or not, they are the remains of a kingly race who really reigned in Mykenæ, who really used the weapons, the jewelry, the sceptres, which we now see. At a period which we as yet know by tradition only, we now for the first time see real men on real soil. This is to me the true attraction in Dr. Schliemann's discoveries.

Every one must make his plan of life; each student must belong to an army, and carry a plan of battle in his head, which determines and guides him through life in the choice of his line of march. I belong to those who say with Pope,

> "The proper study of mankind is man;"

and when I asked myself what would be the right, or at least the most fruitful, method of the study of mankind, I soon convinced myself that, in order to know what man is, we must first, before everything else, observe and establish what man has been, and how he became what he is. We must learn to know ancient man in order to understand modern man.

Many are the roads which lead to this.

The most favoured way now is to begin with a little mass of protoplasm, which of itself, or by the influence of its so called surroundings, through

a thousand generations, and during millions of years, has developed at last into what we call man. This province belongs to naturalists; and though they have not yet solved the two old problems—how the organic can arise from the inorganic, and how the irrational can develop into the rational—they have nevertheless made discoveries of high value on the way, which have thrown a perfectly new light on the development of the 150,000 species of animals now living.

A second line, which has been followed latterly by anthropologists with great eagerness, and good results, consists in the careful study of so-called savage nations. These studies begin with the oldest traces of the glacial period, go on from the cave dwellers to the inhabitants of the lacustrine dwellings, and then turn to those races of the globe still living almost as brute beasts, in order to draw from the facts which we can still ascertain of their physical and spiritual life, conclusions of general application to the origin of human culture.

These studies, too, have brought to light most valuable results; but they suffer from two almost insuperable difficulties: first, that nothing, or almost nothing, is left to us of the inhabitants of the cave and lacustrine dwellings, but remains serving for the supply of their simplest physical necessities; and, secondly, that in the case of most of the savage races now living, we know nothing of the historical antecedents of their present condition, whether they are really in the first stage of civilisation, or in the last stage of savagery. Considering how we hesitate before we venture to make a positive statement as to the religious opinions or moral principles of Greeks and Romans, who would dare to speak positively of fetishism, zoolatry, or physiolatry among Veddahs or Papuahs?

Agriology, if I may give such a name to a really scientific study of savage nations, generally considers wild races, like the Papuahs, or even the Hottentots and Kaffirs, as just working their way out of the slough of a still half-animal barbarism. The students of Comparative Philology, on the contrary, as well as of Mythology, and the Science of Religion, find it very difficult to reconcile such a view with existing facts, since they find in the languages of these people remains which are highly artificial, and even in their religion fragments which might have formed part of the most glorious temples of humanity. At all events, these savage races do not present us with a phase in the mental development of the human race which can supply the lost background in the history of the civilised nations of the world. We cannot picture to ourselves the heroes who lived before Agamemnon as Papuahs; and the old singers mentioned by the poets of the *Rig Veda*, cannot well have been black cannibals. There are two kinds of savages in the world, which M. Guizot, in his *History of Civilisation*, did not sufficiently bear in mind: savages who can develop into something, such as the old Germans described by Tacitus, and savages who cannot develop into anything, as the Red Indians. If the Agriologists believe that they can supply the pages which are missing in the beginning of the annals of still developing races from the life and practices of degraded Hottentots, they may find that, in the history of the human race, they have sometimes placed the *corrigenda* where the preface should have been.

There remains a third way—certainly the most difficult of all, and which, in spite of its difficulties, leads us only a short distance into the ancient history of the human race—I mean the study of the oldest and most authentic literature, the religions, the mythologies, and the languages of those nations who have played the chief parts in the drama of the world's history. Whilst the two other methods of research advance from the beginning to the end, and are

generally lost in an abyss which can never be bridged, this last, which leads us back from the end to the beginning, also breaks off at the foot of a high rampart, which indeed allows us to imagine a something beyond, but has as yet never been scaled by the boldest explorers.

Now on this last road, the thing of greatest importance for us is to collect all the material which a propitious fate has preserved for us. The amount is small, and yet greater than we had any right to expect. For if literature first begins where the *literæ*, the written letters, were used for literary purposes, there is really no written literature much earlier than the fifth century B.C. I see that our honoured president shakes his head, but I believe we shall, as usual, find that we agree.

I do not, of course, speak of his own domain, China, for Chinese writing is not alphabetical. I do not speak of Egypt, for there, too, the writing is not yet alphabetical. On the same grounds I exclude the whole literature in the cuneiform character, except the Persian.

But when we speak of a real old literature in Greece, Persia and India, I doubt very much whether we can anywhere prove the existence of a written literature much before 500 B.C. Even though the Phœnician alphabet may have spread somewhat earlier to the west and east, it is a great step in the history of civilisation from the use of alphabetic writing for monumental, even for mercantile purposes, to the employment of it for art, for pleasure, for literature. And here, to return to Mykenæ, I may as well at once mention that no trace of writing ought to be, or has been, found within the graves, although the chief object there was to honour and preserve the memory of the dead. In the antiquities lately found at Palestrina, said to be of the fifth or sixth century, the inscriptions are still simply Phœnician, not Etruscan, not Greek, still less Latin.

Our retrospect, then, into the antiquity of the human race would be very imperfect, our hope to discover what man is, from what he once was, but very slight, if all that lies on the other side of 500 B.C. were really buried in "tearless night." But it is not so. Man possessed, before writing was discovered, pen, ink, and paper in his memory, and a power of transmitting metrical compositions with a precision and accuracy of which we can now hardly form any idea. You know with what contempt even Plato still speaks of the knowledge gathered from books, and in India you might hear the same expressions at the present day. In India there still exist scholars of the old school, who carry about in their memory books larger than Homer, and not only metrical, but even prose works. They *are themselves* the books, and it is, or it was till lately, their duty to teach these books, *i.e.*, themselves and their knowledge to their pupils, after a strict mnemonic method. As far back as we can follow Indian literature we find the same plan, and even in the *Upanishads*, which still belong to the Vedic period, we read of youths who, from their twelfth to their twenty-fourth year, were under tuition, in order during this period to learn the *Vedas* by heart, word for word, syllable for syllable, letter for letter, accent for accent.

These facts are well authenticated, every one who lives in India can ascertain them for himself, and so perfect is the accuracy of the verbal tradition, when exercised as a school discipline, and according to strict rules, that in any doubtful reading of the *Rig Veda*, I should rely more on the verbal information of a Shrotriya, *i.e.*, of an Indian theologian, than on the authority of a MS.

There was, therefore, among the Aryan nations a literature, or more properly a tradition, which reaches back far beyond 500 B.C., and the oldest and most remarkable monument of this unwritten literature of

the Aryan family, is the *Veda*, which means *the knowledge*.

Of this *Veda* much has been related and fabled, and the first time I saw my old friend Bunsen, he told me that, as a young man, he had actually started for India, to find out if the *Veda* really still existed. Now, we possess it, and when I tell you that I have devoted my whole life to the edition of the *Rig Veda*, that in order to obtain the MSS. and the material aid necessary for reconstructing so large and expensive a work, I have exiled myself for half my life, you will naturally ask, Was the *Veda* worth such a sacrifice? Does it really give us an insight into a period in the development of human nature which was before unknown to us, which reaches beyond Homer and the kings of Mykenæ, beyond Cyrus and the books of Zoroaster, beyond Buddha, Laotse, and the other spiritual heroes of the sixth century B.C.? Have we in the *Veda* the old bridge between the civilised and the wild races of the world? Do we find again in the *Veda* the thread of Ariadne, which fell out of the hands of anthropologists in the lacustrine dwellings and glacial caves?

I answer "Yes," and "No." There can be no idea in the *Veda* of any connection with historic or prehistoric savages. The language, the religion, the established manners and customs of the *Veda* presuppose ages upon ages before it would have been possible to think and say what we find thought and said in the *Veda*. But the *Veda* gives us an insight into the youth of man, and especially into the youth of that mighty branch of mankind to which we ourselves belong, more than any other book in the world. And it was this which drew me to the *Veda*. As the childish recollections of a man contain the key of most of the secrets of his later life, I consider that the key to our own being is hidden in the childish recollections of the human race. Considered from this point of view, the study of antiquity is a glance back into our own youth, and thus gains an attraction which none of the other sciences can claim, not even the science which teaches us what we were before we were men.

To me the old poets of the *Veda*, who finished their work on earth more than three thousand years ago, are as old friends and acquaintances. I can think myself back into their thoughts. I become young again with them, and even when they are childish, I say to myself, *Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

Many of the Vedic hymns are the simplest childlike prayers. They pray for the playthings of life, for house and home, for cows and horses, and they plainly tell the gods that if they will only be kind and gracious, they will receive rich offerings in return. Do we do much otherwise?

Only a few days ago, I saw in a book by a Protestant clergyman, an account of a miraculous cure. A young girl suffered from toothache, and she prayed to Jesus, "If I were Thou, and Thou me, and Thou hadst such a toothache as I have now, I would long ago have cured Thee." The toothache, so writes the clergyman, ceased immediately. I could not but remember a hymn of the *Rig Veda*, where an old poet says, "If I were Indra, and Thou wert my worshipper, I would long ago have granted thy petition."

But we find also heartfelt prayers. The old fathers of our race prayed the gods for children, particularly sons, who formed the strength of the family, and could defend the old and weak against neighbours and enemies. And that children were not only desired, but also valued and loved, we see from such verses as:

> "Let us all die in order that the old weep not over the young."

Hopes of meeting again are clearly expressed. *Rig Veda*, i. 24, 1:—

> "Of whom, of which God among the im mortals,
> Shall we now praise the glorious name?
> Who will give us back to the great Aditi (infinitude),
> That I may see father and mother?"

And in another hymn, *Rig Veda*, ix. 113 :—

"Where the imperishable light is,
That world in which heaven is placed,
In that immortal and eternal world,
Place me, oh Soma!

"Where Vaivasvata is king,
Where there is the stronghold of heaven,
Where those great waters are,
There make me immortal!

"Where life is free,
In the third heaven of heavens,
Where all places are full of splendour,
There make me immortal!"

But most of the hymns are, as I have already said, much simpler. They refer to the every-day appearances of nature, in which the poets trace the rule and work of Divine beings, and from which they often gather incitements to a holy life, and a thankful recognition of higher powers. For instance, *Rig Veda*, vii. 63 :—

"The sun rises, the bliss-bestowing,
All seeing, the same for all men,
The eye of Mitra and Varuna,
The god who rolled up darkness like a skin.

"The life-giver of man rises,—
The great waving light of the sun,—
Wishing to turn round the same wheel
Which the white horse draws, yoked to the shafts.

"Shining forth from the lap of the Dawns,
He rises, praised by singers,
He seems to me the God Savitri,
Who never oversteps the same track.

"The brilliant sun rises from the sky, wide gleaming,
Going forth to his distant work, full of light;
Now may men also, enlivened by the sun,
Go to their places and to their work.

"Where the immortals made a road for him
He follows the path, rising like a hawk,
At the rising of the sun let us worship you,
Mitra and Varuna, with praises and with offerings."

Rig Veda, vii. 61 :—

"The sun rises, opening your gracious eye,
Oh! gods, Mitra and Varuna:
The sun who looks at all the world,
Who also knows the thoughts of men.

"The pious singer, whose prayers you accept,
Oh! powerful gods,
So that you fill his years with strength,
He raises for you praises, sounding far and wide.

"Oh! beneficent gods, Mitra and Varuna, you place spies
Over the wide world, and over the wide bright heaven,
Who go far through fields and villages,
Oh! ye gods, who watch without sleeping.

"Praise the power of Mitra and Varuna,
Their strength has firmly fixed heaven and earth.
May the life of the wicked pass away childless,
And may the pious sacrificer extend his homestead."

Still more valuable are the hymns in which some of the old Vedic poets give utterance to the consciousness of their guilt, and speak of their offences not only as a transgression against human laws, but as displeasing to the gods and contrary to the divine commands. *Rig Veda*, vii. 89 :—

"Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of earth,
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"If I move along trembling, like a cloud blown by the wind,
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Through want of strength, thou strong and bright god, have I gone astray,
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Thirst came upon thy worshippers, though standing in the midst of water,
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

"Whenever we men, O Varuna,
Commit an offence before the heavenly host,
Whenever we break thy law through thoughtlessness,
Punish us not, O God, for that offence!"

Rig Veda, ii. 28 :—

"This (world) belongs to the wise king, Âditya,
May he overcome all beings by his strength!
I look for a hymn of praise for the rich Varuna,
The god who is gracious to every sacrifice.

"When we, mindful of this, have praised thee, O Varuna,
Let us be blessed in thy service;
We who, at the approach of the rich dawn,
Greet thee day by day, like the fires on the altar.

"Let us, O Varuna, our guide, dwell under thy protection,
Thou who art rich in heroes, and rulest far and wide;
And you, unconquered sons of Aditi,
Accept us, gods, as your companions!

"Âditya, the ruler, has sent them off,
The rivers follow the command of Varuna,
They never tire, they never rest,
Quick, like birds, they fly through the world.

"Loosen my sin from me, like a fetter,
Then shall we increase the source of thy law, O Varuna!
Let not the thread be cut, while I weave my prayer,
Let not the frame of my work perish before its time.

"Drive away terror from me, O Varuna,
Be gracious to me, righteous king;
Undo my sin, like the rope of a calf,
For away from thee I am not master of a twinkling of the eye.

"Do not hurt us with thy weapons, O Varuna,
Which, when thou wishest it, wound the evil doer,
May we not go into exile from light,
Destroy the enemies well, that we may live!

"We shall offer praise to thee, O high-born god,
As formerly, so now and for ever!
For on thee, O unconquerable god, are founded,
As on a rock, the unchangeable laws.

"Send away from me my own sins,
And may I not suffer for what others have done!
Many dawns have not yet dawned for us,
Do let us live in them also, O Varuna?

"He who while I was trembling in sleep, wished me evil,
Be he a companion or a friend, O king,
The thief also who wishes to injure us, or the wolf,
Protect us Varunâ, from all these!"

In order to estimate these hymns rightly, we must, as much as possible, forget what from childhood we have read and learnt in our own hymn-books. Many of these thoughts and feelings have, by thousand-fold repetition, become indifferent, almost meaningless to us. But in these old poets we still see the agony of the soul, striving for utterance. They wished to say something, only they knew not how. They had no time for poetic ornamentation, and mere splendour of words. Their poetry is a real shaping and transforming of mist-like thought into clear and transparent words. Each expression is to them as the egg of Columbus; each hymn, however simple it may be, as an heroic feat, as a true sacrifice. This forms the charm of ancient poetry, ancient religion, ancient language.

Everything is simple, fresh, and thoroughly true. The words still have weight; they are full and pregnant, so to speak, and for this very reason they almost defy translation.

And yet their world of thought is not so far removed from our own. The questions which perplex us already puzzled those old poets of the *Veda*.

"How can man reach God?" asks the old poet. We say: "How can the finite comprehend the infinite?"

Another poet says: "When thou thunderest, Indra, we believe in thee." We say: "Danger brings men to their knees."

When an Indian seer has merely expressed the simple truths of life, he says that a god has enlightened him, that a god has moulded his song. What do we? We torment ourselves with theories about divine revelation and inspiration, and see at last what the old sages saw, that truth makes inspiration, not inspiration truth.

Thus I could continue quoting many things out of the *Veda*, to show you that 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, men were not savages, but that the same cares which torment us, the great questions of life, *τὰ μέγιστα*, were even then the objects of earnest thought and expression.

Four thousand years ago, our Aryan forefathers in India wished to know out of what wood the earth was made; we should say of what matter—whether molecules or atoms, whether dynamids, or centres of force; nay, they spoke in the *Veda* of a time when there was neither being nor not being:

"Na sad âsin no'asad âsit tadânîm."

Even crude materialistic ideas were not wanting, and many of our materialistic friends would rejoice to see the following passage in the old *Kh*ândogya Upanishad:

"The finer part of the curds, when it is shaken, rises and becomes butter. Just so, my child, the finer part of food rises, when it is eaten, and becomes mind."

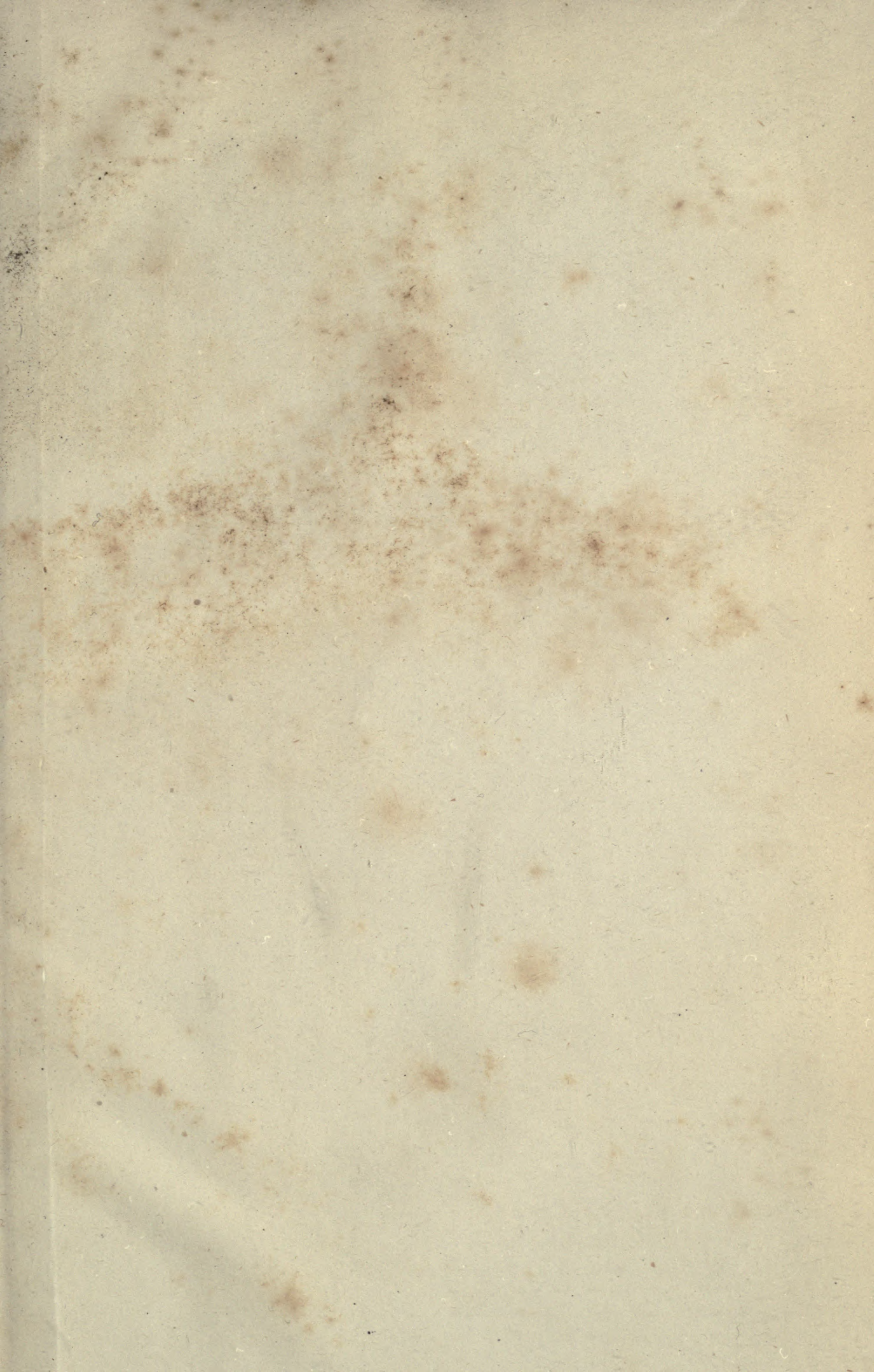
May I, in conclusion, say one word on the practical value of the study of mankind, particularly of the religions of mankind?

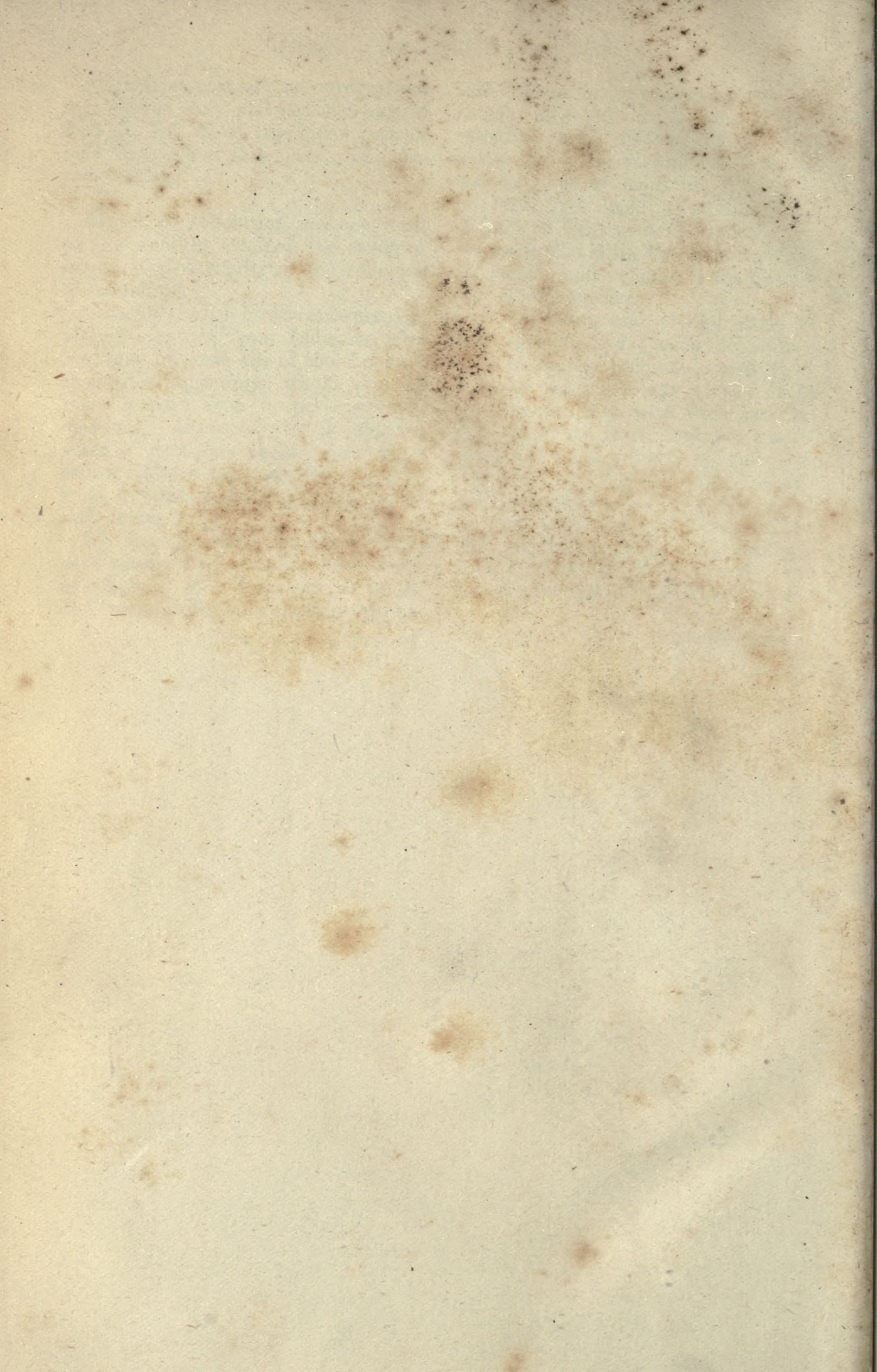
Macaulay, when he was once pressed, after his return from India, to give his views on some one of the thousand theological questions which play so great a part even in parliamentary elections, answered: "Gentlemen, when a man has spent years in a country where men worship the cow, it is difficult to take an interest in such trifles."

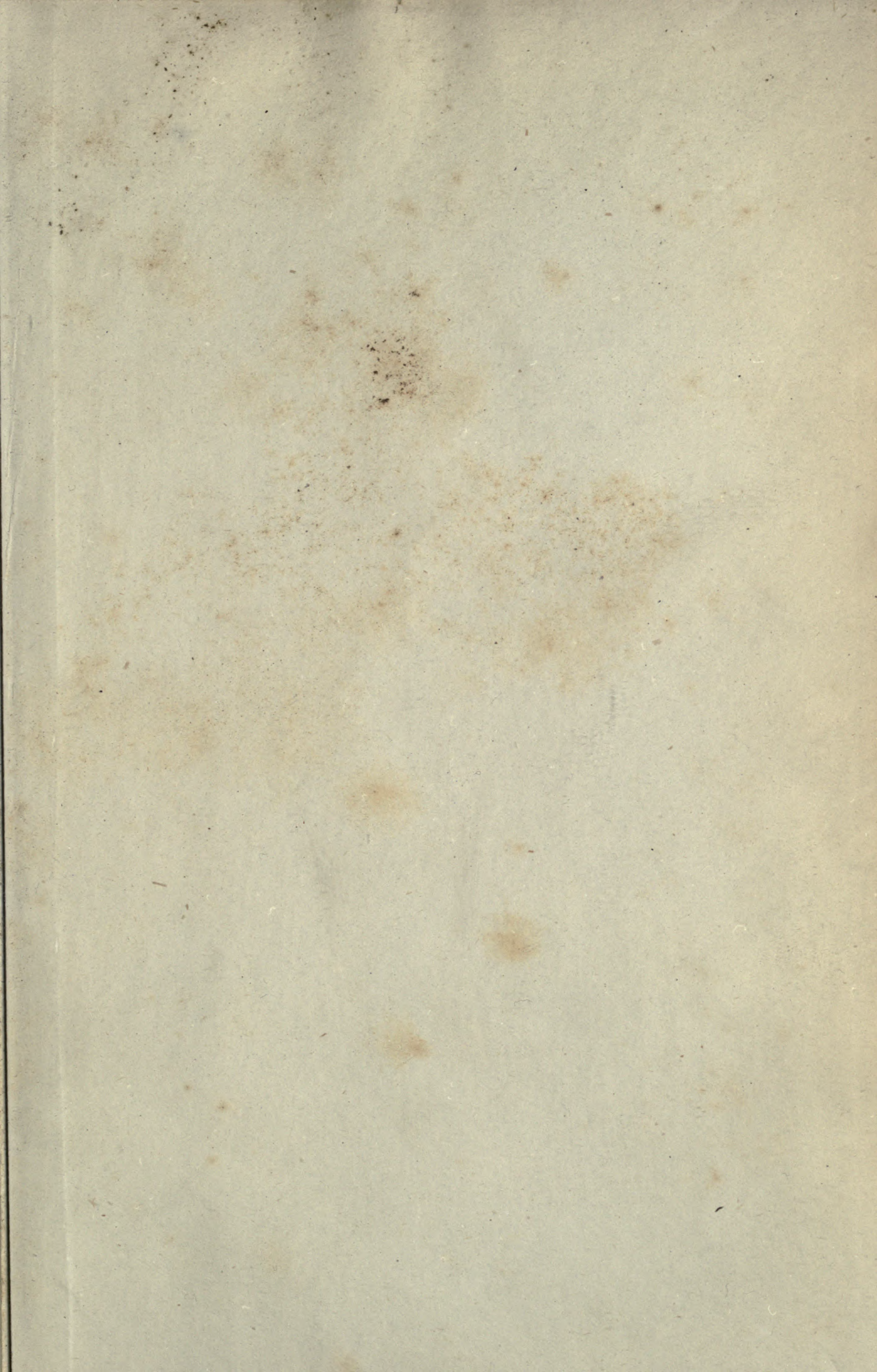
He was very much blamed for this, as it seemed a proof of his indifference to religion. But it was not so at all. It is most useful to ascertain for oneself that in every religion there are things essential, and things non-essential, and nothing teaches this better than a comparative study of the religions of mankind. There is no faith free from superstition, as there is no light without shadow. To recognise the light, the true light, in all shades and colours, is the highest aim of our studies.

It has been said of the study of languages, that with each language a man learns he becomes a new man. I think we might say of the study of religions, that with each new religion that we learn truly to understand, we become more truly religious. And if Goethe (for his name is never to be absent in any of our addresses), says of languages, "He who knows but one, knows none;" the same is true, I think, of religions: "He who knows none but his own, knows none."

Max Müller.







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